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BRITANNIA crown'd by VICTORY  
weeps over the Ashes of her  
darling SON.



THE

Lady's Magazine;

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

*for the*

FAIR SEX,

Appropriated solely to their

USE and AMUSEMENT.

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Vol. XXXVII for the YEAR 1806.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for G. ROBINSON,

Nº 25, Paternoster Row.







THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

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THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For JANUARY, 1806.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :*

- 1 An elegant FRONTISPIECE.
- 2 FUNERAL PROCESSION by WATER with the REMAINS of the late LORD NELSON.
- 3 LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESSES, elegantly coloured.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a CAP CROWN, &c.
- 5 A Ditto for a CAP BORDER, &c.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row ;  
Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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WE are now authorised to inform our readers that the writer of the *Elville Family Secrets* has engaged to resume her pen, and continue and complete that novel.

H. B., and our correspondents in general, are respectfully informed that some *authentication* is required for the insertion in this Miscellany of accounts of marriages or deaths.

E. C.'s *Essay* is very incorrect; we would recommend it to the revision of the writer.

S. T.'s *Fragment* is received, and shall be attended to.

We shall be very happy to receive from J. M. L. the regular communications he has promised and begun; but must at the same time respectfully request him to transmit them by the 10th or 12th of the month, as otherwise it may not be practicable to insert them in the proper number.



# ADDRESS

## TO THE PUBLIC.

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THE commencement of another year has again imposed on us the very pleasing task of making our most grateful acknowledgments, so justly due, to a candid and liberal Public, for the generous and continually increasing patronage which the LADY'S MAGAZINE has so long experienced from its numerous Readers, and Fair Correspondents, to whose valuable contributions it is so greatly indebted. The attention and assiduity with which we have laboured to contribute to the instruction and entertainment of our Fair Patronesses have been rewarded by the most flattering proofs that our endeavours have by no means been in vain.

This Miscellany has been invariably conducted on the same plan on which it was originally established: it has been a useful and elegant repository of such productions of genius, especially of the Female Sex, as might otherwise have been neglected and lost, and for such selections from the most distinguished publications of the times as appeared most suitable to the delicacy and refined taste of the Fair Sex: the greatest care has been taken to exclude whatever might be too heavy and formal on the one hand, or too light and frivolous on the other; and still more anxious have the conductors constantly been to guard against whatever might have the slightest tendency to that indelicacy which must above all things be offensive to a modest and cultivated female mind. In the prosecution of this plan they have ever had the satisfaction to see their publication preferred to a great number of rivals who have from time to time arisen against it; but who, whatever their gaudy attractions may



## ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

have been, have seldom been able long to contest with it the approbation of a discerning Public.

Into disquisitions on public affairs and the violent disputes of parties we have never entered; but the present state of Europe in general, and of this country in particular, must powerfully arrest the attention of every person capable of reflection. We have seen our implacable foe, in the space of a few months, overrun a great part of the continent, and defeat a mighty coalition formed against him with a rapidity and success unexpected and unexampled; which success has left him at complete leisure again to renew his violent threats against this happy Island: while we have been deprived by death of one of the bravest and most skilful of our naval commanders; and of the distinguished statesman who was the principal conductor of our politics and government. But even in this awful crisis Britons certainly need not sink into mean despondence, if they will be true to themselves, and are animated, as we are convinced they are, with a real love for their country.

To our Correspondents numerous and most grateful acknowledgments are due: to them we are certainly indebted for many of our most valuable articles; and we cannot but earnestly request those from whom we have received favours to continue and complete their valuable communications.

We now enter on the THIRTY-SEVENTH VOLUME OF THE LADY'S MAGAZINE, fully persuaded that by the arrangements we have made, and the various original and interesting contributions we are continually receiving, we shall still secure to our Miscellany the same distinguished and flattering approbation with which it has been honoured for so long a series of years.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR JANUARY, 1806.

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*To the* EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE termination of one year, and the commencement of another, ought rather to inspire us with serious thoughts than to be celebrated with idle merriment. The flight of time incessantly brings us nearer to that awful period when death shall put an end to all the anxious pursuits and transitory enjoyments of life: this ought often to be made the subject of our reflections; for, as a distinguished writer has observed, 'a frequent and attentive prospect of that hour which must put a period to all our schemes, and deprive us of all our acquisitions, is of the utmost efficacy to the just and rational disposition of our affairs, and the wise and happy regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing absurd, be undertaken or prosecuted by him who should begin every day by a serious reflection that he is born to die.'

The great disturbers of our happiness in this world are our griefs and our fears; and to all these the frequent consideration of death is a certain and adequate remedy. 'Think,' says Epictetus, 'frequently on poverty, banishment, and death; and thou wilt then never indulge any violent desire, or give thy heart to any mean sentiment.'

He that considers how soon he must close his life will find nothing of so much importance as to close it well; and will, therefore, look with indifference upon whatever is useless to that purpose. Even grief, that passion to which the virtuous and tender mind is more particularly subject, will be obviated, or alleviated, if all the blessings of our condition are enjoyed with a constant sense of the uncertain tenure by which they are held. If we remember that whatever we possess is to be in our hands but a very little time, and reflect that the little which our most lively hopes can promise us may be made less by ten thousand accidents, we shall not much repine at a loss of which we cannot estimate the value; yet of which, though we cannot tell the least amount, we know with sufficient certainty the greatest, and are convinced that the greatest is not much to be regretted.

But I shall not further prosecute a subject which many of your readers may think too grave, or even gloomy, for the season: wishing them therefore a happy new year, I shall conclude by subscribing myself

Your constant reader,  
and occasional correspondent,  
*Kensington, Jan. 1, 1806.* E. B.



ACCOUNT of the NEW OPERATIC  
 DRAMA called ‘THE TRAVEL-  
 LERS, OR MUSIC’S FASCINA-  
 TION;’ performed for the first  
 time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-  
 lane, on Wednesday, January  
 22.

THE characters were thus repre-  
 sented :

*The Travellers.*

Zaphimira, Prince of China	Mr. Elliston.
Koyan, his friend and com- panion	Mr. Braham.
O’Gallagher	Mr. Johnstone.
Pages, Masters Chatterly, Tokely, West, &c.	
Mindora	Mrs. Powell.
Celinda	Mrs. Mountain.

*Characters in China. Act I.*

The Emperor	Mr. Powell.
Chief mandarin	Mr. Maddocks.
Delvo, an old gardener	Mr. Matthews.
Mandarins, Soldiers, Gardeners, &c.	

*Characters in Turkey. Act II.*

The Grand vizier	Mr. Bartley.
Chief Aga of the Jani- zaries,	Mr. Dignum.
Ben Ali	Mr. Cooke.
Morad	Mr. Fisher.
Selim	Mr. Evans.
Borabad	Mr. Dormer.
Hagar, the Fisherman	Mr. Purser.
Parazade,	Mrs. Matthews.
Safie	Mrs. Bland.
Principal dancer	Mrs. Sharp.
Ladies, Janizaries, Dancers, Servants, &c. &c. &c.	

*Characters in Italy. Acts III. and IV.*

The Duke Posilipo	Mr. Holland.
Sanguini	Mr. Male.
Calvetti	Mr. Maddocks.
Barnini	Mr. Webb.
Toledo	Mr. Gibbon.
Beggar Boy	Mast. Hudson.
Pedlar Boys	Mast. Moss. Mast. Hudson.
Jacomo	Mr. Sparks.
The Marchioness Merida	Sig. Storace.
Lazzaroni, Men, Women, &c. &c.	

*Characters in England. Act V.*

Admiral Lord Hawser	Mr. Downton.
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Ben Buntline	Mr. Bannister.
Watchmen, Messrs. Rhodes, Cooke &c.	

Mrs. McFarlane	Mrs. Sparks.
Caroline	Miss Holloway.
Mary	Miss Kelly.
Sailors, &c. &c. &c.	

THE STORY.

At the opening of the piece, the *prince of China*, in a short accidental interview with *Celinda*, sister to his friend and companion *Koyan*, is captivated by the power of her voice, the beauty of her person, and the simplicity of her manners:—*Celinda* feels for the *prince* a reciprocal passion:—the *Emperor of China* convenes his mandarins, for the purpose of soliciting their approbation that his son might travel, to glean from Turkish and from Christian states a knowledge of their politics, arts, manners, &c.; which obtained, the *prince* prepares for his tour, in which he is to be attended by his friend and monitor *Koyan*:—the latter (at the intreaty of his mother *Mindora*, when she is informed they are to visit England) consents that she, together with his sister *Celinda*, disguised as a page, lest her sex might throw temptation in the way of the youthful *prince*, should be the companions of their travels.—This party, with the *prince’s* page, and a shipwrecked Irishman, are the characters from which this drama takes its title, and the first act concludes with their departure from China.—At the opening of the second act, the travellers are arrived at Constantinople, and presently introduced at the palace of the grand-vizier. The beauty of the women, their dancing, singing, &c. fascinate the amorous *prince*; and, unconscious of error or offence, he breaks into the haram: the indignant vizier resents this innovation of their Turkish laws, and brutally imprisons the can-



did and innocent *Chinese*. Through every action *Celinda* watches the *prince* with the tender, yet jealous, ardour of sincere affection; and by stratagem and the fascinating powers of her voice she releases him from prison. The travellers abandon the Turkish dominions in disgust, and the next act presents them to our view in Naples. The *prince* and his suite are received in the palace of the *Duke Posilipo*: music is the general theme, and *Koyan*, who is a distracted admirer of the science, catches each improving grace, according to the polish of each different nation; a similar passion pervading the breast of his sister *Celinda*. The proud *duke* is attached to the widow of a Neapolitan marquis, by birth an Englishwoman, whose lively manners attract the warmest attention of the youthful and undisguised *prince of China*, which creates a jealousy in the mind of the inveterate *duke*, increasing to such a pitch of desperation, that, in the fourth act, we find him hiring assassins to murder the unsuspecting *prince*, whose life is saved a second time by the fascinating charm of music, through the interference of *Celinda*, and the *duke* himself becomes the victim of his own dark plot. In the commencement of the fifth act the travellers are nearly wrecked on the British coast, but by the humanity of a veteran admiral and his old sailing-master they reach the shore, and are hospitably entertained by the generous seaman, who congratulates himself on having an opportunity of returning an obligation which he once owed to the humanity of the *Chinese*. Here the story of former adventures is recounted, and the admiral is recognised to be the husband of *Mindora*, and the father of the twins *Koyan*

and *Celinda*. The *prince* discovering his first love in the person of his assumed page, who had twice preserved his life, resolves to repay her affection with his hand and heart. The *marchioness* (who, disgusted at the intended assassination of the *prince*, has accompanied the travellers to England) with a promise of her person in marriage rewards the affection of *Koyan*; and the piece concludes with an animated compliment to the British constitution.

Mr. Corri, a gentleman well known in the musical world, has for many years had it in contemplation to introduce upon the English stage the melodies of various nations; and having found in Mr. Cherry a co-partner to aid in the fable, 'The Travellers' have commenced their journey under auspices the most flattering and encouraging.

In entertainments of this description, where the eye and the ear take precedence of the judgment, and amusement, not instruction, is the object, the principal attraction must consist in the scenery and music. Palpable absurdities are tolerated; nor is it the province of criticism to be fastidiously minute in detecting errors, which bring with them, by way of apology, the splendor of show, and the sweetness of harmony.

The palm of the evening must certainly be awarded to Mr. Corri, who has produced a very happy combination of original talent with judicious selection. The *Chinese* gong, the military marches of the *Turks*, the languishing movements of the *Italians*, and the manly strains of *Britain*, have each a successive power of captivation.

The next in rank of praise are the scene-painter and the machinist,



who have exerted their powers in a style of excellence which has seldom been equalled, but never excelled. The views in China, Constantinople, Naples, and England, are pourtrayed with a magnificence and propriety truly astonishing. The concluding scene, which represents the quarter-deck of an English seventy-four, we understand, has been executed under the particular direction of Mr. Graham, and is designed with such accuracy and fidelity, that the effect was highly successful.

The sentiments and dialogue will not greatly increase Mr. Cherry's fame as an author; the colloquies are in general so uninteresting, that the major part might be omitted without any detriment to the piece.

Braham sung with his accustomed energy and science. He once or twice incurred the suspicion of not doing all for Corri's music that he would have done for his own; but in the song of victory he exerted his acknowledged powers, and was rapturously applauded.

The deserved favourite of the town, Bannister, made his appearance, after his long indisposition, in the attractive character of an English sailor. His reception was truly flattering; and he gave the national allusions of *Buntline* with undiminished spirit.

Johnstone contributed greatly to the amusement of the evening; the natural drollery of his manner, and the whimsical turns with which he enlivened his Irish songs, produced repeated bursts of merriment and applause.

Storace was extremely diverting. The highest praise that can be bestowed upon Mrs. Mountain is to say, that her acting equalled her singing.—Her *Celinda* was charmingly fascinating; and her sentiments of virtuous love were warbled forth in tones of exquisite melody.

When judiciously curtailed, there can be no doubt but that this delightful assemblage of music and scenery will attract crowds to the theatre. It was announced with loud applause for the following evening by Elliston, who represented the amorous *prince of China* with commendable animation.

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*On the ILL EFFECTS which may proceed from ROCKING CHILDREN to SLEEP.*

IN a treatise published many years ago by an Italian physician, there are some ingenious remarks on the practice of rocking children to sleep.—‘This motion,’ says the author, ‘must injure the delicate texture of the brain, spoil their digestion, turn the milk in their stomachs, make them squeamish, and occasion many disorders in the bowels, to which it is no wonder that children are so subject.’ ‘It seems to be intended by nature,’ he further observes, ‘that mankind should pass the early state of infancy in a kind of lethargic composure, which contributes to ripen and perfect the organs. But when this time is passed, and they begin to give symptoms of their sensibility by their frequent cries, ought we to suppress these cries, and prevent them from paying this tribute to nature? Would it not be better to leave them to themselves, and let them sink gradually into that calm condition to which their fatigue of spirits would presently reduce them? Those impatient nurses who are in haste to bring them again into their state of original stupefaction by rocking them, often substitute very melancholy disorders by endeavouring to relieve them from slight sufferings which are inseparable from the condition of human nature.’



THE  
ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

[By a Lady.]

*Continued from p. 690--Vol.*

XXXVI.

CHAP. LI.

SO attached was the good archbishop to these children of misfortune, that to see them happy was his earnest wish, and to indulge them in every thing within his power to bestow, his chief delight: scarcely a day passed without his taking either his lovely niece or his playful ward into the city, or to his palazzo, to load each of these fascinating children with every present affluence and affection could suggest to please them, and through their happiness to steal a pang from the sorrows of Angelina.

It was in one of these excursions, and just at the period Viola had entered her fifteenth year, as she and her reverend uncle were driving from St. Rosolia's to his palazzo in Palermo, one of the numerous processions which so frequently throng the streets in catholic countries impeded the progress of their carriage in a narrow street, and whilst the pious prelate was engaged at the window next to him, bestowing his loudly called for benediction upon the devout procession, Viola hastily turned her head from the pious multitude to look into a carriage which just then had drawn up by the side of her uncle's, and beheld in it a remarkably handsome and elegant-looking man, with his eyes earnestly riveted upon her face. The sensitive modesty of Viola ever made her shun the gaze of observation; but though transient was the glance her timidity gave her of this stranger, he made her not only blush but tremble too; and scarcely knowing what

she felt, or why she was so unusually agitated, she caught, in her tremulous grasp, the hand of her astonished uncle, who, casting a contemptuous look at the still rudely gazing stranger, called to his attendants to proceed with expedition.

The archbishop's carriage was once more in motion, and they were proceeding rapidly to enter the court-yard of the palace, when they were arrested by a violent jar, and at the same moment heard a dreadful crash. Viola was terribly alarmed, although soon informed that the accident was occasioned by a coach which, in striving to pass the archbishop's, when too nearly in contract with it, had been, by the mismanagement of the driver, overturned. The archbishop's coachman, without further impediment, drove up to the palace door; and the moment the good prelate alighted, he sent his people to afford all possible assistance to those who might have suffered in the overturn; and with orders, if any person was hurt, to bring them into the palace.

The perturbation and alarm of Viola prevented her uncle from leaving her and going himself, as he otherwise would have done, to offer assistance to those who might claim it; and she had just finished drinking a glass of water, which her uncle had made her take, when the stranger, whose gaze had so much disconcerted her uncle and agitated her, entered the apartment leaning upon two of the good prelate's domestics. Haughty was his mien, while resentment glowed on his cheeks, shot from his eyes, and sounded in his voice.

'The accident I have just received,' said he, 'must plead my excuse for presuming to enter here; and as a child of misfortune I claim



from the benevolent prelate of Montreal an asylum here until a carriage can arrive to convey me home.

‘My lord,’ replied the archbishop, ‘you well know that apology is unnecessary; since you are not now to learn my doors and heart are never closed against the unfortunate or the penitent.’

The stranger’s eyes flashed fire as he sunk upon a couch to which the servants had supported him; while Viola, grieved and amazed at the ungracious coldness of her uncle’s manner, stood irresolute—humanity urging her to offer assistance to him whom her uncle’s unusual conduct seemed to proclaim unworthy of compassion. The archbishop, however, did not suffer her long to remain in this dilemma; for, taking her hand, he abruptly said—

‘Come, my child, this is no place for thee—come then, and let us leave this gentleman to the care of the domestics.’

The archbishop had taken the hand of Viola to lead her out; but she moved not one step. Shocked, grieved, and ashamed at such cruel conduct, she gently articulated in a voice of soft reproach—

‘Will the archbishop of Montreal leave a wounded stranger, who has flown to him for succour?’

The moment Viola’s voice reached the stranger’s ear, the scorn and rage depicted upon his fine countenance gave way to expressions of a very different nature: admiration and grateful sensibility played round his mouth and darted from his eyes, whilst the interestingly lovely Viola stood looking touchingly up at her uncle, imploring that pity with her melting eyes for this stranger which, until now, he seemed to give with prodigal hand to all who claimed it.

The good prelate, visibly affected, looked from Viola to the stranger, then from him to Viola; and at length benignly said—‘I will only go to bring him proper aid; but stay you here, my child—your soothing pity may beguile his pain till my return.’ Then motioning for the domestics to depart with him, the door was closed upon Viola and the stranger.

For a moment Viola forcibly felt the awkwardness of her situation; but her native dignity, and a wish to be serviceable, soon banishing all embarrassment, she gracefully (although with a tremulous hand) presented him with some wine, which the archbishop had in vain poured out for her.

‘Let me recommend this specific to you, seignor,’ said she gently; ‘it was the archbishop’s prescription to me. I was only frightened; but, as I fear you are severely hurt, you much more require it.’

The stranger took the glass with a hand infinitely more tremulous than her own; then gallantly thanking her, and wishing her health and felicity, drank off the wine; whilst his fine and speaking eyes still remained riveted upon her: then in the most insinuating voice Viola had ever heard, he expressed his ‘regret at her having experienced so serious an alarm; at the same time he rejoiced in being the material sufferer, since she had escaped any real injury from an accident that threatened each carriage with equal danger;’ and concluded by speaking ‘of the joy her friends in Palermo would experience upon learning her escape.’

‘I have no friend in Palermo, seignor,’ replied Viola with a painful sigh, ‘but the archbishop of Montreal.’

The stranger looked anxiously at her, while he eagerly said—‘I wish



not to hurt your feelings, believe me, lovely signora, or appear impertinently inquisitive; but your manner leads me to fear you have no parents.'

'Oh yes; thank Heaven, I have a mother!'

The stranger turned pale; his lips quivered; whilst with painful agitation he articulated—

'Your father then is no more.'

'My father lives, signor, but—he is the marchese of Palermo; and—' Viola, shocked at what she had so far inadvertently said, suddenly ceased, and spread her beautiful hands over her face to hide her emotion, while the trickling tears strayed through her taper fingers on her snowy bosom.

'And,' exclaimed the stranger in a tone of agitation alarming to Viola, 'and you execrate, disclaim the villain who has so shamefully thrown off his child?'

'My father is no villain!' said Viola, rising from her seat with all the dignity of offended majesty: and casting a look of ineffable disdain upon the stranger, moved indignantly towards the door.

'Stay! but one moment stay, I conjure you!' exclaimed the now almost convulsed stranger with a look of supplication Viola found it impossible to withstand; 'stay, and tell me truly—Do you not curse your unnatural father? Has not your injured mother taught you to invoke the bitterest maledictions upon his unworthy head?'

Viola shuddered; but, eager to exculpate her adored mother from such a horrible imputation, firmly said—'You know not my mother, else that insult had been spared me. In my mother is comprised every Christian virtue; and, from my earliest days till now, it has been her care to teach me, and in the most impressive manner, the duty

and reverence which I owe my father: and should the marchese of Palermo ever allow me the happiness to evince it, he will know how able has been the instructor, how willing the pupil; and you, signor, will be convinced how cruel, how unjust, was that suspicion which led you to suppose a pious mother ever taught her child to curse its father.' Then with the blush of resentment mantling on her cheeks, and the tears of wounded sensibility streaming from her eyes, she was about to quit the room, when the agitated stranger suddenly exclaimed—

'My child! my child! evince it now, and take me to your heart; as henceforth I take my long neglected child to mine.' And he clasped the astonished, agitated Viola with ardour to his breast.

For one moment the remembrance of her mother's injuries taught her to recoil from her father's first embrace: but instantly the recollection of that mother's precepts conquered the impulse; she returned with fervour his embrace, then sunk at his feet, and softly articulated—

'My father, bless your child.'

The marchese sunk on his knees beside her. 'Join your prayers to Heaven with mine, my Viola, to pardon my injustice, my cruelty to you.'

At this moment the good and venerable prelate entered the room, unobserved by father and child. Pleased, but not surprised, at the scene before him, he advanced with a glad and pious heart, and on his knees poured forth his solemn benediction upon them both.

The marchese of Palermo had been only a few days returned from the carnival of Venice to his native city, when the before-mentioned procession stopped the progress of his carriage; and well knowing his uncle's



équipage, as his drew up alongside of the archbishop's carriage, he eagerly bent forward to throw some of his resentful looks at his estimable relation, who had for years refused all intercourse with him, when the beautiful, interesting Viola caught and arrested his most earnest attention,

His agitated heart instantly prompted a wish that this lovely creature might be his child; while, from her exquisite beauty, his long unconquerable love for Julia led him to fear that this must be her daughter, whom he well knew to be under the guardianship of the archbishop of Montreal. But soon the sudden blush, quickly averted eye, and the agitated grasp of the archbishop's hand, led him to suppose his wish realised; but that his child knew him, and had turned from him in resentment and disgust. His busy conscience told him he well deserved such conduct; while mortified pride, with the torturing sting of self-reproach, awakened a violent glow of anger against the innocent cause of all this unusual agitation. The archbishop's command to his people to hasten home, which of course the marchese heard, increased his indignation; and scarcely knowing what he intended, he madly ordered his coachman to turn (for he had been going a contrary way to his uncle), and to draw up again by the side of the archbishop's carriage. The delay the turning necessarily occasioned prevented the marchese's coach from overtaking the archbishop's until arrived at the palace-gate, when the accident occurred which our reader is already acquainted with.

The marchese was but slightly hurt, but mortification and chagrin made him feel disordered; and believing himself materially injured

by the concussion, and wishing for an opportunity of learning who the lovely companion of his uncle really was, he suffered himself to be led into the archbishop's presence, where the conduct of the fascinating Viola soon convinced him that he was perfectly unknown to her. Her blush and averted face he now rightly attributed to youthful timidity; and, more anxious than ever to learn if she was indeed his child, or only Julia's, he resolved not to leave the house until he gained that information his hopes and fears so eagerly panted for. The penetrating prelate, well versed in all the turnings of the human mind, saw in the agitation his nephew betrayed something that whispered hopes of reconciliation; and calling the domestics away, he quitted the room, resolving not to interfere, but to leave all to nature and the fascination of his beloved Viola.

The marchese, happy almost beyond concealment at this unexpected event, eagerly and artfully turned his conversation to the subject of her parents, to learn who was so blessed with such a child; and if, as he each moment more fervently wished, she was his own, to learn if possible the opinion she had been led to form of him. All turned out most flattering to his hopes, and far beyond the expectations that conscience formed. He had no intention, when their *tête-à-tête* commenced, to avow himself as her parent, should she prove to be his child: but the bewitching power of nature conquered—the pure and filial virtue of Viola awakened every dormant worthy feeling. Nature gave the signal, and the father reclaimed the libertine.

## CHAP. LII.

THE marchese of Palermo, by



the archbishop's desire, remained at his palace until the bruises he had sustained in his overturn were perfectly recovered and, at the marchese's earnest request, Viola continued there also, as his companion and his nurse. Her not returning to St. Rosolia's was occasioned by such an unexpected fortunate event, that it perfectly reconciled her delighted mother to being for a time bereft of the sweet society of her adored child; whilst the now little less adoring father found each day, each hour, new causes for admiration, for exultation, in the expanding perfections of his lovely child, whom he now could scarcely bear one moment from his sight—angry at every cause that occasioned her absence, suspicious of every delay, jealous of her affection for her mother and uncle, and trembling lest, when the time arrived that he could no longer reasonably prevent her visiting her mother, she should return to him no more.

At length every inconvenience the marchese had experienced from his accident was past, and he anxiously wished to strike the wondering world with admiration and delight at the perfections of his child; and he courteously asked the archbishop's leave for Viola to accompany him to his own palazzo, there to remain some time with him—yet firmly resolved, should uncle or mother object, to claim his right as a father, and take her by force of authority. The archbishop was too politic, and the tender marchesa too happy at the auspicious prospects of her child, to think of a refusal; and Viola accompanied her father to his palazzo, without the earnest wish of her heart being gratified by visiting her mother.

Our reader has been already told the marchese of Palermo was

vain, and passionately fond of notoriety. Viola was his own; and next to being admired and talked of himself, to have his child the object of public applause and conversation was most congenial to his wishes. Viola then, attired with all the elegance and splendor of taste and affluence, was presented to the great world at Palermo by her exulting father.

Here for the first time his wishes and projects were not disappointed. Lady Viola di Avellino was the rage, the phrensy of the moment: crowds followed her, to gaze at and admire; suitors poured in from every side: her dress, her walk, her air, her manner, even the tone of her voice and the expression of her countenance, were the aim of imitation for every fashionable belle; and the society of the marchese of Palermo was now as eagerly sought by the estimable and exalted, as it had for fifteen preceding years been shunned.

Among the numerous visitors who entered the lists for Viola's favour was the prince of Romando, a man young, handsome, amiable, sensible, and accomplished, with rank and affluence to gratify the father's ambition, with every requisite to captivate a girl of fifteen just emerged from a convent. But fervently as the marchese wished for this alliance to take place, his own ill-fated marriage determined him never to force the inclination of his child, not to urge her to marry where he was not assured her affections were irrevocably placed, nor allow her to bestow her hand where there was not positive proof of her being firmly beloved again. Yet still wishing for this union, he considered it no infringement of his resolution to throw the prince and Viola in each other's way as frequently as



possible, without apparent design, and to forward and promote the attachment by every means consistent with delicacy and his daughter's future happiness.

A splendid ball was given by the prince of Romando's mother; and to it Viola went, adorned with a number of valuable gems, and every elegance the fortune of her father could procure. Her youthful fancy was dazzled by the brilliancy of her dress, and, elated by expected homage, she appeared with a degree of animated loveliness even surpassing her former attractions. Beautiful and gay, the admiration of every beholder, the partner of the prince, the idol of his adoration, Viola emerged from the gentle, sweetly plaintive character circumstances had formed for her, and here appeared the life, the soul, the spirit of the circle—until, as she stood at the entrance of a *pergola*, listening with playful archness to the impassioned homage of the prince, the delighted father gazing on her in all the exultation of realising hope—when on a sudden her mirthful look changed to an expression of horror mingled with anguish; the animated vermilion of her cheeks assumed the ashy hue of death; tears gushed from her eyes; her head sunk in disorder against the arbour; her father caught her in his arms—‘Oh take me hence!’ she cried. All was consternation, astonishment, vague conjecture. She pleaded sudden illness; and the marchese conveyed her home.

Alarmed almost to torture, her agonised father summoned his own physician, who finding no alarming symptom about lady Viola, whom he pronounced agitated and overcome by heat and fatigue, desired her to retire immediately to bed, and prescribed a soporific for her.

Notwithstanding dottore Balsamico's assurance to the contrary, the marchese wound himself into a belief that Viola was in imminent danger. He laid an embargo upon dottore Balsamico, and roused every domestic in the palazzo to be in readiness to summon other medical assistance, should any change for the worse take place. Every horse was saddled, every carriage ready; while he himself paced from one room to another, up stairs and down, in all the phrensy of ungoverned sorrow, fully believing the moment of retribution was at hand, and that his child was about to be snatched from him, as a punishment for his cruelty to her mother and to her.

At length Zingaresca, Viola's own woman, appeared, to inform the marchese that lady Viola, after weeping a great deal, had, from the power of the medicine she had taken, fallen into a profound and tranquil sleep.

‘The sleep of death!’ fear instantly whispered to the anticipating terrors of the agonized father; and he as instantly darted by Zingaresca, and, followed by dottore Balsamico, flew to the chamber of his child. Softly, but precipitately, he hastened to her bed, and drawing the curtains aside, beheld her in a profound though not a tranquil slumber. Her closed eye-lids were moistened by tears, and from the long fringe of each trembled the humid distillations of sorrow, whilst on the only cheek her position exhibited a pearly drop rested: her head lay reclined upon one hand, which held grasped within it a miniature picture, which seemed to have been pressed close to her lips when she fell into her sleep.

‘Tortures and madness!’—Here was an annihilating discovery for an impetuous father.—‘Here was the portrait of some clandestine lover,



the solution of the evening's enigma! Ambition and vanity had led her on to listen for a moment to the prince, when a sudden recollection of this vile and low-born wretch (for vile and low-born the marchese decidedly pronounced him) had startled, disordered, and agitated her. —Ten thousand furies! From the seclusion and humble sphere his child had been reared in, she had imbibed plebeian notions. The brother of a lay-sister, the nephew of a portress, the cousin of a gravedigger, all passed in terrible array before his phrensied imagination. He consigned the whole convent of St. Rosolia to the d——l; execrated his own conduct as the cause of all: and these thoughts, as they passed rapidly through his mind, wound him into such a paroxysm of rage, that, forgetting every fear of awaking the sleeping invalid, he resolved to know the extent of this disgrace so providentially discovered to him, and hastily snatched the portrait from his daughter's grasp, and beheld, most strikingly portrayed, the beautiful, interesting, plaintive countenance of her mother!—The conviction he expected could scarcely have disconcerted him more completely. The picture fell from his trembling hand; and as precipitately as he had entered he now quitted Viola's chamber, and retired to his own, from whence he emerged no more that night.

The power of the medicine Viola had taken was dispelled by the rough manner in which she had been awakened: she slept no more that night, for her thoughts had painful subjects, and she wept uncontrolled till morning; when she arose, and on her knees again entreated pardon of Heaven for her culpable folly, and inexcusable ingratitude to the best of mothers.

The cause of this suddenly found-

ed accusation we must now take the liberty of recounting to our reader, as a solution of Viola's mysterious agitation at the princess of Roman-do's ball. As she stood by the pergola, listening with all the pleasure of youthful vanity to the prince's adulation, which touched not her heart, but often from its superlative flights nearly exciting her risibility, the conversation of two elderly ladies, who had entered the arbour from another room, reached her ears and arrested her attention; it was the continuation of a discourse relative to herself.

'I certainly agree with you in thinking,' said one, 'that lady Viola di Avellino is even more beautiful than was her beautiful mother.'

'But mark me,' replied the other, 'it is only in personal perfection that I admit the superiority. Lady Viola is, I fear, vain and frivolous—insensible, at least, if not ungrateful. Decked out in all the gems I well remember her unfortunate mother to have worn in the short days of her happiness, she seems to forget, in the regions of mirth and prosperity, the sorrows and injuries of that incomparable mother.'

Viola was neither insensible nor ungrateful: these words struck dreadfully upon her heart. Every accusing feeling flew to the court of justice within her own breast. She condemned herself without offering a single palliation; and the sentence of her mental judge was the misery of self-reproach.

At breakfast the father and daughter met, with heavy eyes and dejected countenance; but no explanation ensued, nor did the evidently depressed marchese start any subject that could lead Viola to offer that request she feared yet panted to make, for permission to visit and ask forgiveness of her adored mo-



ther. That day the prince of Romando made his proposals to the marchese of Palermo for lady Viola; who being left by her father totally to her own decision, rejected (almost with horror) the man who had caused her, even for a moment, to forget her mother's sorrows.

From this period Viola secluded herself as much as possible from every scene of gaiety. Her short flight of vivacity was past; her appetite fled; her rest was broken; and her bloom faded like a blighted flower. At length, anxiety for his child's health led the agitated father to that subject he had anticipated in idea, and dreaded to enter upon. One morning, as they were sitting together after breakfast, the marchese, with all the winning gentleness of affection, entreated the confidence of his child, and desired to learn the cause of her but too apparent unhappiness.

‘I have no cause for unhappiness, my father,’ replied Viola, bursting into tears, ‘but in being separated from my mother; and from my self-reproaches for suffering the delusions of pleasure to teach me, even for a moment, to forget her.’

A painful pause ensued. At length the marchese mournfully said—‘You are weary, then, Viola, of the affection of a doating father, and wish to leave him?’

‘No, Heaven forbid!’ returned Viola fervently. ‘My wish, my lord, is to reside alternately here and at St. Rosolia's; to share alike the affection of both my honoured parents; and to divide mine and my tenderest attentions equally between them.’

The marchese arose, and traversed the room in much disorder; at length he returned to his seat, and almost, from agitation, inarticulately said:—‘I am grieved to say, my

child, your amiable wish can never be realised. The unhappy disagreement so long subsisting between your mother and me, which my Viola will spare me the pain and humiliation of entering upon, must, alas! affect our child. Situated as the marchesa and I are, you cannot divide your affection between us. Mutual jealousy in an alternate residence would but increase our misery and division. To one parent only can you devote yourself. You must be alone your mother's; or, oh, rapture! wholly mine.’

Viola, uttering a faint shriek, fell at his feet, and grasped his knees in all the convulsed agitation of horror and despair.

‘Oh, my father! revoke, revoke that dreadful sentence. Oh! in pity to us both, drive not your affectionate child from ever from you.’

The marchese flung her from him in agonised phrensy. ‘So then you have decided!—You throw me off! I—I am to be the victim of your choice! It is well—very well. But remember, girl,’ and he fixed his eyes sternly upon her, ‘though affection turns you not to me, interest should sway you. Remember, infatuated girl; that I have the power to disinherit you—to leave you a titled beggar—to leave the young marchesa of Palermo a poor dependent upon the charity of an unfeeling world! Recollect this, Viola, ere you rashly fly from the protection of your despised, your hated father.’

‘For the love of the Holy Virgin,’ exclaimed Viola almost frantically, ‘rend not thus the heart of your affectionate child. I love you so well—indeed I do, my father—and am so very grateful for your kindness and tenderness to me, that Heaven knows I would not voluntarily leave you. But my poor mother has long been deprived of health,



is often very sick, and always very miserable;—her kindness, and my debt of gratitude, commenced from the hour of my birth. She nurtured, she loved, she cherished me; she taught me every good I know; while Heaven and her Viola were for fifteen years the only consolation her sorrows knew;—and can I now forsake her?’

‘You might have spared these reproaches, Viola,’ said the marchese with terrifying calmness; ‘they ill befit you to speak, nor will I hear more of them. This conversation can never be renewed. This instant decides your fate. Your choice is free, lady Viola: remain with a fond, a doting father, and enjoy all that affluence, that indulgence, can bestow; or return to your mother, and to irrevocable poverty and obscurity.’

‘Then to my mother, and to that poverty and obscurity which the self-conviction of ingratitude shall not embitter, will I return. Viola di Avellino will never dishonour the illustrious name she bears; but ever must she deplore her cruel destiny, that awakened in her heart the most pure and glowing affection for a parent who thus throws her off for ever.’ Viola, with a look of agonised supplication, sufficient to melt the most obdurate heart, pressed her father’s hand to her lips, as she tremulously arose. He flew from her touch to the bell, which he vehemently rung. A servant appeared. The marchese ordered a carriage to be got ready immediately, and that father Leopold, his domestic chaplain, should attend him on the instant in the library; and dashing Viola from him with a menacing look, who was again on her knees clinging to his coat, imploring a blessing ere they parted, he with all the phrensied gestures of a maniac rushed from the room.

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In about half an hour father Leopold appeared to the weeping Viola, to inform her she must instantly accompany him. Viola stood too much in awe of her father to attempt any further supplication; but silent, and full of grief, she attended her father’s chaplain to the convent of St. Rosalia, to the good abbadessa of which he delivered lady Viola, who, he said, would herself account to the marchesa of Palermo for her unexpected return.

(*To be continued.*)

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To the EDITOR of the LADY’S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

TO the feeling heart, and the mind that mourns over miseries not its own (and such, I make no doubt, you eminently possess), how cutting it is to know that an old and esteemed friend has been basely deserted by those to whom he had given every assistance in his power, and that for no reason whatever, except, indeed, the perversity of human nature whispered it in their ears, and led them to do wrong for right, merely because it was so!

When I tell you that I am the letter U, you will recognise in me an old intimate of your own, but will probably wonder what can have prompted me to address this epistle to you; I will explain that, sir, as briefly as may be, consistently with my deeply-wounded feelings.

You are aware, sir, that I am one of those useful little gentlemen called vowels, without one or other of whom not a word in the English language can be formed, and who have generally more employment than the residue of the four-and-twenty that our tribe consists of. Lately I have discovered, much

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to my mortification I must confess, that some revolutionists in literature have contrived to turn me out of several places I had held for ages, and this, sir, in defiance of all rules of common civility, or common sense. I will mention a few of them; *candour*, *honour*, *favour*, *humour*, *fervour*, *labour*, and *valour*, some of the finest endowments of human nature, are, by these would-be-great men, so altered as to be hardly known at first sight: they are now become, *candor*, *honor*, *avor*, *humor*, *fervor*, *labor*, and *valor*.

All this I could have borne, while confined to the paltry poet-aster, or newspaper scribbler; but I could not contain my passion any longer, when, a short time back, I happened to take a peep into the third volume of Pratt's *Harvest Home*, published not long since, and wishing to look at a poem most deservedly admired, but which, whatever the world may think, I assisted materially in composing, I opened it at the republished poem of 'Sympathy,' and read for some little time with pleasure, but was absolutely horror-struck at reading the following couplet:

'When far beyond the busy world's  
*control*,

'Nature our guide, we open'd all the  
soul.'

If this is the case, thought I, *control* is lost to me for ever, if a man whose head is grey, and whose years should bespeak him of the good old school of common sense, will thus spurn me from him: indeed it struck me, he might with equal propriety have altered the word *soul*, to *sol*, which as a *Latin word* would have had some meaning.

This over-bearing folly of the new school, in treating me with such unmerited contempt, is al-

ready spread so wide, that I should not at all wonder to see *poultry* become *poliry*, and the Bond-street word *saunter*, *santer*; that *thought* will be converted (*perverted* I mean) to *thoght*; that *generous* will change to *generos*; that *because* will be irished to *becase*; *without* become *withot*; and, in the merciless jaws of this devouring mania, *devour* will be softened to *devor*.

Thus, sir, you will perceive I am in imminent danger of being ousted from the common-wealth of letters, unless some strong allies join me against the enemy, whom I hope to find in the fair readers of your *Miscellany*: female beauty and worth are always powerful, and most deservedly so; should I be so fortunate as to enlist them under my banners, success *must* attend me; and I do flatter myself, that in a cause so ancient as mine is (as old, I believe, as the tower of Babel), there can be little doubt of their doing so.

Another circumstance, though of infinitely less importance to me than what I have been mentioning, and which I am persuaded will soon have had its day, is the absurd daubs over our emporiums for toys, depots for pomatum, and shops of humbler capacity, in this metropolis. The Egyptian style I think they call it: in which I am treated with as little ceremony, and with much less judgment than amongst the butterfly tribe I have been speaking of; for here I am discarded altogether for my half-brother V, which, to say nothing of the clumsy and uncouth appearance it cuts, as *vrriting*, creates such a jumble of absurdities, as are sufficient to draw a smile from a stoic.

If a labouring man of slender education, or a countryman, were to meet with VRQVHART, VM-



BRELLA MANUFACTVRER, neither of them would be able to decypher it. BVCKINGHAM, BVILDER, is as bad. In short, I could give you as many instances of it as would half fill your Magazine; but, unless you are confined by the gout, you must in your perambulations have seen enough to disgust a man of your sense.

Now had they, in this instance, made a fair exchange between V and myself, I should not have been displeased, for that would have rendered the puzzle (*puzzle*, I should say) complete; for I am confident it is only meant to amuse the people for a time. We should then read UICKERY, UINEGARMER-CHANT; VVILLIAM, UETERINARY SVRGEON; UINCENT, UINTNER; and have such a charming *variety* of blunders, as no city on earth ever could have had to boast of before: in addition to this, could our parish histories be printed in the same style, we should read of a meeting at the *Uestry*, which *adjourned* to the *Uine Inn*, and enjoyed a *worthful* of *uictuals* together.

I will conclude this tedious scrawl by saying, that if you are in good *humour* I trust you will do me the *honour* and *favour* to insert it in your Miscellany; in which event I hope you will have *candour* sufficient to make you *labour* with *fer-vour* in my cause.

Do this, and I swear by my *valour* to stand by U as long as I can stand myself.

I remain, sir,  
your truly devoted,  
and very humble servant,  
The disconsolate  
Letter U.

## MELANCHOLY NARRATIVE.

What fix'd the bosom thorn affliction  
knows,  
Where peace sat brooding, as the gentle dove;  
What blasted on her cheek the summer rose,  
Or slow disease,---or unsuccessful love;  
Remain'd unknown. 'Twas by the  
many guess'd,  
That love to her soft vows had prov'd  
unkind:  
Beyond the pow'r of her weak frame  
oppress'd,  
Insanity o'erthrew her lovely mind.'

JERNINGHAM.

WHEN affections of mankind (and in particular the opposite sexes) are cemented by an union of hearts, or, with more propriety, an union of sentiments—for our opinions may be united, when it is morally impossible our hearts should, *though it is a phrase in the language of love*—though mankind may possess many bad qualities, if they possess *generosity* and *gratitude* (for these I conceive to be inseparable), we should overlook all the rest; it is not only our duty as Christians, but *morality* teaches it. Happy, happy are those that are sincerely united by *honour* and the ties of *friendship*! but yet—

'Alas! had we *no* sorrows of *our own*,  
The frequent instances of *oth.rs'* woe  
Must give a *generous* heart a world of  
pain.'

Eliza, the unfortunate subject of my narrative, was born in good circumstances; but fate denied the continuance. Misfortune crept apace, and overtook her ere she left her childhood. But, thanks to God! she was not immersed in wretchedness: a friendly door was open for her when all was gone, save innocence and hope.—



'The miserable have no other medicine,  
But only *hope*———.'

Her mother, unable to survive the sad reverse, ere a few months departed this world of trouble for a better. A brother in the army provided for her aged father, who, alas! but ill deserves the appellation; but let dark oblivion's veil conceal his faults. Eliza, by the good care of a friend, received a liberal education; and in a short period of time was competent to support herself, as a milliner, with the greatest respectability.

Eliza was of the middle stature, and beautiful; her conversation sensible and engaging; her mind fraught with every virtue, every tender sensation: in her I found an endearing companion and sincere friend. Her sympathising heart compassionated the unfortunate, and relieved the oppressions of the distressed, as far as her low circumstances would admit. In this she felt a pleasure and a duty. Were it not for the disquietudes that happen through life, we should conceive a false idea of happiness which many enjoy under the name of *pleasure*, and mistake it for a mere sensual perception, instead of that divine principle flowing from the heart.

Eliza had passed but a few fleeting years in a state of happiness, when, alas! poor hapless maiden! she was overwhelmed by despondency: she still assumed a cheerful air under a heavy uneasiness, and yet forbore to communicate the cause of her disquiet. She was unwilling to chill the feelings of a friend, by imparting disagreeable intelligence; yet an unwelcome certainty is at all times less painful than suspense.

'Patience and sorrow strove  
Which should express her goodliest.'

Myself, as one of her friends and acquaintance, was interested in her happiness; and as often as my then awkward situation would allow was with her.—She, alas! from day to day gradually grew worse; nothing could obliterate from her mind the sad secret something that caused her despair. It seemed as if

'Devouring Sorrow mark'd her for  
his prey.'

One evening I called, and found her sitting with her most intimate female friend at a table. She was much dejected. I accosted her with a smile, and asked her how she was? She in a low voice replied, 'Quite well!'—'Indeed, Eliza,' answered I, 'you are not: now tell me, what is the matter?'—She was silent; a heavy sadness prevailed within her troubled bosom. I staid a considerable time, and endeavoured to cheer her low and dejected spirits; but all was fruitless. At the usual hour I was going to bid her a good night, when she started from her chair, and, with a forced smile on her sad countenance, requested to shew me safely down stairs. I, with thanks, readily accepted the kind offer. I then bade her female friend farewell: and on my going to take leave of her for the night, she caught hold of my arm, and seemed as if she wanted to say something, but could not.—I bade her try and keep up her spirits. She then said, 'I will.' She assumed a degree of gaiety; and on my taking leave I wished her a good night, and expressed a wish to find her in a livelier mood when I called again. She sighed, and assured me she would try and get the better of her lowness; and concluded with a smile, 'Good night, boy!'



On the morrow I resumed my visit; when, alas! I found her much worse. Her brother had recently arrived, and was then with her. On my entering the door, she approached, and sat down by me; I took hold of her clay-cold hand, and asked her many questions; but she seemed lost to every thing. I asked her if she was not cold? She then looked wildly at me, and faintly answered 'Hot.' From this she rather recovered, and seemed pleased her brother and myself were with her. Her brother having sent the servant for something, and making it long ere she returned, he uttered an oath, and said he could not imagine what could detain her. Eliza suddenly turned towards him; and, with a heart-piercing look, kindly chided him for swearing. 'God,' uttered she faintly, 'will not love and protect those who swear.—Do not swear, pray, dear brother.' Thus

'Sweet from her lips the pious precept  
flow'd.'

I arose, and, taking my hat, was going; she looked at me, and said—'Do not leave me alone; if you do I shall be wretched.—Oh! what a wretched creature am I!'—With this she wept abundantly. Alas! poor maiden! those moans of wretchedness and poignant miseries will never, never be obliterated from my memory—

'———and yet to grieve how vain!  
If tears could aught avail, I'd weep a  
flood.'

Every medical aid was procured and applied, but all to no effect. She from day to day lingered and grew worse: yet at intervals was apparently recovering, at others bad again: was lost to all reason;

and noticed nothing, save wretchedness and woe. She thus continued hopeless; till at length it was thought adviseable to remove her to a private asylum. Some months elapsed ere she recovered in the least degree, till the good Omnipotent

'O'er the oppress'd soft mercy's dews  
did shed.'

He it is who inflicts, and he that has the power to alleviate our woes. By his divine blessing, she gradually recovered, till at length able to be removed from this sad mansion to her native spot, she resumed her old employment, and now enjoys, I hope, every pleasure her virtuous heart can wish.

Yet the malicious few propagated a vile report, that love unrequited was the cause of all her disquiet; but to reason with them is a task not worthy the notice of a virtuous mind: yet I cannot better conclude this narrative than by subjoining an excellent observation of a celebrated philosopher. 'It is the peculiar effect of virtue to make a man's chief happiness arise from himself, and his own conduct. To discharge his own part with *honour* is his chief aim, having done properly what was incumbent on him to do, his mind is at rest, and he leaves the event to Providence. *His witness is in heaven, and his record on high.* Satisfied with the approbation of God, and the testimony of a good conscience, he enjoys himself, and despises the triumphs of guilt.'

'Innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience.'



## THE FAIR PENITENT,

## AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

*(From the French of Madame de Genlis.)*

IN the reign of king John of France, the young and valiant Henry de Clermont, returning from a long journey, traversed Brittany, attended only by a single esquire. He was a relation of the unfortunate Robert de Clermont, the favourite of the dauphin, who afterwards became a victim to the fury of faction, being assassinated in the arms of his prince.

One night the young chevalier, having lost his way, wandered so far that he was unable to find again the right road. It was extremely dark, and the rain, which suddenly fell, forced him to stop between Japalin and Ploermel, at a place famous for the battle of the thirty\*, which had been fought there some

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\* Thomas d'Ageworth was a commander in the auxiliary troops furnished by Edward, king of England, to his relation and ally, John of Montfort, to support his pretensions to the sovereignty of Brittany, against Charles of Blois, who had been made prisoner by d'Ageworth, in the year 1347, and who was at this period a prisoner in the tower of London; but whose claims were supported by his partisans, who continued numerous in Brittany. A body of his army, consisting of one hundred auxiliary Frenchmen, under the command of a brave adventurer of that nation named Cahours, having been detached to the neighbourhood of Auray, where d'Ageworth was governor, to commit depredations upon the territories protected by this chieftain for the ally of his sovereign, they were sallied out upon by d'Ageworth and his garrison, consisting of one hundred English soldiers. Both parties displayed prodigies of valour; but victory at length decided in favour of the Cahours, and the lives of d'Ageworth and his brave followers were placed in the power of the victor, who inhumanly put them all to the sword.

Richard Bembro', an English chief, governor at Ploermel, and the friend of

years before, and in which the French gained a brilliant victory over the English. The travellers found themselves extremely distressed, when the repeated barkings of dogs which they heard convinced them they were near an habitation. They

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d'Ageworth, resolved to avenge his death. He accordingly sent out the garrison of Ploermel into the neighbouring country, with order to plunder and lay it waste, and put to death every person, without distinction of age or sex. Cruelties the most offensive to humanity, and which cannot be thought of without horror, are said to have been committed in consequence of this barbarous order. The mareschal de Beaumanoir, one of those heroes who are dear to humanity, then commanded at Jocelin, for the party of Charles of Blois. He asked a safeguard of Bembro', that he might meet him; which being granted, the mareschal repaired to Ploermel, where he severely reproached Bembro', with the barbarous ferocity which he had allowed and encouraged his troops to exercise on the unarmed and defenceless inhabitants. His haughty and vindictive temper bore with impatience the severe reproaches of the Breton, and he spoke of their behaviour without reserve, forgetting that it was a party of auxiliary French adventurers that had murdered his friend. The pride of the mareschal de Beaumanoir instigated him to reply to Bembro' in the same tone. The dispute growing warm, in order to terminate it, and put an end to the acts of atrocity complained of, Beaumanoir is said to have proposed (as was not unusual in those times) a partial combat between a certain number of champions of both nations; which challenge being accepted by Bembro', thirty were fixed as the number of combatants on each side, and the 15th day of March, A. D. 1350, appointed for the day: the field of action to be on a high ground near the mid-way oak, between the two garrisons.

Preparations were accordingly made by each party. As the time was much anterior to the use of gunpowder in Brittany, the champions were consequently armed as was usual in those countries before that period. Beaumanoir appeared on the appointed morning, at the head of twenty-nine of the most distinguished knights of his party. Bembro' met him, at the head of twenty-nine veteran Englishmen. All the nobility of



turned their steps towards it, soon perceived lights, and at length arrived at an old castle. The first draw-bridge was raised: they knocked, and some domestics appeared: the young chevalier announced himself, and asked admittance for the night. They made him wait some minutes, while they received their master's orders. The illustrious name of Clermont ensured Henry an honourable reception: the domestics returned with an air of eagerness, with lanterns, and introduced the young knight. The latter learned with pleasure, on questioning them, that the castle and surrounding lands belonged to the seigneur de Beaumanoir; whom he had never seen, but whom he knew by the report of fame. Beaumanoir, at the battle of the thirty, had been the leader of the French, and conqueror of the valiant Bembro': he had also signalised himself by many other achievements.

Henry, as he traversed the spacious courts, observed an extraordinary commotion in the mansion; a prodigious number of pages, esquires, valets, and horses, filled the courtyards. Henry asked his conductors whether the seigneur de Beaumanoir was about to give a tournament?—'Oh, no,' they replied; 'he is employed in preparing a magnificent *fête*, very different from a tournament;—a *fête* that will make us all happy.'

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the province, of both parties, were present at the important contest. The combat began and the combatants fought with indescribable bravery, as became the champions of the honour of their several countries; when, probably more by a stroke of fortune than address, Bembro' received a mortal blow from the javelin of the chevalier de Montauban; and many more of his party being wounded, and the rest exhausted with fatigue, that fatal stroke threw them into disorder, and they were vanquished.

'What do you mean?'

'It would take an hour or two to explain the whole affair.'

'But can you not hint it in a word or two?'

'Pardon us, my lord, for saying no more on the subject; the *fête* will be superb, yet the cause of it is melancholy: we could none of us give you the history of it without tears. But to-morrow all the servants of the castle, and the villagers, and all the great lords around, will be very happy. There will be an illumination, a *bal champêtre*; and we shall dance with such light hearts!'—

'The *fête* will doubtless conclude with tilting?'

'No, indeed, that would spoil all.'

Henry, notwithstanding his ardent curiosity, could ask no more questions: he entered the castle, and, after having passed through apartments and galleries, found himself in a magnificent hall, the company consisting solely of men. The seigneur Beaumanoir advanced towards him; his reception of him was polite, but grave and serious. Beaumanoir was a man of about five-and-forty years of age, of a stature almost gigantic, though well proportioned; his manners were haughty, his countenance inflexible and gloomy, and he was cold and silent. Henry remarked upon every countenance a melancholy expression which struck him: every one also had a mysterious air, and all were silent, or only whispered.

Amid this numerous company, Henry suddenly recognised with pleasure a knight of his acquaintance, the brave Montauban: he approached him, and was about to question him, when supper was announced. Henry was unable to place himself near Montauban, as he wished, because Beaumanoir, calling him, made him sit by his side. The forty knights who com-



posed the assembly placed themselves at table, which Henry observed with astonishment was of immense length, and much larger than was necessary. The largest side, that opposite to Beaumanoir, was entirely empty: but in the middle of this side, and directly opposite to Beaumanoir, was set a plate, and before it a large cup, which attracted the whole attention of the young travellers. This cup was formed like a funeral urn, and composed of a brown earth: it was mounted on a red pedestal, and had at the extremity of its edge a gilt handle, supported by a death's head, embossed in ivory. Under this mournful ornament was written on the cup, in large letters of gold, the name *Adelmar*.

While Henry endeavoured in vain to discover or imagine the meaning of this mystery, he heard a door open. He raised his eyes, and he remained motionless at the sight of the object that presented itself to his view. A lady, in a mourning dress, advanced slowly: a deep veil entirely concealed her face. She approached the table, on the empty side, opposite to Beaumanoir; then bent one knee, and remained for a moment in that attitude, while a profound silence reigned through the hall. At length, Beaumanoir spoke:—‘Valerie,’ said he, in a solemn tone, ‘rise, and take off your veil!’—At this command Valerie uttered a deep groan, but in so plaintive a manner that young Clermont shuddered. Valerie threw her veil back, and discovered a countenance ravishingly beautiful, which youth, paleness, and an expression of the deepest melancholy, had rendered as interesting as it was regular.—‘Place yourself at table:—let her seat be brought,’ continued Beaumanoir. This seat was a wooden stool, resembling that on

which criminals are seated. The wretched Valerie, with her eyes continually cast down, seated herself before the plate that was reserved for her, and the fatal cup was near her, on her right. Valerie displayed her napkin, but she ate nothing. Beaumanoir, then, seeming no longer to be attentive to her, affected to converse with his friends on different subjects: but, after the first course, ‘Valerie,’ said he, in a kind of hollow voice, ‘*you must drink!*’ The words made Valerie tremble.—‘*You must drink!*’ repeated Beaumanoir, in a terrible tone; at the same time he rose and filled the cup. Valerie shuddered, as she lifted it to her mouth. Her long black eye-lashes were moistened with the tears which mingled with her beverage. When the supper was concluded, she rose, bowed profoundly, and offered to retire; but when she had gone a few paces—‘Stay, Valerie,’ said Beaumanoir; ‘return!’ Valerie obeyed; Beaumanoir extended his arms, and, with an emphatic action, seizing the funereal cup, dashed it with violence against the pavement and broke it into a thousand pieces, exclaiming with a voice like thunder—‘*Perish the remembrance of him for ever!*’—Valerie melted into tears: the knights applauded with transport. Valerie covered herself with her veil, and disappeared.

(*To be continued.*)

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## A NOONTIDE WALK

IN JANUARY.

By J. M. L.

‘We ne’er shall look upon his like again.’

THE old year had wept itself away in tears of aged sorrow, and the new one opened its existence with drops



of infant woe, whilst nature drooped her head in sad accordance. To speak more plainly, almost every day had been wet, or, if not, had been wrapped in clouds and gloom. A walk taken merely for pleasure would have ended in disappointment: the country was 'dripping, and drowned;' and the eye vainly looked for the clear bright beauties of a winter sky; while the town was so enveloped in dirt and smoke, as to hold forth no temptation for a stroll on its paved surface. Yet was this frown of the season but too well suited to the passing emotions of the general mind. NELSON, the renowned defender of his native land, was no more! he had fallen in giving victory to his country: and never, surely, was a sensation so universal as the sorrow felt for that awful event. All that was mortal of him had once more reached the blest island of Britain;—reached it at a time when wide-spread joy was usual with its inhabitants: but Christmas now felt the gaiety of its season repressed by the solemn but not unpleasing reflection, that Nelson claimed a tribute tear amidst the revelry; yet, though 'the flow of soul' might be less, 'the feast of reason' was greater. Thus was the gloom of winter truly consonant to the mind of man; and the new year wept as it entered, to see a nation preparing in awful solemnity to attend its greatest hero to the tomb.

The day I had selected for my noontide walk in December was that of thanksgiving for the unexampled victory the genius of Nelson had given us; what day in January could I choose for a similar purpose so proper as the one set apart for his interment? At length the ninth day of January arrived; a day that had been anx-

ously looked for by every description of persons, that they might pay the last tribute of admiring gratitude a mourning nation *could* pay to his revered memory. The morning rose cold and clear, and Phœbus, the great

'Source of heat and light,'

though for many dreary days he had scarcely been seen, deigned on this day to shed his lightsome beam on the incalculable throng who crowded every street and avenue, window, and house-top, whence the slightest view of the procession might be obtained; but, notwithstanding this immense pressure, all was silence and decorum: the occasion was great, and the public mind was well prepared to meet it. For myself, I obtained an excellent stand, from which I could well see every thing that passed, and with the eye of an observer I attended to it.

At length, after a serious pause of some time, the leading part of the procession reached the spot where I stood, precisely at half an hour past eleven; and the firm, steady, and solemn step of the troops who composed it, their grave demeanour, and the recollection that they fought *and conquered* in Egypt, rendered the spectacle doubly interesting to every eye and heart; whilst the appearance of the poor pensioners from Greenwich, several of whom had lost a limb in their country's service, and a part of the crew of the Victory who followed them—amongst whom I understood were the two men who carried their beloved commander below after he was wounded—almost taught the Stoic's eye to unbend its sternness, and decorate itself with the trembling lustre of a tear.

Regular descriptions of the order of procession will not be wanting; therefore I will not attempt one: I



shall only say, that our royal princes graced the awful scene with their august presence, and for the rest I only wish to speak to the heart. And yet my humble pen can by no means do justice to the feelings of my own mind, or the evidently corresponding sensations of others, when the car that held the coffin slowly approached; the vehicle itself was simply elegant, and correctly appropriate; not a tawdry pageant, from which the eye turned away disgusted, but a suitable carriage to bear the **TROPHIED NELSON'S FORM** to a long and last home. As it advanced, and caught the sight of the lamenting throng, 'Poor fellow!' was frequently and seriously ejaculated with a sigh: many a manly eye felt the drop of anguish bursting from its lid, nor strove to repress it; many a female, 'from eyes of heavenly blue,' poured forth the streaming tribute of unaffected sorrow; and as the car receded every form was bent forward, till the aching sight could no longer pursue it, which was then turned on the very long train of mourning-coaches that followed, containing Nelson's comrades in arms, still left to defend and bless the land they love. Yet, amidst all our mourning, we should remember, that our immortal hero now participates in the joys of that realm,

'Where strains of heavenly melody  
shall rise,  
And bliss eternal reigns above the  
skies.'

Such was the inspiration of the moment, that I actually overheard the volunteers who stood near me, immediately after the corpse had passed, and in the midst of their regrets for his loss, saying, that in the event of an attempt to invade and conquer this country by the usurper of France—an attempt, from the present posture of affairs, by no

means unlikely to be made—they must each bear in mind the memory of Nelson, and individually emulate his deeds; then, should they gloriously fall in the struggle for national existence, a grateful country would pay as much respect to *their memories* as they had now been paying to his.

What may we not hope from such enthusiasm and from such protectors, interested as they are in their country's preservation? Doubtless, every thing. Consider well, then, rash and presumptuous son of rapine! ere you dare venture on such a mad enterprise as the conquest of this country: whenever you do, *with the blessing of God*, your ruin will surely follow. With such thousands and tens of thousands of patriotic men, who stand forward solely from a wish to defend the land that gave them birth; who will each endeavour to exert their prowess to the utmost, and either rise with their country's glory or perish in its ruins; we have nothing to dread.

I felt perfectly satisfied with the grand and mournful tribute I had been a witness to; which had been conducted with the greatest order, and had not only gratified myself, but every one of the immense population of this metropolis, the whole of whom appeared to have deserted their business and their homes to attend the solemnity. And as I slowly sought my home, I could not help thinking that there never had been a kingdom so deeply indebted to any man as this had been to the deservedly-regretted NELSON; nor one that had so completely, so willingly, yet so solemnly, discharged it.

Adieu, then, for ever, much-mourned man! May thy departed spirit, phoenix like, again revive in the sons of Britain! May thy 'deeds



of glory' sound 'trumpet-tongued'  
in their ears, and bid the energy  
already called forth glow with re-  
doubled fervour in the cause of  
freedom—of *that freedom* endeared  
to them by every tie human and  
divine, social and domestic, now  
threatened with extermination by  
a power, alas! too great already,  
and which pants for universal do-  
minion!

'Rouse then, ye brave! this motto be  
our guide—

We fight for England's freedom, Eng-  
land's pride;

We fight for ev'ry dearest, social tie:

WE'LL NOBLY CONQUER, OR WE'LL  
NOBLY DIE!

Having reached my home, I satis-  
fied nature with a slight meal; and  
being quite alone, and not feeling  
able, nor indeed willing, to rid my  
mind of the idea of my darling  
hero, I could not resist the tempta-  
tion of sinning in rhyme, by, I  
fear, a very weak attempt to cele-  
brate a few only of his many and  
renowned exploits. I sat down to  
my writing-table, and, when doing  
so, sighed

### ALAS! POOR NELSON!

Who was the dread of France and Spain,  
Driving them o'er the wat'ry plain,  
Like sheep before a storm of rain?

'Twas gallant Nelson.

Who was bold Valour's bravest child—  
In war, how fierce! in peace, how mild!—  
From whom foes fled with horror wild?

'Twas gallant Nelson.

Who, 'mid the carnag'd scene of war,  
When Death whirl'd on his blood-red car,  
Was calm as ev'ning's gentle star?

'Twas gallant Nelson.

Who, like an angel sent from heav'n,  
When vict'ry to his arm was giv'n,  
Was friend to foes by terror driv'n?

'Twas gallant Nelson.

Who aided Jervis brave, to gain  
Saint Vincent's vict'ry over Spain,  
And humbled too the haughty Dane?

'Twas gallant Nelson.

Who, in Aboukir's guarded bay,  
Gain'd for his king a glorious day,  
Confirming Britain's naval sway?

'Twas gallant Nelson.

And, to make Glory's self more bright,  
Whose genius gain'd the proudest sight.  
E'er witness'd, near Trafalgar's height?

'Twas gallant Nelson.

Now, mournful Muse, with sorrow tell  
Who, circled round by Fate's foul spell,  
'Midst shouts of vict'ry nobly fell?

'Twas gallant Nelson.

Here the weak pen must surely fail:  
Honours no more his form can hail,  
Save those that point to Death's dire vale!

Alas! poor Nelson!

But till the world shall cease to be,  
Till time become eternity,  
That world shall sorrowing say, like me,  
Alas! poor Nelson!

January, 9, 1806.

### LADIES' DRESSES on her MA- JESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

*The Queen*—WORE an entire  
puce-coloured velvet petticoat, with  
a rich gold embroidered oak and  
acorn bandeau at the bottom, with  
acorn tassels; on the right side a long  
drapery to correspond, with a gold  
net embroidery to cover; borders  
of oak and acorn, bouquets, short  
draperies on the left in points of the  
same, the whole drawn up with  
large gold acorn tassels, with cord  
and rich embroidered bows on the  
pockets; a puce-coloured velvet and  
gold mantle, richly ornamented with  
gold Vandyke fringe and trimming,  
The *toute ensemble* had a most noble  
and splendid effect.

*Princess Augusta*—Her highness  
wore a white crape rich embroider-  
ed gold petticoat, with oak and acorn  
border at the bottom, with acorn  
tassels; on the right side two dra-  
peries of gold net, with oak and  
acorn branches embroidered round  
each; short drapery on the left, in  
points of the same; the whole



drawn up with large acorn tassels with cords: body and train gorge de pigeon and gold, ornamented with rich gold fringe; embroidered sleeve tops with gold loops of acorn. The appearance altogether was most rich and elegant.

*Princess Elizabeth*—Head-dress, a puce velvet bandeau and plume of ten fine puce-coloured feathers, with a puce-coloured velvet drapery, most superbly embroidered in gold lama; the effect of which was elegant and splendid. A magnificent dress of puce-coloured velvet, superbly embroidered with gold; the ground of the petticoat richly spangled with large bunches of wheat in sheaves: on the right side an immense large drapery, embroidered over in leaves to represent the shamrock, with a massy border of gold bunches of grapes, foil vine leaves and tendrils branching from the cornucopia, supported by a pointed drapery in waves of ring spangles, forming a picturesque appearance, and fastened at the end with bunches of gold tassels; on the left side correspondent draperies, diversified in their embroidery with wheat-sheaves; the bottom a rich shell-work of foil, the whole finished with handsome gold cords and tassels. Train a puce velvet tissue, trimmed with point lace, bunches of vine leaves, with a superb fancy fringe round the neck, and ornamented with diamonds.

*Princess Mary's* dress possessed all the superb magnificence of eastern grandeur, being composed of massy gold and silver tissue, interspersed with green foil in draperies, and relieved alternately by tasteful festoons of green velvet, embroidered with gold to correspond; petticoat of green velvet richly embroidered with gold spangles, and fancy figures, à la Turque, of gold and green foil; bottom a broad fancy border of palm leaves,

and finished by a brilliant gold rollo. The whole of this truly elegant dress was completed by a sash of plain gold tissue, and gold cords and tassels; train of gold tissue upon green velvet, the same as princess Elizabeth's.—Head-dress, a green velvet bandeau, with a plume of six green feathers.

*Princess Amelia*—Head-dress, a purple velvet bandeau, with a plume of seven purple feathers.

*Princess Sophia*—In a royal purple velvet petticoat, richly embroidered round the bottom with beautiful gold flowers; over which a superbly rich silver worked Indian tissue of exquisite delicacy and great value, to which was added a broad gold trimming of embossed embroidery, with saphire stones, and tucked up with tassels of a most uncommon kind. The robe of purple and gold velvet, richly ornamented with gold trimming.

*Duchess of York*—Crape petticoat, embroidered with gold roses; a rich gold border round the bottom of the petticoat to correspond, ornamented with gold tassels; train green and gold.

*Princess Castalcicala*—Petticoat of yellow crape, embroidered with silver, draperies of black lace, trimmed with silver roleau and elegant cord and tassels; train, black velvet trimmed with silver and point lace.

*Duchess of Montrose*—A white satin petticoat, with a superb drapery, richly embroidered in gold, with coques de perl; train, green satin and gold.

*Duchess De Castris*—A white crape petticoat with a mosaic ground richly worked in gold spangles; an elegant border, richly worked on white satin; white satin train, body and sleeves worked in gold; head-dress white satin worked in gold, ornamented with white feathers.

*Duchess of Gordon*—White satin petticoat, deeply fringed and puffed



with white down fur; the drapery of the same, looped up and ornamented with fur; the body, sleeves, and train, to correspond, looped up with diamond and rich Brussels lace. Head-dress ornamented with wreaths and rosettes of diamonds, vandyke, and white large plume of ostrich feathers.

*Marchioness of Lansdown*—A petticoat and train of violet velvet, superbly embroidered in a sea-weed pattern of silver spangles; draperies hooped up with wreaths of silver flowers, which had a beautiful effect. Head-dress of the finest point, white feathers and diamonds, in which her ladyship was much admired.

*Marchioness of Downshire*—A puce velvet petticoat with a rich silver embroidered Egyptian border, the body and train to correspond; head-dress a puce turban bandeau embroidered with silver, with ostrich feathers, and a profusion of diamonds; necklace to correspond.

*Marchioness of Sligo*—Body and train of white satin, trimmed with silver and point lace; petticoat of the same, a rich embroidered border at the bottom; on the right side a sash of the same, on the left silver cord and tassels.

*Marchioness of Blandford*—wore a lilac petticoat, fancifully looped up with gold drapery, with a deep purple velvet train and body to correspond. The head-dress richly ornamented with a gold reed, and a plume of ostrich feathers.

*Marchioness of Hertford*—wore an elegant white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with gold, white satin drapery, gold fringe, gold cords and tassels, with a rich velvet crimson train and gold; the body and sleeves to correspond: head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

*Countess of Barrymore*—A white crape petticoat, the ground worked

entirely over in gold feathers, an Egyptian border richly embroidered in gold on white satin, lilac velvet train; body and sleeves worked with a rich border of white and gold, trimmed with lace. Head-dress composed of diamonds and feathers.

*Countess of Macclesfield*—in a black velvet petticoat, fringed with gold and coloured stones. The robe of black velvet, with breasts and armlets of coloured stones and gold.

*Countess de Front*—A white crape dress appliqued with gold draperies of lilac and gold, in tasteful borders, ornamented with gold cords and tassels; train, black velvet trimmed with gold.

*Countess of Buckinghamshire*—A petticoat of maroon crape, with a border of black velvet; black lace drapery, elegantly put on, and wreaths of flowers in a graceful elegant manner; a train of black velvet trimmed with point lace.

*Dowager Countess of Buckinghamshire*—A white satin petticoat embroidered with velvet; a drapery of white satin with an elegant velvet border, and tastefully arranged; the train of violet velvet trimmed with white velvet.

*Countess Camden*—White crape, richly embroidered with gold and white velvet; draperies of slate velvet, embroidered with gold. Body and train, embroidered slate velvet. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Countess of Mansfield*—Train of crimson satin, with point lace and gold; petticoat of the same, with an embroidered crape thrown over, to form the drapery.

*Countess of Ely*—White satin petticoat richly spangled in gold, ruby-coloured velvet draperies caught up with cords, a Turkish twist velvet and satin, ruby-coloured velvet train to correspond; head-dress, crimson turban with feathers and diamonds.



*Countess of Westmeath*—Wore a striped sprigged satin petticoat, trimmed with silver, train looped with shower-spangled drapery; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

*The Swedish Ambassador's Lady*—White crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver cord and tassels, finished with an elegant fringe at bottom; puce velvet train, satin sleeves trimmed with silver net and point. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Viscountess Sydney*—A black and blue striped velvet gown and petticoat, trimmed with beautiful broad black lace.

*Viscountess Charleville*—A petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered in the real silver oriental lama, with a deep border and draperies of the same, ornamented with rich cords and tassels; train of purple poplin, richly embroidered in silver; head-dress of diamonds and panache of feathers.

*Lady Henry Stuart*—A white crape petticoat, embossed with white velvet and silver; draperies of lilac velvet, embroidered with silver. Body and train lilac velvet and silver. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Lady Cowper*—Was elegantly dressed in white satin, beautifully embossed in applique, and brilliant silver, ornamented with Maltese silver ornaments. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Lady Frances Pratt*—A white crape and satin dress, richly embossed in wreaths of gold and coloured foil, ornamented with sprigs of gold. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Lady Hester Stanhope*—Was, as usual, dressed with much taste and elegance, in black and green velvet, ornamented with embossed gold and studded with rubies, which had

a most brilliant effect. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds,

*Lady Cecilia and Lady Olivia Fitzgerald*—Dressed in green velvet and white satin, superbly embossed with silver and coloured foils. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Lady E. Fielding*—Petticoat of white crape; scarlet crape drapery, richly trimmed with patent pearl, cord and tassels; robe of scarlet figured satin, trimmed with lace and pearls. Head-dress, superb plume of eight feathers; the hair Grecian, ornamented with topazes.

*Lady Banks*—A white crape petticoat, embroidered with blue gold, and ornamented with gold tassels; train dark green, and blue figured satin.

*Lady Colthorp*—In a rich white satin petticoat, and a drapery of the same, richly embroidered with gold and silver cableing, clasped up the front with elegant gold clasps, ornamented with rubies. The robe of white satin and gold trimming, with armlets of rubies and gold.

*Lady Haywarden*—In a white satin petticoat, with rich patent lace drapery, trimmed with gold, and ornamented up the front with a spacious embroidery of gold rings and cableing.

*Lady Caroline Damer*—Body and train of puce-coloured velvet, embroidered in gold; petticoat of white crape, with an embroidery of velvet and gold in a drapery across, forming a kind of net border at the bottom to correspond.

*Lady Radstock*—Train of brown velvet, trimmed with lace; petticoat of brown velvet and crape, appliqued over a white satin drapery across in a Grecian border.

*Lady Bruce*—An Hortentia-coloured satin petticoat, trimmed with white swan fur, and looped up with beads, cords, and tassels; elegant



drapery of the same, fancifully displayed on the right with a turban, rosette and border of the same; body to correspond, the drapery looped up on the shoulder with rosettes of diamonds, formed in the Turkish style, and extended to the bottom with rich bead tassels. The back of the drapery which forms the train finishes on the left, as before, with rich fur. Head-dress, a diamond turban and rich ostrich feathers.

*Lady C. Waldegrave*—Train of brown velvet, trimmed with lace; petticoat of the same, with a silver netting stripe down the front and round the bottom.

*Lady Gibbs*—Body and train of brown velvet; petticoat of white crape, appliqued in a border of gold draperies across, tastefully drawn up with bunches of wheatears.

*Lady Lucas*—Wore a white crape petticoat, embroidered with gold, gold spangles, and fringe, cord and tassels. The body and train of brown velvet; head-dress, plain turban.

*Dowager lady Dacre*—Was dressed (in the antique court fashion) in a rich brown satin petticoat, body and train; head-dress plain, in the old Grecian style.

*Lady Arden*—Petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered with silver, the pocket-holes tastefully ornamented with large silver cord and tassel; the body and train of brown velvet, superbly trimmed with point lace and diamonds.

*Lady Barclay*—The body and train light blue satin: petticoat of white satin, with a rich drapery of blue crape, embroidered in silver, fastened and elegantly festooned with silver cords and rich tassels, with a rich trimming round the bottom of open silver; head-dress, a turban of silver crape, with rich ostrich feathers.

*Lady S. Gold*—Was dressed in

white and silver, with wreaths of diamonds and feathers.

*Lady Lushington*—White crape petticoat, superbly embroidered with gold, cord and tassels, trimmed at bottom with an elegant fringe; train, purple satin, trimmed with gold satin sleeves, with gold and point. Head-dress, crape turban, with feathers and diamonds.

*Lady Charlotte Wenn Bellasyse*—A beautiful gold embroidered petticoat, intermixed with point, black lace and gold tassels; black velvet train trimmed with gold, sleeves looped with diamond, front fastened with a diamond star.

*Lady Stuart*—A blue velvet court gown and petticoat, elegantly festooned with swansdown, and cord and tassels, with white satin under-sleeve with point lace and real pearls; front looped with a diamond crescent.

*Lady Dorchester*—White crape petticoat, ornamented with broad blond lace, white silk rollo cord and tassels; scarlet satin train, trimmed with blond and rollo.

*Lady Milman*—A flat crape petticoat, richly embroidered with gold, and trimmed with real sable; body and train brown velvet, elegantly embroidered with gold.

*Lady Trigg*—Petticoat white satin, embroidered round the bottom with gold, and trimmed with swansdown; drapery of white crape, tastefully embroidered and festooned up, with large gold tassels to correspond; body and train of white satin.

*Lady Henry Fitzgerald*—White crape embroidered with gold, body and train black velvet embroidered with gold. Head-dresses, feathers and diamonds.

*Lady Glynn*—A petticoat of white satin richly trimmed, double draperies, and sash superbly embroidered with gold.

*Lady Cardigan*—A petticoat of



Burgundy crape embroidered with gold, and train of the same.

*Lady Isabella Thynne*—A petticoat of dove-coloured satin with a border of black lace, and embroidery in steel draperies of black lace, drawn up with steel beads and tassels, and ornamented with steel fringe embroidered on ribbon; puce velvet train, trimmed with black lace; head-dress, jewels and feathers.

*Lady Ann Culling Smith*—A white satin petticoat with a border of gold embroidery, draperies of gold India tissue, ornamented with large bunches of musk flowers, and elegantly festooned with gold snailing; train of puce velvet, trimmed with gold vandyke fringe; head-dress of gold tissue, turban and feathers.

*The two ladies Townshend*—Were dressed in white muslin, richly embroidered; the drapery looped up in rosettes with white satin ribbon: body and train to correspond, with rich plumes of feathers.

*The hon. Mrs. Spencer Perceval*—A very brilliant white and gold petticoat, train of puce velvet; head-dress, puce and gold with ostrich feathers.

*The hon. Mrs. Egerton*—Petticoat of violet velvet, richly festooned with silver and embroidered in stripes; train of the same, with sleeves of silver net with diamonds; head-dress to correspond, with a great profusion of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

*Hon. Mrs. Orby*—Dress of white crape, ornamented with an elegant net-work in beads, divided by draperies of white crape, fastened up with bunches of yellow holly, and finished with large leaves of the same; beads, cords, and tassels, completed this simply elegant and pretty dress: train white satin, trimmed with beads and point lace.

*Mrs. Mancill*—A simple elegant petticoat of white crape and patent pearls; body and train of white satin,

trimmed with blond and patent pearls; head-dress to correspond, with a great profusion of ostrich feathers.

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## LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESSES.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. CAP of orange-coloured velvet, ornamented with rolls of muslin and white beads: dress of white muslin, cross-welted in the back and sleeves, white satin pleated front, trimmed with lace.

2. White satin hat, ornamented with spangles and gold ornament: white ostrich feathers: dress of crimson muslin, fastened round the waist with silk cord and tassels: sleeves open on the side, and drawn together with gold ornament, lined with white satin.

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## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

BLACK velvet is evidently the most prevailing colour for hats: the toques are of a great variety of colours; as white velvet, grey, pale-rose, nut-brown, deep-green, and deep-yellow: some of them also are black. The toques are in general ornamented with a feather or flowers.

The sleeves of the robes are still very puckered and short, especially in full dress.

The colours at present in vogue for the cloth great-coats are principally deep blue and bronze: those entirely of velvet are black, blue, chamois, or rose, lined with white satin, and worn with a satin scarf. A great number of *mamelucks* of black or blue velvet are seen. A *mameluck* must indispensably have a very deep lace, which must fall down over the petticoat.





*London Fashionable full Dress.*







*On BULLFINCHES destroying the  
BUDS of TREES.*

YOUR correspondent Eugenia having inserted that bullfinches feed 'on the buds of different trees,' *November Magazine*, p. 568, which induces many persons to destroy them, I take up my pen in their behalf; for it is a question not yet ascertained, in regard to the buds of cherry and plum trees frequently dropping off, and may be gathered up from under the trees in large quantities.

This is attributed by many to bullfinches, and various other small birds, who are seen in the trees at that season, and the birds are endeavoured to be destroyed.

One of the strongest proofs that the birds do not eat the buds, is, so many lying on the ground; for it cannot be supposed that they peck them off through mere wantonness.

I would wish this to be cleared up, for I think that the birds are friends instead of enemies.

On examining the buds on the ground you will find them perforated with a small hole, and the inside eaten out. This I attribute to an insect, and that the birds come there to feed on these insects.

To investigate this properly, and justly, shoot some of the birds, or take them by bird-lime; examine the craws—if sound whole buds are found in them, the birds are guilty; but if there be insects, or buds with insects in them, it is a proof that the birds are your friends, and you should protect instead of destroying them; and I hope some of your correspondents will endeavour this ensuing spring to prove who are the aggressors, the insects or the bullfinches: and not have those harmless and agreeable ornaments of the creation wantonly destroyed.

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*Another plea in favour of bullfinches.*

But if my clients the bullfinches should be found guilty of the charge, in either eating the buds for food, or wantonly pecking them off the trees, I have another strong argument in their favour, and will still prove them friends instead of enemies.

Every cultivator of fruit knows that fruit-trees in general produce a much greater number of blossoms than they can bring to perfection, and that many constantly drop off naturally.—

That upon wall-trees where you can readily see them, and are within your reach, that you are obliged to pick off great quantities of fruit, when they are too thick, in order to have a proper number in perfection; where one fine large peach, nectarine, or apricot, is preferred before two or three small ones, and will produce more money at market.—

That many who are curious in cultivating fruit-trees will cut off all the blossoms before, or as soon as they are opened, the first year or two after planting, to strengthen and encourage the trees to make more vigorous shoots.—

That if wall-fruit-trees were at spring to be examined, and just as the blossoms are opening to be disbudded of many, which are too close together, or come out in improper places, it would greatly contribute to the welfare and future prosperity of the trees, and cause them to produce finer fruit.

Having proved from these various circumstances, the advantages resulting from trees having many of their buds taken off, it is impossible that the bullfinches, and various other small birds, can do the mischief which is attributed to them; but may rather be said to assist the gardener in his business.



I have read of some town in Italy, where many sorts of small birds are brought to market for sale; the consequence of which is that their harvests are often very deficient, owing to the number of various insects destroying the corn, which insects would have been eaten by the birds for food.

But before I quit the subject, I must mention the wanton cruelty of boys destroying the nests and eggs of so many birds as they do, and depriving them of the pleasure they would take in obeying the design of the creation in increasing and multiplying: at least they should wait until the young birds are hatched.

I therefore recommend to parents, to strictly prohibit their children from continuing the practice, and infuse into their minds that birds and insects are both useful, and ordained by the Creator, for—

*Natura nil fecit frustra—*

Nature made nothing in vain, but for some wise end and purpose.

R. WESTON.

#### FRUGAL METHODS of FATTENING various Sorts of POULTRY.

CORN having been lately at a very high price, has deprived most persons, except the affluent, from having them at their table; any method therefore of fattening them frugally, cannot but be acceptable in many ladies' families.

The following are what have been the usual sorts of food, but the present prices of the articles forbid it, until they are more reduced, and it cannot be amiss that some frugal articles should be substituted for them.

1. Geese and ducks—oats and grains.

2. Fowls and chickens—barley, barley-meal, and rice.

3. Turkeys and turkey-pouts—the same.

In lieu of these articles the following are proposed:

1. Geese and ducks—grains, with carrots and lettuces.

2. Fowls and chickens—carrots cut small, with a little barley-meal.

3. Turkeys and turkey-pouts—the same, and walnuts when in season.

Of all the vegetables used for feeding, no one excels the nutritious qualities afforded from carrots, as oxen, cows, horses, pigs, rabbits, and deer: and from my own experience, I have tried on poultry; as fowls, chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese, and found it to answer extremely well.

Carrots, when digged up for winter use, may generally be purchased at a shilling or fourteen pence a bushel, which will weigh a little under or over 38 pounds; and you will have upwards of three pounds for a penny.

My first experiment was upon six geese in October: they proved so well that I fattened above twenty that season, and they had nothing but raw carrots and cold water, in the standing of a stable, with a little dry straw to sleep on, and the place kept clean.

At first I cut them in small pieces, but afterwards in only two or three lengthways. The carrots cost a shilling a bushel; about two-thirds will fatten a goose, which comes to eight pence, and will require three or four weeks, according to the condition they are in when put up.

From these experiments, I afterwards tried it on other poultry, and found it answer very well.



They give the flesh a remarkably fine flavour, much superior to any other sort of food.

#### *To fatten GEESE and DUCKS.*

About July is as soon as you can have carrots of a tolerable size or in any quantity : till that time, you can have nothing but grains, unless you have a garden and plenty of lettuces ; and it will answer extremely well to sow some to have to spare for ducks and geese, who are remarkably fond of them : you will find a benefit also from cabbages, but they will require to be cut a little and boiled.

At first the carrots will require to be cut and chopped a little before you mix them with the grains, and for the ducks smaller than for the geese. In a few days, you may diminish the quantity of grains, and continue the lettuces and cabbages, if you have them. The leaves of the carrots may be also chopped and mixed with the grains ; but for the last ten or twelve days before you kill them, let them have nothing but carrots.

#### *To fatten FOWLS and CHICKENS.*

Boil potatoes, mash them, and put some raw carrots, chopped small, amongst them, or grated on a very coarse tin grater.

By no means use any of the potatoe water, it is of a poisonous nature ; but moisten them with some skimmed milk, or the skimmings of a pot, in which meat has been boiled.

Add a little barley-meal at first for a few days, and then leave it off, and increase the quantity of carrots.

When potatoes have been boiled, you may use the peelings, and in a large family they will be found nearly sufficient.

Besides carrots, I recommend the trial of roots of the red and white

beet ; they contain a great quantity of saccharine juice, as the late experiments in Prussia prove, of extracting sugar from them. They must be chopped, and used in the same manner as the carrots.

#### *To fatten TURKEYS.*

The same food as directed for fowls and chickens is equally proper for turkeys, except that for two or three weeks, before you mean to kill them, it will require to be made into a paste, and they must be crammed with it.

#### *To fatten TURKEYS with Walnuts.*

Besides the above method, there is another which will appear very extraordinary ; but I can speak from my own experience to it, having practised it many years ago.

About three weeks before you shall want turkeys for eating, procure some walnuts.

When you feed them in the morning, pitch upon such turkeys as you mean to kill, and put a whole walnut down its throat, rubbed first with fat of any sort.

The shells must not be cracked, lest the rough edges might tear the throat ; and in two or three hours after, if you feel their craws, you will find that the heat or gastric juice of the stomach has digested the walnuts.

The second morning give them two ; the third, three ; the fourth, four ; the fifth, five ; the sixth, six ; and the seventh, seven.

You may continue seven for two or three days, if you think that they are not fat enough, and then decrease your number in the same manner each day, and when you have reduced the number to one, they will be fit to kill.

Walnuts are known to contain a great quantity of nutritious oil, and have the property of fattening tur-



keys. You will find both the flesh fat, and entrails delicately white, and the flesh to have a very fine flavour.

About sixty or seventy walnuts will be sufficient for each. The large nuts must be given to the cocks and the small ones to the hen turkeys, and in plentiful years will cost you but little. If at eighteen pence a hundred, eighty nuts will only cost a shilling. At one shilling a hundred only eight pence; as they will require no other food, after you begin to give them the walnuts.

R. WESTON.

### ACCOUNT of the PROCESSIONS and CEREMONIES observed in the FUNERAL OF LORD NELSON.

(With an elegantly engraved View of the Procession by Water, taken at the moment when the barge with the body passed the center arch of Blackfriars bridge.)

#### THE LYING IN STATE AT GREENWICH.

ON Saturday the 4th of January, the preparations for the public to pay their last tribute to the remains of the immortal Nelson were completely finished; and about one o'clock the princess of Wales, attended by her retinue, entered the saloon, where she remained for several hours, contemplating with silent sorrow the last solemn obsequies paid to the remains of the gallant hero. After her departure a few persons of respectability were also admitted by the governors, to see the body lie in state.

The rev. Mr. Scott, lord Nelson's favourite chaplain, whom in his last moments he earnestly requested to pay particular attention

to his remains till they were interred, accompanied by Mr. France's partner of Pall-Mall, the undertaker, remained with the body the whole of the night, and on Sunday, at eleven o'clock, the hall and gate were opened for the admission of strangers.

The painted chamber was fitted up for this melancholy spectacle, with peculiar taste and elegance, by Mr. France.

A platform was erected along the chamber, with two divisions, one for the ingress and the other for the egress of the spectators; at the further end of which, elevated six feet, a portion was railed off, in the form of a crescent, within which a canopy was erected of black cloth, festooned with gold; the festoons ornamented with the plume of triumph; the coronet and the stem of the San Josef, a Spanish admiral's ship, already quartered in his lordship's arms, and the back field with an escutcheon of his lordship's arms. Motto—*Palmas qui meruit ferat*, surmounted by a laurel wreath, encircling Neptune's trident, and a palm branch in *sattier*; and above the whole, a golden wreath, with the word TRAFALGAR inscribed within it. Solar rays surrounded his lordship's shield, and bearing the motto, *Tria juncta in uno*, were appropriately interspersed in the back ground. The coffin, richly ornamented, containing the body, lying beneath it, covered with a black velvet pall, lined with white satin, turned up at the foot, so as to expose the lower part of the coffin (which was turned towards the entrance) to the spectators. On the top was lord Nelson's coronet, supported on a black velvet cushion richly fringed: at the head of which sat the rev. Mr. Scott, chaplain of the Victory, as chief mourn-



er, seated in an elbow chair, dressed in his cossack, and without powder; and at the foot was a pedestal covered with black velvet, trimmed with rich fringe, black and yellow alternately, and supporting models, richly gilt, of his lordship's shields, gauntlets, sword and helmet, surmounted by a naval crown and *chalic*, or triumphal plume, presented to his lordship by the grand seignior, in approbation of his glorious victory, at the Nile. Ten mourners, appointed from the lord chamberlain's office, also attended, two on each side the coffin, and three on each side the canopy; the former standing, the latter sitting: they were dressed in deep mourning, with black scarfs, full powdered and wearing bag-wigs. Ten banners exhibiting various quarterings of his lordship's arms belonging to the several orders, and each bearing the motto inscribed on the escutcheon, elevated on staves, were pendant towards the coffin. Four high benches covered with black cloth were placed two on each side the coffin, supporting twelve elegant silver *trestles*, with two wax candles in each. The railing was in the form of a crescent, about three feet in height, outside of which the spectators viewed the funeral saloon, and on the inside were stationed several persons from the lord chamberlain's office, appropriately dressed. Volunteers belonging to the Greenwich and Deptford association remained at the head of each avenue, and round the railing; to prevent riot, and to keep the throng in continual motion onward. The steps leading to and coming from the saloon were covered with matting and black cloth, as was the whole of the chamber floor.—Double rows of sconces, highly plated, each with two branches,

and containing wax lights, were suspended around the saloon, with escutcheons bearing two shields and a coronet between each pair; above them a white satin belt was brought all round, as a relief from the dead black: single rows of sconces and escutcheons were fixed in a similar manner to the other parts of the chamber. A large black curtain, festooned, was suspended at the entrance to the saloon. At the end of the avenue for egress a guard was placed, who directed the spectators, as they came out of the hall, to pass on to the back gate of the hospital, and depart, to prevent confusion.

This melancholy exhibition continued three days—Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday: it is needless to detail the various accidents which occurred from the great avidity of the populace; many were disappointed, and many, in their struggle, were sadly maimed.

It is calculated that not above 15,000 saw this spectacle; and when the doors finally closed on Tuesday evening, a multitude, that almost extended from Greenwich to London, were turned back.

#### THE PROCESSION BY WATER.

On Wednesday, at half past seven o'clock, the heralds, and the naval officers who were to assist at the procession by water, assembled at the Admiralty, and from thence proceeded about eight to Greenwich. At ten o'clock they assembled at the governor's house within Greenwich-hospital, and proceeded from thence to the barges appointed for them. The body was then carried from the saloon through the great hall, out at the eastern portal, round the Royal Charlotte ward to the north gate, and placed on board the state barge: the coffin was covered



with a velvet pall, adorned with escutcheons.

In the first barge was the standard at the head: the guidon was borne by captain Durham, supported by two lieutenants in full uniform coats, with black waistcoats, breeches, and stockings, and crape round their hats and arms.

In the second barge were the officers of arms, bearing the target, sword, helm, and crest, of the deceased. The banner of the deceased, as knight of the Bath, was borne by captain Rotherham, at the head of the barge. The great banner was borne at the door-place by captain Moorsom, who was supported by two lieutenants.

In the third barge was the body. This barge was covered with black velvet, and adorned with black feathers. In the centre was a viscount's coronet, and three bannerolls were affixed to the outside of the barge. In the steerage were six trumpets and six lieutenants of the royal navy. Clarendieux, king of arms, sat at the head of the coffin, bearing a viscount's

coronet upon a black velvet cushion. The standard of the united kingdom was at the head of the barge, borne by captain ——. The state barge was rowed by forty-six seamen belonging to our dear departed hero's ship the *Vicory*. The other barges were rowed by picked men from the Greenwich pensioners.

In the fourth barge, which was also covered with black cloth, were:

Chief mourner, admiral sir Peter Parker, bart.

Train bearer to the chief mourner, the hon. captain Blackwood.

Supporters to the chief mourner, admirals lords Hood and Radstock.

Six assistant mourners, vice-admirals Caldwell, Hamilton, Nugent, Bligh, sir Roger Curtis, and sir C. M. Pole, barts.

Four supporters of the pall, vice admirals Whitshed, Savage, Taylor, and rear admiral E. Harvey.

Six bearers of the canopy, rear-admirals Aylmer, Domett, T. Wells, Drury, sir Isaac Coffin, and sir W. H. Douglass, barts.

They were all in mourning cloaks over their full uniform coats. The banner of emblems was borne in this barge, by lord Nelson's own captain, capt. T. M. Hardy.

#### ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

2. Capt. Wood,  
harbour master.

1. Capt. Ludlam,  
harbour master.

3. water bailiff.

4. Rulers of the company of watermen, &c,

5. Chaplain and staff of river fencibles.

6. Boat with drums muffled.

7. Officer commanding gun-boats.

River fencibles.  
2d gun-boat.  
4th ditto.  
6th ditto.  
8th ditto.  
10th ditto.

9. Row-boat with officer.

1st gun-boat.  
3d ditto.  
5th ditto.  
7th ditto.  
9th ditto.

8. Row-boat with officer.

River fencibles.



## PROCESSION OF STATE BARGES.

Four row-boats of the harbour marines  
corps flanking the state-barges.

- |    |    |                                    |    |
|----|----|------------------------------------|----|
| 5. | 1. | Barge with herald's standards.     | 1. |
|    | 2. |                                    |    |
| 6. |    | Ditto . . . . ditto . . . . ditto. | 2. |
|    | 3. |                                    |    |
| 7. |    | BARGE<br>WITH<br>THE BODY.         | 3. |
|    |    |                                    |    |
| 8. | 4. | Barge with chief mourner.          | 4. |

Four row-boats of the harbour marines  
corps flanking the state-barges.

Nine row-boats of river fencibles  
flanking the procession.

- |    |    |   |   |
|----|----|---|---|
| 10 | 5. | His majesty's barges.   | 1 |
| 11 | 6. | Barge with the lords commissioners<br>for executing the office of lord high<br>admiral.   | 2 |
| 12 |    |   | 3 |
| 13 | 7. | The right hon. the lord mayor's<br>barge.   | 4 |
| 14 |    |   | 5 |
| 15 | 8. | Barge with the committee especially<br>appointed by the corporation of Lon-<br>don on the occasion of lord Nelson's<br>funeral. | 6 |
| 16 |    |   | 7 |
| 17 |    |   | 8 |
| 18 | 9. | Barge with the committee of the cor-<br>poration for improving the naviga-<br>tion of the river Thames.                         | 9 |

Nine row-boats of river fencibles  
flanking the procession.

Four row-boats,  
harbour marines.

- |    |     |                                       |    |
|----|-----|---------------------------------------|----|
| 13 | 10. | Barge of the Drapers' company.        |    |
|    | 11. | Ditto of the Fishmongers' ditto.      | 9  |
| 14 | 12. | Ditto of the Goldsmiths' ditto.       | 10 |
|    | 13. | Ditto of the Skinners' ditto.         |    |
| 15 | 14. | Ditto of the Merchant Taylors' ditto. | 11 |
|    | 15. | Ditto of the Ironmongers' ditto.      | 12 |
| 16 | 16. | Ditto of the Stationers' ditto        |    |
|    | 17. | Ditto of the Apothecaries' ditto.     |    |

Four row-boats,  
harbour marines.

Capt. Wake,  
harbour master.

Capt. Mabb,  
harbour master.

They had all their colours *half-staff*. As the procession moved from Greenwich minute guns were fired; the shore was lined with thousands of spectators; every hat was off, and every countenance expressed the deepest regret felt at the loss of so great a hero. Not a vessel was suffered to disturb the procession. The decks, yards, rigging,

and masts, of the numerous ships on the river, were all crowded with spectators: the number of ladies was immense.

As the procession passed the Tower, the great guns were fired. It reached Whitehall-stairs about a quarter past three o'clock. During the time the body was landing, together with the several attendants



in the four mourning barges, the king's, admiralty, lord mayor's and city barges, lay upon their oars.

The extreme violence of the wind, being south-westerly, much impeded the progress of the boats in their making the point of land opposite Somerset-house; however, by great labour on the part of the rowers, the line of procession was tolerably well observed to the last. Minute guns were fired during the landing of the body, &c.; just at which period a heavy storm of hail came on, that threw the crowd, collected on shore, into some confusion; it also rather injured the appearance of the canopy, plumes of feathers, and other ornaments. The necessary arrangement was, however, soon made, and the procession proceeded through a line formed by the guards to the Admiralty, where it finally closed about a quarter before four o'clock.

Suitable preparations had been previously made at the Admiralty for receiving the revered remains of lord Nelson. The body was deposited in what is called the 'captains' room,' which was hung with black for the awful occasion, guarded by some of the undertakers and the officers of the house.

#### THE PROCESSION TO ST. PAUL'S AND FUNERAL.

On Thursday the remains of the immortal Nelson were deposited in the place appointed by our gracious sovereign, as the appropriate receptacle of the relics of a hero, whose unexampled worth deserved to have a place apart from others, and consecrated by itself. The funeral honours by which a grateful nation was anxious to shew its sense of his great services were completed in a manner the most solemn, the most affecting, and the most magnificent.

*The following was the order of the procession:*

His royal highness the duke of York, as commander in chief, led the line, assisted by the duke of Cambridge.

A detachment of the 10th light dragoons.

Part of the 42d Highland regiment.

The buffs—band playing 'Rule Britannia,' drums muffled.

Ninety-second Highland regiment, in echelons; a considerable depth between each: colours of the 92d, Egypt on them, hung with crape; band playing, muffled.

Rest of the 42d regiment; officers all with black scarfs; colours of the 42d, crape.

Band of the buffs; drums muffled, playing the Dead March.

The 31st regiment.

A Highland regiment.

Rest of the 10th dragoons: officers with black cloaks; trumpets sounding at intervals.

11th dragoons.

The Scotch greys.

Trumpets preceding them, sounding a dead march.

Horse artillery, with guns and tumbrils. Marshalmen, to clear the way.

Messenger of the College of Arms, in a mourning cloak, with a badge of the college on his shoulder; his staff tipped with silver, and furled with sarsnet.

Six conductors in mourning-cloaks, with black staves headed with viscounts' coronets.

Forty-eight pensioners from Greenwich-hospital, two and two, in mourning cloaks, with badges of the crest of the deceased on the shoulders, and black staves in their hands.

Forty-eight seamen of his majesty's ship the Victory, two and two, in their ordinary dress, with black neck handkerchiefs, and stockings, and crapes in their hats.

Watermen of the deceased, in black coats, with badges.

Drums and fifes—drum major.

Trumpets.

Serjeant trumpeter.

Rouge croix, pursuivant of arms (alone in a mourning coach) in close mourning, with his tabard over his cloak, black silk scarf, hatband and gloves.

The standard, borne in front of a mourning coach, in which were a captain of the royal navy, supported by two lieutenants, in their full uniform coats with black cloth waistcoats, breeches,



and black stockings, and crape round their arms and hats.

Trumpets.

Blue mantle pursuivant of arms (alone in a mourning coach) habited as rouge croix.

The guidon, borne in front of a mourning coach, in which were a captain of the royal navy, supported by two lieutenants, dressed as those who bore and supported the standard.

Servants of the deceased, in mourning, in a mourning coach.

Officers of his majesty's wardrobe, in mourning coaches.

Gentlemen — Esquires.

Deputations from the great commercial companies of London.

Physicians of the deceased, in a mourning coach.

Divines, in clerical habits.

Chaplains of the deceased, in clerical habits, and secretary of the deceased, in a mourning coach.

Trumpets.

Rouge dragon, pursuivant of arms (alone, in a mourning coach), habited as blue mantle.

The banner of the deceased, as a knight of the Bath, borne in front of a mourning coach, in which were a captain of the royal navy, supported by two lieutenants, dressed as those who bore and supported the guidon.

Officers who attended the body while it lay in state in Greenwich, in mourning coaches.

A gentleman usher (in a mourning coach) carrying a carpet and black velvet cushion, whereon the trophies were to be deposited in the church.

Comptroller, treasurer, and steward of the household of the deceased (in a mourning coach) in mourning cloaks, bearing white staves.

The carriages of the dukes of Sussex, Cambridge, Kent, and Clarence.

A carriage of the prince of Wales, with Mr. Sheridan, and col. Leigh.

His royal highness the prince of Wales, accompanied in his carriage by the dukes of Clarence and Kent, and earl Moira.

Detachments of horse and guards.

After an interval of about half an hour, the remainder of the procession proceeded as follows:

A herald (alone in a mourning coach) habited as the other officers of arms.

The great banner, borne in front of a mourning coach, in which were a captain and two lieutenants, as with the other banners.

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A mourning coach, in which

The coronet of the deceased, on a black velvet cushion, borne by clarenceux king at arms, habited as before, and attended by two gentlemen ushers.

The six lieutenants of the royal navy, habited as before, who bore the bannerolls, in two mourning coaches.

The six admirals, in like habits, who bore the canopy, in two mourning coaches.

The four admirals, in like habits, who supported the pall, in a mourning coach.

## THE BODY,

Covered with a black velvet pall, adorned with six escutcheons, under a canopy, and placed on a funeral car, decorated with escutcheons, bannerolls, emblematical devices.—The car, formed like a man-of-war, adorned with the flags of the *Victory*, was drawn by six horses.

Garber principal king at arms, in a mourning coach, habited as the other officers of arms, with his sceptre, attended by two gentlemen ushers.

The chief mourner, in a long mourning cloak, with his two supporters, being admirals, and his train-bearer, being a captain in the royal navy, all in mourning cloaks over their full uniform coats; black waistcoats, breeches, and stockings; crape round their arms and hats.

Norroy king at arms, in a mourning coach, habited as the other officers of arms.

The banner of emblems in front of a mourning coach, in which were a captain and two lieutenants of the royal navy, as the other banners.

Relatives of the deceased.

Officers of the navy and army, according to their respective ranks; the senior's nearest the body.

In all there were 178 carriages of different descriptions;

One mourning coach with six horses; twenty-eight ditto with four; thirty-two ditto with two horses;

Eleven carriages with six horses; two ditto with four horses;

The rest with two horses.

The procession may be considered as consisting of three distinct parts, the military, the private carriages, and the mourners. The private carriages were very numerous: the commoners went first, then



the peers, beginning with barons and closing with dukes, next the princes, and last the prince of Wales. There were three of the princes' carriages; first was Mr. Tierney alone: second, Mr. Sheridan, with colonel Leigh of the 10th dragoons; and in the last, the prince, with the duke of Clarence on his left, and lord Moira opposite to him, and the duke of Kent opposite to the duke of Clarence. The prince, the duke of Kent, and lord Moira, wore generals' uniforms. The duke of Clarence, an admiral's uniform. The dukes of York, Kent, Sussex, and Cambridge, were in the streets very early on horseback, with their aids-de-camp, seeing that every thing should be in order. The duke of Sussex wore the uniform of the loyal North Britons, and acted as their commander, till the procession passed their station in front of Coutts' bank. His royal highness then rode to St. Paul's on his chesnut Arabian.

The third part of the procession consisted of the hearse and mourning coaches. The design and structure of the hearse have been already described: its body represented the hull of the *Victory*, on the deck of which the coffin was laid uncovered. The effect of this was very striking. Not one saw it pass without the tribute of a grateful and melancholy tear. It seemed as if this were the last time we were to behold the mortal remains of the hero, who must live for ever in our fond remembrance; and we could not commit them to earth, without our sorrows bursting forth anew. It was a sad farewell to an illustrious man, whom ages will not easily parallel. We could wish to have seen in this place the seamen of the *Victory*, and the Greenwich pensioners, who went in the first part of the procession. They bore the most striking marks of deep and

unfeigned sorrow; and their recent service made them be seen with veneration. If they had been stationed near the hearse, a most sublime and affecting association must immediately be impressed on every mind, from what was certainly very impressive as it was, but not so much so as it might have been made by this arrangement. A great number of the mourning coaches that followed the hearse were filled with naval officers, who were all regarded with high feelings of esteem and admiration, being considered as the partners of Nelson's victories, or participators in the other triumphs that have signalled our flag. This last part of the procession came at a considerable interval after the preceding. It was thought necessary to give time to the carriages that had gone past to set down their company. The whole procession took above three hours and a half to pass. The military in front began to move forward at eleven, and the last of the mourning coaches passed on a little before three.

On the procession reaching Temple-bar, it was joined by the lord-mayor and corporation, who fell in immediately after the prince of Wales; and on its arrival at St. Paul's, the regular troops who formed part of it, together with the city militia, light horse, and infantry volunteers, were stationed to preserve the necessary order. The whole reached the cathedral shortly after three o'clock.

#### ST. PAUL'S.

The impatience, agitation, and bustle, that were visible in every part of the route from the Admiralty to St. Paul's, at an early hour in the morning, were no less prominent at this cathedral. The dawn had scarcely appeared, when every avenue to it was crowded with



those who had tickets of admission to the interior of the church, as well as with those who were only curious to see them on their way thither.

It was near eleven o'clock before the whole of this capacious amphitheatre was completely filled, and its temporary inhabitants were disposed of in their proper places.

The employment of the workmen in fitting up a kind of machine for lighting the dome, if the ceremony should continue till that would be necessary, afforded some relief to the tediousness of expectation deferred. This machine was an octagonal hollow cylinder, about ten feet long, and terminating beneath in a conical shape. It was suspended by a rope from the centre of the dome, and hung round with patent lamps, about 100 in number. The contrivance was ingenious, and fully answered its purpose, when the lamps came afterwards to be lighted up. About a quarter past one the grenadiers of the Highlanders arrived, and marching forward to the choir, formed in a single line on each side of the platform, and extending from the choir so as to line both sides of the passage from the great western door. The appearance of this fine body of men had a very picturesque effect, and greatly relieved the sameness that had before pervaded the whole scene, from the prevalence of mourning, in every instance, without a single exception. Expectation was now high; every moment was counted, and every sound attended to, under an impression that the procession could not be distant. At length the bands of the military, playing the 104th psalm, announced the arrival of the van of the procession; the fifes of the infantry, alternating with the trumpets of the

cavalry, afforded a type of the vicissitude of human affairs. The great western gate was opened, and the winds that were thereby admitted gently waved the French and Spanish ensigns captured at Trafalgar, compelling them to a reluctant tribute to the memory of their immortal captor. Every gust wafted in the soft and deeply affecting melody of the martial instruments. At one time the swelling note floated in triumph on the quickened breeze; at another, the soft harmony died away upon the ear, and left the imagination and the senses in a species of chastened ecstasy and pure delight.

After a short interval, the prince of Wales, accompanied by the dukes of Clarence, Kent, lord Moira, &c. arrived, and proceeded directly, attended by the bishops of Lincoln and Chester, and the other dignitaries of St. Paul's, to the choir. The lord-mayor next arrived, accompanied by the court of aldermen, the recorder, and the deputation from the common council. The prince and his attendants passed direct through the central platform; the lord-mayor and his followers along the space on the north of it. The prince remained in the choir about half an hour, and then returned, attended as before, proceeding towards the western door, in order to join the procession when the corpse should arrive.—In this quarter his royal highness remained bare-headed for nearly half an hour, when the corpse entered the church, about a quarter past three, and the procession advanced slowly to the choir.

It was half past four before the burial service commenced. Nothing could be more sublimely awful, nor more solemnly affecting, than the diversity of objects, persons, and



characters, presented by this very interesting spectacle. The first princes of the blood, the most distinguished characters in the nation, the most opposite political partisans, all associating with the brightest ornaments of that profession of which the deceased hero was deservedly the pride and the boast, in consecrating the memory of merit that has seldom been equalled, and never surpassed. The grand concourse of military men that attended constituted no small portion of the splendour and interest of the scene.

Above an hour was occupied in that part of the service that was performed in the choir; and in the interval the lamps were lighted, and produced an admirable effect. The temporary desk was now removed to its place at the head of the grave, and a frame protruded from the grave by machinery in the vault, upon which the coffin was to rest whilst the remaining part of the burial service should be performing. The corpse was then brought back to the platform in procession, whilst a grand and solemn dirge, the composition of Mr. Atwood, was played by that gentleman upon the organ. The prince of Wales and his royal brothers assisted also in this procession. His royal highness, with the duke of Clarence on his right, and the duke of Kent on his left, took his place in the platform on the right of the desk, and, with his royal and other attendants, stood during the whole service.

Here commenced the most impressive part of the spectacle, if not the most awful and affecting part of the whole ceremony: the coffin was uncovered, and the coronet placed on it: the moment was fast approaching that was to consign to his last home the mortal remains of a consummate hero; the whole

space of the platform was filled with those who had moved in the procession, as well as the passages surrounding the platform; the degree of light was sufficient to give effect to the splendour and magnificence of the scene, but not to afford a distinct view of its actual limits, so that the mind insensibly was impressed with that image of sublimity which belongs to infinity. The diversified dresses of the professional gentlemen that attended rendered the perspective highly pleasing, whilst the waving of the different banners rendered it more beautiful and majestic.

At thirty-three minutes and an half past five precisely the coffin was lowered into the grave, whither it was followed by the regrets of all that witnessed the affecting scene. Every bosom heaved with unfeigned emotions of sorrow and gratitude. The staves were then broken by the king at arms, and the whole assembly gradually withdrew, deeply penetrated with the feelings which the awful ceremony was calculated to give rise to.

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#### ANECDOTE.

LORD Oxford remonstrating with the earl of Lincoln, told him, that unless he complied with the measures of the ministry, he must be reduced even to the inability of keeping his coach.—‘Why then,’ said that independent nobleman, ‘I would clap a new pair of soles to my shoes, and foot it to the house of peers.’ It may not be amiss to add, that lord Torrington (scarcely an acquaintance of this peerless peer) left him soon after a large estate merely for this singular instance of heroic integrity.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1806.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, *Esq. P. L.*

## I.

WHEN ardent zeal for virtuous fame,  
 When virtuous honour's holy flame,  
 Sit on the gen'rous warrior's sword,  
 Weak is the loudest lay the Muse can sing,  
 His deeds of valour to record;  
 And weak the boldest flight of Fancy's  
 wing:—  
 For far above her high career,  
 Upborne by worth, th' immortal Chief  
 shall rise,  
 And to the lay-enraptur'd ear  
 Of seraphs list'ning from the empyreal  
 sphere,  
 Glory her hymn divine shall carol through  
 the skies.

## II.

For though the Muse in all unequal strain \*  
 Sung of the wreaths that Albion's warriors  
 bore  
 From ev'ry region and from ev'ry shore,  
 The naval triumphs of her George's reign—  
 Triumphs by many a valiant son  
 From Gaul, Iberia, and Batavia won;  
 Or by St. Vincent's rocky mound,  
 Or sluggish Texel's shoaly sound;  
 Or Haffnia's † hyperborean wave,  
 Or where Canopus' billows laye  
 Th' Egyptian coast, while Albion's genius  
 guides  
 Her dauntless hero through the fav'ring  
 tides,  
 Where rocks, nor sands, nor tempests' roar,  
 Nor batteries thund'ring from the shore,

\* Alluding to a Poem called Naucratis, written by the author, and dedicated, by permission, to his MAJESTY.

† Copenhagen.

Arrest the fury of his naval war,  
 When Glory shines the leading star;—  
 Still higher deeds the lay recording claim,  
 Still rise Britannia's sons to more exalted  
 fame.

## III.

The fervid source of heat and light  
 Descending through the western skies,  
 Though veil'd awhile from mortal sight,  
 Emerging soon with golden beam shall  
 rise,  
 In orient climes with brighter radiance  
 shine,  
 And sow th' ethereal plains with flame  
 divine.  
 So, damp'd by Peace's transient smile,  
 If Britain's glory seem to fade awhile;  
 Yet when occasion's kindling rays  
 Relumine valour's gen'rous blaze,  
 Higher the radiant flames aspire,  
 And shine with clearer light, and glow with  
 fiercer fire.

## IV.

From Europe's shores th' insidious train,  
 Eluding Britain's watchful eye,  
 Rapid across th' Atlantic fly  
 To isles that stud the Western Main;  
 There proud their conqu'ring banners seem  
 to rise,  
 And fann'd by shadowy triumphs flout the  
 skies:  
 But, lo! th' avenging power appears,  
 His victor-flag immortal NELSON rears;  
 Swift as the raven's ominous race  
 Fly the strong eagle o'er th' ethereal space  
 The Gallic barks the billowy deep divide,  
 Their conquests lost in air, o'erwhelm'd in  
 shame their pride.

## V.

The hour of vengeance comes—by Gades  
 tow'rs,  
 By high Trafalgar's ever-trophied shore  
 The godlike warrior on the adverse pow'rs  
 Leads his restless fleet with daring proude



Terrific as th' electric bolt that flies  
 With fatal shock athwart the thund'ring  
 skies,  
 By the mysterious will of Heaven  
 On man's presuming offspring driven,  
 Full on the scatter'd foe he hurls his fires,  
 Performs the dread behest, and in the flash  
 expires—

## VI.

But not his fame—While Chiefs who  
 bleed  
 For sacred duty's holy meed,  
 With glory's amaranthine wreath,  
 By weeping Victory crown'd in death,  
 In History's awful page shall stand  
 Foremost amid th' heroic band;  
 NELSON! so long thy hallow'd name  
 Thy country's gratitude shall claim;  
 And while a people's pæans raise  
 To thee the choral hymn of praise;  
 And while a patriot Monarch's tear  
 Bedews and sanctifies thy bier,  
 Each youth of martial hope shall feel  
 True valour's animating zeal:  
 With emulative wish thy trophies see,  
 And heroes yet unborn shall Britain owe to  
 thee.

## LINES

Written on the blank leaf of Melmoth '*on  
 the Sublime and Beautiful*,' &c. presented  
 to Miss ELIZA BORR.

TO fair Eliza's hand consign'd,  
 Melmoth, how light your duty!  
 You've but SUBLIMITY to find:—  
 I've pointed out the BEAUTY.

J. C.

## THE PHILADELPHIA INVITATION.

[At Philadelphia, particularly among the  
 Quakers, it is customary, on the death of  
 a friend, to send messengers all through  
 the city, to invite the inhabitants to the  
 funeral.]

*A Foreigner's Answer to such an Invitation.*

AWAY! begone! I'm out of patience  
 With such prepost'rous invitations.—  
 When feasting is on foot, you slight us,  
 And but to funerals invite us!

## REPLY.

READ what's in holy writ exprest\*;  
 Nor falsely think we slight you,  
 Though to a fun'ral, not a feast,  
 We ev'ry day invite you.

\* Ecclesiastes, vii. 2, 3, 4.

'Tis better' (as the Scriptures show)  
 To lay aside all jesting,  
 And 'to the house of mourning go,  
 'Than to the house of feasting.

'Sorrow' (the sacred writings add)  
 'Is better far than laughter:  
 'For, when the countenance is sad,  
 'The heart grows better after.

'Fools only,' on vain pleasure bent,  
 And wisdom's dictates scorning,  
 'The noisy house of mirth frequent;  
 'Wise men, the house of mourning.'

Be you then wise! make no delay,  
 When we've a corpse to bury:  
 But from our feasts, pray, keep away,  
 Nor, like a fool, make merry.

## VERSES

*On the late Mrs. ROBINSON, occasioned by  
 reading her Life written by herself.*

DEAR hapless beauty, how I mourn thy  
 fate!

How make thy poignant sufferings my  
 own!

Thou sure art blest, now in a happier state,  
 Releas'd from all the ills thou here hast  
 known.

Sweet sainted suff'rer! oh, that charms like  
 thine—

Charms that with so much goodness were  
 combin'd—

Should ever cause thy tender heart to pine,  
 Or wound thy sensibility refin'd!

Let busy scandal, with malignant tongue,  
 Repeat with savage joy thy piteous tale;  
 The feeling soul shall, by thy sorrows wrung,  
 In sympathetic strains, thy fate bewail.

For who, of soft humanity possess'd,  
 Can read thy hist'ry with a heart unmov'd?  
 Who, had their virtue been, like thine,  
 distress'd,

More chaste, or unreproachful, would have  
 prov'd?

O much unpitied, envied, injur'd, fair!  
 Thy slighted worth my pen shall fondly  
 tell—

Shall, to the world, thy excellence declare;  
 And the envenom'd shaft of spleen repel.  
*Kennington.* I. T.

## FROM THE PERSIAN.

*By Sir WM. JONES.*

'ON parent's knees, a naked new-born child,  
 Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee  
 smil'd:

So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,  
 Calm thou may'st smile when all around  
 thee weep.'



## TO ELIZA.

ERE fate's shrill voice, with harsh and hideous howl,  
 Writhes the sad heart and bursts the swelling soul,  
 And cruel absence dooms the mind to mourn,  
 And sigh for hours that never will return;  
 Oh! let the humble muse thy charms inspire  
 Once more attune for thee her artless lyre:  
 Thus at the shrine of conscious virtue pay  
 Her sad, last, parting, tributary lay.

To you, ye flowery fields and purling stream;  
 To you, ye sylvan woods, so oft my theme,  
 Whose shades, which faithless footsteps ne'er defame,  
 So oft have echo'd with Eliza's name;  
 A long farewell.—No more your woodbine bow'rs,  
 Or sporting nymphs, bedeck'd with wreaths of flow'rs,  
 My wand'ring steps invite, where oft I stray'd  
 To taste those sweets such hallow'd scenes convey'd  
 No more the purpled mead and daisy'd hill,  
 The primros'd valley, and the gurgling rill;  
 The tuneful blackbird warbling from the spray,  
 Or skylark, ush'ring in the dawning day;  
 Have power to please: these scenes of rural joy  
 The pangs of absence will, alas! destroy.

To me how gay all nature once appear'd,  
 When first Eliza's smiles my bosom cheer'd!  
 Together blest, we trod the leafy grove,  
 Our hearts elate with innocence and love:  
 No sordid motives either soul inspir'd—  
 Souls which the views of int'rest never fir'd;  
 From one pure spring the mutual passion flow'd,  
 And round each heart with equal ardour glow'd.

Such were the hours, and such the scenes that charm'd;  
 So nature glow'd, and so her beauties warm'd:  
 Thus we felicity complete possess'd;  
 Together blessing, with each other bless'd.

But, ah! how soon has Disappointment spread  
 Her angry wings, and every pleasure fled!  
 The dreams that once deluded now are o'er,  
 And charms that once inspir'd inspire no more.

Lo! now in view that hapless morn appears,  
 Replete with sorrows and a flood of tears,  
 When I, Eliza—such the stern decree—  
 Must bid adieu to happiness and thee;  
 Design'd by Heav'n to view, perhaps, no more  
 The welcome smile, the features I adore;  
 On which with rapture I've so often gaz'd,  
 So oft have wept for, and so often prais'd.

For thee my rural muse, the groves among,  
 Would oft times jocund tune her artless song;  
 And, slyly glancing from her cool retreat,  
 Expose her humble essay at thy feet;  
 A strain Eliza with a smile approv'd—  
 A strain which told sincerely how I lov'd.

But, ah! how chang'd! the muse, that once was gay,  
 And wanton laugh'd the dancing hours away,  
 No more shall wander o'er the flow'ry plains,  
 And waken echo with her rural strains:  
 Dull are the scenes that could such strains prolong,  
 And still the theme that warbled from her tongue.

Yet though I'm doom'd to feel such poignant woe,  
 Since thus all social comfort I forego,  
 Think not, Eliza, though ordain'd to part,  
 That time or place can ever change my heart.

No; though an angry *father's* stern decree  
 With threats command me to the boist'rous sea,  
 And doom my pensive feeble frame to brave  
 The angry fury of the whelming wave,  
 Still shall thy image, on my heart impress'd,  
 Ne'er stray neglected from my aching breast:  
 Unmov'd, whilst it my drooping bosom warms,  
 I'll view the face of Ocean, black with storms:  
 Though forked lightnings flash, and thunders roll,  
 And trembling Ocean shakes from pole to pole;  
 Though my dejected spirits pant for breath,  
 And my soul flutters on the verge of death;  
 Still, still, Eliza, shall thy angel form  
 Lull ev'ry care, and cheer me in the storm.

And should indulgent Heav'n propitious prove,  
 And once more lead me to thy arms and love,  
 The Power that bids all cares and troubles cease  
 Will kindly crown our future days with peace.

H. C.

ON THE FUNERAL PROCESSION  
OF LORD VISCOUNT NELSON.

LO! the solemn pomps appear;  
 The 'blazon'd' scutcheons, gleaming near,  
 The mourning banners strew.—  
 'Tis the Victor's trophied doom,  
 'Tis Nelson brave descends the tomb,  
 And now afflicts our view.



The dirge sounds sullen 'mid the air;  
It vibrates fully on the ear,  
And pangs assail the heart:  
The sable plumes, in cadence slow,  
Decline as 'neath a mighty woe,  
And day's bright beams depart.

Anon—Hope, as an angel, comes;  
Her radiant wings dispel the glooms,  
As o'er the scene profound  
She softly breathes—Ah, sigh no more!  
Thy Nelson gains th' Elysian shore;  
Nor mourn a hero crown'd.

His kindred spirit still shall charm,  
And other bosoms nobly warm.

My Collingwood shall prove  
A Nelson, to defend your isle;  
Britannia still shall ever smile  
O'er ev'ry foe subdu'd.

LYDIA.

### JANUARY.

A SONNET.

'TIS thine, dread month! to lead the new-born year,  
Bedeck'd with simple snowdrops from the vale;  
Who, trembling 'neath thy grasp, with infant fear,  
Shrink in despair from Winter's chilling gale:  
For Winter is pre-eminently thine,  
And gives his snows and storms at thy command;  
With fearful gloom, forbids the sun to shine,  
And binds the lucid lake in icy band.  
Each plant droops sadly-sorrowful to earth;  
No warbling wood-bird pours the pleasing lay;  
No sounds of pleasure speak the rustic's mirth;  
But dismal dullness fills the dreary day.  
These mark stern January's rueful reign:  
Delight has fled, till spring returns again.

J. M. L.

### SONGS

*In the new Operatic Drama of the TRAVELLERS; or, MUSIC'S FASCINATION.*

*Air.—O' Gallagher.*

O WHAT a dainty fine thing is the girl I love!  
She fits my finger as neat as a Lim'rick glove:  
If that I had her just down by yon mountain side,  
'Tis there I would ax her if she would become my bride.  
The skin on her cheek is red as Eve apple;  
Her pretty round waist with my arms I'd soon grapple.  
But when that I ax'd her for leave just to follow her,  
She cock'd up her nose, and cried No, Mr. Gallagher!

O Cicely, my jewel, the dickens go with you, why  
If that you're cruel, it's down at your feet I'll lie.

'Case you're hard-hearted, I'm melted to skin and bone!

Sure you'd me pity to see me both grunt and groan.

But all I could say her hard heart could not mollify;

Still she would titter, and giggle, and look so shy.

Then with a frown, I'm desired not to follow her;—

Isn't this pretty usage for Mr. O'Gallagher?

Twas at Balligally, one Easter I met with her;  
Into Jem Garvey's I went, where I sat with her:  
Cicely, my jewel, if that you will be my own,  
Soon father Luke he will come and he'll make us one.

On hearing of this, how her eyes they did glister bright!

Cicely, my jewel, I'll make you my own this night!

When that she found me determined to follow her,

I'm yours, she then cried out, sweet Mr. O'Gallagher!

### FINALE TO ACT III.

*Air.—Italian Beggar-Boy.*

All you whose hearts can gentle pity feel,  
From whose kind eyes the drops of sorrow steal,

Oh let your bounty yield increase of joy,  
And save from wretchedness a poor beggar-boy.

*Trio.—The Beggar and two Pedlar Boys.*

1st Ped. B. What art thou that begs thy bread;  
Why not labour to obtain it?

2d Ped. B. Labour is the way to gain it:

Both. Work, and get thee cloth'd and fed!—

Beg. Boy. But I am sickly, cold, and poor!

Both Ped. Bs. Labour is your only cure!

Beggar-Boy. . . . My only cure?

Boys. Labour is your only cure.

*Air.—Koyan.*

He was fam'd for deeds of arms;  
She, a maid of envy'd charms,  
Now to him her love imparts;  
One pure flame pervades both hearts.  
Honour calls him to the field:  
Love to conquest now must yield.

Sweet maid! he cries, again I'll come to thee

When the glad trumpet sounds a victory!

Battle now with fury glows;

Hostile blood in torrents flows;

His duty tells him to depart:

She press'd her hero to her heart.

And now the trumpet sounds to arms!

Amid the clash of rude alarms,

He with love and conquest burns:

Both subdue his mind by turns.

Death, the soldier now enthral:

With his wounds the hero falls!—

She, disdaining war's alarms,

Rush'd and caught him in her arms—

O death!—he cries, thou'rt welcome now to me!

For hark!—the trumpet sounds a victory!



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Verona, Dec. 19.*

AT length the city of Venice is in the possession of the French. The viceroy of Italy is now upon his way from Bologna to Venice.

*Vienna, Dec. 22.* The army of the archduke Charles having retreated from the Italian provinces towards the centre of the monarchy, occupied, at the moment of the conclusion of the armistice, part of Styria; among others, the city of Gratz, the capital, previously evacuated by the division of general Marmont. Gratz, and all that country, by the conditions of the armistice, were given up to the French commander. The archduke Charles received, on the night of the 6th, a letter written by the emperor himself, dated the 4th inst. containing information that he had concluded, with the emperor of the French, an armistice, which is to extend to all the armies. He immediately dispatched field-marshal count St. Julien from Kormend, to agree with general Marmont as to the line of demarkation, and the regulations connected with it.

The negotiations for the re-establishment of peace between France and Austria are at this moment resumed at Presburgh. The Bavarian minister, count Graffenreuth, takes part in them. At the same time that the negotiations have been established in Hungary, the imperial Austrian family met together once more in this kingdom. The emperor and empress, the last of whom returned from Silesia to Holitsch in Moravia, went from the last town to Buda, the residence of the archduke Joseph, where the archduke Charles also went. The head-quarters of this prince have been hitherto in the

Hungarian town of Kormend, between Presburgh and Buda.

*St. Petersburg, Dec. 22.* Yesterday, at five in the morning, our beloved sovereign returned in good health, to the great joy of this capital, being met by the joyful acclamations of the inhabitants of all ranks. We were the day before yesterday apprised by the publication of the following article in the court gazette:

*'Holitsch, Dec. 13.* The exhausted powers of the court of Vienna, the misfortunes it has sustained, together with a want of provisions, have compelled the Roman emperor, notwithstanding the strong and vigorous support he has experienced from the Russian troops, to conclude a convention with France, to which also a peace must soon succeed. His imperial majesty, having come to his assistance as an ally, had no other object in view than his defence, and the averting of those dangers which threatened his empire; and since his majesty the emperor, under the present circumstances, has deemed the presence of the Russian troops no longer necessary in Austria, his majesty has been pleased to order them to leave Austria, and to return to Russia. The relation of the hostile operations, to the period of their cessaion, will be published in a short time.'

*'P. S.* The emperor Alexander took leave of his imperial majesty of Austria at ten in the morning of the 6th, and immediately proceeded on his return to St. Petersburg.'

A day of thanksgiving and prayer, for the welfare of our beloved sovereign, has been observed at St Petersburg since the emperor's return. A



great number of persons attended divine service at the cathedral. This act of public acknowledgement was occasioned by the written testimony which the emperor had given of his satisfaction with the military government of his capital, during his absence. A considerable largess was bestowed upon the poor, and the day concluded with the usual demonstrations of joy.

*Innsbruck, Dec. 23.* Travellers from Italy bring the intelligence, that Rome is in possession of the English and the Russians; and that, among other public buildings, they have taken possession of the palace that was occupied by Lucien Bonaparte.

*Vienna, Dec. 25.* The latter end of last week and the beginning of this, the emperor Napoleon reviewed several divisions of his troops near Schonebrunn, when a great number of spectators were present, curious to obtain a sight of the hero who, with a mighty hand, poises the scales that hold the fate of Europe. All of them returned fascinated with his appearance, in which spirit and dignity unite with the noblest simplicity, and affability the most prepossessing. Several times his majesty was stopped on the road to receive petitions, and to which he condescended to attend, though sometimes upon full gallop. Respecting the restoration of a free intercourse with Hungary, for supplying Vienna with provisions, it appears that, in the absence of the archduke Charles, the archduke John wrote a very satisfactory letter to his excellency the minister of the war department, from Oedenburgh, dated December 22.

His majesty the emperor of all the Russias commenced his return to Petersburgh, accompanied by count Tolstoy, and several other persons of distinction. On the 8th they passed through Sillenin and Jablunsha. Several divisions of Russian troops have passed through Turnau.

A French soldier here has been sentenced by a court-martial to twelve years imprisonment in irons.

The journal of this day, in the course of several articles, gives us to understand, that the French army,

upon leaving Austria, will march in order to be employed in the expedition against England.

*Augsburg, Dec. 26.* Out of one thousand seven hundred sick and wounded French and Austrians, from fifteen to twenty die every day. Their places, are, notwithstanding, continually supplied by new-comers. An epidemic fever has raged in the hospital here these ten days past; and a number of French physicians have fallen a prey to this malady.

All the letters from Munich, Stuttgart, and Carlsruhe, speak of the erection of three electorates into three kingdoms as an event fully determined.

*Ulm, Dec. 26.* The journals of the empire contain long details of a new division of Germany; but we can assert, from good authority, that the negotiations at Brunn are in part secret, and as yet in part incomplete. The magistrates of Augsburg have received a very favourable letter from the elector of Bavaria relative to the exchange of territory, in which that city is included. The elector of Treves is to remain in possession of the bishop's palace at Augsburg, during life.

*Nuremberg, Dec. 27.* The prince of Tour and Taxis has made an immediate appeal to the emperor of the French, respecting the measures taken with the posts of the empire, in Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and Baden. A party of French hussars has entered Presburgh, to occupy the line of demarkation.

*Vienna, Dec. 28.* Yesterday peace was signed at Presburgh between the plenipotentiaries of his majesty the emperor of the French, and the emperor of Austria. *Te Deum* was this day performed at Vienna.

The following bulletin was received from Vienna by M. Bouriéne, the French envoy at Hamburg:—

‘The expectation of seeing the restoration of peace is gratified sooner than we could have hoped. After scarcely three weeks’ negotiation, several times interrupted by local and other circumstances, peace was yesterday signed at Presburgh, the capital



of Hungary, between Austria and France, by the plenipotentiaries of both powers: count Stadion and Giulay, and prince John of Lichtenstein, on the part of Austria; and M. Talleyrand, minister of state, on the part of France; and this day this joyful event has been solemnly proclaimed in this city.

According to the terms agreed upon, the French are to leave Vienna in fourteen days. They will evacuate Brunn on the 4th of January, Vienna on the 10th, and all the Austrian states in their possession, excepting those ceded to the kingdom of Italy and to Bavaria, within six weeks. There are, besides the public, several secret articles in this treaty. The contribution of one hundred millions of franks, laid upon the Austrian states, has been reduced to thirty millions.

*Dec. 29.* Yesterday, after the signing of the treaty of peace, the emperor left Schönebrunn to proceed to Paris by way of Munich, where his majesty will not stay above three days.

The archduke Charles has had an interview with the emperor Napoleon. The peace concluded seems not to be preliminary, but definitive.

His royal highness the archduke Charles, in his interview with the emperor Napoleon, was received with the most distinguished marks of esteem. The French army waited to receive him with military music. During the conference, the evacuation of the Austrian provinces by the French troops, was agreed upon. Such affairs as are still to be arranged are left to the archduke Charles.

In consequence of an interview between the archduke Charles and the emperor Napoleon, on the 27th, at Staienersdor, peace was agreed upon and signed. The total of the Austrian army is now estimated at ninety thousand men.

As far as we can learn from the articles of the peace of Presburgh, Austria is to cede Venice, the Tyrol, the Innviertel, and her possessions in Suabia. These are to be given to the kingdoms of Italy and Bavaria; Saltz-

bourg is to retain its present constitution. Austrian Dalmatia and Istria also are to remain under Austria, which is likewise to receive indemnifications in the East.

*Munich, Dec. 28.* Yesterday the marriage of our illustrious princess Augusta with the viceroy of Italy was announced. Couriers were dispatched to several courts with intelligence of this joyful event; and we expect to see the illustrious bridegroom here in a short time.

*Hanover, Dec. 30.* All hostilities have ceased, and an armistice is said to have been agreed upon for three months; when, it is hoped, a definitive peace will be concluded. During this period, none of the troops in this country will be permitted to receive any reinforcements.

*Ulm, Dec. 30.* The occupations of territory in favour of the three allied electoral courts are all complete. All the three are to obtain the kingly crown and sovereignty; Augsburg and its dependencies fall to Bavaria, with the margraviate of Burgau, Voralberg, and Bregentz, the districts of Rothenfels, Lindau, and the principality of Eichstadt, Montford, &c. Brisgau and Ortenau are ceded to Baden, with the commanderies of Heistersheim. Wirtemberg is to obtain a considerable portion in the circles of the Danube belonging to the Teutonic order, Schwarzwald; &c. together with the county of Hohenburgh, and other Austrian possessions, on the left bank of the Danube. The other possessions intended for Baden are to be obtained by exchange. The small states in Suabia are to be put under the protection of these three sovereign courts.

*Lunenburgh, Jan. 4.* Respecting all the rumours concerning the disposal of the foreign troops in Hanover, it may be proper to remark once for all, that the Swedish army is by no means included in any arrangement yet made. These forces, therefore, must not be confounded with the others, because they are understood as being under the immediate command of their own sovereign.



## HOME NEWS.

*London, Jan. 1.*

THE late visits of the lord-mayor to the public offices have been in support of the dignity of the city, and to remonstrate against his lordship's situation in the funeral procession of lord Nelson, to follow the lord chief justice. His lordship has contended, from custom, for his right to follow any personage of the blood royal, the same as if his majesty was in the procession. It has ever been customary, when his majesty visits the city in state, for the lord-mayor to meet him at Temple-bar, when he presents his majesty with the city sword of state, and the king desires his lordship to follow him. His lordship obtained his wished-for object of honour on Monday, and the arrangement was made at the herald's office for him to follow the royal dukes.

The nursery-maid of Mr. Chapman, attorney, of Warwick-court, Holborn, on Wednesday morning last, when dressing his infant child, of two months old, by the nursery fire, suddenly found herself in flames, supposed to be occasioned by a coal flying out of the fire upon her. She flew to the stairs for relief, where her master, alarmed by her cries, met her, and rolled the infant in a carpet, and also the servant, so as completely to extinguish the flames. Both were dangerously burnt; the maid-servant affording little hopes of recovery, and in a state of insensibility, in which she continued till twelve o'clock that night, when she became somewhat sensible. A nurse and a young lady were appointed to sit up by her during the night. About three in the

morning the nurse went down stairs for something: soon after she left the room. The young lady, who was reading by a fire in the room, being struck by a light, looked towards the bed, and saw it in a blaze. She immediately gave every alarm, and endeavoured to drag the maid out of the bed, but was unable, and set her own clothes on fire, though she was somewhat protected by a silk pelisse. She now flew to the stairs, where Mr. Chapman, alarmed by her cries, met her, and extinguished the fire: he then gave the alarm of fire, and made several vain attempts to approach the bed of the poor servant, who was burnt to a cinder, with every thing in the room. Happily, engines arrived, and the assistance given preserved the rest of the house. The young lady and infant are both expected to do well.

2. A Dutch vessel which arrived at Ramsgate on Monday, from the neighbourhood of Havre-de-Grace, is said to have brought intelligence, that 'two days prior to her sailing, great rejoicings had taken place in France, in consequence of the arrival of the important information that a peace had been finally concluded between the three emperors.'

The intelligence is extremely probable as far as it relates to peace between France and Austria; but we know not of any negotiations having been opened for a peace between Russia and France.

Great rejoicings have taken place along the French coast; but whether for the recent victory, or for the signing of peace, we know not.



The following notice was stuck up at Lloyd's this day at one o'clock :—

' *Admiralty-office, Jan. 2.* His majesty's ship *Lark*, which joined lord Collingwood on the 30th November, reported to him that on the 20th of that month, being in lat. 30, long. 17, with a convoy of six sail for the coast of Africa, they fell in with the Rochefort squadron, which gave chase to them: four of the convoy probably escaped, one uncertain, and one, the *Devon*, was supposed to be taken. His lordship immediately dispatched a squadron in quest of the enemy.—The *Traveller*, *Chalmers*, *Admiral Nelson*, and *Duke*, probably escaped; the *Atlanta* (supposed *Atlantic*), uncertain.

The following audacious robbery was committed, on Thursday last, in the house of the rev. Mr. Andrews, at Marden, near Brenchley, in the county of Kent.—Between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock in the evening, a rap at the door occasioned the maid servant to open it, when a man immediately rushed in, and rudely grasped her round the neck: the girl, thinking it a neighbour come for a Christmas gambol, desired him 'to have none of his jokes with her;' the fellow replied, 'that he meant to be very serious,' and immediately, by a signal, introduced four other men, all armed with pistols, who, having first secured the door, proceeded to the parlour, where Mr. Andrews was sitting, told him they were come to spend a few hours with him, demanded to be shewn, first, where his liquor was kept; secondly, where his cash was deposited; and thirdly, where his other valuables and linen were to be found. After these interrogatories, three of the villains accompanied the maid into the cellar, from whence they brought three bottles of Cogniac brandy and some bread and cheese, of which they all partook in the presence of Mr. Andrews, with as much composure as if they had been at an inn: they next proceeded to rifle drawers, &c. from whence they took about 100*l.* in cash, a few articles of plate, thirty shirts, several pair of sheets, and other portable things, all

which they packed up in two or three bundles; they then took a bible, and insisted on Mr. Andrews, his wife (an elderly lady confined to her bed), and the maid, to swear 'that they were not acquainted with the persons of the robbers, that they would not leave the house for two hours after their departure, and that they would not appear against them, should they be taken up for the robbery.'—All this having been done, they returned to the parlour, drank the remainder of the brandy, and marched deliberately off with their booty! Mr. Andrews is about 70 years of age, and one of the oldest and most respectable magistrates in Kent. The villains, on his requesting it, returned him one shirt; and gave the servant half-a-guinea for waiting upon them!

3. On Wednesday morning last a meeting took place near Nottingham, between ensign Butler, of the 36th regiment, and ensign Brown, who was on the recruiting service in that town. The parties fired together by signal, when unfortunately ensign Brown was shot through the heart, and instantly expired, without uttering a word. He was a promising young officer, greatly respected as a gentleman, and his loss is much regretted. Ensign Butler has disappeared. They both belonged formerly to the same regiment; but, from a serious disagreement which took place between them, the commander in chief ordered them to be placed in different corps. On their meeting at Nottingham, however, the embers of animosity re-kindled, and the unhappy result has proved the loss to society of a very valuable and much respected member.

4. On Tuesday last an inquisition was held at Hayton, near East Rye-ford, Yorkshire, on the body of Elizabeth Holberry, aged twenty-one, one of the daughters of Joseph Holberry, farmer; when a verdict of *wilful murder* was found against the said Joseph Holberry, the father. It appeared, on the evidence of two other of the unhappy man's children, and of respectable neighbours, that, on the morning of the murder, the daughter Elizabeth was labouring under



violent disorder, which rendered her insane, when it became necessary to use a strait waistcoat; and she was lying in a bed, confined only with the waistcoat, when the father sent out his other two daughters on different pretences, who, on their return, found their sister, Elizabeth, dead on the bed, bound down with ropes, her throat dreadfully cut, and the father upon the floor, having cut his own throat.—He was still living, is since much recovered, and seems sensible of his dreadful situation.

5 6. 7. The remains of the gallant admiral lord viscount NELSON lay in state at Greenwich, and on

8. and 9. the processions by water from Greenwich to the Admiralty, and by land from the Admiralty to St. Paul's, took place; for a full account of which processions, and the ceremonies of the funeral, see p. 36.

10. The following facts, respecting an event that has excited much interest in Suffolk, may, it is said, be relied on: Mr. Baxter, having made the attempt to starve himself to death, took up his abode at the White Horse, Keninghall, on Thursday the 28th of November, where he remained until December 30, without taking any nourishment, except about one pint, or a pint and a half, of water, every twenty-four hours. It having been suggested that he must have privately taken some other nutriment besides the water, persons were alternately employed to watch him, all of whom have declared, in the presence of two medical gentlemen, and others, who scrupulously examined them, that he never received from any of them or took the least morsel of food during the above period; but, in spite of all entreaties, persisted in his rash design, which being conceived to border strongly on lunacy, it was at length determined to send to Norwich for the keeper of a private mad-house, whose appearance, it is believed, induced him to resume taking food, which he has continued for several days, and is now in a fair way of doing well. Embarrassed circumstances are said to have given cause to this extraordinary effort.

14. One of the Billingsgate packets, named the Duke of York, in a severe squall of wind, foundered off Sheerness, and her crew, amounting to four persons, perished. A number of small craft have perished between London-bridge and Gravesend, and yesterday several ships in the Pool started from their moorings, which occasioned great confusion: they suffered much in their rigging.

20. Eight transports, which sailed some weeks since for the continent, under convoy of the Leopard, but were separated from the rest of the fleet in a gale, and afterwards on reaching the Weser were unable to land their troops in consequence of the ice, on Friday returned to Ramsgate. They consist of the Vigilant, with 147 men of the 26th regiment; Derwent, with 115 men of the 8th ditto; Adventure, with 125 men of the 30th ditto; True Briton, with 95 men of the 30th ditto; Vestal, with 146 men of the 89th ditto; John and Thomas, with 107 men of the 28th ditto; Crescent, Teresa, and Mary, with 91 horses of the king's German heavy horse, and about 100 men. These troops, excepting the Hanoverians, were yesterday to march to Deal barracks: the remainder of the 89th regiment, excepting the corps on board the Isabella, stranded at the Texel, landed in the neighbourhood of Bremen on Christmas-day.

21. Lieutenant Smith and seven men belonging to the Namur, lying at St. Helen's, were lost on Thursday last, during the very dreadful gale which blew on that day. The launch of that ship broke adrift with two men in it: two cutters were manned and sent after the launch; one of them returned to the ship with the launch, but the other, with the above persons in it, was suddenly lost sight of, from which it is imagined that she struck on the Wolleners and overset, in attempting to enter Langston harbour, and that every person perished. A cutter, with six oars, and the body of a seaman, are drifted on shore at Hayling island.



**BIRTHS.**

*Jan. 1.* At Laughame-castle, Carmarthen, the lady of major Starke, of a son.

2. At her house in Green-street, Grosvenor-square, the lady of captain Byng, of the royal navy, of a still-born son.

The lady of captain Pulling, of the royal navy, of a daughter, at St. Divans, near Chepstow.

8. At Clepton, near Bristol, the lady of Rich. J. Thompson, esq. of Moat-hall, Yorkshire, of a son.

10. At Worlington, Suffolk, the lady of Frederick Grey Cooper, esq. of a still-born son.

In Baker-street, the lady of J. Boddington, esq. of a daughter.

14. The lady of John Biddulph, esq. of Champion-hill, of a son.

19. In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, the countess of Banbury, of a daughter.

**MARRIAGES.**

*December 27.* At Hampton, Gloucestershire, John Bourke, esq. surgeon, to miss Mary Earnshaw, daughter of William Earnshaw, esq. of Roall, in the county of York.

At Ashborne, in Derbyshire, sir H. Fitzherbert, bart. of Fissington, in that county, to miss Agnes Beresford, daughter of the late rev. William Beresford, late rector of Sunning, in Berkshire.

31. At St. James's church, by the rev. Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke, John Marten Cripps, esq. of Stantons, in Sussex, to miss Rush, daughter of sir William Beaumaurice Rush, of Wimbleton-house, Surry.

At Glasgow, George Houstoun, esq. of Johnstoun, to miss Walkinshaw, daughter of the late James Walkinshaw, esq. of Walkinshaw.

At Newhouse, Mr. James Mackie, merchant in Glasgow, to miss Marion Corse, eldest daughter of Mr. Walter Corse.

*January 1.* Captain Carter, of the

royal navy, to miss Graydon, eldest daughter of the late Robert Graydon, esq. many years representative in parliament for Kildare in Ireland.

At Sunbury, Thomas Allan, esq. of Edinburgh, to miss C. Smith, daughter of George Smith, esq. of Coniston.

Richard Shawe, esq. of Dulwich-hill, to miss B. French, eldest daughter of Nathaniel B. French, esq. of the same place.

2. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. Richard Searles, of the Kent road, to miss Low, eldest daughter of G. A. Low, esq. of Joiner's hall, London.

3. At Lambeth church, William Edwards, esq. to miss Roberts, eldest daughter of the rev. Dr. Roberts, Loughborough-house, Surry.

4. At Grundisburgh, in the county of Suffolk, W. Hayward, esq. of Lamb's-Conduit-street, to miss Bedwell, of Grundisburgh.

At Chelsea church, Mr. William George Thompson, son of Thomas Thompson, esq. of Castle-street, Leicester-square, to miss Eliza Catherine Barker, daughter of Francis Barker, esq.

8. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, brigadier-general Clephane, M. P. to miss Letitia Bold, daughter of Jonas Bold, esq. Brunswick-square.

10. At St. Luke's, Chelsea, Mr. Edward Thomas Cooper, of Brompton, to Mrs. Fielde, of Marlborough-house, Chelsea-park, Little Chelsea.

12. At Plumstead, in Kent, Kyrse Ernle Money, esq. captain in the Herefordshire militia, to miss French, only daughter of Dominick French, esq.

At All Saints' church, in Newcastle, Anthony Spedding, esq. of the Temple, to miss Isabella Gibson, sister of Thomas Gibson, esq. of the Newcastle bank.

21. By special license, at James Ramsay Cuthbert's, esq. in Berkeley-square, by the rev. Basil Wood, George Freke Evans, esq. of Bulgaden-hall, in the county of Limerick, to the right hon. lady Carbery.



## DEATHS.

*Dec. 28.* William Fector, esq. youngest son of Peter Fector, esq. of Dover.

At Totness, captain R. Cuthbertson, of his majesty's royal marine forces.

29. In his 87th year, sir Beversham Filmer, bart. of East Sutton-place, near Maidstone.

31. On the Terrace, Kensington, Stephen Aisley, esq. aged 82.

Mr. Samuel Marriott, late one of the bridgemasters of the city of London.

*Jan. 1.* At her house in Sloane-square, Brompton, Mrs. Gooch, relict of the late rev. Dr. Gooch, prebendary of Ely.

Mrs. Tilson, widow of the late John Tilson, esq. of Watlington-park, Oxfordshire.

At his seat, Navar-house, Rossshire, North Britain, general sir Hector Munro, knight of the bath, and col. of the 42d, or royal Highland, regiment.

3. At his country seat, Wm. Shard, esq. of Torbay-house, in the county of Devon, and of Upper Harley-street, in London.

4. At Clifton, near Bristol, Mrs. Barbara Turvile, wife of F. Fortescue Turvile, esq. of Husband's Bosworth-hall, in the county of Leicester.

6. In Mountjoy-square, Dublin, in an advanced age, the right hon. lady Carbery.

At Lavender-place, Clapham, Mrs. Croughton, wife of Samuel Croughton, esq.

In Grosvenor-street, Wm. Baker, esq. after a very long and painful illness.

8. At her father's house in the Old Jewry, the eldest daughter of John Whitmore, esq. member of parliament for Bridgeport.

9. In North Audley-street, Thomas Smith, esq. of Mills-house, Worfield, Berkshire, only son of the late Samuel Smith, of Putney, Herts, esq. member for Luggershill.

11. At lady Laforey's, miss Lafo-

rey, second daughter of the late admiral sir John Laforey, bart.

13. Mrs. Friend, wife of Richard Friend, esq. Canterbury; and eldest daughter of Robert Reynolds, esq. Battersea, Surry.

15. At his house at Bath, in the 77th year of his age, Samuel Lyde, esq. of Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts.

21. In the 77th year of his age, Peter Perchard, esq. alderman and late lord-mayor of this city.

23. At half past four o'clock in the morning, at his house at Putney, the right honourable Wm. PITT, chancellor of the exchequer, first lord of the treasury, lord warden of the cinque ports, &c. &c. Mr. Pitt was the second son of the late illustrious earl of Chatham, and born at Hayes, in Kent, May 28, 1759. He became his majesty's confidential minister on the dismissal of the famous coalition ministry formed by Mr. Fox and lord North on the 19th of December, 1783; which high office he may be said to have held, with the exception of the short interval of Mr. Addington's administration, to his death. He was certainly an able and experienced financier, a distinguished orator, and in many respects a great statesman. How far the general tendency of his politics has ultimately benefited may admit of dispute, as viewed in different lights by persons of different opinions; but it should be remembered, that success is not always an infallible criterion of prudence and wisdom.

Mr. Henry Irish, surgeon, of the Crescent, Greenwich; a man esteemed for his professional abilities, and universally regretted by all who knew him.

At Brompton, Mrs. Litchfield, wife of Henry Charles Litchfield, esq. of John-street, Bedford-row.

At his house, Great Ormond-street, Robert Williamson, esq. late partner with Messrs. Coney, Wilson, and Steele, of Leadenhall-street.

Robert Athorpe Athorpe, esq. of Dunnington, in the county of York.

24. At Exmouth, in Devonshire, sincerely regretted by all her friends, miss Rolls, sister of John Rolls, esq. of the Kent road.



# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR  
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1806.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :*

- 1 Portrait of ALEXANDER I. Emperor of Russia.
- 2 Scene from the OPERA of 'THE TRAVELLERS.'
- 3 LONDON FASHIONABLE DRESSES, elegantly coloured.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a DRESS, &c.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row ;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* will certainly be resumed in our next.

We should be obliged to such of our correspondents as wish their communications to appear in the number for the current month to send them as early as possible in the month.

*The Last Farewell to Miss J. B.* is received, and intended for insertion.

*Amicable Advice* is received, and under consideration.

*Family Anecdotes* are received, and shall be attended to.

\* \* \* In compliance with the request of numerous subscribers in the country, we shall next month present our readers with an elegant and accurate representation of the CAR, COFFIN, &c. which bore the remains of the late gallant LORD NELSON at his interment.







*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



ALEXANDER I.  
Emperor of Russia.

*London Published March 12 1806 by G. Robinson, Paternoster Row.*

*Heath sc.*

*Taken from a Miniature of the same size,  
presented by the Emperor of Russia,  
to Lord Hawkesbury.*



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For FEBRUARY, 1806.

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BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES of ALEXANDER the FIRST, EMPEROR  
of RUSSIA.

*(With an elegantly engraved Portrait, from a Miniature of the same Size, transmitted, as a  
Present from his Imperial Majesty, to Lord Hawkesbury.)*

ALEXANDER I. son of the late emperor Paul I. and grandson of the empress Catherine II., commonly called, and in several respects deservedly, the Great, was born December 23d, 1777; and married to Louisa, princess of Baden Durlach, on the 9th of October, 1793. His father Paul, whose impolitic and frantic conduct equally offended and alarmed some of the principal nobility, having *expired suddenly in the night, of an apoplexy*, he ascended the throne of Russia on the 24th of March, 1800. On the following day he visited the senate, and several *ukases*, or edicts of a popular nature, were issued; one, in particular, reviving and confirming all the regulations of the late empress Catherine for the encouragement of industry and commerce.

His conduct appears to form a complete contrast to the hasty and fickle violence of his predecessor. On his accession to power, the claim on Malta, which probably occasioned his father to rush into a war

with England, was relinquished; though it has been rumoured that his imperial majesty expressed a wish to be elected grand-master of the order by the free suffrages of the knights. Soon after, a cessation of arms and the general outline of a pacific accommodation with Great Britain were agreed on between the Russian court and sir Hyde Parker, the commander in chief of the British fleet which had been sent into the Baltic to break the confederacy of the northern powers that had entered into what was called the convention of neutrality. Lord St. Helens was then dispatched by the court of London, with full powers to terminate the dispute. In the meantime the embargo on the British ships detained in the ports of Russia was removed; and this honourable conduct was answered by a correspondent act of liberality on the part of Great Britain. Under these favourable auspices the negotiation commenced, which ultimately produced a firm and lasting



peace and friendship between the two nations.

The same generous and enlightened principles appear to actuate this noble-minded sovereign in his internal administration of government as in his intercourse with foreign nations. The following *ukase*, or edict, by which he abolished the use of torture to obtain confession from criminals, is equally an honour to his understanding and his feelings.

I have learned, to my extreme sorrow, that on occasion of the frequent fires in the city of Casan, a citizen of that place, on whom suspicion had fallen, was arrested and examined, and, as he did not confess, a confession was extorted from him by the rack, and he was delivered over to justice. During the course of the legal investigation, where it was possible he retracted the confession so extorted, and asserted his innocence; but cruelty and prejudice did not listen to his voice, but condemned him to public punishment. During the execution of the sentence, when he could no longer save himself by a false declaration, he appealed to God to witness his innocence, in the presence of all the people, and died in asserting it. So crying an act of cruelty, so oppressive an abuse of confided power, and the violation of the laws in so essential and important an object, induced me to wish to be satisfied of the truth of this occurrence by a circumstantial examination on the spot, and for that purpose I dispatched to Casan my adjutant-colonel Aldedyhl, with instructions minutely to examine all the circumstances of the case with his known impartiality. His report, grounded on ocular demonstration, has, to my extreme grief, not only confirmed the accounts I have re-

ceived, but assures me that such inhuman and illegal measures have been frequently adopted by that government. I lay this report, and all the proofs on which it is founded, in the original, before the directing senate; and recommend to them immediately to enter upon the examination of them, and to try, with the utmost severity of the laws, all those who upon this occasion shall be found guilty of an abuse of power, either in giving such orders or the execution of them, or of manifest partiality; to have no respect to the person of any man, and to proceed to the suspension of the parties from their offices, to propose candidates for the places which depend upon our confirmation, and to fill the remainder according to the established order, with deserving persons of rank. The directing senate, sensible of the importance of this abuse, and to what degree it violates the first principles of the administration of justice and is subversive of all civil rights, will not neglect to inculcate generally, in the strictest manner, that no one in any respect, either among the superior or inferior officers of justice, shall order, permit, or put in execution, punishments under threats, or the terrors of an insupportable and cruel infliction; that the ministers of justice, to whom the revision of criminal proceedings lawfully belongs, shall take the personal examinations of the accused according to legal principles; that there be no partial infliction during the examination; and, lastly, that all punishments by torture shall be forever rooted out of the minds of the people, as a disgrace and a reproach to mankind.

After the peace of Luneville, the emperor Alexander acted in some degree in concert with Bonaparte,



in regulating the indemnities to be provided for such princes or states as had lost territory in consequence of the great cessions made to France: but in this he appears rather to have been actuated by a wish to moderate and restrain the ambition of the first consul than to have concurred with approbation in his plans; for when he found him arrogantly assuming the imperial and royal titles, and seizing and annexing to France in full sovereignty one independent territory after another, and that he would listen to no reasonable proposals which he could make as mediator, he readily entered into the late coalition against France, which has recently terminated so unfortunately. Yet with respect to his conduct on this occasion, it does him the greatest honour. He punctually fulfilled his engagements to Austria with respect to the time when he would bring his troops into the field, as has been officially testified by the Austrian ambassador in London; and when in the field, though the decisive battle was unfortunately lost by some mistakes of the generals and the insufficiency of the Austrian force, he behaved with the utmost bravery, riding through the ranks amid the hottest of the fire; exclaiming 'Victory or death!' and exposing himself to the greatest dangers. The French, indeed, according to their usual practice, have considerably exaggerated their success in this battle; but there seems little reason to doubt that their loss was greater, and that of the Russians less, than they have represented. The following extract from a vindictory note published by authority on the part of Russia, and supposed to be written by prince Dolgorucki, will not only prove this, but exhibit the

different characters of the emperor Alexander and Bonaparte in a proper point of view.

The Russian officer (prince Dolgorucki) who was sent to Bonaparte at his request, after the refusal of the emperor of Russia to have an interview with him, upon his arrival at the advanced posts of the French army, did not wait long before he saw Bonaparte approach, guarded by two squadrons. He approached the Russian officer with great politeness, and conversed with him for some time as they walked on the road about uninteresting subjects; then, making a sudden stop, he said, "*Well, then, are we to fight much longer?*" Upon receiving for answer that it was impossible to decide that point, he asked, "*What do they want of me?*" "*Why does the emperor of Russia make war upon me?*" "*What does he require of me?*" Upon which a political discussion arose, which was not begun by the Russian officer: on the contrary, he was drawn into it by the questions, of a political tendency, put to him by Bonaparte. It would take up too much time to relate all that passed in this conversation. Bonaparte frequently repeated, that the emperor of Russia had only to invade the possessions of his allies, and that all discussions with France would cease. He spoke of the Ottoman Porte, and, in a vague manner, of other countries bordering upon Russia. Upon the visible repugnance manifested by the Russian officer towards proposals so little worthy of the acknowledged character of his sovereign, Bonaparte returned to the subject of his being ignorant why they made war upon him, although it had been mentioned to him several times that the emperor of Russia's only reason for arming was to succour



Austria, and to preserve the independence of the other states of Europe, without having the least hostile views against France, and still less against the French nation, which the emperor Alexander esteemed as it deserved; and far from wishing it any harm, his greatest wish was to see it happy and tranquil, as well as all the powers of Europe. As to himself, he wanted nothing: content with the vast empire over which he reigned, and having no other ambition than to contribute, as he does, to the happiness of his subjects, and to fulfil one of the noblest duties of a great sovereign, that of being useful to his allies, in securing their independence, and not in attacking it, after the example of those who bring affliction on the human race, by the abuse of the power which chance has placed in their hands.

‘The conversation lasted more than an hour: Bonaparte always reverting to his projects of invasions, and the Russian officer rejecting them in the name of his sovereign, and requiring nothing more than the real security and tranquillity of all the states of Europe. At last, convinced by the conversation of the Russian officer that it was impossible to prevail upon the emperor Alexander to imitate his conduct, to betray his allies, and to take possession of their states, Bonaparte put an end to the discourse, by abruptly declaring, “*Well, then, we shall fight;*” to which the Russian officer made no answer, but returned.

‘All that has been said respecting the battle of Wischau (or Austerlitz), is just as false as what has been reported of the actions of Lambach, Amstetten, and, more particularly, of Krems; in every one of which the Russians had the advantage. In the last they almost totally

destroyed the division of general Mortier. One general, sixty-five officers, and five hundred soldiers, taken prisoners, five stand of colours, and eight pieces of cannon, were the trophies taken from the French. At the affair of Hollebrunn, the rear-guard only of the Russians, consisting of five thousand three hundred men, was attacked: and notwithstanding the French army, to the amount of forty thousand, headed by Bonaparte, had on all sides surrounded and attacked the Russians, and occupied the village of Satzeldorff, through which they were obliged to retreat, the Russians, notwithstanding, preferring death with arms in their hands to being taken prisoners, forced their way through the enemy, took several prisoners, and one stand of colours, without losing any one of their own, and effected a junction with their own army, with no greater loss than that of the French, notwithstanding the superiority of the latter.

‘At the battle of Wischau (or Austerlitz), in which the emperor Alexander was engaged, exposing himself in every place where the danger was most imminent, the Russian advanced guard, which alone was engaged, obtained considerable advantages; the loss of the French in prisoners only being twenty-four officers, and more than five hundred men.’

The following description of the person and appearance of the emperor Alexander is given by Mr. Carr, in his Travels round the Baltic.

‘Alexander is about twenty-nine years of age; his face is full, very fair, and his complexion pale; his eyes blue, and expressive of that beneficent mildness which is one of the prominent features of his character. His person is tall, lusty, and well



proportioned; but being a little deaf, to facilitate his hearing he stoops: his deportment is condescending, yet dignified. In the discharge of his august duties he displays great activity and acuteness, but without show and bustle: the leading features of his mind are sound discretion and humanity. He is so much an enemy to parade, that he is frequently seen wrapped up in his regimental cloak, riding about the capital alone upon a little common droschka. In this manner he has been known to minister to the wants of the poor. It is his wish, if he should be recognised in this state of privacy, that no one will take off their hats; but the graciousness of this desire only puts the heart in the hand as it uncovers the head. I have many times seen him in a chariot perfectly plain, of a dark olive, drawn by four horses, driven by a bearded coachman, a common little postillion, and attended by a single footman. Soldiers are always upon the look-out for him, to give timely notice to the guard of his approach: without this precaution it would be impossible, amidst the crowd of carriages which is to be seen in the residence, to pay him the honours due to his rank.

A very able and respectable English gentleman (Mr. G——, of the treasury), was, by the wish of Catherine, brought up with her grandson, and was the playmate and associate of his early years. The incidents of boyish days, so dear to every feeling and generous mind, left their accustomed impressions on the heart of Alexander: and though rank placed him at an immeasurable distance from his early companion, he has never ceased to honour him with the most gracious regard.

‘When an English gentleman, who, a short time before the death of Paul, had frequently played duets upon the flute with the grand duke (Alexander), was preparing to quit the empire for his own country, Alexander thus apostrophised the flute of his friendly musician.—“Adieu, sweet instrument! you have charmed away many an hour of care: often and deeply shall I regret the absence of your enchanting sounds; but you are going to breathe them in the best and happiest country in the world.”

‘Alexander,’ adds Mr. Carr, ‘has been often heard to say, that “the man within whose reach Heaven has placed the greatest materials for making life happy was, in his opinion, an English country gentleman.”

‘Sunday,’ says the same author, ‘is always at Petersburg a day of great festivity: but it only manifests itself after the hours of devotion. On this day the parade is well worth the traveller’s notice. It commences at ten o’clock, in that great area which lies between one side of the winter palace and the magnificent crescent which formerly constituted the palace of Catherine’s most cherished favourite, Lanskoï. The men amounted to four thousand, and presented a very noble and martial appearance. Their uniform consisted of a round hat, with only a rim in front, and green feather; a short green coat, buttoned tight round the body, and white breeches, cut very high, so that no waistcoat is necessary. The belly of the soldier is tightly strapped in, for the purpose of giving an artificial breadth to the chest.

‘The emperor came from the palace, mounted on a beautiful grey charger, attended by two or three officers. He wore an amazing



large cocked hat, fastened under his chin by a black leather strap, and buttoned, to prevent the wind from occasioning any accident. The rest of his dress was a short coat of dark-green olive colour, decorated with a small star, and the cordon blue, white leather breeches, and high military boots, with very long projecting spurs. Upon this occasion there is always a great course of the commonalty, and a great muster of officers, to pay their respects to the emperor, who rode at an easy canter down the line.

‘As he passed, I was much surprised to hear each company salute him with deep-toned voices; and highly gratified when I was informed that the salutation was—*Good day to our emperor!* Upon his return, he alighted, and took his station in the centre, when the regiments passed the emperor (who stood uncovered all the time) in open order, the band playing, and officers saluting. As the imperial colours passed (which time, or war, or both, had reduced to a few shreds of silk), all the officers and spectators bowed. As the last company was marching off the ground, a lane was formed to the palace through the people, who gazed upon their young emperor with enthusiastic delight.’

The person and character of the reigning empress, the amiable consort of Alexander, are thus briefly sketched by Mr. Carr.

‘Her face is very sweet and expressive; her person is slight, but very elegant, and of the usual height of her sex: she is remarkably amiable, and diffident even to shyness. Her mind is highly cultivated, and her manners soft, gracious, and fascinating.’

## ON SINCERITY.

OF all the social virtues, sincerity in our words and actions is not only the least painful to practise, but the most necessary and beneficial to society; and therefore it is less excusable to be deficient in this point. It is not a complexional virtue; neither does it require study and application and long habit to make it familiar. It flows from the natural plain dictates of reason; and is generally most prevalent in those who have had least intercourse with the busy world. At the same time, it has so extensive an influence on the happiness of mankind, that of itself, even without the assistance of laws, it will contribute more to the ease and quiet of a community than the best laws imaginable can avail without this integrity of heart. And, indeed, if once we suppose this cement of society to be wholly taken away, men had much better take refuge from one another in forests and mountains, or lie hid in caves, than assemble under disguises; since their being gathered into cities, as it were in masquerade, gives them only a fairer opportunity of betraying and ruining each other, while the poor must inevitably become a prey to the wealthy, and the honest man fall into the snares of the crafty.—So that the person who, either in his words or in his actions, reserves a secret intention to himself contrary to what he professes, and is in reality different from what he appears to be, does (as much as lies in his power) subvert the foundations of the community in which he lives, and merits the indignation of mankind; since he who dissembles with or betrays one man, would betray every man if he could with advantage to himself.



THE  
ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p. 17.*)

CHAP. LIII.

THE joy Viola would have experienced in once more embracing her fond and beloved mother was most dreadfully allayed by the agonising reflection of the lamentable event which restored her so unexpectedly to her mother's arms; and how to disclose all the heart-rending circumstances of her second banishment from the house and affection of her father was a task poor Viola found herself at this moment perfectly unequal to. She well knew that to see her in the favour and affection of her father had been for years the first wish of the amiable marchesa's heart; and after that wish had been so unexpectedly and flatteringly realised, the bitter disappointment, Viola feared, would be more than the fragile frame of her mother could endure. From inflicting such a fell blow to the peace of her beloved parent she recoiled, and therefore resolved to make no disagreeable communications until she had seen and consulted her uncle. But this concealment, with the secret anguish her heart had long endured, with this day's dreadful increase of it, now proved too much for Viola. Her head ached violently; her eyes were heavy; her pulse beat quick; and her attentive mother found her very feverish; from which, and the evasive answers Viola made when questioned upon the reason of her unexpected return, the marchesa's

anticipating fears whispered that something of new misfortune had occurred: and in her anxiety to learn what, she sent a hasty summons to the archbishop of Montreal, who came to her fully equal to informing her upon the distressing subject, having, just before her summons reached him, received a letter from his nephew relative to the transactions of that morning.

The exultation and gratified affection of the marchesa upon the conduct of her amiable, grateful child, only increased her affliction and disappointment at that child's being so unjustly and cruelly deprived of her brilliant expectations by a conduct so meritorious. It deserved applause and recompense, not the punishment it met with; and feeling that it was for her Viola had given up every smile of fortune, her grief, gratitude, and affection were wound up to the most painful and highest pitch, and added the most dreadful poignancy to every fear the too evident indisposition of her child inspired.

The amiable archbishop remained the whole day at St. Rosalia's, to give every consolation in his power to his beloved Angelina; and as the day advanced, the increasing indisposition of Viola prevented her being able longer to deny her illness, which, for her mother's peace, she had for some hours done; and now also, for that mother's peace, she consented to receive medicinal aid.

The evening was fast closing in, when a little group, drawn by affection thither, were collected round Viola's couch, on which she reclined, her head resting upon that balmy pillow where the affectionate child finds ease for every ill—the bosom of her fond attentive mother; the good prelate and amiable prioress seated by her, ready to



give every comfort in their power, or to beguile sickness and sorrow of their pangs by their instructive or amusing conversation: while close to the couch Clementina sat, one hand of Viola's fast clasped in hers, and which often felt a trickling tear that fell, because she had not power to make her cousin well or her aunt happy. This friendly little group were thus situated, when the solemn stillness that then reigned in the convent was unusually interrupted by a loud and violent ringing at the gate; and in a few moments after the following letter was, by a conversa, delivered into the hand of the agitated and alarmed Viola.

‘ MY CHILD,

‘ Erase from your remembrance the transactions of this morning;—but in mine they shall hold a place for ever. If it is possible, look on me again with the same affection you bore me yesterday. Viola, I implore you to return to me instantly with father Leopold, whom I have sent for you. I am very ill, Viola, and want your care. The amiable mother, who has made you what you are, will not refuse to let you come to and comfort a miserable man.

‘ My Voila's henceforth

‘ affectionate father,

‘ PALERMO.’

The agitated marchesa beheld with alarm the variations of her child's countenance as she perused the billet; and with equal agitation she herself read it when Viola presented it to her. Without speaking, she gave it to the archbishop; then looked anxiously at her child, inquiringly at him.

‘ Viola must go,’ said the archbishop.

‘ Ill as she is?’ replied the anxious mother.

‘ Diseases generally cease when the cause is removed,’ returned the archbishop: ‘ uneasiness of mind solely occasioned Viola's indisposition; and’——

‘ And now I am well, almost quite well,’ said Viola. ‘ The cause of my mother's recent sorrow is now providentially removed, and my anticipating heart predicts a thousand happy things for us all.’

‘ Heaven grant them, my daughter!’ said the good abbadesa. ‘ But you shall not leave us without the attendance of sister Constantia: she is a careful nurse, is firmly attached to you, and you love her. Her being with you will be a consolation to our dear marchesa; and should you not want her care, she can assist you in nursing your father.’

This kind and considerate offer was gratefully accepted; and while the good Constantia (one of the hospital sisters) was preparing to attend Viola, the agitated marchesa took her daughter by the hand, and, accompanied by the archbishop, the prioress, and Clementina, proceeded to the parlour, where father Leopold was waiting, and herself delivered Viola to his care.

‘ My child is far from well, reverend father,’ said she: ‘ my lord will therefore, I trust, excuse the liberty my anxiety has prompted me to take, in sending one of our convent nurses to attend her.’

Father Leopold had never before beheld the unfortunate Angelina; and whether awed or affected by her appearance, he was unable to reply to her. But intimating that the marchese would feel impatient at delay, Viola embraced her mother and cousin, received the part-



ing benediction of the prelate and abbadessa, and, accompanied by sister Constantia, attended father Leopold to the carriage, which quickly conveyed her to her father; who received her with redoubled affection from her late alienation.

The attendance of the nurse being mentioned, and explained to the marchese, every idea of his own indisposition vanished in care and anxiety for his daughter. Viola assured that her time should be equally shared by both her parents, and all mental ill being removed, sister Constantia returned in a few days to St. Rosolia's with the happy intelligence of Viola's perfect recovery.

Lady Viola had been about a month on her second visit to her father, during which period she had made several morning visits to her mother and her uncle; when one day, after the marchese had been absent from home some hours, father Leopold rushed into the apartment where she was, and with looks aghast suddenly exclaimed—

‘Your unfortunate father has been drawn into the commission of a dreadful crime, amenable to the law not only of Sicily, but wherever the power of Italy can reach him. His property all is forfeited, and his person will be instantly seized, unless he flies. He sends me to you, to implore you to join his wanderings, although an exile and a beggar.’

The shock of this intelligence was too powerful for Viola to sustain; she fell senseless to the ground. On her recovery she found herself in the arms of her father, who appeared in the utmost grief and consternation.

stantly fly—I am ready to accompany you, my father.’

‘What!’ said the marchese in breathless agitation, ‘will Viola go with a beggared criminal, and leave that mother for whom she unhesitatingly gave up every smile of fortune?’

Viola clung round the marchese's neck.—‘For the love of Heaven!’ she cried, name not my mother until we are far from Palermo. You are now the most unfortunate of my parents; and your claims upon my affection, my duty, my attentions, are therefore now the strongest. Let us fly, my father, and I will be all the comfort to you that I can.’

Her father pressed her with exulting tenderness to his breast. ‘My child, forgive the cruel stratagem that has put your filial virtue and affection to so severe a trial. I have committed no offence against the laws of my country. I am not bereft of my fortune, or compelled to fly; but, keenly feeling my long series of unkindness to you, and my late cruel caprice, I thought it impossible that you could experience any affection for me; and that duty and obedience which you evinced by so readily returning to me, even when you were ill, I feared was the effect of your mother's and uncle's policy. Father Leopold, participating in my doubts and fears, formed that plot which gave such anguish to your feeling heart. As a proscribed criminal, I had nothing to bestow upon my child but poverty and sorrow. The dreadful ordeal unveiled her heart, and proved its sterling virtue. I now glory and exult in my child; and could I, by any means within my power, silence the reproaches of my conscience for my cruelties to that exalted incomparable being who has made my



Viola what she is, I think my future life should be such that could not make my child unhappy; should be such that even the fastidious archbishop of Montreal should not disapprove.'

Viola threw her arms around her father's neck, and, while she imprinted a kiss of sensibility and affection upon his cheek, timidly whispered the first wish of her heart, as the means most likely to silence the reproaches of his mental guide. From that hour Viola was empowered to take every proper method to effect a reconciliation between her long-estranged parents. Her task was not very difficult, since the marchesa was too amiable, too susceptible of every Christian virtue, for one moment to shelter resentment against the contrite. She found her husband a sincere penitent; and though great were the afflictions he had made her suffer, she graciously forgave him, and, at his desire, returned to fill that place in the world he had so long banished her from. The good archbishop was once more on friendly terms with his no longer despicable nephew; and the now happy and sanguine Viola thought of nothing but permanent felicity in the re-union of her parents. But, alas! Viola was not born to experience felicity unalloyed.

Angelina now, in her thirty-second year, a phantom only of her former self, which each rude blast seemed ready to dissolve, returned to her husband at the call of duty, without one idea of expecting to find in her re-union any of that happiness she had once hoped for and been disappointed in. She found the marchese a most tender, attentive, and, to all appearance, affectionate husband. But Angelina was no longer to be deceived by appearances. She had been tenderly and firmly attached to the

marchese of Palermo, and his cruelties to her and to her child had not been able to shake that attachment. She still loved him, and clearly saw she had no power over his heart but what his newly awakened duty and sorrow for the misery he had heaped upon her gave her. Her feeling, delicate mind shrunk with horror from this conviction: she now considered herself as the bane of her husband's repose, the only alloy to the happiness of him so tenderly beloved by her. Her presence, she feared, was a source of constant mental reproach to him; and that every kindness she experienced from him was an act of painful penance inflicted by his conscience.

This baneful idea, so unfortunately conceived, so fatally cherished, fast mined the feeble wreck of an already exhausted frame. For Viola's sake she strove against mental and bodily ill; put her fortitude to the utmost stretch; went into public with a placid air and assumed cheerfulness: but it was in vain—mental suffering had signed her death-warrant, and her rapid decline was soon too visible to every one.

The grief and distraction of the marchese (who now looked upon his Angelina as the most perfect of human beings) was little short of the affectionate Viola's. Every medicinal aid, every domestic care, were eagerly bestowed upon her: but still she declined; and the distress of the father, and anguish of the daughter, knew no consolation. The marchese expected very shortly a summons to Rome, relative to a law-suit he had been for some time engaged in about some considerable property he held in the pope's dominions; and he now resolved to set out immediately with the marchesa upon a voyage to Lisbon.



where he would leave her with some near relations of his own, while he should go and negotiate his business at Rome; that he would then return to Portugal, and, when the marchesa was sufficiently recovered (which he would not entertain a doubt of), he would take her a tour through the southern and most salubrious provinces of the continent.

Viola was in ecstasies at this arrangement, as her fond and flattering wishes realised from it that perfect recovery of her adored mother her agonised heart so anxiously panted for. A commodious vessel, with a skilful captain and crew, was now procured. Dottore Balsamico and sister Constantia engaged to attend the marchesa during her expedition. But that which afforded the declining Angelina more pleasure than any other part of her husband's kind arrangements was, his asking Clementina to accompany them upon this tour; for to this poor girl the marchesa thought her husband's conduct hitherto frigid and unkind.

The marchese had certainly treated Clementina with a cold formality that had mortified the susceptible girl, and much hurt her aunt and Viola. But in some degree this conduct of the marchese's was actuated by the most laudable motives. He believed that it would be indelicate and unkind in him to Angelina to evince the smallest partiality, towards the child of Julia; and while wishing to steer clear of every thing that could wound the feelings of his wife, he, like the generality of people who act by rule, went beyond the mark, and appeared to every one often rude, but always ungracious, to an amiable and lovely young creature, whose misfortunes he pitied, whose perfections he admired, and whom he had a sincere regard for—as soon as a little pang of jealous apprehension had sub-

sided, which he had entertained, lest her beauty should prove more attractive, and occasion more celebrity, than his Viola's. He acknowledged Clementina excessively lovely and fascinating; but he thought Viola infinitely more so; yet as he had formerly, contrary to the general opinion, given the palm of beauty to Julia from Angelina, he trembled lest his judgment might not now, no more than then, coincide with the fancy of the multitude. But in this matter his dreadful apprehensions were most decisively allayed. Clementina was admired by all who saw her: but she attracted no gazing crowd like Viola; she numbered not one quarter of the suitors in her train; she received not the homage, the adulation, that lady Viola di Avellino received;—not, gentle reader, that Clementina Stanhope was less lovely than her cousin, but she was not heiress to the titles and estates of the marchese of Palermo. Clementina was an almost portionless foreigner; and the beaux of Palermo, like the beaux of other countries which we could name, found those charms the most attractive which were seen through the magnifying perspective of rank and fortune.

#### CHAP. LIV.

At length, attended by the fervent benedictions of the amiable prelate of Montreal, this anxious party set out, with the grateful marchesa, upon this hope-inspiring voyage. Propitious gales wafted them, with the utmost expedition, to the shore of Lisbon; and as soon as the marchesa and her attendants, with Viola and Clementina, were comfortably settled at the house of the marchese's relations, he set out for Rome upon that business which



peremptorily demanded his presence.

The delusive malady of Angelina in a very few weeks assumed the most flattering appearance. From her amiable host and hostess she received the most friendly, hospitable, and polite attention. The salubrious air of the place seemed to renovate her strength, and the absence of the marchese took from her spirits a considerable load of sadness. She had not now, momentarily, to undergo the agonising pang each act of kindness, each trait of tenderness he evinced, inflicted, from the direful belief that all was inspired by contrition—all the painful and humiliating task of retribution.

The affectionate and ardent Viola, now inspired with the most fond and flattering hopes, and Clementina, equally elated at the auspicious prospect of her beloved aunt's recovery, no longer refused to appear in company, or enter into those amusements the marchesa could partake of. Fame soon blazoned forth the beauty, suavity, and elegance of manners of the lovely and interesting Sicilians. The state of Clementina's finances was here unknown; and it would be difficult to say which—she, her aunt (who now looked full as beautiful as she had ever done, and, from the nature of her malady, almost celestial), or Viola—was most admired, or which fascinated most completely. But we only find it necessary to inform our reader of one conquest made upon this expedition; as no other made by the fair cousins, at this period, turned out of any importance to our narrative.

At this time was stationed at Lisbon an officer in the Spanish navy, who had lately signalised himself against the Dutch, in some of the most gallant actions ever fought by

the Spaniards against a maritime foe; and for his almost unprecedented bravery, by which his country obtained a glorious and complete victory over the enemy, and gained several valuable and important conquests in the West-India settlements, he was created a grandee of Spain, knight of the golden fleece (an honour seldom bestowed but on princes), and raised to the rank of admiral in the Spanish navy.

This popular hero was then, as our female reader can readily suppose, the admiration of all the women in Spain and Portugal; for, in addition to ever-captivating valour, he was only in his twenty-fourth year, beautiful in face and figure, seductive in manners, fascinating in voice and conversation, the favourite of his sovereign, and the idol of the people. But, alas! his heart bore no proportion to the perfections of his exterior: for in that was to be found the most singular compound of every vice and virtue that ever disgraced or ornamented the mind of man. With a strange versatility of character, he would at times be absolutely all that was great and good; or, by quick and unaccountable transition, turn to vice and be contemptible.

This modern Alcibiades, at this period elated by his success and fame, and anxious for increasing honours, had given himself wholly up to the guidance of his good genii; and in the semblance of every thing amiable and captivating, he was introduced by their host, don Philip de Sintra, to the fair Sicilians. The fame of Viola's beauty, her rank and riches, had reached his ears, and determined him, even before he beheld her, to obtain the invaluable prize. Ambition led him into that society where love soon chained him. Through some inattention at the moment of introduction, he



believed Clementina to be the heiress to the Palermo titles and wealth; and ere the mistake was corrected, in defiance of ambition, his heart made a decision in favour of Viola, whose exquisite loveliness, uncommon talents, and sweetness of manners, afterwards inspired him with a firm and ardent attachment to her, which never was subdued. And our readers will not surely wonder that the artful and seducing don Ambrosio Fadrique Enriquez Valdevieso de Montalvan, in the fascinating form he then wore, stole imperceptibly into the affections of Viola—young, susceptible, with a disengaged heart, residing, as she then did, with a family who idolised him, who ever were resounding his fame, his virtues, his exploits; and what girl, not yet sixteen, could withstand

——— ‘a conqueror, and young,  
Bound in her chains, and sighing at  
her feet?’

ROWE.

The moment the watchful marchesa perceived the admiring eyes of don Ambrosio riveted upon Viola, she trembled for the heart of her child, and immediately wrote to her husband, to inform him of those anxious fears the fascinating appearance, character, and manners of don Ambrosio had awakened in her maternal bosom. Angelina could not interdict the visits of don Ambrosio to a house not her own; nor could she prevent his frequent interviews with her daughter, as he was now scarcely ever out of the house which she inhabited; and it was with infinite pain the marchesa saw the affections of her child gone, before she could receive any reply from Rome. The artless Viola kept not a single thought of her heart secret from her adored mother; and that guileless heart was Ambrosio's

before she was aware of her partiality.

Several days were most anxiously and uneasily passed by Angelina, after the time in which she could reasonably expect to hear from the marchese had elapsed, without her receiving any letter; and as each day went by without bringing any intelligence or instructions to her, her fears and perplexities dreadfully augmented. At length a mandate arrived by her unthought of,—to the peace of Ambrosio a dreadful unexpected blow,—in an order from the marine minister to don Ambrosio to sail instantly to Gibraltar.

In the most pitiable agony of mind at a blow that threatened destruction to all his hopes of happiness, he flew to Viola, resolving to avail himself of that influence which her artlessness had discovered to his wary penetration he possessed over her affections, and strove, by every alluring wile in his power to adopt, to persuade her into a private marriage. But her upright and dutiful mind revolted from such a measure. She felt shocked and offended at the proposition; withstood the bewitching power of his seducing eloquence; and this attack upon her filial duty stole a suspicion into her ingenuous mind, of her lover's heart being not quite so amiable as she had hitherto conceived it; and from that moment the basis of her attachment felt a shock which weakened the before firm structure. In an agony of mental anguish scarcely to be conceived, Ambrosio quitted Lisbon, almost immediately, more enamoured than ever; and admiring, with reverence almost idolatrous, that purity of rectitude which even his alluring arts had not power to overthrow.

The day after this dangerous man's departure from Lisbon, the marchese of Palermo arrived, rejoiced at the apparent improvement



in his interesting wife's health, and grieved at the unpropitious attachment of his child. He had just completed his business at Rome, when Angelina's letter of apprehensions, relative to don Ambrosio, arrived; and in compliance with his resolution of never bestowing his child but on a man worthy of so much excellence, he instantly set out for Madrid, and, by an arduous and fatiguing scrutiny, traced out the origin of don Ambrosio, his life prior to his late honourable successes, a true and unprejudiced statement of his real character, with several authentic and strongly-attested proofs of crimes committed from time to time by this lately ennobled eccentric man. The marchese next found means, by the interest of a powerful friend in the Spanish admiralty, to have the station of don Ambrosio changed; and the moment after that official mandate was dispatched, he set out for Lisbon; where as soon as he arrived, he faithfully recounted to his Angelina all his proceedings subsequent to the receipt of her important letter; and consulted with her upon the means of weaning the affections of their child from this unworthy object. Angelina, who well knew the disposition of her daughter, advised that plan which the marchese implicitly pursued.

Viola was terrified at the return of her father. She knew her mother would inform him of her attachment to Ambrosio: and she trembled at the idea of his anger, should he disapprove of an alliance with don Ambrosio, who had, before he left Lisbon, commissioned don Philip de Sintra to make his proposals for Viola to the marchese of Palermo, when and how he should think most likely to meet success.

Contrary to Viola's anticipating

apprehensions, her father appeared more kind and affectionate to her, if possible, than ever; even after she knew don Philip had executed his friend's request; and the morning after, summoning her into her mother's dressing-room, he, with much affectionate tenderness, informed her of the proposals don Philip had made for his friend; of her happiness being one of the dearest wishes of his heart; and that, as her mother had imparted to him the attachment's being mutual, he should not withhold his consent, provided his child should wish to become the wife of don Ambrosio de Montalvan after she knew that extraordinary man's real character. The marchese then impressively, but dispassionately, informed her of every particular relative to don Ambrosio, which he had with so much difficulty obtained.

The facts were too well attested both by written vouchers, and the word of persons of unimpeached honour and truth, for one moment to be doubted. Viola shuddered as she listened, and then sunk upon the bosom of her sympathising mother to hide her blushes and her tears. The painful, and, in truth, horrid detail at length was finished, and the marchese of Palermo concluded with the tenderest assurances to his dreadfully agitated child; but to see her happy, in an union of reciprocal attachment, was, after her mother's perfect re-establishment in health, the first wish of his heart. 'I will never control the affections of my sweet child!' said he: 'I will only advise her as a tender, unalterable friend, and give her all that information relative to the object of her choice necessary for her to be acquainted with. For the present then, my love, we will drop this important subject. Take one week to consider seriously,



my child; consult your heart well, and, at the expiration of that time, should you find—'

'My father!' said Viola firmly, 'I will not take a day, an hour, a moment to consider. My heart has already decided. Your Viola will never unite herself to a man who stands convicted of the dreadful crimes of cruelty and ingratitude. Reject for me, my lord, the proposals of don Ambrosio, whom I did love because I believed him possessed of every virtue under heaven. That delusion is dissolved, and I must now despise.—Yet will I confess to my indulgent parental friends, my heart is pained by this dreadful conviction. My imagination had formed a paragon of perfection, and I am shocked and grieved to find myself deceived. To Heaven and my father am I indebted for my fortunate escape from misery, and my gratitude to both shall be eternal; and that week my father would have kindly given me to consult my heart I now will take to restore it to tranquillity, and to erase from it every partial thought of this unworthy man.'

Viola now tenderly embraced both her exulting and sympathising parents, and hastened from their caresses to go and give free indulgence to her agitated feelings.—A violent shower of tears relieved her throbbing, bursting heart; and a pious thanksgiving to Almighty Providence, for 'its mercy to her,' calmed the conflict in her mind. The pangs of grief and horror, at finding a beloved object unworthy of regard, gradually vanished before her detestation of his crimes. She gave him just praise for his virtues—wept that they were so basely alloyed; but at the expiration of that week she had taken to tranquillise her mind, every trace of attachment to

don Ambrosio de Montalvan was erased from her pure heart.

Her sympathising parents were charmed with the virtuous exertions of this darling child, whilst they grieved at the necessity of her making them; and both wished to remove her from a place where every one still sounded forth the praises of the young and beautiful hero, don Ambrosio de Montalvan, whilst don Philip de Sintra looked coldly on his guests for a rejection which he thought unjust and cruel. But Angelina's appearing to derive benefit from the air of Lisbon was a powerful chain that linked the marchese to the place. However, to remain now at don Philip's his pride told him was impossible; and he consulted his friend and physician dottore Balsamico upon the place best calculated for Angelina to remove to; when that friend shocked him to the very soul, by revealing a fatal truth which he thought it unpardonable longer to conceal from him.

The apparent amendment in the marchesa's health was only a deceitful gleam of sunshine, to render more dreadful the impending storm. Neither clime nor medicine now could save her; nor had she strength to undergo the tour of the continent her anxious husband had projected for her. Dottore Balsamico advised, therefore, her removal to be a return to Sicily.

Dottore Balsamico's advice was followed. The marchesa and her sorrowful friends returned to Palermo, where, in a few weeks after, his dreadful prediction was fulfilled. The lovely, amiable, unfortunate Angelina yielded her last breath upon the agonised bosom of her child, just after receiving the host, with all the beautiful fervor of sincere faith and piety; and bestowing,



in the most touching Christian firmness and mortal tenderness, her dying benediction upon her husband, her Viola, her Clementina, and her ever sincere friend the archbishop of Montreal.

#### CHAP. LV.

WE will here draw a veil over the sacred grief of Viola: it was awakened by the tenderest feelings, and tempered by the resignation of Christianity.

The marchese was a real mourner: the bitters of remorse were blended with his cup of sorrow. Too late was he sensible of the merits of his wife; too late had the tenderest affections mingled with his thoughts of her, whom conscience now unceasingly told him he had hurried like a cruel frost, to an untimely grave.

The archbishop had ever felt the most tender parental affection for Angelina: he venerated her virtue; and her misfortunes placed her in the most genial spot that pity found within his compassionate breast. His regret was poignant; but it was fast locked within the centre of his heart, while his venerable face wore the solemn calm of pious resignation. The uncontrollable lamentations of the ardent Clementina for her adored aunt, her second mother, the good prelate feared would, but increase the heart-rending sorrows of Viola; he therefore moved her to St. Rosolia's: while Viola, to beguile her father's poignant grief, repressed her own affliction in his presence, hushed his wailings by her tenderness and fortitude, and won him from his sadness by her smile of resignation; while from her pillow she stole many an hour to mourn and weep for her adored incomparable mother.

Time, that lenient balm to every mental wound, had scarcely begun to steal from the poignancy of Viola's sorrow, when another dreadful blow fell on her. The truly penitent and mourning marchese had lately been seduced, by the compassionating archbishop, from home and unavailing lamentation, to his palace in Palermo, to dine sometimes with a party of entertaining and estimable men. It was now the winter-season; and one unfortunate evening, as the marchese was about to return from one of these parties at his uncle's, he found that neither his carriage nor servants were yet arrived, although he had ordered them to attend at an earlier hour than it then was. A man, who appeared to be a domestic belonging to some of the archbishop's guests, and who was standing in the hall when the marchese entered it, respectfully informed him, that he had seen his lordship's equipage, about a quarter of an hour before, drive most furiously up to dottore Balsamico's door.

One dreadful idea now took possession of the marchese's mind—his child was ill: and ignominious as it was deemed to be to walk in the streets of Palermo, the agitated marchese disregarded the entreaties of his uncle's old domestics to wait for a carriage to be got ready; and in an agony of mind which baffles all description, he rushed towards home, followed closely by his respectful informer, and at a greater distance by two of the archbishop's footmen, whose age would not allow them to keep pace with the anxious, agonised, impetuous father, who, just as he turned into the Ottangolo Marino, where his palazzo stood, was furiously attacked by four bravos. The distraction of the marchese's mind had thrown him off his guard; and he found himself wounded before his thoughts were sufficiently



abstracted from his child to remind him of defending himself. The marchese by no means was deficient in courage or strength; but numbers were overpowering him, when a stranger came up to his assistance, who by his valour and self-command wounded and dispersed the assassins, and, aided by the archbishop's domestics, who by this time arrived, conducted the marchese to the Palermo palazzo,—and where, anxious to know the fate of a man who had been so unfairly attacked, the gallant stranger begged leave to wait until the surgeons who were summoned should arrive and declare their opinions.

The grateful marchese, thankful for this new proof of the stranger's humanity, entreated him to attend him to his chamber, whither he ordered himself to be conveyed the moment his agonising apprehensions relative to his child had been subdued by father Leopold's solemn assurances of her perfect health.

Viola, who was weeping in that chamber where her adored mother had breathed her last, and where she spent every hour she could steal from observation, alarmed by the unusual commotion that reigned in the adjacent rooms after her father's return, was led to inquire the cause, and soon learned the fatal truth, with an account of the gallant stranger's valour and humanity.

Almost frantic with grief, dismay, and apprehension, Viola flew to the chamber of her father, and there saw her sole surviving parent stretched on a couch, pale, faint, and bleeding from his wounds; and in the assiduous stranger beheld don Ambrosio de Montalvan. The most dreadful idea instantly took possession of her mind; she believed the assassination of her father had been the plot of Ambrosio for some sinister purpose. A deadly sickness

stole over her faculties, and she fell senseless on the floor. Upon her recovery she found herself in her own chamber, whither she had, in her moments of insensibility, been conveyed. Again she hastened to her beloved father. The surgeons had dressed his wounds; and oh, rapture to Viola! had pronounced them not mortal. Don Ambrosio was gone to another apartment: it had been discovered that he had been wounded in defence of the marchese, who entreated him to take a chamber in his palazzo, and whither the surgeons now attended to dress his wound, which was not deep or dangerous.

The affectionate Viola, stationed by her fond father's pillow, became in the course of the night almost distracted with terror: his moans and uneasy slumbers conveyed the most agonising apprehensions to her susceptible heart, which too soon were realized. She had the surgeons summoned ere the dawn of day; when, upon examination of the wounds, the one which had been considered of the least importance now created the most serious alarm. From its dreadful appearance, they now feared it had been inflicted by a poisoned stiletto. Those fears were quickly verified. Its baneful influence soon spread to every vital part; and, in defiance of all the aid that Sicily could give, the marchese of Palermo was in a few days numbered with the dead, leaving his almost distracted Viola, his orphan and ill-fated child, sole heiress to all his immense possessions, and to the guardianship of his estimable uncle.

Every inquiry was now set on foot to trace out the murderers of the marchese, but to no effect. A man, in the princess of Camarino's livery, had come to the marchese's palazzo that fatal evening, as with



orders from the marchese for his equipage to go for him to the princess's *conversazioni*, which was the cause of the carriage not being at the archbishop's: but no intelligence could be obtained relative to this man, or of the obliging informer at the archbishop's; and no clue could by any means be discovered which could lead even to a suspicion of the perpetrators of this sanguinary deed, except in the mind of Viola; and, by some intuitive impulse, her eye of suspicion fixed upon the very man.

It was don Ambrosio who deprived Viola of her father, whom he considered as the only barrier to his happiness, and therefore resolved upon his death. In Sicily it was easy to gain accomplices, and to hire wretches to spill the blood of those who never injured them; and as a master-stroke of policy, he resolved to appear before his adored Viola in the amiable character of an heroic being who had risked his life in defence of a fellow-creature. But in this political scheme he over-reached himself: had the poisoned stiletto been omitted, had the marchese's life been spared, Viola might probably have been his. The marchese, fond of life, might have been led by gratitude to espouse the cause of his supposed deliverer, and, from the natural caprice of his mind, to think lightly of his past offences; and the young Viola might have been persuaded into the alliance. As it was, he only gained a dreadful addition to his crimes, and the firm abhorrence of her he loved: Viola's was not a vindictive heart; and even had she proof against Ambrosio, vengeance could not restore her murdered rent. The suspicions, therefore, which harrowed up her soul she communicated to no one, but left

her revenge to Him who knows all hearts, and cannot err in judgment.

Upon the death of her father, the sorrowful Viola, now marchesa of Palermo, quitted the house which still contained her father's murderer, and with her uncle removed to the lonely castle of Palermo, situated upon the sea-shore, a few miles' distance from the city, where she could give free indulgence to her grief, and where she immediately summoned her beloved Clementina.

Clementina Stanhope was only one year younger than Viola, whom she so strongly resembled, that all who saw them had even from their infancy been struck with the wonderful similitude. Each form, each limb, each feature, seemed almost to have been cast in the same mould. Their hearts were equally amiable; but in expression of countenance, in air, in understanding, and in manner, the likeness failed.

Clementina, although the child of adversity, had lost both her parents when she was too young to appreciate their value, or keenly to feel their loss; and treated with kindness and affection by every one from the hour of her birth, she only knew sorrow by sympathy, until the death of Angelina taught her grief. The laughing graces were therefore all her own, and gaiety the most fascinating and unbounded illumined her face, actuated all her movements, and played in every word she uttered.

Viola, the child of affluence, had been reared in the bosom of sorrow. Her first accents, caught from the tones of her wretched mother, were spoken in plaintive sweetness. Her eyes, accustomed to look upon the fading form of grief, assumed for life the expression such a contemplation inspired, and looked like



pity's own. Her smile, her air, her manner, all tuned from her mother's woes, were touchingly pensive, and bore in them an interesting fascination, that at once spoke to the heart of every being possessed of sensibility.

The understanding of Clementina, with all the fire of genius, would at one glance conceive the nature of every art and science, and, as if by inspiration, acquire the first rudiments of every thing she wished to learn, and without the smallest exertion became mistress of every showy accomplishment; but in mental acquirements she had not perseverance, or perhaps powers, to delve to the very bottom of the springs of knowledge: while Viola, slower in her acquisitions, made herself mistress of the theory before she attempted the practice. To meet and overcome difficulties in her studies was Viola's peculiar delight; and, in every mental accomplishment, her uncommon application and strength of talents led her, not on wings, but by the steady unerring pace of science, to perfection. One was the child of genius, the other of judgment. The opinions of Clementina seemed always ready formed in her mind, prompt upon demand. Viola ever reflected, looked with a penetrating steady eye, and reasoned upon causes and effects before she suffered her judgment to decide. In temper they were both perfection, and in their hearts glowed equally bright every virtue that could adorn a female mind. Such were they both before they were summoned from St. Rosalia's upon the stage of life, where, like two dazzling meteors, they blazed for a moment, were admired and wondered at, then lost to the view for ever.

*(To be continued.)*

## A FRAGMENT.

THE night was uncommonly dark, the thunder rolled at a distance, and some large drops of rain patted on the falling honours of the wood: still Cecilia rushed onward, equally regardless of the threatenings of the atmosphere and the termination of the path.

The wind suddenly rose, and dashed the dry leaves in her face; the screech-owl fearfully shrieked; and the thunder burst in a tremendous clap over her head: the quick flashes of blue lightning served but to render 'darkness visible.'

Cecilia pursued her way, rather pleased than terrified that the elements were in unison with her feelings; the tempest without was peace to the tempest within her bosom, and the 'peltings of the pitiless storm' were totally disregarded. A more awful clap of thunder, preceded by a vivid flash of lightning, which set fire to an aged oak by her side, arrested her course. The conflagration discovered a magnificent pile of building—noble, though in ruins. Cecilia rushed past the blazing oak, and entered a low gothic door; she proceeded through a long vaulted passage, frequently stumbling over the broken and mouldering images, once the ornament of the edifice. The passage conducted her to a spacious and lofty hall, the roof of which, being entire, afforded the miserable Cecilia an asylum from the drenching rain, which fell in torrents. She threw herself on the rugged pavement: the horrors of the past were indelibly fixed in her memory, the present were disregarded. Absorbed in melancholy, the hours passed unheeded till the sound of a distant bell broke on the stillness of the night, and proclaimed the hour of one.



‘Merciful Heaven!’ exclaimed Cecilia, ‘how happy was I a few hours since—now what an awful reverse! May my life, short and innocent, this moment terminate; and oh, may this friendly ruin prove my tomb!’ A gentle sigh stole on her ear: she started from the ground—the storm was abated, the wind was hushed, and the moon was shining with cloudless majesty. Cecilia looked around, and discovered the figure of a man leaning against a pillar: his arms were folded, and his eyes fixed on her.—‘Who are you?’ cried the affrighted Cecilia—‘whence come you?’

‘Be under no apprehensions, madam,’ replied the stranger; ‘your terror prevents your recognizing a friend, in the person of Edward, baron of Dunmore. Some few days since, returning from Scotland, the vessel was drove on the Yorkshire coast. I have left my servant ill at an inn, and was proceeding alone to Rippon, when the sudden and violent storm caused me to seek shelter in this ruin, which I imagine to be the remains of Fountain’s Abbey. But suffer me, madam, to express my astonishment at finding the beautiful countess of S—— exposed alone to the horrors of such a night, in such a place. What distraction must her absence cause to her adoring family!—what——’

‘Pardon an interruption, my lord; you are in a delusion: my family would rejoice if the lightning had spared me not. Alas! my presence affords no pleasure: no, disgust and horror would be the only sensations the assurance of my safety would excite; and on the maturest deliberation, I am resolved to return no more. You look surprised—well you may: excuse these tears, they are the first I have shed since the certainty of my misery. Well do I remember that lord Dunmore was the chosen

friend, the beloved companion, of my lost, my regretted, Frederic. To his candour, to his probity, I can trust my sad, sad story.’

The lord of Dunmore’s heart beat—his voice faltered, while he assured her how much he was flattered by her kind remembrance. Once he had fondly hoped to call this lady by his name. He made his declaration: she kept him not in suspense, but frankly owned her affections engaged. He could not but love her for this very frankness, though it rendered England insupportable; yet an absence of two years had not effaced her image from his heart. He determined to return to his native country, and endeavour to find happiness in beholding her felicity. He did return—but how did he find her? abandoned to misery, and wishing for death. He turned his eyes on the still weeping Cecilia. The moon shone full on her face, which was pale as mountain snow. The big tears paced each other down her cheek, and fell unheeded on her bosom. The sighs of tender agony agitated his manly form, and it was some moments ere he could tell her he should think himself honoured by her confidence; when, respectfully taking her hand, he led her to a sort of bench near an opening in the wall. The moon, full orbbed, quivering on the deluged plain, reflected an uncertain but delicate light. The countess evidently endeavoured to compose herself, and suppressing a sigh, said—‘I need not remind your lordship of our family compact when you quitted England. Our beloved Frederick was then blooming in health—my adored Fanny young and sparkling, and innocent as young; I was admired and flattered by all, as something more than mortal. Their blandishments I smiled at. One heart alone seemed worth possessing



—that heart was mine, and I was, *was* most happy. I was united to the man my heart adored; and one smile of approbation from the animated countenance of lord S—— was more to me than the flattery of the whole world.

‘Many had been the offers (some of them very splendid) made to my respected grandfather for me, yet was your lordship the only one I rejected with pain; and that heart must be deeply enamoured which *could* refuse yours.—Indeed I fervently wished, since you could not be my husband, that you might still be Frederick’s brother and mine: just such a partner did I wish for my sweet Fanny in a few years.

‘I made her happy in freeing her from the restraints of school, and taking her to reside with me on my marriage: she called me her kind angel, and appeared perfectly happy. Thus the first year passed in uninterrupted pleasure: alas! the second was blotted by the melancholy, the untimely, and ever-deplored death of our dear Frederick. Yet, why do I regret him? rather ought I to rejoice that he has escaped the misery of beholding the ruin of his sister’s peace—the destruction of a sister’s honour.

‘Fanny was too young to be introduced into the *beau-monde*; but was frequently one in my parties at home, and was much admired as a sprightly and amiable girl, who gave promise of becoming a most beautiful and accomplished woman. The love I bore her had ‘grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength;’ but since the death, the violent death, of Frederick, I trembled lest disease or accident should deprive me of this lovely blossom, and was in agonies whenever chance detained her in her excursions, which she took alone, or only attended by a footman.

‘Three months since, lord S——’s happiness seemed quite completed by the birth of a son, and I thought myself the most blessed of women. My boy thrived—my strength and spirits began to return; yet lord S—— kept his own apartment. Yesterday he informed me he meant to be present at the York races. I went with him to his chamber, where he deposited some papers in his scrutoire, and locking the door, put the key in his pocket; as he said he did not wish any of the servants to enter the room in his absence. He soon after took an affectionate leave of Fanny and me, and rode off, attended by two servants.

‘Early this evening, Fanny complained of a pain in her head, and said she would retire, and endeavour to relieve it by indulgence. I accompanied her to her chamber, and staid till I saw her in bed. I then retired, at her desire, taking the light with me. At ten I went up to my dressing-room, with an intention of writing for an hour. There is a communication from this room to the chamber occupied by lord S——. The door stood ajar: I went to it, intending to shut it—when a glimmering light from the chimney excited my curiosity. I entered, and was astonished on observing persons in the bed. But how was that astonishment heightened at seeing lord S—— one of the persons! lord S——, whom I imagined to be miles distant. His arm encircled his companion’s neck: Who could that companion be? For a moment my thoughts glanced on my own maid; but I instantly rejected that idea, recollecting she had been with me from infancy, and had ever been humble and grateful. Could lord S—— have the effrontery to introduce an infamous woman into his own house? Determined to see her face, I softly approached the bed,



Her face was concealed in his bosom. My heart was frozen with horror on observing her night-clothes: I gently raised the lace of her cap, and discovered—merciful God!—my own sister, my idolized Fanny, fast asleep in the arms of my husband! Though my heart-strings seemed to crack at the sight, I uttered no exclamation; but, setting my candle on the table, rushed from the house, to which nothing shall tempt me to return—no, not even my beloved, my innocent boy. I will go to my dear grandfather’s, and there await the hand of death, which I hope will not be tardy in striking me from the book of life.’

As the countess uttered the last words, a deep and hollow groan was breathed near the window they sat at. Cecilia caught lord Dunmore’s arm, and looked round with caution.—‘Fear nothing, madam,’ said the earl: ‘perhaps it is only a traveller, who, like ourselves, has taken shelter in these ruins; or it may be’—— Another long-drawn groan, and a faint scuffle, apparently at no great distance, caused him to stop abruptly. A cloud passing over the moon deprived them of her friendly beams: a door was flung open, and the most terrifying groans again assailed their ears. Edward placed himself before the fainting countess, and demanded in a firm tone if any person was near? No answer being returned, he advanced a step forward, and the moon at that instant emerging discovered the horrors of the interior apartment. \* \* \* \* \*

SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

*Mary-la-Bonne, Jan. 15,*  
1806.

ACCOUNT of the new MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT called ‘WE FLY BY NIGHT, or LONG STORIES;’ performed for the first time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Tuesday, Jan. 28.

THE characters were thus represented:

General Bastion,	Mr. Munden.
Winlove, - -	Mr. Brunton.
Skiptown, - -	Mr. Clermont.
Ferret, - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Gaby Grim, - -	Mr. Liston.
Count Grenouille, -	Mr. Farley.
Humphrey, - -	Mr. Blanchard.
Stubby, - -	Mr. Simmons.
Lady Lynx, - -	Mrs. Davenport.
Emma, - -	Miss Davies.
Comtesse de Grenouille,	Miss Leserve.
Mrs. Stubby, -	Miss Tyrer.

The following is an outline of the plot, which is taken from a French comedy, in three acts, by M. Picard, called ‘*Le Conteur, ou les Deux Postes.*’

*General Bastion*, the father of *Emma*, having encouraged the addresses of *Winlove* to his daughter, a mutual passion takes place, and they are about to be united, when the interposition of *lady Lynx* prevents the match from taking place, who introduces *Skiptown*, a rich banker’s son, as the future husband of *Emma*, and prevails upon the general to dismiss *Winlove*. *Winlove*, in order to obtain an interview with his mistress, assumes the disguise of a veteran officer, and imposes himself upon *general Bastion* (who is blind) as a *colonel Redoubt*; and *Ferret*, formerly a servant of *Winlove*, but now in the general’s employ, sends *Emma* to her father, to whom *Winlove* contrives to make himself known, and obtains her consent to elope with him. *Lady Lynx* now joins the party, and all take seats to listen to the general, who is fond of relating the adventures of his youth, and fighting his battles over again.



During the *general's* story, *lady Lynx* and *Gaby Grim* fall asleep, and the lovers escape from the room. At this moment *Skiptown* arrives, the elopement is discovered, and the parties go off in pursuit of the fugitives.

*Winlove* and *Emma* reach the *Horns*, an inn kept by *Stubby*, and, by a mistake of *Mrs. Stubby*, obtain the post horses hired for *count Grenouille*, and depart. *Count Grenouille*, having, as he supposed, killed *Skiptown* in a duel on his road to the coast to depart the country, arrives at the *Horns*; and not being able to obtain post-horses to prosecute his flight, and hearing voices without, is apprehensive that the officers of justice are at his heels: he conceals himself in an inner apartment. *General Bastion* and *Skiptown* now arrive at the inn; and the *general* being told by *Mrs. Stubby* that the young couple are concealed in the house, he dispatches *Skiptown* for a warrant; during whose absence an *eclaircissement* takes place between him and the *count*, in which it is discovered that *Skiptown*, on the very day of his intended nuptials with *miss Bastion*, was endeavouring to seduce the *count's* wife. *Lady Lynx* now arrives at the inn, as do also *Winlove*, *Emma*, and *Ferret*; whose chaise breaking down, they were compelled to return. The *general* acquaints *lady Lynx* with the conduct of *Skiptown*, which incenses her so much, that she gives her consent to the union of the lovers.

This piece is from the pen of *Arthur Griffinhoof, esq.* (*Mr. Colman*). It cannot be called a translation: for the author has departed very considerably from the French comedy, and in that departure has evinced his usual judgment. The situations are truly comic: and happy incidents, combined with the exertions of the performers, render this

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entertainment extremely pleasing. The music is very beautiful: it is partly original composition, partly selection, and does honour to the taste and talents of *Mr. Kelly*, who prepared it for the piece when it was intended to produce it last summer at the Opera-house; but the death of the duke of Gloucester prevented it from being then brought out. The overture, which is entirely new, was greatly applauded. Two sweet songs by *miss Tyrer*, and one by *miss Davies*, were deservedly encored.—The repetition of the piece was announced amidst shouts of applause.

## SIR HERBERT.

### A FRAGMENT.

THE night was dark and gloomy; the rain fell in torrents; the wind howled tremendously, and seemed to threaten destruction to all around. *Sir Herbert* heeded it not, for his mind was as gloomy as the scene around, till his horse suddenly stopt, and refused to proceed farther. He alighted, tied the animal to a tree, and slowly advanced, he cared not whither. 'Oh, my *Elvira*!' exclaimed he, 'how long am I to endure this painful suspense? Now every obstacle to our union is removed by the death of my father, the canker-worm of anxiety still gnaws at my breast concerning thy fate.'

He continued walking for an hour, when the storm abated, the sky cleared, and the moon arose in mild splendour to guide our benighted traveller. He soon came to an opening of the wood; and before him was a hill, on which stood a neat little cottage. His surprise was equal to his joy at seeing a human dwelling in this, as he thought, uninhabited spot. He knocked at

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the door, which was opened to him by a venerable old man: his aspect was noble, his brow serene, his smile gracious, and his voice mild as the breath of the zephyr; and when sir Herbert asked him for shelter for the night, he replied with a benign smile that his door was always open to the unfortunate. He then led his guest into the house, and procured him some refreshment and dry clothes. While satisfying the calls of hunger, sir Herbert expressed some surprise at his living so secluded from all the world. The old man replied he had many reasons for preferring the solitude of this place;—‘for here,’ said he, ‘perhaps I can guard the artless innocence of my grand-daughter: here, perhaps, I can secure her from the machinations of designing men.—Were I but sure she would escape the miserable fate of her mother, methinks I could welcome death with a smile. Often I reflect on past scenes; and my soul is sad and pensive when I consider that but for a false friend I might still have been blessed with my beautiful Helena—might still have been happy in the society of my amiable daughter. My Helena thought to secure the happiness of Maria by uniting her (unknown to me, for she well knew I should object to it) to the object of her tenderest affections. This young man was heir to an immense fortune, and was what is generally termed a man of pleasure: he saw and admired Maria, and my wife consented to what she thought Maria’s happiness. Vain hope! delusive vision! Could she that was innocence itself be happy with a hypocrite—a man devoid of every feeling of honour? Oh, no; my child too soon discovered his real character. One morning we missed her: we searched for her, but in vain; for she was gone, and I never

saw her more. This was too much for my Helena: tired as a day-labourer on a Saturday evening, she threw herself on the bed and called me to her; the last tear of misery glistened in her eye, when she informed me that her daughter was privately married. She was on the verge of mortality; an angel of death beckoned her across the gulph; her spirit fled; and she died blessing me and Maria. Often, I say, when I reflect on these heart-rending scenes, does my amiable grandchild follow me, and beguile me of my woe. Sweet girl! how near was I being for ever deprived of her society! Her mother imagined me dead, and, unwilling to leave her without one, recommended her to the care of a lady, who readily undertook the charge, and not having a daughter, she doated on my child with maternal tenderness. The husband of this charming woman was the reverse of her in every respect. He expected a large fortune with her, but was disappointed: this rendered his naturally irritable temper almost brutal, and he treated his lovely and innocent wife with the most cruel neglect. It was impossible for my daughter to escape his attention, and at the age of sixteen he made her proposals of the most degrading kind. Surprise, horror, and indignation, for a moment overcame her: but quickly recovering, she described in the most pathetic manner the care he had taken of her education, the pains he had taken to make her virtuous and amiable, and applied to his generosity in such moving terms, that he promised never again to insult her virtue with professions of love. His lovely wife shortly after breathed her last, in the arms of my grand-daughter. Her son arrived at the moment my child was taking her last farewell of her ever-lamented



benefactress. The beauty of my child made a lasting impression on the generous youth, and she returned his affection with equal ardour. The old gentleman again renewed his persecution, and entreated her to accept his hand and fortune. He endeavoured to terrify her to compliance; and to escape compulsion she left the house, and wandered to this cottage. She gave me her history, and I discovered she was the child of my misguided Maria.'—Sir Herbert was dreadfully agitated: he demanded her name. 'Elvira,' replied the old man. 'O heavens!' exclaimed sir Herbert, 'tis she! lead me to her, I conjure you.' He rushed into the parlour, and the next moment strained to his bosom his long-lost, long-loved Elvira.

MATILDA SPENCER.

*Chatteris.*

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## THE FAIR PENITENT, AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

*(From the French of Madame de Genlis.)*

*(Continued from p. 24.)*

HENRY, confounded by what he had seen and heard, anxiously wished to be alone with Montauban, that he might obtain from him information to satisfy his eager curiosity. The fatigue of travelling afforded him a pretext to leave the company early; and Beaumanoir having invited him to stay the following day, he assented, and retired with Montauban. When Henry was alone with his friend, the latter, without waiting to be questioned, said to him—'I perceive that you have never before been in this province; you cannot have resided in any part of it, since you are unac-

quainted with the tragical history of the beautiful and unfortunate Valerie.'

'It is true,' answered Henry, 'that I have always lived at a great distance from this country; and I only know the name of this extraordinary character the seigneur Beaumanoir, from the report of fame concerning the *battle of the thirty*. Neither am I ignorant, my dear Montauban, that you were one of the heroes of that memorable day, since which time I have not seen you.'

'On that same day,' replied Montauban, 'I engaged in another contest, less celebrated, but not less perilous; and no person is more capable than myself of satisfying your curiosity, I have now been settled four years in this province, am united to the intimate friend and relation of the unfortunate Valerie, and have been one of the defenders of that victim of the most singular cruelty.'

'Is not the amiable Valerie,' answered Henry, 'the daughter of the stern Beaumanoir?'

'Alas! she is his wife;' rejoined Montauban. 'It cannot be doubted that she was culpable, but you shall judge whether she has expiated her offence.'

Thus saying, Montauban took a seat by the side of Henry, and after pausing a short time to recollect himself, resumed his discourse, and began the following narrative:

'The seigneur de Beaumanoir was not born destitute of virtues or generosity; but an exorbitant pride has corrupted all his natural good qualities, by contracting his mind, and rendering him vindictive, implacable, and producing all that inflexible rigour which self-estimation too frequently gives birth to. His natural great powers are only employed in disguising, and not in



restraining, the violent emotions of his passions. No man is capable of more perfidious dissimulation, when he thinks it necessary for the accomplishment of his designs. Whatever is splendid or singular pleases him, but he never had a just idea of true glory. Fame and glory he is more desirous to obtain than to possess the sentiments which deservedly acquire it. Even guilt has in his eyes something heroic, if it be accompanied by extraordinary or uncommon achievements. With this character he combines the most erroneous mind and great pretensions to originality; and he is singular and cruel from system. He is inhuman, because he confounds ferocity with energy, and the most inflexible obstinacy with firmness of mind: in short, he glories in cruelty, on the presumption that it must inspire the highest admiration and astonishment. You have arrived, my dear Clermont, at a fortunate moment, since you will be present at the denouement and conclusion of a tragedy which has continued so many years. The last act, thank Heaven! was performed to-night; and to-morrow you will see the cruel Beaumanoir perform a part less odious, but still more ridiculous, if possible: for he will flatter himself that he shall astonish by his clemency, after having terrified all around him by a vengeance of five years.

'The unfortunate Valerie, left an orphan at the age of fourteen, had the misfortune, by her unrivalled beauty, to attract and fix the attention of Beaumanoir. He despised women; not that he had an ill opinion of their moral character, but because their natural timidity and their physical weakness made him consider them as beings of a very inferior nature to that of the other sex. The duty of pro-

tecting them necessarily included, according to his ideas, the right of despotic government over them. It was in the power of beauty to inflame his ardent passions, but not to subdue or tenderly affect him. Valerie had no fortune; but Beaumanoir, who was rich, magnificent, and liberal, desired none: he wished only for a beautiful slave, very ignorant, and equally submissive. The tender age of Valerie was a security for her innocence; and she scarcely dared to raise her eyes towards her exalted and haughty lover. Beaumanoir was pleased at seeing that he inspired her with awe; for he considered her fears as an avowal of inferiority, which was all, even in love, that could flatter him. He married Valerie. The absolute rule of her disdainful husband did not render her unhappy: she never contended with him; but, as she was simple and timid, implicitly obeyed him. Beaumanoir endeavoured not to please, nor did he anxiously require love. He was not jealous, being persuaded that the honour of bearing his name was a sufficient guarantee for the virtue of his spouse. He did not seem to reckon on tenderness and gratitude in his consort, but on that pride of soul which he thought it impossible for the lady Beaumanoir to be without when she reflected on the birth and warlike exploits of her husband. Valerie had been married nine months when she became a mother. She had not yet attained her fifteenth year; and she enjoyed this happiness with true maternal sensibility, and all the delight of a child. She would at this time have become most fondly and sincerely attached to her husband, had he appeared to participate in her feelings; but he scorned to be a father: he had only a daughter. Valerie ido-



lized her infant, and would see it, carry it in her arms, and caress it every moment in the day: even while at table she would not be separated from it. Beaumanoir, instead of gently restraining this affecting childishness, ridiculed it contemptuously. He harshly declared that he could not endure the cries of an infant; and he commanded the nurse always to remain at the other extremity of the castle, and not to approach his presence. This savage conduct appeared intolerable to a young and fond mother. Valerie had borne without murmuring or anger the haughty treatment of an imperious husband, but she felt an abhorrence of the insensible father. She could not conceive it possible to see without adoring, or, at least, without admiring, her little Emma (that was the name of her child); and Emma's father, refusing disdainfully to caress or shew any kind of fondness for this beloved infant, became in her eyes the most ferocious and hateful of beings.

'It was at this time that the young Adelmair, after an absence of three years, returned to the province. He was then eight-and-twenty years of age. He had lost his father, who fell gloriously in a battle against the English, and he came to take possession of the small inheritance left him by his mother. Beaumanoir had been in several engagements with Adelmair, in one of which, by a fortunate assistance, he had saved the life of this young knight, whose valour he esteemed—the only quality in a man which could obtain his approbation. From that time he always saw with pleasure the man who recalled to his recollection an action truly deserving praise. In fact, he declared himself the friend

of Adelmair, and perhaps he really thought himself so. He never imagined he could love any person, unless he had conferred his protection on them in such a manner as to do honour to himself.

'The simplicity, gentleness, and beauty of Valerie inspired Adelmair with a violent passion; and he had the baseness to deliver himself up to this criminal sentiment. Without regard for his benefactor, without compassion for innocence the most interesting, he formed the vile project of corrupting a child, the more easily seduced because she was equally tender and ingenuous. Adelmair pitied her; he lamented with her the harshness of Beaumanoir; he drew tears from her, and, sympathising with her, shed tears himself. Above all, he caressed the little Emma; he carried her in his arms; he was in ecstasies at her beauty when he saw her sleeping, or when he contemplated her on the lap of her mother. Thus by degrees he insinuated himself into the heart of the unfortunate Valerie, and induced her to participate in and return his guilty love. He wrote to her, and received answers from her. This correspondence continued more than two months without being suspected by Beaumanoir, who had not even the most distant idea of the aversion that Valerie had conceived for him, since she manifested it only by an increased timidity and fear, which in the eyes of Beaumanoir was nothing more than a stronger expression of profound respect, which he congratulated himself upon.

'Adelmair had never yet been able to see Valerie privately and alone. He at length wrote to her, entreating her to grant him an interview that night, because Beaumanoir was under the necessity of going out on an affair of importance after din-



ner, and would not return till the following day. Adelmar failed not to profess in this letter a high respect for the virtue of Valerie, and to promise that he would not attempt to violate it; but at the same time he assured her that a refusal would reduce him to the last extremity of despair. Language like this a woman of twenty knows perfectly well how to appreciate; but on the heart of the inexperienced Valerie it produced all the effect that a seducer could have hoped. He only asked of Valerie, in answer to every thing, to confide to him the key of a gallery which led to her chamber, and to place this key in a vase of flowers in a flower-garden, at some distance from the castle, near a little wood. Beaumanoir neither liked walking nor flowers: he never went into this garden, which Valerie delighted in cultivating.

Although Valerie placed entire confidence in her lover's word, his proposal terrified her, and she could not determine to grant his request without remorse. She hesitated—she wept; but at length she did more than he had required. She wrote a note, in which she wrapped the key; and an hour before dinner, at a moment when she saw Beaumanoir occupied, she escaped, and flew to the garden. She approached with tottering steps the vase of flowers, and dug a large hole in the earth with a knife to put the letter. She had not yet finished covering, at least not firmly, this fatal deposit, when Beaumanoir, suddenly coming out of the wood, appeared to her view. He had just received the news of the death of an uncle who had left him a large inheritance; and wishing to inform Valerie of this event, instead of sending for her, he had taken it into his head, contrary to

his usual practice, to go and seek her himself. The letter and the key, though covered very superficially with earth, were yet hidden; and had not Valerie lost her presence of mind, Beaumanoir, knowing her taste for gardening, would not have conceived the smallest suspicion on seeing her near a vase of flowers, her hands covered with mould, and holding a knife: but the unexpected appearance of the terrible Beaumanoir was a thunder-stroke to the fearful and consciously guilty Valerie.—“Oh Heaven! I am lost,” she exclaimed; her countenance changing to a death-like paleness. She could utter no more; but sank on the turf, entirely deprived of sense. Beaumanoir, not being able to attribute this deadly terror to respect and veneration, never thought of assisting the unfortunate victim, who, by her simplicity, accused herself, and delivered herself up to his vengeance; but examined the vase, and in passing his hand over the impression made by the knife he discovered the end of a paper. He thrust his hand in, and, trembling, drew forth the letter and the key. He tore open the letter, and recognising the hand-writing of Valerie, read as follows:

“Adelmar, ah! what do you require! But how can I endure the thought of reducing you to despair! You will respect the detested tie that binds me, you have promised me.—Doubtless it will be delightful to be alone with you, and, for the first time, to speak to you without witnesses and without constraint: Yet I tremble.—No matter, you wish it. Oh! dear Adelmar, how much shall I stand in need of support! But when I see you I shall no longer fear any thing.—Come at midnight.”



‘It is unnecessary to attempt to describe the fury and rage of the proud Beaumanoir. You will be able to judge of it from the remainder of this narrative. He deferred his vengeance, in order that he might render it more striking and terrible. After having read with impetuous haste this fatal letter, he immediately wrapped the key again in it, replaced them in the vase, and covered them carelessly with earth; after which he assisted the unfortunate Valerie, who again opened her eyes, and whose first movement was to throw herself at the feet of Beaumanoir, dissolving into tears. Beaumanoir affected the greatest surprise.—“What,” said he, with a horrible smile, “what is this new piece of childishness? Do you think, Valerie, that I am come with no other purpose than to scold you for having quitted the house at the dinner hour? Can you suppose that I disapprove your taste for the cultivation of flowers? On the contrary, I think it to be an innocent amusement, that suits your sex and age.”—He spoke in a tone so natural, his air and manner were so composed, that the trembling Valerie persuaded herself that he had seen nothing, and that she was in a state of the most perfect security. She muttered some unintelligible words. The barbarian again smiled, and completely restored to her her courage. He then informed her of the death of his uncle. He added, that this event would prolong his absence; and left her precipitately, saying that he had some orders to give, and that he would desire the dinner to be served half an hour later.

‘As soon as he was gone Valerie examined the vase, which she found precisely in the same state. She completely concealed the key, and, having perfectly recovered from her

fright, returned to the castle. Beaumanoir behaved just as usual at table, and two or three hours after dinner mounted his horse with Adelmar, who publicly took leave of Valerie, and they departed together. At a little distance from the castle, they bade each other adieu. Adelmar took the road to a small estate which he possessed about three leagues from that of Beaumanoir, and the latter continued his journey. Adelmar concealed himself in the neighbourhood, in order that he might return to the castle before midnight; for he had found the letter and the key in the vase. Besides, he had long been provided with a master-key of a little door of the garden, that led to a part of the forest by which the castle was surrounded. Beaumanoir, likewise, on his part, concealed himself till night, when he returned secretly to his own house, there to prepare his vengeance.’

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

FROM one of my juvenile essays, which I am on the point of committing to the flames, I save the following *fragments*, which, if you deem them worthy of a place in your amusing Miscellany, are at your service, from,

Sir, yours, &c.

January 30, 1806.

C.

..... And what is his birth to me? ..... He is a worthless fellow; and therefore I despise him, as I do the nettle, though growing in a plat of tulips and auriculas—or the thistle, though produced in a melon-bed—while I esteem the



mushroom, though sprung from the dunghill.

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To avoid certain ruin, a man must oft submit to some inconveniences, nor hesitate to subscribe to hard conditions, any more than he would, if falling from a precipice, scruple to lay hold on a bramble, and thus save his neck, though at the expense of his hand.

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The man who is in too great haste to out-run his neighbours in the pursuit of fortune, is oft obliged to tread in dirty paths; as, in walking the streets, he who is not content to proceed in the same pace with those before him, is obliged to quit the clean foot-way, and dirty himself in the kennel.

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To accomplish their purposes, the rulers of nations are sometimes obliged to make use of the vilest of men and measures; as, when a man wishes to knock down his adversary, he cannot stop to consider whether the stick, which first presents itself to his hand, be clean or dirty, provided that it will but strike a home blow.

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In an opera, let each song explain and enforce the preceding sentiment: let it be like the gentle musical sound which still vibrates in the air when the church-bells have just done ringing.

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He sneaks forward with his half compliment, as an introductory letter, in one hand, only to gain, under the mask of friendship, an opportunity of striking a nearer and more deadly blow with the other.

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There is one mode of abridging the debates of public bodies—or, as it is called, ‘*condensing*,’ them—which is, to mangle and curtail them in such manner, that the ske-

leton of a day's debate shall perhaps not exceed a single column of a newspaper. Debates, thus *condensed*, very much resemble the condensed air in a thick fog, through which you cannot discern a single object in its proper shape, size, or color. Such condensation, in fact, strongly resembles the attempt to condense a flask of Champagne by pounding it with a hammer, losing all the wine, and cramming the broken glass into a half-pint decanter.

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‘Come, Hope! thou queen of endless smiles!’ . . . Unpromising as may be the aspect of the present hour, let us hope for happier days. Even though these better expectations should never be realised, yet we shall have the comfort of glossing over real misery with the glittering outside of fancied bliss, which will at least divert our attention from the gloomy prospect before us, and amuse our imaginations, till at length we suddenly sink into our silent graves before we have had time to regret or discover the fallacy of our hopes. Or, should our eyes be finally opened to our disappointment, the momentary pang, inflicted by that discovery, can never equal the tortures attending a long tedious life of pining care and discontent. At all events, come, Hope! be thou my constant companion! attend me in my retirement! escort me in my walks! stand between me and every grim phantom that would scare away the peace of my breast. Officially point out to me the fairy fields of happiness, crowned with aërial castles, in distant perspective. On those imaginary scenes of bliss will I fix my eyes and my thoughts—still careful to preserve health, vigor, and spirits, to enjoy, if ever I be so happy as to reach, the fancied Elysium.



Castle-building is of infinite advantage to an active mind, provided that you do not erect too weighty a superstructure on a feeble foundation, and pile up all your hopes on the summit.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

### WALKING AND FULL DRESS.

(*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*)

Fig. 1. THE head-dresses with a broad band of silver net and lace : veil fastened over the back part of the head : dress of coloured muslin, trimmed round the bosom and sleeves with swansdown : long silk gloves, and white kid shoes.

Fig. 2. Hat of slate-coloured velvet, turned up in front, and trimmed with white ermine or swansdown, and white ostrich feather. Pilgrim cloak trimmed with the same, to match : black velvet boots, edged likewise with swansdown.

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE winter at length begins to manifest its influence on the fashionable dresses of the Parisian ladies. The cloaks and furs become numerous. A veil surmounts and envelopes the capote; the night-cap remains under the velvet; the palatine has been added to the shawl, and sometimes the shawl to the great-coat.

The black velvet capotes are commonly lined with white or rose-coloured satin, but in general the white is preferred. For full dress, hats of white velvet are most in fashion : the velvet may be either

plain or ribbed with narrow or broad stripes.

For undress, small hats or casquettes, and toques of satin as well as velvet, are much in vogue. Feathers are still in favour, and are worn both in full and undress.

In the city, the dress-robcs, whether long or short, are almost all made *d'Espagne*, of rose-coloured or white satin, or bright chamois.

The aigrettes known by the name of *esprits* are beginning to be again worn. The fashionables wear these esprits on toques of amaranthine velvet or of crimson silk, fastened with a gold pin.

## A NOONTIDE WALK

IN FEBRUARY.

*By J. M. L.*

The fleecy tenants of yon distant field  
Have by the hedge a certain shelter found :  
Nature has taught them thus to seek a shield,  
When black and stormful clouds are flying round.

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

UPON opening my chamber window on this cheerless morning of February, the above lines occurred to my recollection upon seeing, in a neighbouring field, a flock of fleecy innocents crowded together under a hedge, to avoid the 'pitiless pelting' of a severe snow-storm, which was then falling, and which lay tolerably thick upon the ground. The wind was piercingly cold, and the old proverb seemed perfectly verified, 'As days lengthen, cold strengthens.' Finding the prospect from my casement not a



very agreeable one, I closed it, and came down to breakfast, at which meal I mostly indulge in the luxury of reading. Chance this morning conducted my hand to Bloomfield's 'Farmer's Boy,' and I read the following lines with uncommon interest: they beautifully blend a description of winter with the employment of a 'Farmer's Boy' in that season.

When now, unsparing as the scourge of war,

Blasts follow blasts, and groves dismantled roar,

Around their home the storm-pinch'd cattle lows:

No nourishment in frozen pastures grows;  
Yet frozen pastures every morn resound  
With fair abundance thund'ring to the ground.

For though on hoary twigs no buds peep out,

And e'en the hardy brambles cease to sprout,

Beneath dread winter's level sheets of snow

The sweet nutritious *turnip* deigns to grow,

Till now imperious want and wide-spread dearth

Bid labour claim her treasures from the earth.

On *Giles*, and such as *Giles*, the labour falls

To strew the frequent load where hunger calls.

On driving gales sharp hail indignant flies,

And still, more irksome still, assails his eyes:

Snow clogs his feet; or, if no snow is seen,

The field with all its juicy store to screen,  
Deep goes the frost, till ev'ry root is found

A rolling mass of ice upon the ground.

No tender ewe can break her nightly fast,  
Nor heifer strong begin the cold repast,

Till *Giles* with pond'rous beetle foremost go,

And scatt'ring splinters fly at ev'ry blow;  
When pressing round him, eager for the prize,

From their mixt breath warm exhalations rise.

In beaded rows if drops now deck the spray,

While *Phœbus* grants a momentary ray,

Let but a cloud's broad shadow intervene,  
And stiffen'd into gems the drops are seen;

And down the furrow'd oak's broad southern side

Streams of dissolving rime no longer glide.'

About eleven o'clock the snow ceased to fall, and I determined on a ramble. Stout shoes, warm buskins, woollen gloves, and a thick great-coat, bade defiance to the wind, and I set out. Every thing was wrapped in dazzling whiteness, and I could scarcely track my path in the snow. The wind moaned sadly through the trees; and its bitter language seemed to be, 'Ye sons of poverty and daughters of misery, I come to search your crazy habitations, to bid with cold severity your sufferings increase, to check the warm heart-blood in its course, and open wider

' The bleeding artery of grief.'

Thus I interpreted the howlings of the storm, and then ejaculated—Oh! ye sons of affluence and daughters of mercy, be yours the care to soften the afflicting pang of poverty, the chilling gripe of adversity: be yours the pleasure-giving task to feed the hungry offspring of hardy honesty; to clothe the almost naked child of misery; to lift up the drooping head of aged want, and teach the countenance clouded by despair to wear the smile of thankfulness! And all this ye might do, nor miss the trifle it would cost. One night's expence at the crowded opera would make the rustic hovel a scene of happiness for a week; the cost of *one single night's* fashionable revelry would make a whole village comfortable for the winter!

' Blush, grandeur, blush!'

When such a small sacrifice would make so many happy, and



it is not done. How much more gratifying must be the pleasure of giving health and joy to a distressed family than any splendid amusement the metropolis can offer!

Oh! pleasing task! to ease their care—  
The piercing winter's woe;  
To hear the lisping orphan's pray'r  
In thankful accents flow;

To make the aged peasant's joy  
Too great for words to tell,  
Too pure for flatt'ry's base alloy:—  
The tear spoke more that fell.

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

I had now reached a small stile, where in summer I have often sat to hear the mellifluous warblers pour forth their choral anthems: not a chirrup was now to be heard; I had not even seen a robin in my walk. I crossed the stile, and on a bank, which was protected from the snow by an overhanging tree, discovered an early primrose: but its petals were closed up; it had shrunk from the passing gale, like a delicate female from the rude touch of ruffian intemperance. Simple blossom! you closely resemble the youth turned early on the world, without a friend to guide him along its intricate paths, who too often falls a victim to the storms of passion.

Gentle flow'r! thy fate too often  
Emblem is of infant woe.  
When mild airs bleak winter soften,  
Thy pale petals burst and blow;

Soon, on frosty pinions flying,  
Roars the blast with angry breath,  
Whilst around deep snows are lying;—  
Then, mild flow'r! you sink in death.

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

The snow again began to fall, and I turned by a different path towards home; for rural pleasure belongs not to February. In my way I passed the church-yard, where, but a short time before, a school-

fellow of mine had been buried. Young in years, he was old in the best qualities that adorn the mind of man; but, alas! that scourge of England, a pulmonary consumption, hurried him to an early tomb! As my path lay across the hallowed ground, I could not resist a wish I felt to pause at his grave. The yew tree waved its gloomy bough over it; and as I leaned against the head-stone, these reflections, with the rapidity of lightning, darted across my brain.—

'Here sleep the remains of a youth, who was blessed in life by every pleasure, and who eminently deserved the universal goodwill that was afforded him by all who knew him; but disease stole upon him unawares, withered his form, and led him like a wornout traveller to the grave. How like the feathered flake of snow, that but a moment since fell on the grave-stone, and is now melted away for ever! But not so his 'immortal part; that, I trust, has found a sweet abode in the heaven of heavens.'

'The Sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky;  
The Soul, immortal as its sire,  
*Shall never die!*'

A few pensive steps from his place of rest brought me to my humble habitation: comfort welcomed me in, and peace shared with me the fire that shone brightly as I entered the parlour. 'And what, after all,' I exclaimed as I sat down, 'is all the bustle of ambition, the pomp of greatness, the anxiety of worldly affairs, compared to the pure enjoyments of domestic felicity! They are as the gaudy sunflower to the modest violet: the one flaunts in the ray of Phœbus with all the glitter of proud insignificance, but yields no fra-



grance to the sense; while the other shrinks from the prying eye of curiosity, but scatters round its close abode a spicy sweetness.'

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EXTRACT from 'THE TRAVELLERS;  
or, MUSIC'S FASCINATION.'

[With an elegant Engraving, representing Mr. ELLISTON and Madame STORACE in the Characters of the Prince of China and the Marchioness Merida.]

ITALY.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Splendid Apartment in the House of the DUKE POSILIPO.

A table with music and instruments, tambourine, lute, &c.

Enter CELINDA and KOYAN.

*Celinda.* SAY, am I not a prophet?—where is your boasted resolution now?—is philosophy a shield against the shafts of Cupid?

*Koyan.* I own my error;—spare your reproaches, dearest sister.

*Celinda.* That a few short hours on Italy's fair soil should cause this metamorphose!—the seeds of love were dormant in your heart,—the 'marchioness' bright eyes have brought them forth to bloom and flourish.

*Koyan.* And then to wither, droop, and die.

*Celinda.* Nay—don't despair;—she is a widow, brother, and, if I mistake not, the sullen duke to whom she is betrothed is not so firmly seated in her heart as his pride and vanity suggests.

*Koyan.* And yet she smiles complacent on him—

*Celinda.* Yes—and then her wandering eyes assail the prince, and pierce your philosophic heart at each returning glance.

*Koyan.* Is woman then so mutable a creature?—Are the minds of all your sex so much divided?

*Celinda.* Ah, no!—there are constant fools who doat on one dear object, 'till the hopeless flame consumes their hearts.

DUO.—*Koyan and Celinda.*

*Koyan.* This breast 'gainst female arts I lock'd;

*Celinda.* But love will find the key!

*Koyan.* Now crowding Cupids round it flock'd,

*Celinda.* Its trembling tenant see!

*Koyan.* They smile, exult, and bend each bow,

*Celinda.* Each fix a poison'd dart!

*Koyan.* No mercy to my pangs they shew,

*Celinda.* Each levels at thy heart!

*Koyan.* What from my fate can mortals prove?

*Celinda.* That wit and wisdom yield to love!

Enter the Duke, the Prince, the Marchioness, and Attendants.

*Duke.* Such are the poor delights our nation can bestow—and those we gladly offer at your gracious feet.

*Prince.* Enchanting harmony!—too much for sense to bear; I know not which to prize, nor what demands my warmest approbation, the strains seraphic that have charmed my ears, or the bounteous friendship I have received from your kind hands. [to the Duke.]

*March.* [aside] What a bewitching fellow!—

*Prince.* [observing the Marchioness] What soul—what animation in those eyes!—

*March.* Lud a' mercy!—he is not a bit like the Chinese figures that



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*The Travellers. Act 3. Scene 1.*







adorn our chimney-pieces ;—but he, I dare say, is like a *modern* model of his country's porcelain—*useful* as well as *ornamental*. [*aside*].

*Duke*. Italy, your highness knows, has been long esteemed the nurse of science, the mother of the arts ; here a general taste for harmony prevails. and all are amateurs at least in music.

*Prince*. Koyan—how like you the Italian strain—those majestic, yet sometimes soft and thrilling sounds, that can awake the soul to rage, to pity, or to love ?

*Koyan*. My lord, I know not how enough to speak its praise ; it seems as if the charming science had been foster'd here e'er since the soaring lark first warbled his native notes in yon blue firmament.

AIR. *Koyan*.

Music first with voice rebounding,  
Thro' the vaulted skies resounding,  
Sweetly breathing magic notes,  
Thro' the feather'd warbler's throats—  
They soar and sing,  
And sail through air on downy wing !—

Thus, through the skies,  
With choir of feather'd minstrelsy,  
Soft music flies,—  
'Till science fix'd its limit'ry.  
And now the godlike maid can range,  
But thro' the region of harmonic change.

Though the rules of art her flight confine,  
She still has room to rove :  
Her pow'r o'er the soul can thought refine ;  
She tunes all hearts to love.

Then, blest Cecilia, hail !—all hail to thee,  
Whose magic lyre  
First struck the chord that gave to melody  
Harmonic fire !—

*March*. Bravo ! bravo ! Music, my lord, is the Italian's barometer, and shews their tempers in all sorts of weather :—touch but the string—look in the face, and there you have it as the air affects them—foul, fair, changeable, temperate—hail, rain, and sunshine all together, ha, ha, ha !

*Prince*. Then in Italy, music is the *soul*—and the countenance the dial that signifies its working.

*March*. Just so, my lord ; and communicates its operations to all who come within the vortex of its sound.

*Prince*. Does not a superior impulse sometimes preponderate ?

*March*. You mean love, my lord ; oh, no :—not in *Italy* ;—in England, music is subordinate to the tender passion—for there the unfetter'd rogue takes his free range, and adds the blessings of liberty to the sweets of love !

*Prince*. Envied nation !—how I long to visit thee ! For there 'tis said the tree of freedom spreads its umbrageous branches, shelter'd and sheltering beneath, between a British sky and earth, fix'd, firm, and rooted as her native oak.

*March*. Would I were there !

*Duke*. Madam !

*March*. 'Tis but the truth, your grace ;—your power may detain my person here, my thoughts will wander to a happier soil.

*Duke*. [*aside*] Tormenting woman !

*Prince*. Then the joys of Italy have ceased to charm you ?

*March*. No—not so, my lord ;—Italy is charming in itself—but still, not England :—Italy is the *painter's* school, yet I am content with simple native artists, who draw from nature and colour with its tints :—Italian women captivate with *graceful motion*—but British women with the grace of modesty.

*Prince*. Charming, enchanting vivacity !

*March*. To you, my lord, the joys of Italy may give a pure unmixed delight.

*Prince*. I live not for myself alone—or if I did—

*March*. The gentler arts would bear the palm ?



*Prince.* No, lady, no:—though much I am enamour'd of their charms, my first grand study is to make my people happy.

*March.* That once achiev'd, the softer sciences shall reign triumphant?

*Prince.* Not so: music, at intervals, may meliorate the cares of state;—but cannot wipe the tear of sorrow from a suffering subject's eyes, or ease the anguish of one poor bankrupt's heart.

*March.* Nay, my lord—it is the Italian remedy for all human ills:—They have a gamut for the passions—a musical scale—from the soft languor of delicate affection to the conflicting rage of maddening jealousy;—that is—from *affettuoso* to *furioso*!

*Prince.* Happy people!—that regulate even their passions by the rules of art!

*March.* Fact, upon my honour—listen, and be convinced, for thus runs the national strain of Venetian melody.

*Ariette—MARCHIONESS.* [*Venetian.*]

Sono m'namerato d'une Brunettina,  
La dora assassina, ch'il core m'a' ruba!—  
O, dearly doat I on my sweet little brown  
maid,

Who my heart has stole and my vows betray'd;

O me, che more, per amor!

D'un T, d'un I, d'un A, d'un M, e d'un O!

O me! I die, O yes, for love!—Yes, love  
of thee!

An I, an L, an O, a V, and an E!—

*Prince.* Charming! charming!

*Air.—MARCHIONESS.* [*Neapolitan serenade.*]

O sweetly sleep, on downy bed,  
Nor let my pangs awake thee;  
The rosy god watch o'er thy head,  
Whose dart can ne'er o'ertake thee:

L'Amore destroys my ragione;  
Riposo gone,  
To thee I come,  
With sprightly drum and calascione!  
O cara! cara!  
O bravo! bravo!  
Music can our thoughts sublime!  
O cara! cara!  
O bravo! bravo!  
Music is the soul divine!

[*During the song, the PRINCE appears delighted by the arch and volatile manners of the MARCHIONESS;—CELINDA views them both with an anxious and jealous solicitude.*]

*Duke.* The Marchioness is playful, good my lord;—and, perhaps, outsteps the limits of that respect we owe your highness' presence.

*Prince.* O 'tis fascination—'tis enchantment all;—and you, sir—you will be the most envied of the human kind when you shall call that lively creature yours.

*Duke.* My lord!

*Prince.* The monarchs of the earth lay their sceptres at the feet of beauty—The Trojans held a ten years' siege for Helen's charms—and did I possess ten thousand diamonds, I could exchange them all for such a treasure!

*Duke.* [*aside and bitterly*] Death!—Jealousy!—Damnation!

*Enter TOLEDO.*

*Toledo.* The carriages are ready, good my lord—and the guard attends to give you safe conduct to your country-seat, where all is now prepared for the reception of his highness.

*Duke.* I'll come. [*Exit TOLEDO.*]  
We'll wait your highness' leisure:—I crave your pardon, sir;—but I leave your grace in company much more honour'd by your highness' notice than I can dare presume to boast.

[*significantly eyeing the Marchioness.*]



*March.* [*aside and perceiving him*] Lud a'mercy ;—here will be a piece of work !—

*Prince.* [*with great candour*] My best regards are yours, my grateful thanks too for your princely hospitality.

*Duke.* My lord—I—I feel—that—I am your grace's——Damnation !—I shall burst !—

[*aside—and Exit—greatly agitated.*]

*March.* [*aside*] Jealous !—stark, staring jealous, by my honour ! Pray, my lord, is suspicion a weed of Chinese growth ?—

*Prince.* We know it, madam, but by name. In *Turkey* the seeds of jealousy seem strongly planted.

*March.* But Italy is its hot-bed—for here it blooms and flourishes ;—its fruit, assassins, shame, and death.

*Prince.* Why not weed it thence ?—

*March.* Impossible :—it over-runs the soil—and we, poor women, are said to implant and nourish it—but we'll dismiss the ungrateful subject—the Duke now waits upon your highness' pleasure—longer delay on your part might perhaps increase his transports.

*Prince.* I go ;—but will not your presence grace the social party of the Duke ?

*March.* By my husband's will, my lord, I am the creature of his care—

*Prince.* And shortly meant to be his bride ?

*March.* No—no—no ;—not 'till my heart can grant its full consent :—I'll presently attend your highness.—[*curtsies, retires—and talks with Koyan.*]

*Prince.* [*to Celinda*] Come, boy !—Canst thou look there, and yet behold all female charms unmov'd ?—

*Celinda.* [*sighing*] No—indeed, my lord—I am not insensible.

*Prince.* Ay—it's thus the heart is

firmly entangled—Love may entrap, but animation is the charm that holds us fast. [*Exit Prince.*]

*Celinda.* Yet ere the treacherous noose be fairly closed, a woman's wit may set the captive free.

[*Exit Celinda.*]

[*KOYAN and MARCHIONESS come forward.*]

*Koyan.* Your candour, madam, delights the volatile prince ; pray heaven he fall not a martyr to your charms !

*March.* Charms — pshaw ! — I boast of none ;—a little mad or so—and, like yourself, an enthusiast in music.

*Koyan.* Ay—there I banquet ; music, you know, is the food of love.

*March.* It is but a meagre diet ;—but can you really feed upon it, and forget the other passion ?

*Koyan.* No ;—but it absorbs, and can for a while assuage the pangs of love.

*March.* Love !—Oh—you own it—do you ?

*Koyan.* Glory in it ;—the object merits adoration.

*March.* Oh, she does ; that's charming !—You shou'dn't have travell'd without her.—Does she know how much you love ?—Is the fair one cruel—or does she pity your flame ?

*Koyan.* That I would learn of you. [*bowing.*]

*March.* Of me !—Ha, ha, ha !—Very prettily turn'd—with great gallantry, upon my honour—ha, ha, ha !—I never had a *China lover* before this day, and like it vastly—ha, ha, ha !—Well, to be sure there is nothing delights me so much as a *man really in love*—ha, ha, ha !—The creatures pretend to despise our sex, and rail against our charms ; but let



them once be fairly heart-stricken, and they are as easily managed as a babe in its leading-strings.

*Koyan.* Then let those leading-strings be marriage-bonds, and rejoice with me in the silken fetters of Hymen.

*March.* No, no, no;—that's a knot I ne'er again shall tie.

DUET—*Koyan and Marchioness.*

*Koyan.* Like flow'ry wreaths are Hymen's chains,

When fond hearts together join,—

*March.* Yet bondage the free soul disdains,  
Thy heart keep, and I'll keep mine.

*Koyan.* As round the oak the ivy clings,

*March.* As free as the summer's breeze,

*Koyan.* As smarting bees impart their stings,

*March.* } My heart is quite at its ease—

*Koyan.* } My heart is bereft of peace.

*Koyan.* Cupid, from thy flaming urn,  
Make that heart but warm to me.

*March.* It ne'er again with love shall burn,  
But the love of liberty.

*March.* } It ne'er again with love shall burn,

*Koyan.* } Yes, it again with love shall burn.

*March.* } Our hearts shall ne'er together  
join.

*Koyan.* } Our hearts shall together join.

*March.* } I'll ne'er from Hymen's shrine re-  
turn,

*Koyan.* } When we from Hymen's shrine  
return.

*March.* } It ne'er again with love shall burn,

*Koyan.* } Yes, it again with love shall burn.

Our hearts ne'er together, &c.

Our hearts shall together, &c.

*Koyan.* My heart keep—

*March.* And I'll keep mine.

*Both.* Our hearts shall together join, &c.

SCENE II.—*An Italian Garden.*

*Enter O'GALLAGHER and TOLEDO.*

*O'Gal.* You needn't tell us that;—a hearty supper and a good night's rest have convinced me that your master is no slouch at hospitality. Though his white wine slipt so fast down my throat, it has not washed away my gratitude; and if ever I catch him at Balypooreen, I'll be pint for pint with him as long as

there's a churn of buttermilk in my grandmother's dairy.

*Toledo.* Yes—the Duke Posilipo is of true Italian breed;—proud, noble, generous, and jealous.

*O'Gal.* Jealous!—I don't like that; it is a bad disorder, and he ought to be cured of it without loss of time.

*Tol.* Ay—but how?

*O'Gal.* He must have an Irish doctor—I'm his man:—the sight of me will be like the Bath waters to a gouty man—it will bring on the fit in a moment;—then what's to be done?—I'll tell you my practice——

*Tol.* Do so.

*O'Gal.* I will.—When I have knock'd my patient up,—why then I knock him down.

*Tol.* The devil you do!

*O'Gal.* Yes, indeed—with strong argument:—Says I, 'Mr. my lord Marquis, if you were never jealous of your wife, your wife would never give you cause to be jealous; but if you will be jealous without a cause, it would be a big burning shame for your wife if she didn't give you cause to be jealous.'

*Tol.* Upon my word; a pleasant prescription!

*O'Gal.* Oh, its the dandy!—and he'll swallow it like vinegar and honey;—it may cut a little in going down, but I have sweetened it so nately that it will lie comfortably on his stomach without increasing the bile of his jealousy.

*Tol.* Well, we had better be in the way;—by this time the prince and his suite are prepared for their excursion to the villa.—Was the prince pleased at our concert, think you?—Is his highness fond of music?

*O'Gal.* Doats upon it;—music is as natural to him as turf to the bog of Allen—you may see it on the very face of him.



*Tol.* What is his favourite instrument?

*O'Gal.* He is not particular;—any thing, from the drone of a jew's harp up to the mellifluous tones of Paddy Farrel's bagpipes.

*Tol.* Well, you'll prepare to attend the prince: it is my duty to see all things in readiness for the departure of the duke. [*Exit.*]

*O'Gal.* Clap your best foot forward—jog off with you, and I'll be after you before you can get the start of me. Och! what the devil of a country this is—and how unlike that which gave me birth!—Oh, sweet Shillelah!—how I long to have a squint at the sweet sod once more—a crooskeen of whiskey-punch, and a smack from the red ruby lips of my own dear Cicely—I shall never forget when I first began to court her—she was as shy as a little pig in a praty-garden.—But one gentle ogle from the heel of my right eye—she open'd her arms, and cried, come to my heart, you deluder—for that is your own kingdom—sweet, sweet Mr. O'Gallagher!

\* SONG.—O'Gallagher.

O what a dainty fine thing is the girl I love!  
She fits my finger as neat as a Lim'rick glove;  
If that I had her just down by yon mountain side,  
'Tis there I would ax her if she would become my bride.  
The skin on her cheek is as red as Eve apple;  
Her pretty round waist with my arms I'd soon grapple.  
But when that I ax'd her for leave just to follow her,  
She cock'd up her nose and cried, No, Mr. O'Gallagher!  
Oh, Cicely my jewel, the dickens go with you! why  
If that you're cruel, its down at your feet I'll lie.

\* For the words and melody of this song the author and composer are indebted to the friendship of Mr. Johnstone.

'Case you're hard-hearted, I'm melted to skin and bone;

Sure you'd me pity to see me both grunt and groan.

But all I could say her hard heart could not mollify,

Still she would titter, and giggle, and look so shy;

Then with a frown, I'm desir'd not to follow her:

Isn't this pretty usage for Mr. O'Gallagher?

'Twas at Balligally, one Easter, I met with her;

Into Jem Garvey's I went, where I sat with her:

Cicely, my jewel, if that you will be my own,  
Soon father Luke he will come, and he'll make us one.

On hearing of this, how her eyes they did glister bright,—

Cicely, my jewel, I'll make you my own this night!

When that she found me determined to follow her,

I'm yours, she then cried out, sweet Mr. O'Gallagher! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Suburbs of the City of Naples.*

*Lazzaroni, Lads, Lasses, Characters of various Description—a Beggar-boy—Two Pedlar-boys, &c. &c.*

AIR.—*Beggar-boy.*

All you whose hearts can gentle pity feel,  
From whose kind eyes the drops of sorrow steal—

O, let your bounty yield increase of joy,  
And save from wretchedness a poor beggar-boy.

TRIO.

*The Beggar and two Pedlar boys.*

*1st Pedlar Boy.* What art thou that begs thy bread?

Why not labour to obtain it?

*2d Pedlar Boy.* Labour is the way to gain it.  
*Both.* Work, and get thee cloth'd and fed!

*Beggar Boy.* But I'm sickly, cold, and poor.

*Both Pedlar Boys.* Labour is your only cure.

*Beggar Boy.* . . . . My only cure?

*Boys.* Labour is your only cure.  
[*Exeunt omnes.*]



ACCOUNT of the CITY of BUENOS AYRES in PARAGUAY, and of the DRESS and MANNERS of the INHABITANTS.

(From *Letters from Paraguay*, by John Constance Davie, Esq. \* lately published.)

*Convent of St. Dominic, July, 1797.*

I AM now, my dear friend, allowed the privilege of dressing in

\* The writer of these interesting and entertaining letters, a gentleman of liberal education and considerable property, having been disappointed in his hopes of happiness with a beloved female, to relieve the distress of his mind, resolved to travel; and leaving this country for New York, on his arrival commenced a correspondence with his most intimate friend — Yorke, esq. of Taunton-Dean, in the county of Somerset, his half-brother. After remaining at New-York a short time, he suddenly formed the resolution of embarking on a trading voyage to Botany Bay—with which these letters begin.

Soon after they had sailed, a tremendous storm obliged the captain to alter his course, and make for the river Plata. They safely reached Monte Video, and afterwards went up to Buenos Ayres, to repair the vessel; where Mr. Davie was seized with a dangerous disorder, which usually attacks Europeans upon their first landing in that country; and the captain, having repaired his damages and completed his stock of provisions, was under the disagreeable necessity of leaving him in the care of the fathers of the convent of St. Dominic, by whose unremitting attention he recovered in about three months.

The jealousy of the Spanish government causing him, upon his recovery, to be confined to the limits of the convent, he, to obtain more liberty, took the dress of a novice; and, in consequence, after a short time was permitted to visit in the town, and soon after to attend father Hernandez on a visit to some of the presidencies in the interior of the province of Paraguay, which were understood to be in an unsettled state: this enabled him to make many observations; which he took every opportunity of communicating to his friend in this country through his agent at New York, by means of the American captain's trading to South America.

the Spanish habit, and paying visits, not only to don Manuel's, but to three or four other families to whom he has introduced me. Among the grandest, is a gentleman nearly related to the major-general. He is an officer of considerable merit, and was one of those preserved by British humanity at the siege of Gibraltar; where he was wounded in the side by a splinter, which broke three of his ribs and his right arm just above the elbow, and likewise very considerably injured his face; but he recovered, and, at the peace, was sent hither to take the command of a regiment, and make his fortune.

He lives in great splendour, and twice invited me to his house within these last ten days: each time there was a concert and a ball, for they are as fond of dancing here as in any part of Europe. Their treats are extravagantly sumptuous, and their politeness to strangers exceeds any thing I ever met with. The ladies, in particular, vie with each other in obliging their guests. It is not at Buenos Ayres as in Old Spain, where none are admitted to an assembly but those of equal rank: here merchants and their families are invited to the governor's public entertainments; and though the inhabitants are not so numerous as might be expected in a town so situated as Buenos Ayres, which is in fact the staple for all the produce of the distant provinces, yet there was at the last ball given in honour of the governor's birth-day a very numerous and brilliant assembly. The dons were dressed in the usual Spanish taste, but with a greater variety of colours, and the ladies' dresses differed very widely from those in Old Spain; their petticoats were of taffeta, ornamented at the bottom with gold lace, or fringe, richly



tasseled. The slippers of some were composed entirely of gold embroidery, and their stockings interwoven with the same metal in so fanciful a manner as to display the shape of the leg to the most luxuriant advantage; and those that had pretty ones, by the shortness of their petticoats, seemed by no means disposed to conceal their beauties from their admiring partners. A kind of jacket made of velvet fitted tight to the shape, and laced or buttoned in front, with long points hanging down quite round the petticoat, and trimmed at the ends with pearl tassels. On the shoulders of this jacket was fastened a cloak made of gauze, or some such light material, which hung as a loose train on the ground, and was occasionally fastened to the side by a clasp of jewels. The general head-dress was either a handkerchief of gold gauze, braided in with diamonds, or else chains of gold and pearls twisted in and out with their shining black hair, which all the ladies have in great profusion; and their bosoms were covered with solitaires, composed of every different kind of jewels, pearls, and gold, but no feathers or flowers.

I danced a saraband with donna Josefina Theresia Iboriola, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments: she is a visitor with her father and mother at the commandant's. They are residents at Cordovo, where Josefina was born.

Donna Louisa equalled in splendour the richest lady present. She is the most lively and entertaining female I ever conversed with; and is, with her husband don Manuel, admired by all their acquaintance.

The paltry distinctions of rank are here laid aside; and from the freedom of conversation I am inclined to think that French liberty and equality have stolen into New

Spain. If so, and the contagion should spread, I believe some very material alterations will take place before long.

The religious form a very considerable portion of all public assemblies; and, if I am to judge from the numbers I every-where meet in the streets and at the houses where I visit, I should be apt to conclude that two-thirds of the male Europeans were ecclesiastics; for you encounter them in every direction, unless at the hours of prayer. They mix promiscuously in all societies, and appear to be the confidants of every one. A priest, young or old, may enter a house at what time he pleases; go into whatever apartment he sees fit, and stay as long as he thinks proper; and no questions are asked. They pass and repass perfectly at their ease: and to those imaginary devout men, the fathers, husbands, and brothers, are as complaisant as an obsequious French *petit-maitre*; and, if I may venture to conjecture, these holy gentry have not much reason to regret the state of celibacy to which their religion condemns them. The ladies are certainly not what we may call handsome, but there is a sort of playful voluptuousness about them that cannot fail to please even one more nice than myself. I speak of the superior class only; for below it there are not, as with us, any females deserving attention. They appear indolent and filthy in the extreme; and of a breed so heterogeneous, as would puzzle even a Lavater satisfactorily to define their race.

I would fain give you a description of Buenos Ayres; but, upon my honour, besides the people, there is nothing in it worth describing: it is really surprising that a city like this, which is the capital



of such a vast extent of country, and the see of a bishop, should have so little in it worthy the attention of a traveller.

Its site, indeed, is considerable enough, if it were but better occupied. The suburbs, which are principally inhabited by mestizes and negroes, are, in appearance, somewhat similar to that part of London which lies about Shoreditch and Whitechapel—I mean the lowest part of it—but a hundred times more miserable and filthy. The middle of the city is better, and some of the principal streets have a show of opulence and taste that is very agreeable: most of the houses that have been built within these last fifty years are of stone, but none of them exceed two stories in height, the greater number are but one. The *calle del Santa Trinidad*, or street of the Holy Trinity, and the *calle del San Penito*, or street of St. Benedict, are by far the handsomest of the whole. The former, which faces the great door of the cathedral, and runs almost the whole length of the town, is very regularly built, and occupied only by the better sort of the inhabitants. Almost every house has a garden both before and behind; and all those that can afford it have balconies, with sun-shades and lattice-work, adorned with the most beautiful shrubs and flowers that the earth produces. Here the family sit best part of the day, and night too when they are not visiting, and take their coffee or chocolate, and play on their guitars and mandolines: most of the ladies have fine voices, so that the man who strolls about the town in the evening may enjoy the pleasure of a concert gratis as he passes along.

The cathedral, which is built in a kind of Grecian architecture, is a noble building, and deserves a bet-

ter metropolis: it has a cupola of very excellent workmanship; and a portico to the western door the design and execution of which would do honour to the most celebrated artist; it resembles very strongly that of our St. Martin's-in-the-fields, which is so universally admired. The cathedral was, I understand, the work of the Jesuits before their expulsion. The interior of this edifice is, if any thing, too richly ornamented with carving and gilding, which gives it rather a taudry appearance; but the inside of the dome is painted in a very tolerable manner, in compartments, representing the acts of the apostles—a subject very appropriate to the conversion of the Indians. The choir is likewise adorned with paintings from the same subject; and there was a very fine altarpiece, but it is now taken down to make room for a more valuable one, sent from Old Spain, but which is not yet ready to be put up.

The bishop, governor, and major-general, have each a separate stall, very superbly decorated with purple velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold: over that of the governor are the king's arms in gold and coloured velvet, very ingeniously contrived. But the custom here of covering almost the whole inside of the churches with flowers and branches—which hang from one saint's day to another, when the dead ones are taken down and fresh put up—though in itself it is pretty enough, yet entirely destroys the beauty of the architecture, while the effect of the flowers themselves is lost in the glare of the gilding. It is well gold is so plenty on this continent, or these extravagant ornaments without taste or judgment, *por amore de Dios*, would come very expensive.

The church of St. Francis and that of the convent of Mercy are



likewise very beautiful buildings; with cupolas and high steeples, much in the same style as the cathedral, and just as profusely decorated, but without any paintings except the altarpiece. The church and convent of St. Francis stand in the street of that name, which runs obliquely from the water to the grand square in the middle of the city, where the soldiers are sometimes exercised as on a parade: on one side of this square stands the town-hall, a very large and handsome building, erected on a plan of the Jesuits, who certainly may be called the fathers of architecture in this part of the world.

There are a great many other convents and nunneries dispersed over the city; some of them very large, and of a noble appearance, but all very well inhabited; for nuns here are as plentiful as monks, though they have not the same liberty of going into public. All these edifices, with the houses of the governor and major-general—both very commodious—the receiver-general's office, and a public hospital, are built of stone, beautifully white, which is found in a small plain in the vicinity of the town. The barracks for the soldiers are of brick, as are some few of the houses, and have but a mean appearance when contrasted with the whiteness of the public buildings, the fairness of which is preserved in a great measure by the frequent visits of the pampero, which wind is an excellent bleacher. The fort, which commands the island of St. Gabriel, over against Buenos Ayres, is large, strong, and provided with a great many apparently very good brass cannon; but it is awkwardly situated, and, with a little manœuvring, if there was but a sufficient depth of water, an enemy's ships might very easily

annoy the best part of the town without being much incommoded by the fire from the fort. But they have little danger to apprehend from an attack by water: the Plata is too well provided with natural barriers, in her sands and shoals, to admit of a marine invasion; unless, indeed, the French were to come here with the flat-bottomed boats they have been these three hundred years preparing for a descent upon England, and then I fear neither the fort, the governor, nor his half-clothed ragged regiments of long-haired Indians, and whiskered Spaniards—who are without exception the dirtiest, slovenliest set of soldiers I ever set my eyes upon—would be able to accomplish much in defence of the town: taken altogether, in some points of view, it affords an agreeable prospect enough, from the gardens and trees with which it abounds, contrasted with the whiteness of the houses, which in their colour, height, and form, greatly resemble those in the British colonies in North America. But the effect of every thing in this place is, in a great measure, destroyed by the extreme dirtiness of the inhabitants; who, from their natural indolence, and lazy habits, are beastly to an excess in every particular.

(To be continued.)

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To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF Y, the author of the *melancholy Narrative* that appeared in your number for January, can relate the cause of Eliza's strange despondency, it will not only render the story much more interesting, but satisfy the curiosity of many of your female readers.

February 5, 1805.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## PROLOGUE.

TO

## 'THE TRAVELLERS.'

*(Written by the Author of the Drama.)*

SPOKEN BY MR. BARTLEY.

OUR author who prepares this play to-night  
Reveres those laws that check dramatic flight;  
That give to *Nature* each enchanting grace  
Of due proportion—*action, time, and place*:  
He knows the poet best secures his cause  
By strict observance of dramatic laws.

Yet, thus inform'd, the vent'rous author  
strays,

To trace *sweet music* from her *infant days*:  
In search of *sound* he roams from *clime to*  
*clime*,

And breaks the unities of *place and time*.

Yes—'When music, heavenly maid! was  
young,'

In *China* first—suppose—her lyre was  
strung;

Artless the strain—for *Nature* gave the notes,  
Thro' feather'd songsters' sweetly-warbling  
throats.

In *China*, then, our drama we commence,  
And trace the origin of sound from thence.

Oh! may *such melodies* have power to charm,  
And through our *first act* critic rage disarm!

To *Turkey* next our vagrant muse takes  
flight,

Where the soft science yields improv'd de-  
light;

Though still imperfect in harmonic art,  
It yields such strains as may affect the heart.

Still wand'ring forth, the tune-struck muse  
is found

Chasing the goddess o'er her classic ground—  
To fair *Italia*, where the sorc'ress dwells,  
By *science* gifted with *harmonic spells*.

For *England* next, where *art and science*  
meet,

she bids, the nymph *Terpsichore* to greet:

*There strains harmonious sweetly float along,  
And freedom reigns with subject and with song!*

Through five short *acts* we rove from place  
to place,

And trust *your smiles* will add—an *act of*  
*grace*:

First, to receive what here our *Travellers* say,  
Between each act suppose them on their way;

And when the curtain shall again arise,  
On a *new ground* the *Travellers* meet your  
eyes.

If, as they roam, such precepts they impart  
As charm the ear, but not corrupt the heart,  
They know your candour can forgive the  
muse,

If *sound from sense* the willing maid subdues;  
From *Nature's bias* and the drama's laws,  
To court, by lighter means, your kind ap-  
plause;

You, who a Soldier's Daughter did *protect*,  
The weary *Travellers* will not now neglect,  
Who from this soil will never wish to roam,  
If *Britons* cheer them with a *welcome bonie*!

## ON ST. VALENTINE.

'OH why, sullen morn! in this vesture ar-  
ray'd?

Why tremble those drops in thine eye?  
Sure now not a cloud should thy countenance  
shade,

Not a vapour glide over the sky;

'For this is the season that lovers declare

Their passion, untutor'd by art;  
When each swain pours out to his favourite  
fair

The emotion that thrills through his heart.

'St. Valentine, ever the patron of love,  
Inclines the soft nymph to be kind;  
And bids the sad swain this occasion improve,  
And disclose the distress of his mind.



'Then smile like the fair, nor with envious  
gloom  
Cast a damp over Nature's fair scene:  
Throw thy sable aside, and the azure re-  
sume,  
With cheerfulness stamp'd on thy mien.'

'Twas thus the dull morning's caprice I de-  
cry'd—

But fancy soon lent her a tongue:  
To my thoughtless reproaches she pensive re-  
ply'd,

And thus ran the sorrowful song:—

'Shall I lend my bright beams the dissemblers  
to cheer?

Shall I laugh at hypocrisy's wiles?

While my name's thus debas'd, shall I cheer-  
fulness wear,

And crown my dishonour with smiles?

'Can I see, nor resent it, the heart-rending  
plaint

From the pen of indifference flow?

Unmov'd see their passions so fervently  
paint,

When the bosom is colder than snow?

Once, with smiles gaily deck'd, I enliven'd the  
plain;

For then, with true passion impress;

'Twas artless affection that prompted the  
strain,

And the pen truly pictur'd the breast.

'Now no lover presumes on this day to ad-  
dress

The fair that possesses his heart:

To pay mock devotion insensibles press,

And feign passion's genuine smart.

'My rites thus perverted, polluted, disgrac'd,  
Since falsehood alone haunts my shrine—

Let my name, once so proud, be for ever  
eras'd,

And oblivion shroud Valentine!

*Fleet-street.*

BELINDA.

### TO A LARK SINGING ON NEW- YEAR'S DAY.

SWEET bird! what means the pleasing  
strain?

For brighter days reserve the lay:

Know, winter has not left the plain,

Though *Sol* peeps forth with feeble ray.

In fancy's eye, methinks I view

Loud northern blasts begin to blow,

Fraught with big clouds, that soon shall strew  
O'er hill and dale the powd'ring snow:

Then earth, enwrapt in frozen zone,

Denies the choir their scanty fare;

Then you in plaintive notes will moan

The barren fields and woodlands drear.

With flocking mates range o'er the plain;

'Midst drifted snow find out the blade:

But shun, oh shun, the fatal train

By wily, treach'rous gunners laid!

Beware the food they strew around;

Their friendship's only to betray:

The slaught'ring gun, with thund'ring sound,

Sparcs not the songster's pleasing lay.

Then, shiv'ring, hither turn thy flight,

Nor hunger sharp no longer feel;

Dismiss your fears, and in my sight

Share with my doves the welcome meal.

Here 'my barn's refuse' cheers the train:

Dread not the gun, or guileful snare.

Here feast in peace, till o'er the plain

*Sol's* beams revive the vernal year.

Then, while you soar on daring wing,

I'll trace thy flight with aching eye

While hov'ring o'er my cot you sing;

Your grateful notes salute the sky.

*Holbeach, Jan. 1. 1806.*

D. HURN.

### TO A LARK, DROVE, BY A HAWK, TO THE AUTHOR, WHILE AT PLOUGH.

SWEET warbler of the lonely plain;

Where ploughmen annual turn the soil—

Who soaring sooths, in pleasing strain,

The live-long day, their rustic toil—

O flee! the hawk is just behind,

By hunger urg'd—athirst for blood;—

Oh where can you asylum find?

No bush, or brake, or friendly wood.

I stop my plough to see your foe's

Attacks, and your evasions neat:

Your plaintive cries exprest your woes

When you sought refuge at my feet.

There with a supplicating eye

You seem'd to ask, nor stay'd in vain—

'Defend me till my foe's past by,

Who fills with terror all the plain!

Pleas'd with your confidence, I stand

And view you trembling on the clay;

Stoop down and take you in my hand,

And scare your tyrant foe away.

Oh, how your palpitating heart

Beats high with fear, and pants for breath!

Behold your enemy depart:

You're rescu'd from the jaws of death.

Misfortune seize the ruthless swain

Who lays the treach'rous snare for you!

Mayst thou thy freedom still retain,

Nor gun e'er wound, though levell'd true!



Go, lovely bird! and soar on high;  
While with my plough I toil along:  
When but a speck you greet my eye,  
Still cheer my labour with your song.

Depart in peace; with joy rebound;  
Inform your mate and unfledg'd nest,  
Sweet sympathy you once have found  
Within a ploughman's rugged breast.  
*Holbeach.* D. HURN.

For Poverty's pale son, beneath thy blast;  
Droops like the bending flow' ret in a storm,  
And sadly mourns his days of peace long past,  
Whilst tatter'd cloaths expose his trembling  
form.  
Thus winter's shadowy gloom and piercing  
air  
Are emblems sad of man's untimely care.  
J. M. L.

### TO THE EDITOR,

WITH A PHEASANT.

TAKE this pheasant  
As a present,  
Carriage-paid and free;  
Be it understood,  
I hope 'tis good  
And will accepted be.

For that attention  
I could mention,  
Though clearly it is seen;  
Do but look  
In that book,  
The 'Lady's Magazine.'

A hint I lend  
To those who send  
You *fancies*, to insert 'em;  
Like me to you  
They should do,  
Then you'd ne'er desert 'em.

Have it cook'd  
And this book'd—  
The reason you'll descry.  
So now, farewell!  
And this may tell  
The donor is

Jan. 27, 1806.

### FEBRUARY.

A SONNET.

HAILE, month unblest! dull February, hail!  
No tepid airs are wafted on thy wing;  
Still we take pleasure in your rude-blown  
gale,  
As leading on to renovating Spring.  
E'en though thy days are fraught with frosty  
pow'rs,  
The early bud bursts from its wintry  
tomb;—  
But Mis'ry knows no budding spring-like  
hours,  
When Indigence has fix'd his wayward  
doom:

ANNA;

OR,

### THE CHILD OF AFFLICTION.

WHEN angry winter rules the sky  
Poor Anna roves forlorn,  
And heaves the hopeless deep-drawn sigh—  
To better prospects born.

But sad misfortune was her lot,  
And keen affliction's tear;  
By all her former friends forgot,  
When poverty was near.

And now behold, in tatters clad,  
Where pensively she strays;  
With down-cast eye and looks full sad,  
That shun the passing gaze.

Oh! ye who feel for sorrow's smart—  
Ye truly good and great—  
In mercy save a sinking heart,  
And ease poor Anna's fate!

Dec. 3, 1805.

J. M. L.

### S. Y. LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING A WATER-FALL ON THE BANKS OF THE LEA, NEAR HERTFORD.

*Farewell! I look on you and weep;  
Not for the many joys behind I leave,  
But that my feet have trod thy paths, I grieve.*

AH rural sound! that once had charm to cheer  
My solitary thought, and to my heart  
A soothing influence, long unknown, impart—  
How different now your murmur meets my ear!  
Yet still I love to hear the constant roar  
You make; for, waken'd by your strain,  
Remembrance starts, recalling back again  
The tender hopes and transports of that hour  
When, free my mind, with——, loveiest maid!  
With footstep light, upon thy bank I stray'd,  
And all was joy and sunshine in my breast.  
These scenes your voice recalls to my sad mind;  
But ah! what bitter thought, ye leave behind!  
Ye tell my poor heart, that I once was blest!

Jan. 3, 1806.

S. Y.



*We have this month enlarged our Miscellany by the addition of several pages, in order to present our readers with*

A FULL and ACCURATE ACCOUNT of the ceremony of LYING IN STATE, and FUNERAL of the late right honourable WILLIAM PITT.

ON Thursday, February 20, the remains of this distinguished statesman lay in state in the painted chamber, Westminster. At ten in the morning the doors of the lobby of the house of commons were thrown open for the admission of the populace.

On passing the raised lobby of the house of commons the spectators entered the long gallery, which was hung with black, lighted up by seventy-one wax lights in tin sconces, and attended by Bow-street officers. The spectators then proceeded to the painted chamber, the passage to and from which was in a horse-shoe form, and at the upper end of which was placed the coffin, on bearers, completely covered with a pall.

On the right of the latter were placed ten silver candlesticks, on pedestals, covered with black cloth, and large wax tapers, interspersed with four elegant flags, with the various insignia of the several offices of the deceased, and his arms. At the foot of the coffin was placed the king's banner, with an admiral's streamer and jack rolled, with his shield and sword, and his arms embossed, on a raised platform; over which we observed his helmet and other insignia, surmounted by the anchor, supporting a crane (the Chatham crest): on the left of the coffin were placed the same number of wax lights and banners as on the right, with Mr. Thomas as principal. At the head of the coffin also, ten gentlemen of the wardrobe, attendants in deep mourning cloaks and scarfs, with twelve other gentlemen porters, variously dispersed.

The whole of the painted chamber was also hung in black; the upper part of which displayed a deep silver border, about a foot deep, which greatly added to the sublimity of the scene.

All around the chamber were tin

sconces; we noticed 132 wax lights; between each light was a banner, with the Chatham arms, elegantly painted.

At the head of the coffin, under the canopy, were placed the escutcheons and banners of the Chatham arms. The canopy was surmounted by plumes of black and white ostrich feathers, with a deep painted border, representing a viscount's coronet, and the Chatham crest, in drapery and wreaths.—From thence the spectators retired through the new door of the house of lords into Old Palace-yard.

At four o'clock, the magnificent and mournful spectacle was closed without any accident whatever: a fact which reflects the greatest praise on the police, as the crowd was at last very numerous.

The ceremony of lying in state continued till Friday evening.

On Saturday, Feb. 22, the interment took place.

The nobility and gentry who joined in the procession assembled at an early hour, and took their stations according to the arrangements previously made by the college of arms. Every preparation had been made to give solemnity to the ceremony, and to afford proper accommodation to all the assistants in it, as well as those who were merely spectators. From the painted chamber the procession passed through Westminster-hall, came out at the great gate in New Palace-yard, and proceeded to the west gate of Westminster-abbey. A strong railing was erected from the front entrance into Westminster-hall, through Palace-yard, King-street, and round to the abbey, which space was thickly covered with gravel. Detachments of horse and foot guards, with several corps of volunteers, were stationed on each side of the streets and at all the avenues, and a number of officers were dispersed in every direction. The procession began to move at half past twelve; but it was one o'clock before the corpse was brought out of Westminster-hall, and it did not enter the abbey until half past one.



The following was the order of the  
FUNERAL PROCESSION.

High constable of Westminster in his usual dress, with a black silk scarf, hatbands, and gloves; his silver staff in his hand.

Messenger of the college of arms in a black cloth cloak, with a badge of the arms of the college on his shoulder, a black cap on his head, and his staff tipped with silver and furled with sarsnet.

Six conductors, in black cloth cloaks and caps, and long black staves in their hands.

Forty-seven poor men, two and two, in black serge cloaks, with badges of the crest of the deceased on the shoulder, black caps on their heads, and long black staves in their hands.

Drums and fifes.

Drum-major.

Trumpets.

Sergeant-trumpeter.

Rouge croix and blue mantle, pursuivants of arms, in close mourning, with their tabards over their cloaks, black silk scarfs, hatbands, and gloves.

The standard,

Borne by lieut. general Lennox, supported by the right hon. T. Steele and the right hon. C. Long, with silk scarfs, hatbands, and gloves.

Trumpets.

Rouge dragon and portcullis, pursuivants of arms, habited as the other officers of arms.

The guidon, borne by the right hon. brigadier general Hope, and supported by the hon. R. Ryder and the hon. R. Dundas.

Servants of the relations of the deceased, two and two, in mourning, with crape hatbands.

Servants of the deceased in the same manner and dress.

Officers of the wardrobe in mourning, black silk scarfs, hatbands, and gloves.

Gentlemen.

Esquires.

Physician of the deceased, Sir W. Farquhar.

Divines in clerical habits.

Secretary of the deceased, W. Marshall, esq.

Trumpets.

Richmond herald, habited as the other officers of arms.

The banner of the crest of Pitt, borne by the Rt. Hon. C. J. Villiers, and supported by W. Wilberforce and T. Cholmondeley, esqrs.

Officers who attended the body while it lay in state.

Knights bachelors.

Sheriffs of London.

Aldermen of London.

Masters in chancery and serjeants at law.

Solicitor general. Attorney general.

Judge of the admiralty.

Knights of the Bath.

Baronets.

A gentleman usher (with two assistants) carrying a silk carpet and a black velvet cushion, whereon the trophies were deposited in the church.

Comptroller, treasurer, and steward of the household of the deceased, in mourning cloaks, bearing white staves.

Younger sons of barons.

Younger sons of viscounts.

Judges.

Lord chief baron of the exchequer.

Lord chief justice of the common pleas.

Lord chief justice of the king's bench.

Lord mayor of London.

Privy councillors, not peers.

Eldest sons of barons.

Younger sons of earls.

Eldest sons of viscounts.

Barons.

Bishops.

Younger sons of marquisses.

Eldest sons of earls.

Viscounts.

Younger sons of dukes.

Eldest sons of marquisses.

Earls.

Eldest sons of dukes.

Marquisses.

Dukes.

Earl marshal.

Lord privy seal.

Lord president of the council.

Archbishop of York.

Lord chancellor.

Princes of the blood royal, viz. the dukes of York, Kent, Sussex, and Cambridge.



York herald, habited as the other officers of arms.

Great banner, borne by the honourable H. Lascelles, M. P. supported by R. W. Cartwright, esq. M. P. and E. W. Bootle, esq. M. P. borne and supported as the other banners. Helm and crest, sword and targe, surcoat, borne by Somerset, Lancaster and Chester heralds.

Clarenceux king of arms, attended by two gentlemen ushers.

### THE BODY,

Covered with a black velvet pall, adorned with eight escutcheons of the arms of the deceased.

Supporters of the pall, the dukes of Rutland, Montrose, Beaufort, and the archbishop of Canterbury.

Two bannerrolls of the family lineage, carried by the right hon. W. Dundas and the right hon. sir E. Nepean.

Two bannerrolls of the family lineage, carried by the master of the rolls and sir William Scott.

Garter principal king of arms, attended by two gentlemen ushers.

Chief mourner, the earl of Chatham, with his train-bearer, sir Wm. Bellingham, bart.

Supporters of the chief mourner, the earls of Westmoreland and Camden.

Six assistant mourners, marquisses of Abercorn and Wellesley, earls of Euston and Bathurst, viscount Lowther, and lord Grenville.

Norroy king of arms, attended by two gentlemen ushers.

Banner of emblems borne by the hon. S. Perceval, and supported by the right hon. G. Canning, M. P. and the right hon. G. Rose, M. P.

Relations of the deceased.

Right hon. lord Rivers, bishop of Lincoln, executor; earl of Jersey, lord viscount Mahon, right hon. lord Dymever, right hon. lord Elliot, William Morton Pitt, esq. Charles Cholmondeley, esq. I. Tekell, esq. J. Taylor, esq. marquis of Buckingham, right hon. Thos. Grenville, earl of Carysfort, right hon. lord Braybrooke, lord Glanstonbury, earl Temple, hon. Mr. Neville, lord viscount Ebrington, sir Watkin W. Wynne, bart. C. W. Wynne, esq. general Grenville.

The six conductors and forty-seven poor men divided, and ranged themselves on each side without the church door, and the rest of the procession within the church.

At the entrance of Westminster-abbey (within the door) the dean and prebendaries, with the choir, fell into the procession immediately after the great banner, and before the heralds who bore the trophies, the choir singing till the body arrived at the grave in the north transept; and those persons who had no particular station allotted to them near the grave ranged themselves on each side, under the direction of the officers of arms, as the procession passed through the body of the church, and up the north aisle.

The chief mourner was seated on a chair at the head of the body, his supporters on stools on each side, and the six assistant mourners, and four supporters of the pall, on stools near them; and the relations stood round the grave.

The carpet and cushion were laid on a table covered with black cloth, at the back of the chief mourner.

During divine service the bannerrolls were held over the body; and at the grave the banners and trophies were arranged round the body.

As soon as the burial service was ended, sir Isaac Heard, garter principal king of arms, advanced near the grave on the right hand of the earl of Chatham, chief mourner, and, with a clear and solemn accent, proclaimed the style of the deceased as follows:—

‘Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life unto his Divine Mercy the late right hon. William Pitt, one of his majesty’s most honourable privy council, first lord commissioner of the treasury, chancellor and under treasurer of the exchequer, admiral and lord warden of the Cinque Ports, and governor of Dover castle; one of the representatives in parliament for the university of Cambridge, and high steward for that university; one of the lords of trade and plantation, a commissioner for the affairs of India, and the character to whose memory is inscribed—*Non sibi sed patriæ vixit.*—On which the comptroller, treasurer,



and steward of the deceased, breaking their flaves, gave the pieces to garter, who threw them into the grave.

The interment thus ended, the standard, banners, bannerolls, and trophies, were deposited on the table behind the chief mourner; and the procession, arranged by the officers of arms, returned to the painted chamber in the same order.

The ceremony constituted altogether a very solemn spectacle. A great number of the members of both houses of parliament attended. All the late ministers, and some of the present administration, joined in the procession. The nobility and gentry were in mourning, without weepers and without mourning swords. The knights of the several orders wore their respective collars, and the naval and military officers were in full uniforms, with crapes round their arms. Lord Chatham, the chief mourner, wore his hair dishevelled, and seemed greatly affected. Lord Hawkesbury walked with lord Ellenborough. The speaker of the house of commons and the lord mayor of London walked singly in their respective parts of the procession. The royal dukes were all dressed in full uniforms, with crape on their arms, and crape sword knots.

In addition to the personages already mentioned, the following formed a part of the procession:

The marquisses of Buckingham and Thomond. Earls Spencer, Temple, Romney, and Winchilsea. Lords Sidmouth, Boringdon, Paget, M'Donald, Pomfret, Kelly, Rivers, Bulkeley, Hood, Hawkesbury, Elliot, Grantham, Castlereagh, Auckland, and Carrington. Bishops of Bath and Wells, Nor-

wich, Bristol, London, Lincoln, Ely, Exeter, and Chester.

The rear of the procession was composed of a numerous assemblage, including all the officers of the Cinque Port volunteers, of which the late minister was the colonel. Before three o'clock the entire ceremony was over, and the last of the mourners and attendants had returned to Westminster-hall. During its continuance the weather was remarkably fine, and the sun shone with considerable brightness; in a few minutes after the last of the attendants had returned, it began to change, and it rained for a considerable time. The greatest order and regularity prevailed in every part of the procession. The vault of the family of Chatham, in which the body was deposited, is not opposite to the splendid monument of the late earl, but a few feet from the base of that erected to the memory of lord Robert Manners, who fell in the famous victory gained by lord Rodney on the 12th of April, 1782. The dimensions of this receptacle, formed for the ashes of the illustrious earl of Chatham and his nearest relatives, are ten feet by six, and nine feet in depth. It was surrounded by a railing, which inclosed a temporary platform, sufficiently large to accommodate the chief mourners, with the principal attendants and relatives of the deceased. The railing, as well as the other temporary erections, was covered with black cloth. The vault is made to contain no more than six coffins. Three had already occupied it. Those of the earl of Chatham, the countess his wife, and lady Harriet Elliot, their daughter. The body of Mr. Pitt is the fourth inhabitant of this mansion of the dead.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Rome, Dec. 14.*

EVERY day discloses some part of the plan of the Neapolitan court for the defence of the kingdom. They are now actively employed in the formation of three camps upon the Tronto, at St. Germano, and Jeano, between the two roads from Rome to Abruzzo. In the mean while, the desertion among the recruits is alarming: all take refuge upon the Roman territories.

*Vienna, Dec. 26.* Immediately after the emperor Francis had signed the peace, the French were to evacuate Vienna in three days, and the Austrian states in thirteen. Besides the cessions and exchanges already spoken of, something will be left to the determination of the diet of Ratisbon.

Two French engineers have been ordered, by the emperor Napoleon, to take drawings of the field of battle near Austerlitz, and the whole of Austria. It is understood that France will have no objection to the aggrandisement of Austria in the east.

*Presburg, Dec. 29.* Besides Venice, the Tyrol, as far as the river Guarda, is ceded by our monarch. The dignity of grand master of the Teutonic Order, is, in future, to be hereditary in the house of Austria.—Bamberg is ceded to the king of Bavaria; and Wurtzburg, assigned to the elector of Saltzburg, is to be made an electorate.

*Constantinople, Dec. 30.* Ten days ago, eight Russian ships of war, and transports laden with artillery and provisions from the Black Sea, passed through the channel of Constantinople, and sailed for Ionia. The num-

ber of troops on board these ships was not considerable; but we learn from them, that the Russian court has determined to supply the place of those troops which sailed from Corfu, for Italy, with others: with which view ten thousand men are already collected at Sebastopol, and have received orders to embark for Corfu; for which island they will sail in a few days.

*Stutgard, Jan. 1.* The civil commissaries will set out this day and to-morrow, to take possession, in his majesty's name, of all the country assigned to him by the treaty of peace, viz. the landgraviate of Nellenburgh, the counties of Hohenburg and Bördorf, the bailiwick of Altdorf, the towns of Riedlingen, Mengen, &c. It is also said that the celebrated abbey of St. Blaise will fall to the king of Suabia.

*Vienna, Jan. 1.* Since the day before yesterday, the French troops have begun to leave our city; they draw off partly to Upper Austria, and partly to Steyermark.

*Munich, Jan. 2.* Yesterday there was a grand concert at court, at which the emperor Napoleon and the empress Josephine were present; and the whole city was illuminated in honour of the regal dignity conferred upon our elector.

This day there has been a grand fête. The emperor Napoleon, upon entering Vienna, found twenty-nine pieces of Bavarian cannon, and twenty-one stands of colours, which the fortune of war had thrown into the hands of the Imperialists: this morning these cannon, &c. were conveyed to the pa-



rade with great solemnity; the colours were borne by the royal corps of cadets, and were afterwards deposited in the arsenal.

*Inspruck, Jan. 2.* Yesterday marshal Ney unexpectedly arrived here: he is to proceed to Klagenfurt, and then to march with his division to Italy. There is to be a general assembly of the Tyrolean states on the 8th, which, it is thought, will be interesting, since we are now become Bavarians.

*Banks of the Danube, Jan. 4.* It is said, that the archduke Charles dined with the emperor Napoleon.

A marriage is talked of between the electoral prince of Baden and a foreign princess.

Very great sales of the Austrian property have been made by the French at Salzburg.

Private letters from Vienna say, that the French troops, to the number of 60,000, under general Marmont, are to join the Austrian army, which is intended to take possession of Bosnia and Servia for the emperor Francis.

The trade of Trieste has suffered no interruption since the French have been there.

Massena's head-quarters are at Laybach. He has ordered each province to supply 2000 francs monthly, for table-money, for the generals of division, and 1000 for generals of brigade. The emperor Francis is gone to Presburg.

*Jan. 5.* Instead of Trieste, Austria is now to obtain some of the *debouchés* of the Black Sea. A strong corps of French troops has been detached to Dalmatia.

*Augsburg, Jan. 5.* The grand army of the French is already in motion, upon its return to the Rhine, in three columns. Last week a large train of captured artillery passed through here from Vienna, for which eight hundred horses had been put in requisition. The troops of Baden have since followed; they have been employed in the vicinity of Brannau. A part of the emperor Napoleon's retinue has also passed this way for Strasburgh.

According to private letters from Munich, the former elector of Treves has solicited the dignity of a cardinal, and to be the primate, or archbishop, of the kingdom of Bavaria. His residence will then be at the fine palace at Erchstadt. His highness is now about sixty-five years of age, and enjoys an excellent state of health.

This day about thirty thousand Austrian muskets, taken at Ulm, Wertingen, &c. were removed from our depôt of arms, to be sent to Strasburgh.

*Hanover, Jan. 8.* We believe that all the foreign troops, without exception, are to quit this electorate; Prussia charging herself with the protection of this country till the general peace. It is added, that the Russians and Swedes are to be cantoned in Mecklenburgh and Swedish Pomerania, till spring.

*Danube, Jan. 8.* The archduke Charles and M. Trassbender are said to be in great activity. The change in the Austrian administration took place the day before the signing of the treaty of peace. Count Colloredo is to receive, according to some accounts, a considerable pension.

According to some information, Austria is to be indemnified by Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia.

The mitigation of the contributions imposed by the French is said to be owing to the mediation of the archduke Charles.

*Rome, Jan. 11.* Cardinal Ruffo has been here these three days past, and seems to have come from Naples upon affairs relative to his court. He had a conference with cardinal Fesch, the French envoy, immediately after his arrival, and cardinal Gonsalvi, the papal secretary of state. We hear, that, upon the conclusion of the conference, cardinal Ruffo dispatched two couriers, one to his court, and the other to the marquis De Gallo, the Neapolitan envoy in France, with dispatches to the emperor Napoleon. It is well known, that cardinal Ruffo refused to take any part in the hostile plans of his court.



According to the rumours in circulation since the cardinal's arrival, a singular circumstance has occurred at Naples. It is even asserted, that the English, who arrived there at the same time with the Russians, have opposed their re-embarkation, under the pretence that these troops, being in the pay of England, had no right to obey any orders but those of the British commandant. What gives weight to this report is, that cardinal Ruffo is attended by a Russian officer, who seconds the cardinal's application to the pope, to prevail upon the French army to defer their march, which has already arrived within a short distance from Rome.

*Hague, Jan. 11.* The peace has occasioned much joy here, since our republic is included in it. We think the articles are not made public because they are first of all to be communicated to the court of London, and we expect the approbation of that court, though this is much doubted.

Prince Louis leaves the army of the north, and returns to Paris. The generals Collaud and Michaud have fixed their head-quarters at Nimeguen and Utrecht. When prince Louis visited Amsterdam on the 9th, and dined with the grand pensionary and admiral Verheul, he refused to be received as a French prince, but only as commandant of the army.

*Berlin, Jan. 11.* To-morrow count Haugwitz will accompany the secretary of legation, Lombard, to Paris.— This journey is said to relate to a circumstance of great importance to the state.

There is a rumour that a person of royal blood will be sent from hence to Petersburg. The grand duke Constantine shews no disposition for leaving Berlin.

*Jan. 14.* Count Haugwitz's mission to Paris is in consequence of the late negotiations in which that minister was engaged at Vienna; and which will be considered as complete, should the emperor Napoleon accede to the proposals made by our court. The duke of Brunswick, it is said,

will go to Petersburg. M. Aspern, a Swedish officer from Luneburg, has continued his route to Petersburg. The Austrian general Stuttersheim, who came here some weeks since, with proposals from Hallitsch, has returned by way of Dresden.

*Luneburg, Jan. 12.* To-morrow the king of Sweden will remove from hence, with the head-quarters. The greatest part of the troops stationed here, it is said, will repass the Elbe. Another account says, the Swedish army has changed its position, and now forms a line, the right extending towards the Hamburg territory, and the left towards the Prussian frontier. The king is at Boitzengen.

*Vienna, Jan. 18.* Our beloved emperor Francis II. re-entered this city on the 16th, and to-day the archduke Charles likewise entered, at the head of six regiments of infantry and three of cavalry, which in future will form the garrison of this city. These troops, amounting to about 25,000 men, were received with loud acclamations of joy. The emperor went to meet them.

The state chancery returned on the 16th.

All the foreign ministers have also returned, except the Russian minister.

*Frankfort, Jan. 22.* Yesterday evening count Haugwitz, the Prussian cabinet minister, charged with fulfilling a mission to Paris, arrived here. According to various letters from Berlin, this minister's mission is in order to put the last hand to the treaty between France and Prussia, which concerns not only these two, but all the powers who have an interest in the fate of the north of Germany, and the security of the peace of the continent. His excellency seems to stand high in the favour of the king his master and of the emperor of the French; and also to possess the esteem of all enlightened statesmen, who never doubted of the propriety of the maintenance of a good understanding between France and the court of Berlin.



## HOME NEWS.

*Portsmouth, Jan. 29.*

WE are sorry to inform our readers of the death of the marquis Cornwallis on the 5th of October last, the account of which was received here this afternoon by the arrival of the *Medusa* frigate, capt. sir John Gore, after a wonderful quick passage of twelve weeks from Calcutta. Mr. Robinson, the marquis's secretary, and capt. M'Leod, one of his aid-de-camps, came home passengers in the *Medusa*; they were landed at Weymouth yesterday, to proceed for London. Sir John Gore went to London this evening with the intelligence. The *Medusa* has brought a vast quantity of dispatches. Sir Home Popham's squadron had passed St. Helena; and an American vessel that arrived there stated they were off the Cape of Good Hope. General Wemyss and suite, late commander-in-chief at Ceylon, came passengers in the *Medusa*.

Admiral Stirling arrived here this day, to take his passage to the Channel fleet. Went out of harbour the *Auson* frigate, capt. Lydiard; she is fitted to be stationed at Gibraltar to fight the Spanish gun-boats, for which she is peculiarly adapted, by the great weight and construction of her guns. Arrived the *Prospero* bomb, from the Downs, with a convoy. Lord Lake had resumed the command of the army in India, which he had a short time before resigned. The marquis was buried in India.

*Dover, Jan. 29.* Last night, after post, the *Cotton Planter*, T. Mathews, of New York, arrived here from Helvoetsluys, which place she left the day before, and landed here James Colbred, John Frost, and T. Langdon

Sullivan, passengers. They had not heard in Holland of the death of Mr. Pitt; but it was said there that negotiations were carrying on, through the Prussian ambassador, to include England in the peace. People in Holland wish very much for peace.

*London, Jan. 30.* An American vessel arrived in the River brings an account that a resolution has passed the house of representatives for the abolition of the slave trade throughout the United States. Its operation is to commence the first of January, 1808. The question gave rise to long and warm debates, as a strong party wished it to begin within a shorter period by one year. The bill, however, after having passed the second reading, was, on the 17th ult. rejected by the senate. The numbers were 14 on each side, and the vice-president gave his casting vote against the measure. The Americans are exasperated at the conduct of our cruizers with respect to their vessels proceeding to enemy's ports, and an embargo was reported as likely to be laid upon all British shipping in the ports of the United States. We have, however, the pleasure of knowing that our vessels in the American harbours were less numerous than almost in any former instance.

The result of the returns received relative to the losses of the Spaniards in the battle of Trafalgar is, according to the Madrid gazette, 1223 killed, and 1183 wounded.

*Jan. 31.* A charge of a singular nature has been heard before a magistrate, against a young gentleman of rank and fortune, charging him with a breach of the peace, by a forcible entry into the house of a respectable



tradesman in the vicinity of Sloane-street. The prosecutor was a Mr. S. the son of a merchant in the city, whose addresses were received by the tradesman's daughter. During the absence of the lady's father on Friday evening, while Mr. S. was drinking tea with his intended, the other gentleman knocked at the door, and on being admitted, the lady, who was aware of the visit, met him on the stairs, and requested his absence; but he said he would be satisfied with nothing less than the life of the man who dared to continue his rival in her affections. The prosecutor fled to an adjoining room, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the lady, his adversary pursued, fell on him with a thick stick, without mercy, and became in complete possession of the prize, having driven his opponent from the house. It appeared that the conqueror was also a suitor to the young lady, but his visits were forbidden by her father; notwithstanding which he used, in his absence, frequently to gain an interview with her. The father and the qualified lover, it is understood, will shortly bring the subject before a court of justice, contrary to the wishes of the lady.

*Dover, Feb. 2.* By a gentleman just returned from the Weser, I learn that our troops are embarking to return. The country is so low and marshy, and the road so much cut up with the traffic, that most of our troops lost their shoes and stockings in landing, the mud in many places being knee deep. Bread is twice as dear as in England, and very bad, and the country very much exhausted every where; the only cheap articles are liquors. They have been very successful in recruiting the German legion; and as the wind is now easterly, hopes are entertained that the troops will arrive this week.

The Frenchmen who were taken on board the lugger carried into the Downs state, that they are very active at Boulogne in getting the French gun-boats fitted and ready for sea.

*London, Feb. 3.* On Saturday morning the lord chamberlain, agreeably to the vote of the house of commons, issued

orders at his office for the funeral of Mr. Pitt. The body is to lie in state in the painted chamber; that and the adjoining rooms through which the public are to pass are to be hung with black: a temporary platform is to be erected from the parliament house to poets' corner door of Westminster-abbey. He is to be buried near the north door, where his father's monument is. Mr. France gave directions on Saturday to make preparations for opening the vault: the body will be removed privately in a hearse from Putney.

*Feb. 4.* The new ministry was yesterday finally arranged. Lord Grenville waited upon his majesty at noon. The conference was confined to that one point upon which a difference of opinion had taken place, viz. the annexing a military council to the office of the commander in chief.

His majesty was graciously pleased to acquiesce in that measure, which lord Grenville had so earnestly pressed. But we are informed that his majesty, in order that there might be no misunderstanding on the subject, delivered his sentiments in writing.—Lord Grenville then retired from the royal presence with the paper he had received from his majesty, and submitted it to his friends. He then returned to the Queen's-house about four o'clock, and declared to his majesty that his friends and himself were perfectly satisfied with the contents of the paper which his majesty had been graciously pleased to submit to them. His majesty then informed his lordship, that, as no further difference of opinion existed, he considered the business as finally arranged. The following is the list of the

#### NEW MINISTRY.

Mr. Erskine—Lord Chancellor.  
 Lord Grenville—First Lord of the Treasury.  
 Lord Henry Petty—Chancellor of the Exchequer.  
 Mr. Fox—Secretary of State for the Foreign Affairs Department.  
 Earl Spencer—Secretary of State for the Home Department.  
 Mr. Windham—Secretary of State for the Colonial and War Department.  
 Mr. Grey—First Lord of the Admiralty.



Earl Moira—Master General of the Ordnance.  
 Earl Fitzwilliam—President of Council.  
 Lord Sidmouth—Lord Privy Seal.  
 Lord Ellenborough—A voice, without office.

The whole of the other arrangements are not yet settled; but the following appointments are fixed.

The Duke of York—to continue Commander-in-Chief, with a Council.

Mr. Sheridan—Treasurer of the Navy.

General Fitzpatrick—Secretary at War.

Lord Minto—Board of Control.

Earl Temple, } Joint Paymaster of  
 Mr. Hiley Addington, } the Forces.

Lord St. John, } Joint Postmaster General.  
 Lord C. Spencer, } ral.

Earl of Derby—Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

The Duke of Bedford—Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Mr. Tierney—Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant.

Mr. George Ponsonby—Chancellor of Ireland.

Mr. Grattan—Chancellor of the Exchequer of Ireland.

Mr. Adam—Chancellor to the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Pigott—Attorney General.

Mr. Romilly—Solicitor General.

Mr. Vansittart, } Joint Secretaries of  
 The second doubtful, } the Treasury.

Lord A. Hamilton, } Two of the Lords of  
 Mr. Eliot, } the Treasury.

Mr. N. Bond—Judge Advocate,

Dr. Lawrence—King's Advocate.

Sir Francis Vincent—Under Secretary of State to Mr. Fox.

Mr. Creevey—Under Secretary of State to Mr. Windham.

The king's household remains.

A privy council was held this day, at which Mr. Fox, Mr. Grey, Mr. Erskine, and lord H. Petty, were sworn in. The seals were delivered to the new secretaries of state. The new writs will be moved for this afternoon.

*Feb. 6.* Tuesday morning, about half past eleven o'clock, the body of our late much-lamented premier was removed, in the leaden coffin, into the outer one, in presence of Mr. Thomas, of the lord chamberlain's office, and Mr. Graham the upholsterer. The ceremony took place at Putney. The removal of the body is expected to take place privately on Friday or Saturday evening to the painted chamber in the house of peers.

On Monday afternoon James Wyatt, esq. the surveyor general; G. T. Groves, esq. clerk to the board of works; and Mr. Russell, went from the lord chamberlain's office to Westminster, to commence the preparatory regulations for the interment, &c. Mr. Wyatt gave directions for erecting the platform from the house of lords to poets' corner, in Westminster abbey. Mr. Samuel Wyatt, the surveyor general's brother, is to superintend this department. Mr. Geoffrey Wyatt has the direction of the carpenters' work in the Abbey.

*Feb. 10.* On Saturday evening a man of the name of Henderson went to St. Giles's watch-house, and wished to deliver himself up to justice, as having been a murderer in Ireland eight years since, which he said hung so heavily on his mind, that he was miserable. The watch-house-keeper detained him until yesterday, when he was brought before the magistrates at Marlborough-street office. On being questioned respecting the murder said to have been committed by him, he stated that it was not done with his own hand, but that he signed his name and became a member of a rebel committee against the king's government, and that the acts committed by them had disturbed his repose. There were several very respectable persons in the office, who had been led thither, not from curiosity, but to speak what they knew of the self-accused. One of them, who served his time with him, to a printer in Edinburgh, 28 years since, described him as a lunatic during his apprenticeship; after which he was some time in the Edinburgh Bedlam. He recovered from his malady, and went to Ireland. Other persons who knew the unfortunate man while in town proved him to be a lunatic, and that he worked at intervals for Mr. Hansard, Lincoln's-Inn-fields. The magistrate humanely ordered the miserable object to be taken proper care of by the parish officers of St. Giles's.

*Feb. 13.* This morning came on the election of a member to serve in parliament for the city and liberty of Westminster.

At twelve o'clock, Mr. Fox, at



tended by Mr. Byng, and others of his friends, appeared upon the hustings. After the high bailiff had read the writ, commanding him to proceed to the election of a member, and the usual proclamations, Mr. Fox was put in nomination; and no other candidate being proposed, the high bailiff stated the shew of hands to be in Mr. Fox's favour, and declared him to be duly elected.

He was afterwards chaired.

Several new appointments have taken place.

Earl Moira has been appointed Constable and Governor of the Tower, in the room of Marquis Cornwallis.

The Earl of Derby has succeeded Lord Harrowby in the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Lord St. John is Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, in the room of Lord Falmouth.

Lord Robert Spencer replaces Lord Glenbervie in the Surveyorship of the Crown Lands.

Lord Stopford has made way for Lord Ossulston, who is the new Treasurer of the Household.

The Mastership of the Stag Hounds has been taken from the Earl of Sandwich and given to the Earl of Albemarle.

Lord Charles Spencer succeeds the Earl of Bathurst in the Mint.

The Duke of Bedford kissed hands yesterday on his appointment to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.

### BIRTHS.

*Jan. 29.* At Tyres Hill, near Darfield, in the county of York, the lady of J. H. Roe, esq. barrister at law, of a son.

30. The lady of William Manning, esq. member for Lymington, of a daughter.

In Guildford-street, the lady of James Somerville Fownes, esq. of a son.

31. At his house in Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the lady of James Williams, esq. of a daughter.

*Feb. 3.* At sir Home Popham's, Titnest-wood, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Vassall, of a daughter.

4. At Little Brookham, Surrey, the lady of major-general Manningham, of a daughter.

At Government-house, Guernsey, Mrs. Doyle, lady of lieutenant-colonel Doyle, of a daughter.

13. At Pimlico, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Elliot, of a son.

The lady of Thomas Sheridan, esq. of a son, at his house in George-street, Hanover-square.

15. At Godalming, Surrey, the lady of capt. S. J. Ballard, royal navy, of a son.

17. At Haughley Park, Suffolk, the lady of G. Jerningham, esq. of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

*Jan. 11.* At Rostherne church, in Cheshire, Wilbraham Egerton, esq. eldest son of William Egerton, esq. of Tatton Park, M. P. for that county, to miss Sykes, youngest daughter of the late sir Christopher Sykes, bart. of Sledmere House, in the county of York.

23. At Clifton, Clement Debbieg, esq. to the right hon. lady Charlotte Butler.

25. At Downton, Edward Dering, esq. eldest son of sir Edward Dering, bart. of Surrenden, in Kent, to miss Nevil, eldest daughter of Richard Nevil, esq. M. P. for the borough of Wexford, in Ireland.

27. At Storrington, by the rev. Mr. Cartwright, William Chamberlayne, esq. of Rolvendon, in the county of Kent, to miss Frances Bisshopp, daughter of colonel Harry Bisshopp, and grand-daughter of sir Cecil Bisshopp, of Parham Park, Sussex.

28. Captain John Hayes, royal navy, of Princes-street, Cavendish-square, to miss Bye, of Walworth Terrace.

30. Robert Jearrad, esq. of Oxford-street, to miss Macdonald, of George-street, Portman-square.

*Feb. 1.* At Mallow, Robert Cole Bowen, esq. son to the late Henry C. Bowen, of Bowen's Court, esq. to miss Eliza Galwey, daughter to William Galwey, esq. of Mallow.

4. At Chislehurst, in Kent, the rev. James Leonard Jackson, to miss Louisa Hyde Wollaston, daughter of the rev. Francis Wollaston, of the above place.

8. Wm. Annesley, esq. son of the hon. and rev. the dean of Down, to miss



Elizabeth Frances Reynell, youngest daughter of the late John Reynell, of Balnalack, county of Westmeath, esq.

10. At Devizes, Wilts, Matthew Wyatt, esq. barrister, of the Inner Temple, to miss A. Hillier, daughter of the late George Hillier, esq. of the former place.

Wm. Nevile Hart, esq. son of the late sir Wm. Hart, to miss Miller, of Ilford.

11. At Dublin, by special licence, H. B. Molesworth, esq. to miss Hone, daughter of Brindley Hone, esq. of that city.

12. At the parish church of St. Luke's, Chelsea, John Ridge, of Spring-gardens, Charing-Cross, esq. to miss Parker, of Sloane-street.

At Mary-la-bonne church, Richard Charles Head Greaves, esq. of the West Suffolk regiment, to the Hon. Cassandra Twisleton, daughter of the right hon. the dowager lady Saye and Sele, and sister to lord Saye and Sele.

13. At St. James's church, capt. Wheatley, first regiment of Guards, son of William Wheatley, esq. of Lisney, in Kent, to miss Hawkins, daughter and coheirress of the late George Edward Hawkins, esq.

At St. Margaret's church, Westminster, Robert Atkinson, esq. to miss Louisa Jane Street, eldest daughter of T. Geo. Street, esq. of Middle Scotland-yard, Whitehall.

At the collegiate church, Manchester, Thos. Davenport Latham, esq. of Weymouth-street, Portland-place, to miss Rawlinson, daughter of William Rawlinson, esq. of Ancoats'-hall.

18. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Thomas Gilliat, of Richmond, Virginia, esq. to miss Martha Cowcher Cooke, niece and coheirress of the late Richard Cowcher, of Gloucester, esq.

At St. Mary's, Whitechapel, Mr. Harry Phillips, of New Bond-street, to miss Frances Mary Goldicutt, youngest daughter of Mr. Goldicutt, of Clarges-street, Piccadilly.

## DEATHS.

Jan. 18. At lady F. Handcock's, Millbrook, Ireland, the amiable and beautiful Mrs. Zouch, wife of colonel

Zouch, beloved and deeply lamented by her family and acquaintance.

20. At his seat, Ardfry, in the county of Galway, Ireland, Joseph Blake, esq. father of the late right hon. lord Wallscourt and the countess dowager of Erroll. He is succeeded in his estates by his grandson, the present lord Wallscourt, who is a minor.

23. At Exmouth, in Devonshire, miss Rolls, sister of John Rolls, esq. of the Kent road.

At his house, Great Ormond-street, Robert Williamson, esq.

Mr. Henry Irish, surgeon, of the Crescent, Greenwich.

At Brompton, Mrs. Litchfield, wife of Henry Charles Litchfield, esq. of John-street, Bedford-row.

At her house in Esher, Surrey, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, widow and relict of William Moore, esq.

In Park-street, Westminster, Frances Bellew, eldest daughter of Robert Bellew, esq. of the Middle Temple.

25. Suddenly, at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, Benjamin Adney, esq. of the 65th regiment, aged 21 years.

28. In Great Portland-street, Jonathan Perry Coffin, esq. aged 42, of Tregony, Cornwall.

Feb. 10. Miss Hardy, eldest daughter of the late admiral sir Charles Hardy.

11. At his brother's house, in New Bond-street, Henry William Sandford, esq. of Walford, in the county of Somerset.

12. Miss Anne Milne, daughter of the rev. Dr. Colin Milne, of Ipsford, in the 20th year of her age; and on the 15th, another of his amiable daughters, miss Harriot Maria Milne, aged 31 years; both of consumption.

17. Mr. George Law, of St. James's-street.

Suddenly, while riding home in a hackney coach with her husband, Mrs. Haycrote, wife of Mr. Haycrote, sugar-baker, of Miles's-lane, Cannon-street.

19. At her lodgings in Clarges-street, Piccadilly, in her 89th year, Mrs. Carter, well known in the literary world by her translation of Epictetus and other publications.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR  
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MARCH, 1806.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :*

- 1 BOTANY, Plate VII.
- 2 LORD NELSON'S FUNERAL CAR, COFFIN, &c.
- 3 LONDON FASHIONABLE BALL and FULL DRESS, elegantly coloured.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a SCREEN.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row ;  
Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE continuation of the *Family Anecdotes* has been received, and will be attended to.

S. Y.'s *Lines to an unhappy seduced Female* are received.

Mr. Webb's *Epitaph on a Volunteer*, and Floris's *Epigram*, shall certainly have a place in our next.

J. J. is respectfully informed, that it is not intended to re-introduce such enigmatical lists as he has transmitted.

*Parthusan Abbey* is under consideration.

We should be glad to hear further from G. N. relative to his proposed Tale of the *Mameluke*.

\*.\* We have this month given the *Botanical Plate*, No. 7, referred to in the fifth Lesson (in December). *Botany for Ladies*, by Dr. Thornton, will be continued in our next.

S. F. will perceive that we have, at length, complied with her request, by giving a *Pattern for a Fire-screen*.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For MARCH, 1806.

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To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THERE are certain things in the world which, though frequently much boasted of, are very seldom of any real utility or effect: these are what are called *good reasons*. In fact, good reasons are like good seed-corn, which will only grow and be productive in ground proper to receive it, and such as has been cleared from all weeds noxious to it. For a person to listen to good reasons which do not suggest themselves to himself, he ought to have nothing else to do; and, in general, those to whom they are addressed have their minds sufficiently occupied by something else; that is, the desire of doing that which the said reasons are adduced to dissuade them from doing. If another time had been chosen, they would perhaps have been entirely of the same opinion; but at present it is impossible: you are talking of one thing, and they are thinking of another. You wish to dissuade a man enamoured of his mistress from marrying her, because she has many bad qualities; and you think you give good rea-


sons: but he loves her because she is handsome; and this is with him a better reason than all your good ones. Your reasons apply to character; his to the charms of personal appearance. You talk to him of the care of his happiness in future; he thinks only of the necessity of his present happiness.

Or, perhaps, you endeavour to persuade a man to give up a deposit confided to him by his neighbour, and which he wishes to retain. You persuade him to restore it, because justice requires it; he desires to keep it, because it will enrich him. You talk to him of honour, but that is of little effect; of honesty, but that is of still less. It is not thus that you can convince him: you do not attack the true reason. The fact is, that he is desirous to purchase with this sum of money a fine house, which is fitted up to his taste; or an annuity which may make him easy for life. Prove to him, if you can, that this house will give him no pleasure; that this annuity will be of no use to him: in a word, change his disposition and make him another man. This is the property of eloquence; but it is known that eloquence is not the science of good reasons. The most eloquent ad-



vocate cannot add a single proof to the proofs of a legal process : he can produce no other reasons than those which his cause furnishes him with. He may change the minds of men, so as to induce them to listen to them ; but he cannot render facts different from what they are, or more affecting ; though he may render his auditors more capable of being affected by them.

When Cicero pleaded before Cæsar in favour of Ligarius, Cæsar, determined within himself not to grant the favour that was to be requested of him, said—‘ We will hear Cicero, but it shall be of no effect.’—Cicero pleaded. But could he advance any new facts ? No doubt Cæsar was well acquainted with all these. Could he give better reasons for what he solicited than the friends of Ligarius had, doubtless, done before ? What, then, could he do to obtain success ? He could not change the real state of the case, but he changed Cæsar. Cæsar had his mind fixed on the necessity of punishment ; Cicero turned it to the pleasure of clemency. He did not discuss with Cæsar the motives of his resentment ; he induced him to think on something else.

It is only by turning the course of our attention, that any hope can be entertained of changing our dispositions. Every man, actuated by any sentiment whatever, finds himself endued with a certain constancy, which does not depend on the energy of his character, but on the feebleness of his mind. The idea on which his imagination is fixed absorbs it entirely, and while it lasts admits of no other. The motive of his anger, whether it be a broken limb or a  plate, appears to him the most important in the world ; the object of his desire the most interesting that can be pursued, and that of his fear

the most terrible that can possibly be imagined. Do not endeavour to conquer these ideas, for it is a thing impossible ; but to make him forget them, than which, frequently, nothing is more easy. The most violent anger, that which has resisted the best reasons, will sometimes yield to a pleasant answer ; to the gaiety excited by a ludicrous or unexpected repartee. That violent love, to which its votary is about to sacrifice his fortune, will perhaps yield to a passion for play, which aims only to win money : and the woman who was afraid of the throwing of a squib, will follow her husband to the field of battle ; not that she thinks differently of the danger of fire-arms, but she thinks of something else.

How do you imagine that men are to be rendered brave ? Is it by making them read Seneca on the Immortality of the Soul, or repeating to them philosophic verses ? These would be of little avail. But we talk of honour to the soldier, to prevent his thinking of danger. His mind, occupied by one idea, gives less attention to another : and it may be safely asserted, that there never was a brave man whose imagination was employed in representing to him the horrors of death, and the dangers he risked in facing a battery of cannon. In like manner, a virtuous woman cannot permit her imagination to dwell on the pleasures which an unlawful amour might procure her ; nor will an honest man suffer himself to calculate the advantages he might obtain, by defrauding another of the money he has entrusted him with. When that modesty of imagination which renders women virtuous and men honest is wanting, a seducing idea recurring so frequently as to be ever the first which our memory recalls to us becomes the predominant and



single idea, which drives away all others, and shuts the door against reason and virtue.

An idea becomes predominant much less from its own importance than from the attention which we give to it. Why was that female, whom we see support sickness with so much courage and patience, so fearful, while in health, of becoming sick? Was sickness to her a greater calamity than to another? By no means, for she has borne it with the greatest firmness. But she thought more of it than another. Courage in adversity is not perhaps so rare as tranquillity in prosperity. Every one fears misfortune almost equally, but it is not equally present to the imagination and mind of every one. It is dreaded as much, but thought of less. The fear with which the imagination is constantly occupied, acquires the authority of certainty; as the desire on which the attention is fixed, assumes the power of necessity. Every thing corroborates these, and nothing can destroy them. The person who is continually in fear of fire will take the light of the moon for the reflection of a conflagration. Endeavour to prove to him that the light of the moon, which is white, does not resemble that of flames, which is red, and see how your reason will be received.

But is reason then of no use? Yes, of much to ourselves, but of very little when offered by us to others; of much to prevent violent emotions, but of very little to appease them when they have taken place. The imagination must be stopped at its first step, for those which follow are the steps of a giant. He therefore who would guide or influence others, should know how to excite their imagination; he who would govern himself, how to restrain his own. We

can have no authority over ourselves but by reason, or over others but by their folly. On this account, what are called *good reasons* are almost always useless.

If any of your readers have any *good reasons* to controvert this hypothesis, I should be happy to hear them, that is, to read them in answer.

Moniton, Feb. 5. SCRUTATOR.

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DESCRIPTION of the FUNERAL CAR and COFFIN used at the INTERMENT of the late HEROIC ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.

(With an accurate and elegant Engraving.)

THE body of the car consisted, 1st. Of a platform, supported by springs, upon a carriage with four wheels, decorated with black velvet drapery fringed, pendant in three large festoons; the centre of which, on both sides of the car, was inscribed with the word TRAFALGAR, and the exterior festoons were adorned with silver palm branches in saltier.

2d. Of another platform raised upon the former, of the height of about 18 inches, covered also with black velvet, ornamented with six escutcheons of his lordship's arms, impaling those of viscountess Nelson, elegantly painted on satin, and alternated with laurel wreaths. Between the escutcheons were four scrolls, surrounding branches and wreaths of palm and laurel, and bearing the names of the four principal French and Spanish men of war that have been taken or destroyed by the hero whose remains were the object of this funeral pomp, viz. *San Josef*, *l'Orient*, *Trinidad*, *Bucentaure*.



3d. Upon a third platform, raised on the second, the coffin was placed.

The coffin was also adorned with escutcheons; and in compartments on the top and sides were various emblematical devices; as, a female figure representing Grief—a lion with the union flag between his paws—a crocodile, in allusion to the victory of the Nile—stars and badges of the different orders which had been conferred on the gallant hero, &c. &c.—sketches of which are given in the annexed plate.

4th. A canopy, in the shape of the upper part of an ancient sarcophagus, inscribed in the front with the word NILE; on the right side with his lordship's motto—*'Palmam qui meruit ferat,'*—as granted to him by his majesty after the battle of Aboukir; behind, the word TRAFALGAR; and on the left side, the motto *'Hoste devicto requievit'*—allusive to his lordship's death in the moment of the most brilliant and most decisive victory: the whole in gold characters on a black ground. The canopy was surmounted by six plumes of black feathers, surrounding the viscount's coronet, and ornamented with festoons of black velvet fringed, and supported by four palm-trees (in lieu of columns) of carved wood, silvered and shaded, and glazed with green. The curtains of the canopy half-drawn, and wrapped round the middle part of each tree. From the foot of the tree, wreaths of real laurel and cypress entwined the stem. The front of the car is an imitation of the head of the *Victory*, and the hinder part represents the stern of the same ship.

The palm-trees were allusions to the chief of honourable augmentation granted to the arms of Nelson by the sovereign.

The whole of the car and canopy was about eighteen feet in height.

It was prepared by Mr. Elliot of Bond-street, and is now deposited in Greenwich-hospital.

### THE PRAYER OF THE HEROIC LORD NELSON,

THE original of which is in the possession of sir William Scott, in the hand-writing of his lordship; composed while the enemy's fleets were in sight.

'May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe, a great and glorious victory! and may no misconduct, in any one, tarnish it! and may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet!—For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me; and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully!—To Him I resign myself, and the JUST CAUSE which is entrusted to me to defend!—

'AMEN—AMEN—AMEN!'

'Victory, Oct. 21, 1805—in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain—distant about ten miles.'

This fine composition, so honourable to its heroic author, was written about an hour before the commencement of the battle of Trafalgar.

### MR. PITT'S WILL.

'I OWE sir *Walter Farquhar* one thousand guineas, from October 1805, as a professional debt.

'W. PITT.'

'12,000*l.* with interest, from Oct. 1801, to Mr. *Long*, Mr. *Steel*, lord *Carrington*, bishop of *Lincoln*, lord *Cambden*, Mr. *Joseph Smith*; and I earnestly request their acceptance



of it. I wish, if means can be found for it, of paying double the wages to all my servants who were with me at my decease.

W. PITT.'

'I wish my brother, with the bishop of *Lincoln*, to look over my papers, and to settle my affairs. I owe more than I can leave behind me.

'W. PITT.'

Appeared personally, *William Dacres Adams*, of Great Queen-street, Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, esq. and *William Huskisson*, of St. James's-place, in the same county, esq. and severally made oath, that they knew and were well acquainted with the right honourable *William Pitt*, late of Downing-street, Westminster, in the same county, deceased, for several years, before and to the time of his death; and also with his manner and character of hand-writing and subscription, having frequently seen him write, and also write and subscribe his name; and having now carefully viewed the name '*W. Pitt*,' set and subscribed to the three several testamentary schedules hereto annexed, purporting to contain together the last Will and Testament of the said deceased. The first of the said testamentary schedules containing the words following, to wit: 'I owe sir *Walter Farquhar* one thousand guineas, from Oct. 1805, as a professional debt.' The second of the said testamentary schedules containing the words following, to wit:—'12,000*l.* with interest, from Oct. 1801, to Mr. *Long*, Mr. *Steele*, lord *Carrington*, bishop of *Lincoln*, lord *Cambden*, Mr. *Joseph Smith*, and I earnestly desire their acceptance of it. I wish, if means can be found for it, of paying double the wages to all my servants who were with me at my

decease.' The third of the said testamentary schedules containing the words following, to wit:—'I wish my brother, with the bishop of *Lincoln*, to look over my papers, and to settle my affairs. I owe more than I can leave behind me.'—These deponents severally make oath, that they verily, and in their consciences, believe, the name '*W. Pitt*,' so set and subscribed to the said three testamentary schedules respectively, to be of the proper hand-writing and subscription of the said right hon. *William Pitt*, deceased.

WM. DACRES ADAMS,  
W. HUSKISSON.

12th day of Feb. 1836.

The said *William Dacres Adams*, and *William Huskisson*, were duly sworn to the truth of this affidavit before me, HERBERT JENNER, Sur.

Proved at London, the 25th day of February, 1836, before the worshipful *Herbert Jenner*, doctor of laws and surrogate, by the oath of the right rev. father in God, *George* lord bishop of *Lincoln*, and the right hon. *John* earl of *Chatham*, the executors according to the tenor of the said Will, they having been first sworn duly to administer.

RD. GOSLING,  
NATH. GOSLING,  
R. C. CRESWELL,  
Deputy registers.

The executors swore to the value of the property as under 10,000*l.*

## FRENCH IMPERIAL PRESENTS.

WHEN Bonaparte, on his march to Germany, passed a few days at the court of Stutgard, the nuptials of Paul, the second son of the king of Wirtemberg, with the princess of Hildburghausen, had just been solemnized. The emperor told the new-married princess, that he should make her a little present on the occasion, but should leave the choice of it to the empress. This present, a short time ago, arrived at Stut-



gard; and a description of it cannot fail to prove interesting to the female reader. The envelope in which it was packed up is of green velvet, with festoons of pure gold; it is in the form of a long antique vase; the knot of the cover is a gold ball, transfix'd with the arrow of Cupid, and the ball itself is encircled with a wreath of roses. The contents of this beautiful vase consisted of the following articles:

1. A *chemise* of English point, ornamented with a simple but tasteful border; the train is of considerable length.

2. Another *chemise* of the same kind, of black point, with a border of the pattern called wolf's teeth.

3. A *chemise*, cut round, of white satin, with a border of *bouquets*, exquisitely embroidered in gold: above it a tunic of silver *tulle*, with gold fringe.

4. A white crape dress, very elegantly embroidered with white silk.

5. A second dress of white crape, bordered with *bouquets* of *tulle*, and a Mameluke mantle of rose-coloured satin, with the same kind of border, and, besides, embroidered with steel.

6. A morning *chemise* of East-India muslin, embroidered with hortensia flowers.

7. A veil of English point, with a border in the form of wolf's teeth.

8. A round veil of *tulle en her-michelle*, worked with gold, and with a broad gold lace.

9. A piece of East-India muslin, embroidered with silver.

This velvet vase was accompanied with two boxes; one of which contained three turbans, embroidered with silver, steel, and gold, and decorated with heron's feathers and *aigrettes*, and three caps, embellished with flowers. The second box

contained artificial flowers of every kind, as beautiful in shape and colour as nature itself. There was likewise a net garland of uncommonly pleasing shape and appearance. The value of the whole is estimated, by *connoisseurs*, at about 70,000 guilders.

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## MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS.

BY LAVATER.

THE natural disposition of a man is alone regarded by a real connoisseur in human nature. The more you possess appropriate qualities, the more you will appear rich and worthy of consideration in the eyes of such an observer.

It is very singular, that among a hundred persons, there is, perhaps, ninety who prefer their interest to every thing else; and yet scarcely one who endeavours to acquire what is of real value.

Prudence is the art of attaining the end we propose to ourselves.

The sum of all the ends we ought to have in view is contentment and liberty. The tranquil, free, and undisturbed enjoyment of ourselves, such as is accompanied by security, and never followed by repentance.

Whatever produces repentance enchains liberty, prevents contentment, produces constraint and embarrassment, is contrary to the aim of the wise man, is extravagance and folly.

That prudence which fails of attaining its end becomes on a level with folly; of which it is the nature and property always to fail of its intention, or to have none.

Every alloy of the finest gold is discovered by art and time.



THE  
ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

[By a Lady.]

(Continued from p. 77.)

CHAP. LVI.

IN about a month after the death of the marchese of Palermo, Viola was shocked and amazed by the appearance of Don Ambrosio at the castle. The duties of his profession, which called him immediately from Sicily, he pleaded in excuse for such an early intrusion; and then, with all the fascinating rhetoric his artful eloquence could supply, with all the sighs and tears, with all the insidious blandishments, the seducing looks he well knew so judiciously how to assume, he urged his suit: but although now without a father to controul her, he found Viola inflexible, who rejected him with the cool impressive dignity of determination. In vain did prudence strive to veil, with courtesy, the horror and contempt she now entertained for him. The wary Ambrosio saw she despised him. His heart bled, but did not amend at the humiliating, agonising conviction: he retired in despair, and left the castle in a state little short of distraction.

In a few days after, Viola was informed that a stranger lay dangerously ill at a fisherman's hut, not far from the castle, who refused every kind of nourishment which the miserably poor *pescatore* could offer him; and that he had no friend, no attendant, to take care of him, or give the smallest information relative to who he was; which the stranger himself refused to tell.

The humanity of Viola, ever awake to the sufferings of others, commissioned father Leopold to go

immediately to the hut, and to have every possible thing instantly done for the accommodation and benefit of the stranger; and to afford all necessary relief to the *pescatore* and his family, whose poverty, she was shocked to hear, had been suffered to continue unnoticed so near the castle of Palermo. In her father's lifetime she had seldom visited this castle, round which, she took for granted, the vassals lived in comfort, protected and assisted by their lord; for, as her father had been so prodigal to her, she believed he was liberal and generous to all his dependents. Since his death, sorrow had monopolised every thought, and she had yet made no inquiry into the state of her vassals.

Upon father Leopold's return from his embassy, he informed Viola (what she before suspected) that the stranger was Don Ambrosio, who appeared to him to be dangerously ill, he said, and so much under the dominion of despair, that he obstinately refused all nourishment and medicine.

Viola was shocked, was grieved, was agitated. She had once tenderly loved Ambrosio; she still admired his great talents and many virtues, while she contemned his vices, and recoiled with horror from him, when, through the eye of suspicion, she glanced at him as the murderer of her father. But although she had so many reasons to abhor him, she still was distressed at being the cause of misery to any one. Earnestly she therefore entreated father Leopold to return to Don Ambrosio, and exert towards him the duties of his function. 'Convince him of the impiety of his conduct,' said she; 'awaken that fortitude in his mind which I well know he possesses; summon every medicinal aid for him; do all that can be done to assist, to comfort, to



restore him to himself: but feed him not with one single ray of hope from me; for know, holy father, that although I should be shocked, should grieve, at his death, I could not be his, even to save his soul's existence.

From this time father Leopold was almost constantly with Ambrosio; and whenever he returned to the castle, he brought with him piteous accounts of the mental and bodily sufferings of Ambrosio, whose life and miseries he said were drawing fast to a conclusion.

The archbishop of Montreal was at this period gone to Palermo to stay some days, both upon ecclesiastical business and to arrange the train for settling the affairs of the late marchese. Viola now keenly deplored his absence; for she doubted not that his great piety and judgment would have had due influence to rouse all the dormant virtues which Ambrosio possessed into action; while she suspected both the powers and inclination of Leopold, who, though long her father's favourite, had never been esteemed by her. She knew that he had violently opposed the marchese's taking her into favour a second time, and had exerted himself to impede the re-union of her parents; as hers and her mother's presence had totally put a period to those improprieties in her father's conduct which Leopold had, instead of censuring, not only approved, but promoted. After the marchese of Palermo's re-union with his wife, he made a new disposition of his property, and in this his last will bequeathed not one shilling to Leopold di Pessimo, whom in a prior testament he had nobly provided for. This proof of alteration in her father's opinion of Leopold, united with her own disapprobation of his general conduct, determined her to dismiss him from

his sacred station in her family, as soon as she could do it without an appearance of disrespect to the memory of him who had placed him in that situation.

At length Leopold brought intelligence to Viola of Ambrosio's being at the point of death; that the physicians had declared he could never see another day; that he had made his confession, but positively refused to receive absolution; or the host, until Viola should be prevailed upon to visit his death-bed; and to hear, in his last moments, something of the utmost importance to his eternal salvation.

Viola was dreadfully shocked and agitated. Leopold told her, it was her duty to give comfort to an expiring fellow creature, whose death she had, though innocently, absolutely occasioned; and although she had destroyed his peace in this world, she could not be so cruel, so unjust, so wicked, so diabolical, as to deprive him of every hope in the world to come.

Viola shuddered; but, convinced that it was her duty, acquiesced. Every moment was precious, Leopold said, where so few remained, and she must instantly go. She wished for Clementina to accompany her; but Leopold objected to her as a companion upon such a solemn occasion, both from her youth, and not possessing sufficient firmness to engage in such a scene. 'From your present agitation,' said he, 'I see you will want support; therefore take Zingaresca with you.'—After a moment's reflection Viola thought he was right, and, that she might not give any unnecessary uneasiness to her beloved cousin, would not even tell her what a distressing scene she was about to encounter: and unknown to Clementina she set out with her late father's domestic chaplain and Zingaresca,



who had been placed by her father about her person upon her first restoration to his favour, and who had ever since evinced herself a faithful, affectionate, intelligent domestic.

In the most pitiable agitation of both mind and frame, the young and guileless marchesa was supported by father Leopold about a quarter of a league along the sea-shore to the fisherman's hut, where she was struck with amazement upon beholding Don Ambrosio, not in his bed, as she expected to find an expiring man, but seated in an elbow-chair, looking certainly wan, languid, and attenuated, but by no means in that deplorable state she was taught to believe him in. We cannot suppose Viola was angry at not finding her lover at the point of death; but she was highly offended at being so meanly and dishonourably trepanned thither; and darting an upbraiding look at Leopold, she was about to retire, when Ambrosio, throwing himself at her feet, and grasping her robe to detain her, pleaded, with all the seducing eloquence he was master of, for her to pity, and not consign him to misery and death.

The marchesa answered him only by a look of ineffable disdain; and while struggling to get free, indignantly demanded from father Leopold what could have induced him to act a part so degrading to the sacred profession he belonged to?

'My solemn promise to your deceased father,' replied the undaunted Leopold. 'In the last confession of the marchese of Palermo, he informed me that he had basely wronged the man who had nobly and gallantly attempted to preserve his life at the peril of his own; that, averse to your union with a foreigner, he had ungenerously fabricated

anecdotes to Don Ambrosio's disadvantage; and to make all the retribution in his power, he, at that awful moment, bound me by a solemn, sacred vow, to use every means that mortal ingenuity could devise to promote your union with the noble but ill-treated Don Ambrosio de Montalvan.'

'It would ill besit me,' said Viola with a look of firm incredulity, 'to say I disbelieve the assertions of a man who has devoted his days to the service of the Almighty; but you must forgive a child for believing her parent incapable of such baseness, such dishonour. To the archbishop of Montreal my father made his last awful confession; but if to you the marchese of Palermo entrusted a secret and wishes of such importance, why did you not evince your respect to his memory, by sooner imparting this intelligence to me, and in a manner more honourable to his chaplain, and less degrading to his child?'

Leopold now lost his temper, and in a most turbulent and unbecoming manner called upon all that heaven contains to attest the truth of his assertions. He then intemperately reprobated the cruelty and injustice of her conduct to Ambrosio; and proceeded to denounce the most dreadful maledictions upon her, and to threaten her with all the anathemas of the church if she persisted in such cruel and undutiful conduct.

Viola was shocked, but not shaken, by his violence. 'That I once loved Don Ambrosio, and gave him that encouragement you accuse me of,' said she, 'I deny not. I am not ashamed to own it; for to be sensible of merit is no crime. In the semblance of every virtue Don Ambrosio first presented himself to me: in that form he won my affection, and I bade him hope. But was I in fault because he had two



souls, two characters? that he was one day susceptible of every virtue, the next a slave to every vice? that he could this hour, with every action that was noble, just, and generous, win the friendship of him whose happiness in the next he would not scruple to blast for ever? that he could, with the most heroic valour, obtain for himself fame and honour, and in the next moment tarnish his fame and blight his laurels, by insulting with every indignity, and wounding by every cruelty, those whom his hand had deprived of liberty, who therefore more forcibly claimed his kindness? Such is the real character of Don Ambrosio de Montalvan; and when I had incontestable proof of its being so, I found the Ambrosio I had loved a delusive phantom, with which my affection vanished. Such is the portrait facts have drawn of Don Ambrosio, and this is the resolution I have formed on viewing it—never to be his: nor can the story of my father's last request to you, nor the anathemas you threaten me with, alter my determination. He, whose omnipresent eye sees into the inmost recesses of the darkest heart, can penetrate the base assassin's secret haunts, and beholds his most wary actions, will not suffer the child of the late marchese of Palermo ever to unite herself with Don Ambrosio de Montalvan.—Zingaresca, open the door, and go with me to the castle.—Father Leopold, you return there no more.

With a look that spoke every feeling of her soul, and with all the dignity of conscious virtue, she turned to the door; but Zingaresca obeyed her not.

‘Zingaresca!’ said she, ‘did you not hear me?’

‘I did,’ replied that treacherous woman, ‘and also heard the last commands of the deceased marchese

to this holy man. To see them obeyed I came hither, and shall not move until the will of my dear late lord is fulfilled.’

‘Merciful Heaven! what can this mean;’ exclaimed Viola shuddering.

‘It means,’ said Leopold, ‘that you quit not this hovel until the will of your father is accomplished by your union with Don Ambrosio.’

‘My union with Don Ambrosio never can take place, since tortures shall not rend acquiescence from me,’ said the marchesa determinately.

Leopold took out his missal—‘Perform your office, holy father,’ cried Zingaresca: ‘I will make oath that I heard the marchesa assent to the union.’

‘And so too will we,’ said both the fisherman and his wife, who now made their appearance from an inner kind of room.

‘Your refusal will avail you nothing,’ said the worthless Leopold.—‘A vessel is waiting to convey you from Sicily the moment the ceremony is over. The validity of the marriage will never be doubted;—for who will disbelieve the solemn testimony of your father's domestic chaplain; of this respectable woman, and of these simple, honest people; while you can have no witness in your behalf, and your own affirmation will not be sufficient in law?’

Viola burst into tears, and, in a voice of agony, demanded if Spain's boasted hero could act such a perfidious part?

Ambrosio was silent; her conduct during this scene of villany had charmed him to enthusiasm; he admired, adored her, even more than he had before done; and the good properties of his soul, awakened by the example she gave him, would have urged him on to the side



of honour, had not some words she emphatically uttered told him most horribly that he had nothing to hope from her. Perfidy and force were therefore all he had now to depend upon; and vengeance for the suspicions she so unaccountably entertained urged him to perseverance in this scheme of villany.

Zingaresca now grasped Viola round the waist, to fix her to the spot near Ambrosio's chair. Leopold began the marriage ceremony; and Ambrosio was just placing the ring upon her finger, in spite of her shrieks, her struggles, her agony almost amounting to phrensy, when the door of the hut was burst in, and the archbishop of Montreal and Clementina entered. Viola flew into the arms of her reverend uncle, who, casting a look of menace at the perfidious wretches there assembled, bore his lovely and agitated niece to his carriage, which was near, and with her and Clementina drove off instantly to the castle.

When Viola left the castle with Leopold, Clementina was engaged writing to some of her friends at St. Rosolia's; and when she had completed her letters, and sought her cousin, she learned that the marchesa was gone out with Leopold and Zingaresca, two persons whom Clementina believed capable of any mischief. Viola's going out with them, unknown to herself, increased her suspicions of perfidy, which she scarcely knew what had before awakened. Their long absence augmented her alarms; and in the restless roving humour her anxiety worked her into, she strayed out of the castle-grounds upon the sea-shore, towards the hut, to where fear and suspicion pointed. Footsteps, which she now saw upon the sands, confirmed her apprehensions, and she almost flew to the hut, where, the moment she arrived, she

heard the sound of her beloved Viola's voice in cadences of distress. Clementina strove in vain to gain admittance; her knocks and calls were disregarded or unheard, from the tumult within. The piteous shrieks of Viola at length appalled the ears of Clementina, who re-echoed them with increased violence, as she frantically ran round and round the hut in search of a place to enter by. In this moment of agonised distress she heard the sound of a carriage coming the road from Palermo, which wound at no very considerable distance from the hovel. Wildly and impetuously she darted into the highway to meet the carriage and implore assistance; when, oh raptures! she beheld the equipage of her guardian, who, unexpected by any one, was returning to the castle in search of papers necessary for the completion of the business he was engaged in.

Viola was so completely subdued by agitation and terror, that she was compelled to retire to her chamber the moment she got home, where Clementina remained with her almost the whole day; and before the good prelate retired to rest, he visited his wards, and told them, 'he should take them on the morrow to St. Rosolia's, there to remain while Don Ambrosio continued in Sicily, since he was now convinced it would be less injurious to his beloved Viola's peace and health to be where every scene around her would feed her unceasing grief for her incomparable mother, than to remain exposed to the dreadful apprehension of new outrage; and as soon as he had delivered them into the protection of the abbadessa of St. Rosolia's, he should take proper measures for the punishment of the vile Leopold and his accomplices'; and with a paternal embrace, and a most fervent benediction, this amiable man parted from his beloved wards,



never more in this life to behold them.

The inestimable prelate of Montreal was found next morning a clay-cold corse by his old *cameriro*. No mark of violence appeared about him; yet the moment of his death, with the extraordinary circumstance of no one belonging to the church appearing to pay the due respect, and go through the requisite forms upon the demise of such an illustrious catholic, might have introduced suspicion into the minds of the lovely cousins, had not grief and horror so totally occupied their thoughts that they minded not the singularity of the dead calm that reigned through the castle, that no one appeared from Palermo or St. Rosolia's. Viola had ordered expresses to go with the fatal intelligence to the chapter of the archbishop's diocese, to Palermo, and St. Rosolia's; and to summon dottore Balsamico to her uncle's truly worthy valet, who had fallen into a fit upon discovering the dreadful calamity, and had been conveyed to his chamber dangerously ill: and after this exertion the marchesa sunk upon the bosom of the sympathising Clementina, so completely subdued by grief and dismay, that she could only weep, and lament with her cousin the dreadful blow they had just sustained.

Totally absorpt in sorrow, they could not lessen the food offered by the officious domestics; and soon after the untouched dinner was removed, Clementina providentially observed a letter lying at her feet, which, upon opening, she found contain these words, almost unintelligibly written:

‘HONOURED LADIES,

‘I am grieved to say villany is at work. All who could protect have been removed by bad means, and

this castle is not one moment longer a place of safty for the innocent.’

## CHAP. LVII.

VIOLA and Clementina were thrown into the utmost consternation. Suspicion once awakened, they clearly saw their danger. Struck with the conviction of their guardian having been destroyed by the visitation of a mortal hand, that the schemes of the diabolical Leopold and Ambrosio might meet no further opposition, the imminence and magnitude of the perils which threatened them suspended their grief for a time, and every idea of their minds was now called into council upon measures for escaping the dangers which encompassed them.

It was evident, by their hearing nothing from St. Rosolia's, that the express had not been allowed to reach the place of destination; and this circumstance clearly evinced their intercourse being cut off, and that they would not be allowed to receive succour from thence, or from the city. Neither could they possibly expect that any attempt of theirs to gain Palermo, or the convent, could be successful; and after much painful deliberation, they were both convinced that their only hope of safety would be in an immediate flight from Sicily.

‘But even could we, my Clementina,’ said the marchesa, ‘contrive to procure a vessel to convey us secretly away, whither can we go? We have no friends, no protectors, in any country we can fly to.’

‘Yes,’ replied Clementina, ‘we shall find both a friend and protector at Naples.’

‘At Naples! Who?’

‘The duchessa di Manfredonia, the protector of the unfortunate;



the friend of the destitute. I know her character well, from a Neapolitan girl who came to St. Rosolia's after you left it. The duchessa is amiable, sensible, and compassionate: we will fly to her, tell her our distress; she will protect and place us in a safe asylum. Since the death of her only son and his wife, she has deserted the castle of Manfredonia, and resides entirely at Naples. Her grandson, the present duca, a wonderfully amiable and learned man, chiefly lives with her; and he will prove a powerful auxiliary to us.'

'My dear ardent cousin, you make your arrangements as if no obstacle could impede your way: but consider, would it be quite consistent with delicacy for us to intrude for protection where we know this young and, as I suppose, unmarried duca resides?'

'Yes, I know he is unmarried: but his living at the duchessa's cannot possibly affect our delicacy, since he is quite an old man.'

'Her grandson so old!—Then surely she must be superannuated, or at least inactive, and could be of no service to us.'

'Indeed she is not: she is a wonderful woman; and although certainly very old, age seems to have had no effect upon her mind, but to expand the powers of her understanding, and to enlarge her benevolence.'

The duchessa di Manfredonia being the only person out of Sicily or Lisbon whose character and residence they were acquainted with, these two unfortunate and singularly destitute young and totally inexperienced women at length determined, could they effect their escape, to go to Naples, and throw themselves upon her goodness for protection; but in whom to confide the arrangement for their escape

was a matter of greater difficulty still. They had reason to suspect the fidelity of every one around them; and the perfidy of Zingaresca taught them that even the most specious were capable of treachery.

'Alas!' said Clementina; 'and amongst the numbers in this castle who have lived by your father's bounty, and some have received signal favours from him, there now is not one whom his unhappy child can with confidence apply to for assistance!'

'No,' replied Viola, blushing for human nature; 'no, not one amongst those whom gratitude to my father ought to attach to me! But there is in the castle a man of sullen temper, and unfortunate appearance, who at an early period of my father's life saved him from perishing in the sea, at imminent peril to himself; which noble and humane action, I am grieved to say, met its only reward in the consciousness of having done his duty, and saved a fellow-creature from destruction. My father's heart was turned by his favourites from poor Bernardo, his preserver. He was taught to think ill of him, and therefore hardly used him: and I am shocked to think, that on every occasion Bernardo's comfort was since unheeded, and the misery of his vassalage augmented by the barbed arrow of ingratitude. Upon my arrival here, after the decease of my father, all the domestics hailed me with fawning servility, and elaborate speeches, except Bernardo, who then appeared not. I afterwards accidentally met him: he looked mournfully at me, burst into tears, and, without speaking, precipitately retired. That man, I told my dear deceased uncle, should be the first in my family provided for, and that man is the



only one amongst them that I will confide in.'

'And on that man's faith will I risk my life,' said Clementina.

Having now determined upon the only plan of safety which appeared within their power, they exerted all their ingenuity to obtain an interview with Bernardo, unobserved by those spies they doubted not were every-where around them. They accomplished that difficult and hazardous project; and Bernardo strongly recommended their flight that very night.

Bernardo's intellects being held in sovereign contempt by the other domestics, he was thought incapable of observation, and they scrupled not to hold their cabals in ambiguous sentences before him, believing them incomprehensible to him. But they were deceived in Bernardo, who possessed acute observation, a clear understanding, and a feeling heart. From the extreme deformity of his figure, he early became an object for derision to the unthinking and profligate. His sensitive sensibility made him shrink from ridicule; taught him to shun society, and retire within himself; and, in the end, the keenness of his feelings changed him into the morose and apparently stupefied misanthrope. He had caught, from what he had heard that day, sufficient to convince him that the marchesa and her cousin were to be carried off whilst in their present unprotected state; and reflexion and observation led him to believe that the archbishop had been unfairly removed; and interest for his dear young lady taught him how to manage the conveyance of that billet which roused her to a sense of her danger.

The suspicions of Bernardo were too well grounded. As the good and virtuous are impelled by sym-

pathy to friendship, so villany soon finds its counterpart. During the illness of the marchese of Palermo, Ambrosio and Leopold formed a league of interest—we cannot degrade friendship by calling the cement which binds the vicious to each other by that sacred name. The marchese died without leaving any provision for his once favourite parasite, and Leopold therefore determined to provide for himself. He undertook to effect an union between the young marchesa and Ambrosio, for which service one third of her wealth was to be his. The venal domestics, all his own creatures, placed in the service of the marchese at his recommendation, were easily secured; and upon the failure of the first attempt at the fisherman's hut, by the interposition of the good archbishop, Leopold resolved to prevent such another unexpected rescue by the murder of Viola's only protector.

The wary Leopold, ever committing crimes, was always provided with salvos. The murder of the archbishop was a dangerous enterprise: but he was too well versed in all the chicanery of priestcraft not to be guarded against contingencies; he was therefore always armed with indulgences of every description, and absolutions for all the sins he ever did or ever should commit. Ambrosio, too, was by his means equally well fortified. Yet, notwithstanding these infallible talismanic treasures, Leopold determined to act secretly, nor to allow the eye of suspicion to glance at him. He therefore, by a subterraneous passage, re-entered the castle, where Viola had forbid his return; and remaining there in secret, he had a sufficient quantity of opium infused in the archbishop's wine at supper to cause profound sleep, but did not attempt enough



for death, lest it should fail, and poison would tell tales: but going more securely to work, he and one of his most devoted creatures entered the chamber of his sleeping victim, who awoke in that blessed paradise where his virtues placed him. By holding a down bed tight over him, they effected their diabolical purpose, and left no trace of murder. Leopold, not choosing that the death of the archbishop should transpire at Palermo until the succeeding day, took his measures accordingly. There was a vessel belonging to Ambrosio in readiness to convey them to Spain, and in the dead of night Viola and Clementina were to be carried off.

Bernardo had a relation, a fisherman, who lived at no great distance from the castle; and this man, whose name was Stephano, he engaged to be ready with his *battello* near the mouth of a cave upon the shore, which communicated with the castle by the same subterraneous passage Leopold had benefited by.

At an hour earlier than usual, Viola, pleading indisposition, retired to bed, and dismissed her attendants for the night, as Clementina was to sleep with her. The moment her women departed, the marchesa arose; and, quickly redressing, took all the money and jewels her cabinet contained, and with Clementina proceeded to follow Bernardo's directions. From Viola's dressing-room there was a door of communication which led to one of the castle towers, that from some ancient tradition was reported to be haunted, for which reason none of the domestics ever approached it. Quickly they descended the staircase of this tower, which led them into the vaults of the castle, where Bernardo, disguised as a *pescatore*, was waiting for them; and who now safely conducted the

trembling fugitives through the subterraneous way to the cave where Stephano was posted. In two hampers were Viola and Clementina conveyed on board the fishing-smack by Stephano and Bernardo; and piously invoking the care of Providence, they instantly put to sea. The wind was favourable, the Mediterranean calm, their boatmen skilful; and notwithstanding the distance between Palermo and Naples, they arrived at the latter place without encountering any accident, and in less time than they even hoped for; when Viola liberally rewarded Stephano, whom she advised by no means to return at present to Sicily, lest the vengeance of Leopold and Ambrosio should await him.

Bernardo knew Naples well: he therefore safely conducted his lovely mistress and her beautiful companion to the villa di Manfredonia. The duchessa being easy of access, our two fair fugitives found no difficulty in obtaining an interview; when Clementina, although evidently under the influence of that timidity so amiable in youth, introduced herself and cousin, and told the short story of their distress with such a fascinating grace, that the duchessa instantly promised to protect them: and in a very few moments the beautiful simplicity of their manners, the uncommon loveliness of their appearance, with their helplessness, and the singularity of their case, awakened her interest and anxiety so forcibly, that she offered them an immediate asylum in her own house; which they, as may be supposed, most gratefully accepted.

The duchessa was at this period in her seventy-sixth year, and was, as Clementina had heard, a most extraordinary woman both in mind and frame. Her grandson was then



gone with a particular friend, conte di Elfridii, into Tuscany: her domestic chaplain, father Rinaldo, she therefore employed to lay before his Neapolitan majesty the grievances his fair Sicilian subjects complained of; and in due time the marchesa's affairs were securely arranged in Sicily, and proper guardians appointed for her person:—one a Sicilian nobleman of worth and abilities; the other the duchessa di Manfredonia, with whom she fixed her residence, in compliance with the duchessa's wish and her own.

Leopold was excommunicated, and banished the Two Sicilies. Had there been sufficient proof for entering into a legal prosecution against him for the murder of the archbishop, they could not have executed it, as he absconded from Sicily the moment he learned to whose protection the marchesa had flown.

#### CHAP. LVIII.

WHILE all this important business was transacting, the duca di Manfredonia, with conte Elfridii, returned from Tuscany. They had learned by the duchessa's letters a full account of the fascinating fugitives, and came back to Naples on the wings of impatience to behold them.

Her exertions for personal safety had for a while suspended the grief of Viola, but not subdued it; and the moment she gained a place of refuge she sunk under the weight of her sorrows, which seemed to press more heavily upon her heart from the short respite she had from them; and for several weeks after she reached Naples she was too ill to leave her chamber.

Clementina felt severely the losses she had so recently sustained: but she had not now the death of both her parents to deplore, nor to mix

with her sorrow the dreadful idea of being the cause, though the innocent one, of the murder of her father and her uncle: she therefore more speedily recovered from her grief, and was seen by the duca and his friend some time before Viola could appear to them.

The duca di Manfredonia was charmed almost to fascination by the beauty, wit, and manners of Clementina; but still he felt impatient to behold that phenomenon, 'a girl not yet seventeen, who could encounter difficulties and dangers in the most formidable shape, to fly from a lover, young, beautiful, seducing, and his country's hero, merely because he was a profligate.' At length he saw Viola in all that interesting languor her sorrows threw around her; he saw her move in the perfection of graceful dignity; he heard her bewitching voice, her fascinating conversation, given in words of simple eloquence, spoken

'So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd snow,

They melted as they fell;'

DRYDEN.

he saw her, heard her, loved her, and despaired.

Lorenzo di Manfredonia was perhaps not so strikingly handsome as Don Ambrosio di Montalvan, but he was more interestingly so: the expression of his countenance portrayed more sentiment, more sense and sweetness, than Ambrosio's, and spoke more to the heart than to the fancy: his figure was faultless symmetry and grace; his disposition, his temper, his heart, his talents, were the perfection of human nature. Yet he doubted his own powers of gaining the affections of the fascinating marchesa: depreciating his own merits, he thought it would be presumptuous in him to aspire to her, whom



he considered the perfection of every beauty, every virtue under heaven; and the disparity of their years, he believed, independent of every other barrier, would prove an insurmountable one, since Clementina's 'quite old man' was then in his thirty-fourth year. But to rescue Clementina from the odium of absurdity, we must remind our readers, that it was natural for a girl not quite sixteen to consider a person more than double her own age as very old; and the duca thought Viola would look upon him as much too old to appear in the character of her lover. But with all his sense and penetration he was here mistaken; for, after two months passed constantly in his society, it became the first wish of Viola's heart. They neither now knew happiness but in each other's conversation, every passing moment discovering to one, some before undiscovered mental treasure, in the other's possession: they felt existence only in each other's society: and yet the duca's attachment remained as perfect a secret to the marchesa as her predilection was to him, until accident revealed the long-hidden source of many a sigh and blush, of all that pensive, restless sadness, that tinged the cheeks and heaved the bosom of Viola, and strongly marked the manners of Lorenzo.

The marchesa of Palermo was only to be seen to be admired. Many suitors appeared, all of whom she instantly rejected; and after each of these rejections the duchessa strongly urged Lorenzo to try his fortune; but still doubting the probability of his success, he feared, by avowing his passion, to make Viola's residence with his grandmother unpleasant to her. At length the blind urchin, weary of concealment, called in Flora to assist him. From Viola's earliest days the per-

fume of the tuberose had been too powerful for her nerves. Lorenzo, not knowing this, one day presented her with a beautiful branch he had just gathered. They were the gift of Lorenzo; she placed them in her bosom, and in a few moments after fell senseless on the couch upon which she had been sitting. The duca, all terror, agony, dismay, summoned assistance: the room was instantly ventilated, and all specifics tried. Viola was just recovering—Lorenzo hanging over her in almost distracted anxious tenderness—when Clementina, drawn thither by an account of her cousin's illness, rushed in, and, at one glance developing the cause of this sudden indisposition, grasped at the tuberoses, exclaiming, 'These odious flowers have made her ill.'

This sentence roused at once the scarcely recovered Viola—'Oh! leave my flowers,' she cried: 'I would not part with them for worlds.'

'Not for worlds?' exclaimed the amazed Clementina. 'From your earliest days I have known you fly from the scent of a tuberose, as you would from contagion: what can have made these so precious to you?'

The question, the inquiring eye, of Clementina awakened the consciousness of Viola: her voice, her look, her burning blushes, as she strove in vain to account for this sudden fondness for what she had ever before shunned, conveyed to the throbbing heart of Lorenzo the most joyful tidings it had ever known. Ardently he now entered the lists, with many competitors, for her favour, and upon the day she completed her seventeenth year the marchesa of Palermo was united to the duca di Manfredonia.

Conte Elfridii was one of those



indigent nobles who swarm in Naples, and who by his uncommonly great talents, and insinuating manners, gained the friendship of Lorenzo, who had been of considerable service to him in pecuniary arrangements, and upon every occasion in which he could evince his regard. The conte was one of those common characters so frequently to be found in great men's houses—specious, artful, watchful of his own interest, and sedulous to conceal all his imperfections from those he wished to please, or to deceive; and he was so entertaining a companion, so polished, so learned, so apparently amiable, that he stood high in the estimation of the duca and his grandmother, neither of whom entertained the slightest suspicion to his disadvantage.

The beauty, genius, and playful gaiety of Clementina made a deep impression upon the heart of the insidious Elfridii, whose person was good and face rather handsome: but he feared a repulse, as he was by four years Lorenzo's senior in age, who had dreaded so much from the disproportion of years between his Viola and himself; and above all, Clementina had no fortune. He therefore concealed his attachment within his own breast until he saw the marchesa, Clementina's equal in youth, beauty, and accomplishments, her superior in mental endowments, in rank and fortune. bestow herself upon a man double her own age, and that a very noble provision had been made by Viola for her beloved cousin. Then the wary Elfridii commenced his suit. Clementina laughed at his passion, caricatured himself, and then showed him all the ridiculous forms her lively imagination had portrayed him in. Despairing to succeed with her, he

applied to the young duchessa, to exert her influence with her cousin in his favour. But Viola possessed too much delicacy of mind to interfere where she knew gratitude would sacrifice every thing to her wishes. Besides, Elfridii was no favourite of hers. Although, as her Lorenzo's friend, she treated him with the utmost respect and deference, yet for worlds she would not see him the husband of her beloved Clementina.

Disappointed in his success with Viola, Elfridii applied to her husband. But all Lorenzo's interest with Clementina was before engaged by another friend, Altidore (conte Ariosto's only son), who had come from Tuscany to attend the nuptials of Lorenzo; and the vindictive Elfridii, incensed at the duca and duchessa not espousing his cause, and compelling Clementina to be his, resolved to avenge his bitter disappointment upon them.

Altidore di Modena was then in his twenty-fourth year, uncommonly handsome, sensible, learned, amiable, and with manners highly refined and captivating. By intermarriages the families of Manfredonia and Ariosto were connected, and by a long formed and almost hereditary friendship they lived in habits of intimacy in despite of distance. While Lorenzo was yet a youth, and Altidore a child, a strong attachment commenced between them; and when Lorenzo arrived at manhood, and was the admiration of all who saw him, the idol of all who knew him, he became the model from which the young Altidore formed himself. To be thought in any respect like his friend was the highest gratification of his heart, and to equal him in perfection the height of his ambition; and even had Clementina Stanhope possessed fewer captivating attrac-



tions, she would have been the choice of Altidore, because she resembled the wife of Lorenzo.

Altidore's mother had died just before Viola took refuge in Naples, and it was a visit of condolence to Altidore which caused the duca's absence at that period. Grief for his deceased parent prevented Altidore from visiting Naples until the nuptials of Lorenzo, when the beautiful Clementina captivated his fancy and won his heart. He was not doomed to sigh in hopelessness: the attachment was mutual, the consent of conte Ariosto readily obtained; and the moment Elfridii found his rival was accepted he quitted Naples, full of vindictive ire. The day preceding the marriage he returned, apparently calm, and reconciled to his bitter disappointment: but it was the dreadful calm and reconciliation that meditated revenge inspired. He attended the nuptials; and when kneeling at the altar, whilst the marriage benediction was pronouncing, he solemnly pledged himself to vengeance by blasting the happiness of his friend and Viola, whom he accused as the destroyers of his peace.

(To be continued.)

# METHODS OF MAKING ARTIFICIAL WINES, and ELEGANT CORDIALS.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS foreign wines are now at such an extravagant price, that none but the very affluent can afford to have them at their tables; any substitutes for them cannot but be acceptable for many of your readers. I send

you therefore an account of the best methods (at the same time stating the expence) of making several different sorts of artificial wines and cordials; viz.

1. Artificial Red Port.
2. Corinthian Grape, or Currant Wine.
3. Lemon Wine, or Citron Water.
4. Pine-apple Brandy Cordial.
5. Raspberry Vinegar Cordial.

## 1. Artificial Red Port.

Red port wine, besides the pleasure of drinking it as a very agreeable and wholesome liquor, and particularly adapted to this climate, is found to afford great relief in many disorders as a medicine, but the price forbids it amongst the poor, nor can they procure it, except by the assistance of their richer neighbours; and it is a wine which few attempt to imitate, though so useful an one, nor will you scarcely ever find a method described in any book for that purpose.

The method therefore of making and the expence attending it, will be found very useful in many families, and save the expence of buying the foreign, which now will cost nearly fifty pounds.

The following are the ingredients of which it is composed, and the quantities for a hogshead of sixty-three gallons.

Alicant, a strong Spanish red wine.

French, and British wine brandy.  
Southam cyder.

Gallons.	s.	£.	s.
12 of Alicant wine, -	16	-	9 12
3 — French brandy, -	20	-	3 0
6 — British wine brandy	13	-	3 18
42 — Southam cyder, 1s. 6d. -	-	-	3 3
<hr/>			<hr/>
63 gallons			19 13
<hr/>			<hr/>
63 gallons of wine, at 6s. 4d. }			19 19
per gallon - - - - }			

A cask in which brandy has been



and lately emptied is by all means to be preferred, and of the size according to the quantity you propose making. Examine it, that it is perfectly clean and sweet; and if there has been brandy in it, by no means wash it.

Put in half the cyder first, then the other ingredients; and the remainder of the cyder last, which will help to mix them the better. Stir it with a clean stick for five minutes; and let the cask be moderately full, for if the cyder be good, and not too new, there will not be any fermentation, and bung it up very close, after two or three days. If it should ferment, after four or five days, put in a quart of British wine brandy, and stop it up.

In three months, plug it, to see in what state it is; then again at six; but it should stand a year at least, before you drink it, in the cask, for it will not improve in the bottles. If it be not fine, put some isinglass in it, and let it stand till it is, and do not bottle it till then.

If your consumption be quick, it is never better than when drawn; at least draw it a little time, by which you will save both bottles and cork, and when it is a little flat, then bottle it.

There is a new species of British brandy, called British wine brandy, distilled from raisins, and lees of raisin wine, much superior to that made from malt; the price about 13s. a gallon.

In bottling of wine, too much attention cannot be paid in having good and long corks; and who would spoil a bottle of wine for a farthing? under which price you cannot have good corks, for they are four shillings a gross, and it is an absurdity in soaking corks in some of the wine first, for they never drive better than when dry.

## 2. *Corinthian or Currant Wine.*

In the island of Zant, and some other islands in the Archipelago sea, near Constantinople, the inhabitants cultivate the Corinthian grapes, which produce fruit, called currants here.

From them they make a wine which is rich and good for the stomach, in the following manner:

The grapes, after being gathered, are first exposed for three or four days to dry in the sun, one bunch being laid over another for the purpose of diminishing the too powerful effect of the heat.

They are then carried to the press-room, where they lie some days in a heap. A third part of water is thrown on the heap, which is trampled with the feet, until reduced to a sort of paste.

It is then laid on the press, and yields a thick wine of a dark colour, which clarifies itself by depositing its sediment.

As from these grapes a wine is produced, by the same parity of reasoning there cannot be the least doubt of their producing a wine in a similar way to the Malaga, and Smyrna and some other raisins, from which so much wine in this country is produced, and will be an experiment worth trying (for except elder wine, we have not any rich red wine), in a small quantity at first by those who make English wines.

I recommend it to be made in the same manner as raisin wine, and the following method to be pursued, which I have frequently practised with success.

To make a hogshead of sixty-three gallons take three hundred weight of currants, or for a smaller quantity in the proportion of five pounds and a half to each gallon of



water, and allow one gallon in every twenty overplus for waste.

Let the currants be the best you can procure, new, large, and not mouldy, if you give a little more for them. The price now is about 90s. per cwt.

For a hogshead put sixty-six gallons of good soft spring water into a clean mash-tub, with a cock in it. Rub the currants with your hands, that they do not go in, in lumps.

Let them be stirred up well twice a day for twelve or fourteen days; and if the weather be very cold, cover the tub with cloths, to cause a quicker and stronger fermentation.

The day on which you intend barrelling it, do not stir it, but draw it off as clear as possible, and put it into a well-seasoned cask, first burning in it a linen rag, which has been dipped in melted brimstone, with some powdered cloves strewed on it.

Afterwards, put in it a piece of toasted bread, dipped in yeast, to give it another fermentation.

In two or three weeks, when you find it has nearly done fermenting, put in two gallons of British wine brandy, and stop it up close.

In about three or four months plug it, and if clear, rack it, draw off the dregs, and if you have not another cask rather less, return it into its own again, without being washed, and fill it up either with real or artificial red port, or good raisin wine; for at the first time of making, you cannot have any of the same, and if you think it wants strength, add a quart or two of brandy, and put in it an ounce of isinglass; pulled into small threads, and dissolved in some of the wine, to assist in fining it.

In another three months, plug it, and refer to the directions as

for artificial port, in regard to keeping in the cask, and bottling it.

After you have drawn off the wine, put on the currants one third of the quantity of water you did at first; let it stand for ten days, adding an ounce of ginger to each gallon, and some lemon peels after being squeezed, and barrel it.

In three months it will be fit to drink, and is a pleasant summer liquor.

Expence of a hogshead of sixty-three gallons of Corinthian wine.

	£.	s.	d.
Three hundred weight of currants, at 90s.	13	10	0
Two gallons of British wine brandy, at 13s.	1	6	0
Extra expence of wine to fill up the hogshead, perhaps	1	0	0
	15	16	0
63 gallons of wine, at 5s. per gallon	15	15	0

### 3. Lemon Wine, or Citron Water.

Take the parings of twelve lemons, thick rinded and not too ripe, when in full perfection; cut very thin, and put them into two quarts of brandy (and in that proportion, for any quantity), and add one quart of good spring water, and six or eight ounces of fine loaf sugar; then put into it a quarter of a pint of boiling skimmed milk, which will cause it to curdle immediately.

Stir it well, cover it up close, and at the end of three or four days you will find a beautiful lemon-coloured transparent liquor, which must be carefully poured from the sediment, or drawn off by a crane, and then bottled.

It is fit to drink immediately, but better if kept some time. In making a large quantity, a stone jar, or barrel, may be used, and then the clear liquor can be more readily



drawn off by a cock; and if kept a month or two before it is bottled, the better.

When you want to drink it as wine, dilute it with water; but it is better to make it as a cordial at first.

#### *Its Uses.*

To drink as a cordial.

Mixed with water, an agreeable lemon wine.

To put into artificial wines, to give them an agreeable flavour.

#### *Expence.*

	s.	d.
12 lemons - - - -	4	0
2 quarts of brandy - -	10	0
8 oz. sugar - - - -	0	8
	<hr/> 14 8 <hr/>	

5 pints at 3s. - - - - 15s.

If made with British brandy, 2s. 4d. a pint, besides the lemons to make lemon cordial.

#### *4. Pine-Apple Brandy Cordial.*

Put two pounds of fine loaf sugar into two quarts of spring water, boil it, scum it, and when cold, add two quarts of brandy, and put it into a stone jar, or jug.

Take two pounds weight of pine-apple, brush the outside clean, and cut it into slices nearly half an inch thick, and put it into the liquor.

In a month's time, the liquor will be fit to drink, and the pine-apple to eat.

In about three months' time, the brandy will have extracted all the flavour out of the pine; therefore it should be eaten before that time, and the liquor put into pint bottles.

After you have made it, put some writing paper over the jar or jug, tie it close with a bladder over that, and keep it in a dry place.

#### *Its Uses.*

To drink as a rich cordial.

To put some, cut into thin slices, in apricot, plum, or apple-tarts, or to eat.

To put into punch, to give it the flavour of pine-apple, and over strawberries before you eat them.

#### *Expence.*

	£.	s.	d.
2 pounds of sugar, 16d.	0	2	8
2 quarts of brandy, 5s. -	0	10	0
2 pounds of pine-apple, 5s.	0	10	0
	<hr/> 1 2 8 <hr/>		
7 pints at 3s. 3d. - - - -	1	2	9
If made with British brandy, 2s. 9d. a pint.			

#### *5. Raspberry Vinegar Cordial.*

Take four pounds of red raspberries, not too ripe, and infuse them in two quarts of good white-wine vinegar, for twenty-four hours.

Draw off the vinegar by filtering, without bruising the raspberries, very clear.

Add to the vinegar four pounds more of raspberries; infuse them twenty-four hours, and strain off the liquor.

To every pint of this liquor put a pound and half of fine sugar, and put it into a stone jug or jar, and put a cover over it.

Set it in a saucepan of water, to simmer until the sugar is melted.

When the syrup is cold, put it into small bottles, cork it well, and it will keep a long time.

#### *Its Uses.*

It is an agreeable liquor to put into brandy and water, in summer particularly, to abate thirst.

Mix the brandy, sugar and water first; then put in a few tea-spoonsfuls to it, and drink it off directly whilst the fermentation lasts.



Expence.

	s.	d.
2 quarts of good white-wine } vinegar, 10d.	1	8
6 pounds fine loaf sugar, 16d.	8	0
8 pounds raspberries, I shall } suppose from your own } garden.		
	9	8
4 pints, 2s. 6d.	10	0
RICHARD WESTON.		

ACCOUNT of the CELEBRATION  
of the FESTIVAL of CORPUS  
CHRISTI, at BUENOS AYRES.

(From 'Letters from Paraguay, by John  
Constance Davie, Esq.' lately published.)

Convent of St. Dominic, June, 1797.

THE holy festival was celebrated yesterday, with a degree of pomp of which I had not entertained the smallest idea. The morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and other similar demonstrations of joy; sounds so new, and so widely different from any I had heard since my arrival here, that I began to feel very much alarmed, from an apprehension that the Spaniards had obtained some signal victory over the British arms, and the news had just then arrived at Buenos Ayres. My heart proudly palpitated at the humiliating idea, and I was very industriously tormenting myself, when father Jerome entered my room, and presently relieved me, by saying— 'Are not these glorious sounds, which proclaim this blessed festival? What a pity it is so many of your infidel countrymen should be lost to this august ceremony!' I could have hugged the reverend enthusiast for so well removing my anxiety; but not caring to betray my real sentiments on the subject, I coolly answered, 'We are not all endowed

with an equal portion of the divine spirit, brother Jerome;' and immediately accompanied him to the convent chapel. Divine service was performed three times in the course of the morning; the first mass at six o'clock, the second at half past seven, and the third at nine.

At ten o'clock, upon a signal given at the governor's house, the community prepared to join in the general cavalcade; and now, for the first time, I was to see the outside of the convent. We were arranged in order, in a large square, within the gates: first, the young choristers were divided into four bands, twelve in each; these are the children under the tuition of the fathers. The first division was to precede the whole, singing a particular service appropriate to the day. On either side these children walked lay-brothers, bearing ensigns, or pictures representing the different achievements of their patron saint. Then followed the novices, among whom was myself; every one bearing some precious relic or another, enclosed in boxes of ebony and ivory, curiously wrought.

To us succeeded another band of music, accompanied by all the visitors of distinction, of which there were not a few from the distant plantations. Next came the elder fathers of the convent, two and two, each carrying something relative to the festival; and after them the superior, drest in all the regalia of his office, surrounded by the young students going to Cordova, and six lay-brothers, bearing banners. The remainder of the community, choristers, and several newly-baptized Indians, brought up the rear; every one in this procession being arrayed in their richest and gayest attire. The cavalcade, having cleared the convent-gate, en-



tered a large handsome square; on one side of which stands the cathedral, a very fine well-finished edifice, crowned with a cupola, and open on all sides to the view. Round this square were assembled the societies of several other orders, all dressed in paraphernalia; and a more curious scene I never witnessed. It seemed as if people from all nations of the earth were collected together, presenting every different shade of the complexion, from the silver-haired inhabitant of Denmark to the sable-hued native of Guinea.

Among the crowd some Indian caciques held a very conspicuous place. They wore party-coloured cotton habits, prettily decorated with a variety of feathers, arranged in a very judicious and elegant manner. Bands of wool, red, purple, and yellow, encircled their heads, and supported some of the most beautiful plumes I ever beheld. Several of the caciques wore glittering ornaments on their chins; others on their necks, arms, and legs. But if these Indians pleased by the gaiety of their attire, another tribe interested me no less by their simplicity. These were clad in white cotton vestments, with no other ornament than large full white feathers, rising one above another round the head. This dress, contrasted with the dark copper colour of their skins, was peculiarly striking, and gave a most singular, though extremely pleasing, appearance to the whole.

The outsides of the houses round the square were hung with festoons of flowers, and live birds, tied with strings, to prevent their escape, but long enough to admit of their fluttering sufficiently to expand their beautiful plumage; a contrivance which I must confess had a very picturesque effect. The portico of

the church was decorated with an uncommon quantity of real and artificial flowers, in the disposal of which a great share of taste had been displayed. Under the principal arch was placed a band of musicians, who sung and played most enchantingly. Indeed there is not a place in the world, not even Italy, where sacred music is more studiously attended to. Upon a volley being fired by some of the soldiers—who were all drawn up on one side of the square—the procession commenced by the military, fully accoutred, marching off two and two, to the sound of drums, trumpets, and other martial music, at intervals halting, to discharge their pieces; the bells of all the churches ringing, and the ships in the harbour returning the firing in the town: so that altogether you may suppose the concert by no means a despicable one. First after the soldiers came the order of St. Francis, arranged in nearly the same manner as ourselves; then followed a second division of the military, and the choristers of the cathedral: to them succeeded the order of St. James; and, thirdly, we came in. Between our rear and the advanced guard of the fourth community was borne on a very high altar, richly decorated, the elements of the eucharist, surrounded by a vast number of people of the first rank and quality; some of them bearing lighted wax candles, highly perfumed; others incense, many banners, and not a few relics: the whole group flanked by soldiers on horseback, in their newest and best attire, firing alternately to the right and left; and wherever a cross was erected, which I believe was at the end of every street, the whole cavalcade halted to sing the appointed service.

After the eucharist came another



division of soldiers, and after them all the remaining religious of the town, while on either side of the street—for we took the middle—marched the mobility, men, women, and children, but, notwithstanding their numbers, all ranged in regular order, and observing a profound silence, except when they joined in the general choruses, and then blessed St. Dominic. What a din was there! Each division of the whole procession was attended by a band of music, which, halting at the crosses, played almost divinely; and sorry enough I was, when the devotion of the multitude, breaking forth into audible sounds, spoiled such excellent harmony.

The decorations of the houses in magnificence surpassed any thing I ever beheld in Europe on the like occasion. The streets are wide, and most of them in a straight line; the houses in general low, with here and there a very elegant church or public building, finished according to the rules of European architecture. Every habitation was hung either with tapestry or coloured cottons of various dyes, ornamented with feathers in a very ingenious manner; between which were suspended festoons of flowers, articles of plate, and even jewels, according to the riches of the owner. Across the streets, from side to side, were triumphal arches, composed of boughs of trees artfully interwoven; from which hung, as at the portico of the church, a great variety of living birds, all suspended in the most advantageous point of view, and some of them beyond description beautiful. Between the arches were set out a vast quantity of eatables; such as cakes, pies, fruits, &c. all disposed in a very agreeable manner: and I could not help feeling a kind of peculiar *English pleasure at this part of the*

exhibition. Close to the houses, on each side of the streets, were likewise placed living animals—young tigers, lions, wolves, dogs, and even monkeys of a particular large species—secured so carefully as to prevent any possibility of their escaping, or hurting those that might come near them. From the windows were suspended baskets, very neatly wove, of a lovely green colour, containing every kind of seed or grain with which they mean to sow the land, that the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD might bestow his benediction on them as he passes, which they think will undoubtedly procure them a plentiful harvest; and indeed they are seldom, if ever, disappointed.

There is not a street through which the procession passes but is adorned in this splendid manner: for on this festival the riches of every individual are displayed to the greatest advantage possible, and with a peculiar degree of art; which must, I should think, occupy a considerable time in preparation.

In one of the streets leading to the great square I saw three of the largest and finest peacocks I ever beheld: also pheasants of an extraordinary size and beauty, not much unlike the peacocks in point of feather, but taller, with more slender legs; and in lieu of a long sweeping tail, small tufts of feathers, composed of dark brown, beautifully shaded with green and gold; but their eyes and plumage, in beauty and variety of colours, far surpassed any of the biped kind that had ever before met my inspection. They all appeared very tame; and, with several other large birds fastened in a similar way, were not in the least disturbed by the firing, the shouts of the multitude, or the trampling of the horses. The ground was all over strewed with herbs and



flowers, so regularly disposed as to resemble, in many places, the most delicate Persian carpets. In fine, all the sweets of nature seemed collected in one spot, to honour the sacred festival: and a greater assemblage of people of all ranks, ages, and conditions, I never witnessed, even in the most populous city in Europe; nor so profound a silence and regularity, except when the pious responses were made.

The governor was dressed in a rich Spanish habit, tastily ornamented with gold, jewels, &c. He was surrounded by a numerous and very splendid retinue, as none but the sick are exempt from assistance at this ceremony.

When the procession reached the cathedral, the air was almost rent by the multitude of voices; and we entered the edifice during a heavy discharge of artillery from the garrison and ships in the harbour, also volleys of musquetry from the soldiers in the streets. Here high mass was celebrated, and the sacrament administered; which ceremony, of course, occupied a considerable time, and when ended the different communities retired in the same order to their respective convents. The principal visitors and caciques are invited to the governor's, where a plentiful banquet is provided for them, composed of every delicacy the country affords. The eatables, &c. with which the streets were adorned, are taken down, and distributed by the parish priests among the inhabitants, who entertain all strangers that choose to partake of them. At night there is a general rejoicing; when some very ingenious fire-works are displayed, and national games exhibited, such as hunting or baiting the wild bull, &c. and various martial exercises, in which the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres particularly excel.

These customs to an Englishman may appear strange, perhaps ridiculous; but they are absolutely necessary in all catholic countries, where it is the object of the religious to make as many converts as possible. These public ceremonies, then, are positively requisite:—you must attack the senses, not the judgment, of an ignorant people. The Indians, in particular, are powerfully attracted by church music: care is therefore taken by the clergy here to invite as many as possible to their splendid festivals, that by witnessing the grandeur and solemnity of the spectacle they might form a wish to become members of a church which, to all outward appearance, is so extremely fascinating.

At our return to the convent we sat down to a very sumptuous and elegant dinner, composed of every delicacy of the year. This is a peculiar indulgence granted them by his holiness the pope; otherwise our order profess abstinence and mortification. But I sincerely believe it is profession only; for though the rules of this society are neither rigid nor severe, I doubt me they are frequently enough infringed upon; in which case, and indeed in most other cases, a penance enjoined is quite sufficient, without spending much time in enforcing it.

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## THE

## ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

(By the Author of *Emily de Veronne*.)

(Continued from Vol. XXXV. p. 602.  
Nov. 1804.)

THE countess their mother never recovered the mortification her pride



sustained, in the loss of her beautiful daughter; particularly as she had eloped with a Scot, the most inveterate enemy of her favourite son. The reflection gradually undermined her constitution: a rapid decline succeeded, and soon put a period to her existence.

Elfrida received the account of her mother's death with more composure than might have been expected; but her father's never writing to say he again considered her as his child was a heart-breaking consideration. She had taken up her residence at Bohamin-abbey, with the beloved sister of Glendarn, whose gentle unassuming manners, joined to an air of melancholy sweetness, prepossessed every one in her favour at the first interview. Her son inherited his mother's virtues. Such endearing society beguiled many a tedious hour when her husband was away, engaged in the service of his country, as his high restless spirit could not remain long inactive.

We will now leave them as comfortably settled as persons in their situation could expect to be, and return to the Elville family. The earl, after the death of the countess (although not possessed of the most delicate feelings), could not endure either of his former residences; he therefore purchased an ancient castle near Truro, in Cornwall, and thither he repaired with his youngest daughter Matilda, the only solace of his declining age, now grown a fine interesting girl. Sydney, although very young, held a commission in the army; consequently was very little with his father. Poor Matilda, thus left alone; more severely than ever regretted the loss of her sister Elfrida. She once had entertained hopes of one day seeing her, when so near the borders; but now, removed to the most distant part of

England, those hopes were entirely banished. Her only consolation was the correspondence of her brother Sydney, whose detestation of Edward's conduct was equal to her own. Thus passed many wearisome hours, with no society but what her own well-cultivated mind afforded; the earl having but few visitors: he was grown old; and the infirmities peculiar to an advanced age, joined to a morose and unfeeling disposition, rendered him no desirable companion. As he had resigned the different offices he held under government, even the cringing crowd who before bowed obsequiously in his suite now deserted him, when he had nothing more to bestow.

One day Matilda was apprised of an unexpected visit from her brother Sydney. The whole morning she paced the battlements, as they commanded a view of the portal he must enter; but no brother came. The next morning she arose, after a sleepless night, and resumed her station, wistfully looking towards the road. Two persons at length approached, and she recognised in one the features of her brother. In the first paroxysm of her joy, she did not notice the stranger whom lord Sydney introduced as his friend, by the name of William Burns. Having poured forth the artless effusions of her bosom in the tenderest manner imaginable, she ventured to cast a penetrating glance on this brother officer of Sydney's, for such she found him. Of the first order of fine forms, he could not be seen without being admired. His countenance, though he was but a stripling, was animated with that look which bespoke an intelligent mind. He had a most graceful and elegant demeanour; manners unassuming, yet insinuating; with every qualification to captivate the female



heart. The young Matilda was not long insensible to his attractions: she felt a pleasure in conversing with him which she had never before experienced. If she walked, he was continually by her side; if she rode, he was ever ready to accompany her, exercising those little attentions which imperceptibly gain on the heart before we are aware: and a circumstance occurred one day which cemented more strongly the attachment between them. Captain Burns, with more than usual seriousness, asked her if he could trust her with a secret: and upon her answering in the affirmative, he informed her his real name was lord William Burns; that he was distantly related to Glendarn; was well acquainted with her sister, and had an interview with her and the two lovely children—for by this time she had a girl and boy—the week previous to his departure from Scotland; and that she had repeatedly enjoined him to present the kindest wishes possible to her sister Matilda, at the same time saying she yet lived in hopes of one day seeing her, and her much-loved brother Sydney. Many an hour passed away in conversing on a subject so dear to the heart of Matilda; and every hour increased, if possible, her affection for this William Burns. At length this pleasing dream vanished, like every other sublunary pleasure. Orders were issued throughout England for all officers to join their respective regiments, and show their loyalty and attachment to their brave sovereign Harry the Fifth, who was going to France; and those youths who wished to signalise themselves in the field of glory were immediately to repair to his standard, then flying at Southampton, where they were to embark on board the different vessels destined to convey them to

the opposite shore. What a heart-breaking consideration for the lady Matilda to relinquish such pleasing society, and in all probability for ever! as her unfeeling father was determined she should very shortly give her hand (whether her heart was in unison or not) to one of the many who had solicited it. Yet hope, ever most delusive where warmest wishes are, prompted her to believe a union might at some time take place with Burns, if she could possibly frame an excuse to reject the offer her father wished her to accept: his death she was conscious, according to the course of nature, could not be far distant; when she would have no one to consult, and might then with propriety dispose of her hand to one who had long held her heart. Her brother suspected her too susceptible bosom was not proof against the amiable qualities of his friend; though he forbore to mention it till the evening previous to their departure, when Matilda, pondering on the probable issue of a passion she already felt was wrapped round the very thread of her existence, indulging her thoughts, had strolled down a solitary walk much frequented by her brother. The sun had cast its departing radiance on the tops of the hills lingering on the lofty turrets of the castle, at the same time reminding her that it was time to return home, ere night shed its sable mantle over the world. Through the gloom which the thick embowered trees occasioned, she perceived some one approaching: it was not William Burns, but Sydney her brother—who said, in a serious tone of voice, he had a question which he wished her to answer. Her face was suffused with blushes: she immediately conjectured what was the subject. He did not suffer her to re-



main long in suspense, but began as follows:

‘Matilda, why are you so sad, so melancholy grown of late; you, who used to be all vivacity? much I fear you have drank deep of the cup of affliction before you are aware. Does not the separation about to take place between my much-esteemed friend Burns and you rather disconcert that feeling heart of yours? Be candid: you shall not repent your ingenuousness.’

‘Indeed, my brother, your suspicions are but too well founded. I feel more interested in his fate than ever I was for any one before. You dread the consequences; much I dread them likewise, but had not resolution to act otherwise:—his worth, his manly figure and pleasing address, were such I never before met with; can you then reproach me for being thus partial to him? Besides, I knew so well the disposition of my brother, as your friend only he would have received a kind reception from me.’

‘My sister, I cannot blame you. I should not have introduced him, could I suppose your susceptible heart could be proof against his attractions: I have caused all the mischief, and must endeavour to find a remedy. Have you not, in the strict scrutiny his features have undergone from your eyes, discovered some faint resemblance of the person whose life you saved in the forest of Elville?’

Matilda answering in the negative, he resumed—

‘Listen attentively to what I am going to relate. This captain William Burns is no other than lord William Burns. Although his family reside in Scotland, he is of English extraction, nearly related to Glendarn by his mother’s marriage. An ancient feud has long divided our houses: my father’s

vindictive spirit execrates the very name. On that account, he has assumed a fictitious title to accompany me hither. The valorous achievements this brave youth performed in an engagement we were in attracted my observation. Though but a mere stripling, the deportment and courage of manhood attended all his actions in the field of battle. I wished much to form an acquaintance with so brave a youth, and I accomplished my wish. A closer intimacy presented his virtues and intellectual endowments in their true light. Congenial taste and manners formed the basis of that friendship on so durable a foundation, that I am confident it will end but with our existence. He inherits the impetuous spirit of his race; yet in nature is he mild, and blest with sensibility of heart nearly bordering on effeminacy. To you, Matilda, I have entrusted a secret which must never be revealed to my father: should he learn it, I know not what might be the consequence; most certainly I should incur his lasting displeasure. With extreme anxiety, I have long observed your growing attachment for my worthy friend. Except on account of the inveterate hatred my father bears his family, I should glory in such an alliance; it would not, in point of noble qualities, disgrace a princess. I should prefer my inestimable friend for the husband of my sister before any sovereign in the world. Even before you knew the strength of your affection for him I discovered it: your eyes could not conceal the predilection you entertained for him; I fear my father has been equally penetrating. I never can reproach you, but will endeavour all in my power to promote a union with him; no one on earth is so worthy of you. Rely on the all-wise Disposer of events; he only



knows what is proper for us, and will direct you accordingly: be resigned to his will; it must be done.'

'Your serious manner,' replied Matilda, 'alarms me: you have indeed discovered a secret I scarce dare trust my own bosom with. Should my imprudence be equally visible to my father—should he have discovered our mutual flame—whither must I fly to escape his anger?'

'Be tranquil, my sister. What have you to fear, when you have two such warm friends, who would die to serve you? Consider poor Burns: he is as deeply involved in a reciprocal flame as yourself, and knows not how to act. Long has he struggled with the growing passion, nor dared even reveal it to me for fear of offending. It has preyed on the inmost vitals of his soul. Many hours has he traversed the ramparts, pondering on his unfortunate passion. I have repeatedly interrogated him on the cause of his melancholy: the only answer I can get is, Why did you introduce me to your amiable sister? I may draw what conclusion I please from those words: I need no other explanation of his sadness.—Well, Matilda, should you even elope from your father, as has Elfrida, like her, you may be blest with the most worthy, the most generous of mankind: though bereft of all the glittering pageantry high rank and fortune can bestow, you must be happy if Heaven destines you to meet with such a husband.'

'Mention not rank or fortune, my brother: your good sense tells you they are a poor consideration when put in competition with happiness. It is neither the one nor the other I consider when thinking of a companion for life: it is the disposition only I seek for; where that is good, I have nothing to fear: such I

have found, and could be happy with, were it possessed by the poorest subject in all his majesty's dominions. How gladly would I resign all pretensions to magnificent dwellings and all the dazzling splendour I was born to move in for a lonely cot, deeply embowered in some sequestered vale; and the endearing society of those I love in preference to all the obsequious adulation of courtiers and those who profess friendship, yet, like the world in general, have nought but self-interest in view! Already my heart sickens at the idea of the continued round of grandeur and luxurious enjoyments my sister Helen is engaged in; and I fear my cruel father will compel me to be another sacrifice to his ambition. A strange horror envelops my soul: a sad ominous idea tells me, after Burns, the gallant Burns, leaves this place I shall see him no more.'

'None of those forebodings, Matilda; anticipate not future ill. It is time enough to be sad when you really know it is so. Imaginary calamities are the cause of half the uneasiness we feel; when, if we could make ourselves contented and hope for the best, many a circumstance which we so much dread often happens far better than our most sanguine wishes could have expected: therefore, Matilda, rest on hope—the invigorating staff of life. Who knows but you may yet be happy with my inestimable friend.'

They had by this time arrived at a grotesque seat much frequented by Burns; and so intent were they in their conversation, that they did not see him then seated there till they were close to the spot where he sat with his head reclined on his hand, in so profound a reverie that he did not see them till Sydney spoke. He started on seeing the two









*London Fashionable Ball & full Dress.*



persons of all others he most wished to see: his intelligent eyes depicted the feelings of his heart. Sydney, to spare him the confusion of commencing a subject he knew preyed on his soul, took of each a hand, alternately pressing them to his breast. The face of the young Matilda was suffused with blushes, as he compelled her to take a seat by the side of his friend. They had scarcely seated themselves ere distant voices assailed their ears. They plainly distinguished the countess of Brompton, accompanied by two others, coming down the avenue. It was no time to hesitate: they separated, each taking the nearest way to the castle; but not till they had agreed to meet in an apartment appropriated solely to Matilda's use, in the western turret, seldom entered by any of the family, as they were fearful it was not safe, from the frequent washing of the sea having undermined it so far, that it was doubtful whether the whole turret would not some time become a prey to this merciless element. But Matilda did not entertain such fears; she could not be prevailed upon to quit her favourite apartments, though that night was sufficient to strike any one with terror, even if in a more secure situation: the thunder rolled over her head in a most tremendous manner; the towers rocked to their very basis. Matilda trembled with fear, and was half inclined to go to her brother; but he, ever alive to the safety of his sister, came to her, gently tapping at the door, to know if she was awake. She immediately let him in; and they waited in anxious suspense the dawn of day, which was to bring Burns to them, to concert measures for their future correspondence. The fury of the storm at length abated; the wind died away in hollow murmurs on the shore; the clamorous sea-

fowl began to seek abroad for food, Matilda went to the windows, to see what devastation the storm had made. Several vessels must have been wrecked: the beach was covered with bodies and shattered fragments. She turned with horror from such a dreadful scene, and cast her eyes on Burns, who, punctual to his time, that instant entered the room.

*(To be continued.)*

## LONDON FASHIONS.

### BALL AND FULL DRESS,

*(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)*

1. CAP of coloured velvet, trimmed with lace. Short dress of yellow muslin, over a train of white sarsnet, ornamented down the front and bottom with flowers and sprigs, and fastened in front with a gold ornament, trimmed round the bosom with pleating of net: white swansdown tippet: kid gloves and shoes.

2. Hair dressed in the fashionable style, ornamented with net-band and combs. Long dress of light-blue muslin; short sleeves of white muslin and lace, over a white satin lining: bottom of the dress trimmed with blue satin ribbon.

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

DRESS toques are worn, with two or three rather short, but very broad, feathers. These feathers are placed in front, and fall forwards almost upon the nose, as they are very limp. The turbans are usually formed of two pieces of stuff; the one white and silver silk, the other



purple, amaranth, or rose-coloured velvet. Flowers on hats are only worn in undress: besides flowers, an apron of lace makes a part of a very elegant undress.

Very pale rose is still the colour most in fashion.

For some months very few robes with long trains have been seen, even in full dress: the few that have trains are for the most part of rose or white satin, buttoned or laced behind with a *tulle* at the neck.

Great-coats of cloth are no longer in request, though many are worn: all the orders are given for those of velvet, white amaranth, or rose-colour. In all these the scarf is white, and fastened before; and the back buttoned with buttons of white satin.

## A NOONTIDE WALK

IN MARCH.

By J. M. L.

' This rude untrodden path I joy to tread—  
For pleasant thoughts it oft hath conjur'd up  
Of grassy lanes in country, lone and wild,  
Deep-rutted, plashy, and that poorly serve  
To link the hamlet to the distant town;  
O'er which the farmer, with his sturdy team,  
To weekly market drives the pond'rous load;  
Or where, with dairy treasures richly charg'd,  
Forth on old Gray his thrifty housewife goes.'

*Fox's Delineations of Home Scenery.*

THIS March morning rose very bright and very windy: the air was uncommonly cold, and foreboded rain; but the wind prevented it from falling by its violence, which drove the scattered clouds in billowy fleeces along the sky. I immediately re-collected a most beautiful sonnet

of Charlotte Smith's, nearly, but not quite, applicable to the present scene: its merit will, I am certain, be my best excuse for inserting it here.

' Swift fleet the billowy clouds along the sky,

Earth seems to shudder at the storm aghast;

While only beings as forlorn as I

Court the chill horrors of the howling blast.

' E'en round yon crumbling walls, in search of food,

The rav'nous owl foregoes his ev'ning flight;

And in his cave, within the deepest wood,

The fox eludes the tempest of the night:—

' But to my heart congenial is the gloom

Which hides me from a world I wish to shun;

That scene, where ruin saps the mould'ring tomb,

Suits with the sadness of a wretch undone:

Nor is the darkest shade, the keenest air,  
Black as my fate, or cold as my despair.'

When I set out for my accustomed walk, the wind still exerted its stormy power; but it had dried up the paths that were dirty of late, and that circumstance gave it charms to a pedestrian like me; and to a person in health it seemed to bear on its wings an increase of that heaven-sent blessing. Not so the weakened son of lingering pain, who retires to an early couch with a form untired and a sleepless eye: to him its bitter howlings are terrible, and its doleful moanings at every crevice seem like the hollow warnings of departed spirits. 'Returning day brings with it no charm: he cannot bear the wind to blow on him, but, shuddering at the bare idea of it, draws closer to his fire; while the same reflections that the wind caused in the night still continue, though, perhaps, with less force. But, alas! sickening pain can find no beauty in the fines



day; and when Nature robes herself in storms, it increases the sufferer's pang. Oh, Father of mercies! restore those dear to my heart, who are now drooping beneath the grasp of sickness; soon restore them, to bless the friends of their little circle, and in thus blessing, to be themselves blest.

'For sure, when anguish bursts the beating heart,

Callous the breast where pity is not near:

When Nature yields to sad affliction's smart,

Unblest the eye that sheds no tender tear.'

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

As I proceeded in my walk, I soon came to an oak tree, prostrated by the last night's storm across my path; its wild and fantastic roots now for the first time waved in the wind, and the earth it had torn up with it lay scattered about. I paused in awful admiration by its side; and contemplated the omniscience of that Being who could thus, by means of an invisible power—the wind, 'that bloweth where it listeth'—tear from its solid foundation the king of the forest, the mighty oak, Britain's invincible bulwark! Methought it might be considered as an emblem of the honest upright man, amid the contending storms of states and the warrings of wild ambition, erecting himself nobly against the corrupting influence of men in power, till the artful and pliant courtier, who bends to every change as the reed does to every wind, undermines and saps the foundation he stands upon: then he falls like the oak, and, like that tree, is noble in his fall.

'What is Ambition's soul-deceiving pow'r,  
That we should strive the phantom to pursue?

'Tis but the passing pageant of an hour,  
That leaves its victim then his hopes to rue.'

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

The early buds, tempted by the warmth of a few preceding days, had began to protrude themselves from the parent stem; but the chilling wind of this day seemed evidently to have checked their progress. I passed, as I pursued my way, a small garden; where I beheld its owner mounted on a ladder, with a tremendous pair of sheers, lopping the luxuriant wildness of nature, displayed in the fanciful ramifications of each tree, to the trim shape his own distorted ideas dictated; rounding some, and squaring others, till every vestige of *natural beauty* was gone. To me, Nature in her wildest form is ever beautiful; and I would rather contemplate her in the most romantic and unfrequented glen, where silence holds her reign undisturbed, save by the dashing of the distant water-fall, than behold her mutilated by such would-be amenders of nature as this man. Often, when confined to the city's smoky haunts, do I envy the joys of every rustic; for

'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,  
Wild Nature's sweetest notes they hear;  
On green untrodden banks they view  
The hyacinth's neglected hue;  
In their lone haunts and woodland  
rounds,

They spy the squirrel's airy bounds;  
And startle from her ashen spray,  
Across the glen, the screaming jay:  
Each native charm their steps explore  
Of solitude's sequester'd store.'

WARTON.

I now passed a grove, where, shaded from the beams of Sol, I have mused away many a summer hour: now it boasted no beauty. The sun was just obscured by a heavy passing cloud, which exhibited a beautiful mixture of light and shade, from the most silvery brightness to the deepest gloom; the blast roared in awful sublimity amongst the naked boughs; and soon from the cloud over my head the hail-drops began to fall. I was



now near a friend's house, on whom I intended calling. I therefore hurried forwards, and he met me at his gate with the sincere welcome of friendship. He pressed me to stay dinner: I consented; and after it, being quite alone, he proposed, as a new species of amusement, that we should jointly write some small piece of poetry, by alternate lines, to resemble as much as possible the performance of one person. It was agreed that I should write the first line, my friend the second, and so on. We produced the following

## STANZAS.

Why does ambition fire the fey'rish brain,  
To dispossess sweet mercy's heav'nly sway;  
Since 'tis the certain source of heartfelt pain,  
Clouding with baneful passion reason's day?

Or why does anger fill the manly mind,  
Oft rudely blighting sweet domestic peace,  
Destroying ev'ry bliss of souls refin'd?—  
Thou, storied passion! bidst each pleasure cease.

Why does the miser hoard his glitt'ring store,  
Each gen'rous impulse forcing from his breast;  
Driving sad sorrow from his hated door;  
Unknown to pity, and unknown to rest?

'Tis madness all!—Grant then to me, ye pow'rs,  
With fortune's gifts to cheer the woe-fraught heart:  
Peace, love, and friendship, give to all my hours;  
To live belov'd;—resign'd with life to part!

Upon reading them over after we finished, they seemed 'better than bargain;' and we amused ourselves with the *certainty* of obtaining *immortality*, as the modern Beaumont and Fletcher.

Such joys as these, oh! let me ever prove!

Still may each Noontide Walk my footsteps lead  
To friendship's hallow'd haunts, or sweetest love;  
My heart undoom'd by sorrow's pang to bleed!

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To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

'Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent.'

SIR,

I SHOULD be wanting in politeness were I to let the request that appears in the Number of your valuable repository for February pass me unnoticed, especially as I am convinced it is a *female inquirer*.

However, in answer to that request—'what was the *cause* of Eliza's *strange* despondency' (as it is there termed), *I am totally unacquainted with it*, or I would freely relate it to 'satisfy the *curiosity* of many of your *female* readers;' and I sincerely regret that *I am unable* to 'render the story *much* more interesting.' I therefore beg leave to conclude; and again repeat, that

'What fix'd the bosom-thorn affliction knows,  
Where peace sat brooding as the gentle dove!  
What blasted on her cheek the summer rose—  
Or slow disease, or unsuccessful love—  
Remain'd unknown'

I am,

Yours very truly,

Y.

March, 1806.



THE FAIR PENITENT,  
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

*(From the French of Madame de Genlis.)*

*(Continued from p. 87.)*

IN the mean time Valerie waited the hour of rendezvous with a painful anxiety, mingled with remorse. At eleven all the domestics were in bed, and a profound silence seemed to announce universal repose; but love and hatred were awake. Valerie took her station at the window; and, raising towards heaven her eyes moistened with tears, beheld, with shuddering, over her head a thick and black cloud, from which repeatedly flashed the most dazzling and dreadful lightning. 'Alas!' exclaimed she, clasping her hands, 'the thunder is ready to burst!' At the same moment she heard the dogs in the court-yard howl and yell in the most dreadful manner. She closed the window; and, trembling, sank into a chair. She felt as it were petrified with an invincible terror. She was roused from this kind of stupor by a tremendous peal of thunder, which shook the castle to its foundation. In her first wild emotion, she ran towards her child's apartment; but recollecting that Adelmar was coming, she stopped, and burst into tears.—'Oh, my Emma! my dearest child! must I incur the guilt of neglecting, of forgetting thee? Ah! had I foreseen this!'—Her sobs prevented her utterance. She felt, in a confused manner, that it is impossible to violate our duty in one instance without offending against it in others; and that a faithless wife cannot be a good mother.

Valerie, however, was assured, from the profound stillness that

prevailed throughout the house; that no accident had befallen her child.—'Alas!' said she, 'why should I be alarmed for my Emma? Heaven will ever protect the innocent.' She again seated herself in her chair. The castle clock struck twelve: the sound made the deepest impression on her sensations: each of the slow and regular strokes seemed to beat upon her heart with progressively increasing strength. She counted them with trembling agitation, and at the twelfth felt an oppression which almost deprived her of respiration; but still she listened attentively. The dogs howled a second time: she shuddered; but at the same instant heard some one walking gently in the gallery.—'Heaven!' exclaimed she, 'it is he!' Scarcely able to support herself, she rose, and opened the door. On beholding Adelmar she drew back, and sank into an arm-chair. Adelmar ran, and threw himself at her feet; while Valerie hid her face with her hands, and burst into tears. Adelmar entreated her to compose herself and be calm; when the door was again opened with violence. Valerie, terrified, uttered a piercing shriek. Adelmar rose, turned, and saw Beaumanoir, with a drawn sword in his hand: he was followed by two esquires and two pages, carrying also drawn swords and lighted torches. Adelmar had no weapon, except a stick bound with iron, which he had left in the gallery. Beaumanoir stopped. 'Fear nothing,' said he, 'Adelmar: I should be justified in stabbing an infamous seducer: I might without scruple take from you that contemptible life for which you are indebted to me; but I wish to fight, and not to assassinate you.'

At these words Valerie threw herself between Adelmar and Beaumanoir: the excess of her despair



inspired her with a supernatural courage. Pale and dishevelled, she stood up, extending her feeble arms, as if to form a barrier between these two haughty enemies. Beaumanoir, seizing her by the waist, raised her, and carried her to the other end of the chamber; while Adelmar endeavoured to rescue her from him: but the esquires and pages surrounded and held him, in despite of all his efforts. During this struggle, the inhuman Beaumanoir bound the hapless Valerie to the post of her bed.—‘It is proper,’ said he to her, ‘that you should be a witness and the judge of a combat occasioned by yourself; for here ought I to perish, or avenge myself.’—‘Oh, kill me!’ exclaimed Valerie; but her plaintive voice, and the expression in her enchanting and youthful countenance of the most violent emotions of the soul—love, remorse, terror, and despair, intermixed with the graces and simplicity of infancy—could not soften the implacable Beaumanoir. He saw the wandering eyes of Valerie fix themselves upon Adelmar; he saw that she shuddered for him: and the dreadful state in which she was, far from exciting his pity, had only the effect of redoubling his resentment and his rage. After having fastened his victim, he traced with chalk, in the middle of this spacious chamber, the circle in which he would fight, and which neither was to pass. He then threw off that part of his dress which covered his breast, to shew that he had no breast-plate. He next ordered his attendants to provide his rival with a sword, which they presented to him.—‘If our weapons should break,’ said Beaumanoir, ‘you will give us others. Let us hasten the combat: one of us ought not to see the day which begins to dawn.’

At these dreadful words, and

seeing Adelmar take the sword that was offered to him, the unhappy Valerie uttered the most lamentable cries; but terror stifling her voice, she lost the power of articulating the faintest sound, and remained motionless, with a countenance expressive of the utmost wildness and terror, while the livid paleness of death was spread over all her features. The esquires and pages, who had rested their lighted torches on the stand, drew back, and took their stations in the corners of the room, where they were to remain spectators of the combat.

Adelmar, before he entered the fatal circle traced by Beaumanoir, rushed towards Valerie with intention to deliver her; but was held and prevented, as before, by the attendants of Beaumanoir, and by the latter himself, who called upon him to defend himself.—‘Barbarian,’ exclaimed Adelmar, ‘she is innocent! release her, that she may quit this place: she is innocent.’—‘Defend thyself!’ repeated Beaumanoir, drawing him into the circle, and attacking him as soon as he was within it. Adelmar parried the thrust; and the combat commenced with equal fury on both sides. Valerie endeavoured, but in vain, to break her bonds: she had nearly sunk into that lethargic state in which sensibility and recollection are preserved without the power of speech or motion. She found herself in front of the combatants, and opposite three large mirrors, which multiplied to her eyes this dreadful scene. Death and revenge surrounded her: she shut her eyes; but opened them again every moment by an involuntary motion, the effect of surprise and fear. Every step taken by these terrible antagonists, each pass they made, resounded through the vaulted chamber. The shaking of the floor oc-



casioned the fall of some of the furniture. In one of these violent shocks, one of the bronze stands was overturned with a tremendous noise; and the lighted torch which it supported fell between the combatants, who, kicking it from them, made it roll under the bed, the curtains of which caught fire. Adelmar uttered a piercing shriek on seeing the flames envelop Valerie; but the fire was soon extinguished by the attendants of Beaumanoir. Adelmar, in the midst of this confusion, broke his sword against the fallen stand as he ran towards Valerie. Beaumanoir, who, notwithstanding the tumult, continued immovable in his place, ordered that his adversary should be furnished with another sword; and then rushed upon him with the fury of an enraged tiger.

While they thus employed against each other every means and resource that address, strength, courage, and the thirst of revenge, could supply, a dove which had been kept and fondled by Valerie began to flutter about, and, dashing itself against the furniture, flew up to the roof. This timid bird, the symbol of gentleness and tenderness, hovered, cooing, over the heads of the exasperated combatants, as if lamenting the murderous deeds they meant to perpetrate. It next sought refuge in the palpitating bosom of its mistress; but receiving no caresses, perhaps not being perceived, it resumed its uncertain flight, passed between the contending chevaliers, and, struck and wounded by their desperate weapons, dropped in a corner of the chamber. The furious rivals still attacking each other with undiminished animosity, Beaumanoir received a thrust in the side, which made a large wound. Valerie, when she saw the blood of her husband

flow, recovered her speech.—‘Stop, Adelmar!’ exclaimed she, with a faltering voice—‘Stop!’ She could utter no more, but fainted. Adelmar, that he might obey her, drew back a few paces without the enclosure, lowering the point of his sword.—‘You have passed the limits prescribed,’ said Beaumanoir: ‘no one can believe it was to spare me; cowardice only could cause you to draw back.’

At these insulting words Adelmar rushed impetuously upon Beaumanoir, and at that moment the clock struck one. ‘Listen!’ exclaimed Beaumanoir; ‘thy last hour is come.’ As he uttered these words, he renewed the attack with redoubled vigour: he pressed on his antagonist, fatigued and overpowered him. Adelmar, pushed to the very extremity of the boundary which honour forbade him to pass, stopped in a disadvantageous position. At this critical moment, one single step backwards would have saved his life; but he remained motionless. Beaumanoir plunged his sword into his breast: it pierced his heart, and the wretched Adelmar fell dead at his feet. Beaumanoir then drawing the bloody sword from the breast of his antagonist, dipped it in the blood that flowed from his wound; and approaching the wall that fronted the bed, with the point of his murderous steel traced in large characters on the white wainscot these horrible words—‘*Thou shalt pass with thy lover the night which thou appointedst.*’—The barbarian then unbound his victim, in order to deliver her up to new torments. She was insensible. He laid her on her bed. The flambeaux were all extinguished, and only a single night-lamp left burning, which he placed near the bleeding body of Adelmar, that lay extended on the floor.



After these unprecedented acts of the most atrocious cruelty, Beaumanoir, followed by his attendants, left the chamber, after having double-locked the door, of which he carried away the key.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY entitled 'A HINT TO HUSBANDS;' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Saturday, March 8.

THE characters were thus represented :

Lord Transit,	-	Mr. C. Kemble.
Sir Charles Le Brun,	Mr. H. Johnston.	
Heartright,	- -	Mr. Pope.
Fairford,	- -	Mr. Fawcett.
George Trevor,	-	Mr. Brunton.
Pliant,	- -	Mr. Farley.
Codicil,	- -	Mr. Emery.
O'Dogherty,	-	Mr. Blanchard.
Lady Transit,	-	Miss Smith.
Lady Le Brun,	-	Mrs. Glover.
Ruth,	- -	Mrs. Emery.

#### THE PLOT.

*Lord Transit*, a young nobleman, becomes captivated with the natural charms of a girl in an humble station, and marries her: but soon growing weary of retirement, he launches into the mazes of dissipation, and sends *lady Transit* back to her family. At the time of their marriage, *Fairford*, the father of his lady, was in Russia on a commercial speculation, and his family were left in rather distressed circumstances; but, on the return of *lady Transit* to her father's residence, she finds him just arrived, and possessed of a considerable property, in consequence of the death of the principal partner in the continental firm. He becomes reconciled to his daughter, who had married without his permission; and places a considerable sum of money

in her hands to maintain her dignity, but which she privately transmits to her husband, to relieve him from the embarrassments in which his dissipated conduct had involved him. In the mean time, *lord Transit*, struck by remorse, wishes for a reconciliation with his wife: the parties are brought together at the house of *lady Le Brun*; and *Fairford*, who had discovered by some papers the benevolence of *lord Transit* to his wife during his absence abroad, relieves his lordship from great embarrassment, by relinquishing a considerable claim he held upon his estates, and consents to his daughter's reconciliation.—There is a sort of counterplot, which consists in the mutual attempts of *lord Transit* and *sir Charles Le Brun* to seduce each other's wives.

From these materials *Mr. Cumberland* has composed a play, which is only recommended by the excellent moral sentiments with which it abounds. The characters are neither original nor strongly marked, and there are no incidents which can either surprize or amuse an audience. Should the time, however, arrive, when fashion, in its caprice, may lead the town to frequent the theatres for moral instruction and not for amusement, then '*Hints to Husbands*' will, probably, be a great favourite with the public. There are two descriptions of plays which bear the name of comedies, each of which has numerous admirers: in the first, to which the term was originally and more correctly applied, we expect to find comic incidents, original characters, and something to make us laugh: in the second, which is usually called *sentimental* comedy, if the author does not condescend to make us laugh, he usually endeavours to make us feel, by in-



interesting us strongly for the characters he represents. This play cannot be said to belong to either of these classes. There is scarcely any thing in it which can provoke a laugh, and as little which can interest the feelings. Instead of a sentimental comedy, it rather deserves the name of a *moralizing* comedy; and to consider it in this point of view, the dialogue is generally unexceptionable, and many of the sentiments met with very deserved applause.

The plot (if plot it can be called) is so extremely simple, that from the first scene the conclusion is very evident. A separation which took place without any apparent reason, must probably end in a reconciliation. This reconciliation, however, is not brought about by any extraordinary incidents, but merely by every body telling *lord Transit* how very disgraceful and wrong it was to drive from his house the wife of his choice, against whom 'he had not the slightest charge or complaint to make. *Lord Transit*, in the first scene, complains of the disappointment he had experienced in not feeling that happiness he expected from matrimony. He then asks his young 'wife why did he marry?' and without the slightest provocation on her part; but merely because he is tired of her, he resolves to send her back to her father; and tells her, 'that he raised her from the lowest degree of poverty, and that he will replace her in the situation from which he took her.' This strange resolution, but more particularly the wanton and unprovoked cruelty of reproaching her with the rank from which he had raised her, appears somewhat incompatible with that 'elegance of mind' which he is afterwards discovered to possess. As soon as he has resolved on the

separation, an old Irish servant, of the name of *O'Dogherty*, remonstrates with him; and tells him, that he and all his fellow servants will follow their 'dear mistress!' *Lord Transit*, after acknowledging his error to a friend, endeavours to seduce the wife of *sir Charles Le Brun*; but though this lady was at first introduced as 'a high-flying lady of quality, passionately fond of gaming,' yet she repulses his addresses without hesitation, and most sarcastically reproves him for his conduct to *lady Transit*. When he complained of the severity with which she treated him, she replied, 'that a man who had conducted himself so to his wife, should expect such treatment from every woman.' These, certainly, were pretty strong '*Hints to a Husband*' to be reconciled to his wife. In addition to these were added, the natural indignation of *lady Transit's* family, and the resentment of her cousin, a young officer, who could only be restrained from challenging him by the persuasion and entreaties of his lady. The only reason ever assigned by *lord Transit* for sending away his wife was, that 'he sickened like a sailor in a calm, and that, for want of variety, he felt an insupportable *ennui*.' Such a reason could not be expected long to maintain its ground against the reproaches of his own conscience and of all his friends, against the just indignation of her family, and after the mortification he had received in being repulsed and rebuked by *lady Le Brun*, for whom he had conceived a violent passion. The reconciliation, therefore, and the means taken to procure it, were so obvious, that it was impossible they could excite much interest.

The characters in this drama were nearly as uninteresting as the story. *Lady Transit* is described as possessing



every virtue and endowment, but is not placed in situations to display to advantage the character that is assigned to her. It was no great effort of virtue to reject the forward and impudent addresses of *sir Charles Le Brun*; but when those addresses were made immediately after her husband had resolved to banish her from his house, it appeared unnatural that she should make so great a display of her *wit*, as her mind could hardly then be supposed in a proper state for railery. It was impossible even for the great powers of miss Smith to make her an interesting character. *Lady Le Brun* has, at least, all the good qualities of *lady Townley*; but she, all of a sudden, abjures gaming, without any apparent motive, but that her character may be more agreeable to the audience. Her mind seems to have been uncorrupted by the fashionable life she has led; and she tells *lord Transit*, that ‘by play she may lose her money, but nothing more.’

As to the male personages in this drama, there is scarce one which can give the least interest. The gentleman-like conduct of *lord Transit* on other occasions, could scarce atone for his barbarity to his lady. *Sir Charles Le Brun* is a mere unprincipled profligate, who appears altogether unworthy of such an amiable wife. *Fairford*, the father of *lady Transit*, appears but a poor copy of *Job Thornberry*, and *Fliant* a most contemptible *Murplot*. An honest lawyer was introduced under the name of *Codicil*, who conceived it ‘contrary to the honour of a lawyer, to have his name found in his client’s will.’

In the third act, the audience were beginning to feel some of that *ennui* which made *lord Transit* wish to get rid of his wife; but the correctness of sentiment which runs throughout the dialogue, and the

great exertions of the actors, dispelled this sensation, and carried the piece to the conclusion without any opposition. It was announced for a second representation, with the general concurrence of a very crowded house.

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To the EDITOR of the LADY’S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

The insertion of the following in your entertaining Miscellany, will oblige A CONSTANT READER.

IT was an evening in September, when being induced from the fineness of the weather to take a ramble, I had not wandered far before my ears were arrested by the sound of music, which seemed to proclaim mirth and revelry. I was inclined to follow it, thinking it to be at no great distance. I presently turned up a lane, the extremity of which disclosed to my view a spacious modern building. I learned from some people passing, that the master of the mansion had that day been married: he was a handsome, gay, dissipated young man; possessed of an affluent fortune; and was, what is *commonly* called, a great man. I soon found means to enter the dwelling, as the neighbours were permitted to see the sumptuously-laid table for the supper of the company, who were then engaged in a dance in another apartment. I proceeded thither; and, unnoticed, beheld what passed. I soon discovered the happy couple, by the gaudy trappings (so indicative of pomp) in which they were arrayed, and the overstrained politeness of all the guests; who, I afterwards understood, were mostly the respectable inhabitants of the next village. At length the ball broke up, and they retired to the supper-room. After the repast was finished, wines,



spirits, and fruit, were introduced; and every one drank health and happiness to the bridegroom and his fair bride. I had retired for about an hour; when, on returning, I beheld the scene entirely changed. Most of the company, feeling the power of the liquor they had drank, displayed a sight so disgusting to me, that I left the house; and finding the moon shone in all her splendour, I pursued my walk, till I recollected I must be near the habitation of my old friend Mr. F. whom I had not seen for many years. I felt a strong desire to see if I should know the place, though I supposed the inhabitants were all fast locked in the arms of the sleepy god. I was shortly undeceived, by seeing a glimmering light in one of the rooms. I advanced; and, knocking, demanded admittance for an old acquaintance. The door was instantly opened by a beautiful little girl, who appeared to have been recently weeping. I asked her if her father were at home. She answered in the affirmative; and shewed me into a plain but neatly furnished parlour, where sat my friend, in company with a genteel-looking young man: they both appeared to be engaged in a deep and melancholy conversation. I was about to retire, when Mr. F. requested me to be seated. It was some minutes after I had given my name before he recollected me. I asked after his family: his only answer was a deep and long-drawn sigh. I did not venture to repeat my question. The young man rose to depart.—‘Charles, do not leave us!’ exclaimed Mr. F——. He turned round, with a look of pensive sadness, and said he would be back in a few minutes. I thought something terrible must be the matter. My friend seized my hand, exclaiming, ‘You know not what I have suffered since last I saw you.’

At that instant the little girl, who had been sent to announce my arrival, entered, and said her mamma was prepared to see me. He asked me if I had any objection to enter a gloomy chamber, to which he led the way. Mrs. F. met me at the door, but was unable to utter a word: a chair had been previously placed for me. But what a spectacle did I here behold! A lovely young woman, whom I had known when a child, lay stretched on the bed of sickness. Charles was sitting beside her, with her hand folded in his: a heavenly smile beamed on her pallid countenance. She had been exhorting him to comfort her parents, and bear patiently her loss, with the hope of meeting in another and a better world. The sight was too much for me. I arose, and wishing them consolation, left the house, ruminating on the different scenes I had witnessed. My friend attended me to the door. He pressed my hand, and said, if I would deign again to visit him, he would recount to me his melancholy story. I gave him my promise; and proceeded homewards, reflecting on the follies and vanities of life.

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#### ANECDOTE.

Mr. LYSONS, in his account of Beckenham, in Kent, mentioning the entry in the parish register of the marriage of sir John Edward Swinburne, bart. of Capheaton, in Northumberland, with miss Amelia Elizabeth Bennet, the daughter of Richard Henry Alexander Bennet, esq. of that place, July 13, 1787, records this memorable circumstance of the bride.—‘Her mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother (Mrs. Amy Burrell), were present at the wedding; and Mrs. Burrell lived to see another generation by the birth of a great-great-grandchild.’



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## LINES,

*To a Gentleman who threw a Pack of Cards  
into the Fire.*

I HAVE heard a report to your shame,  
Which I hope, for your sake, is not true;  
Of a family set all in flame,  
And the deed perpetrated by you.

Although royal, from your cruel hand  
No protection they found; for your ire  
Was so great—kings they could not withstand,  
But were cast, with their queens, in the fire.

Poor *Jack*, he met no better fate;  
But this his griev'd friends may console,  
That he died by the side of the *grate*,  
Lies with royalty in the same hole.

And many good *hearts* fell that night,  
Who had fought with their *clubs* in your  
cause;

Though subalterns, yet equal in fight,  
They had gain'd many times your applause.

To see *diamonds* consign'd to the flame,  
Heap'd on *spades*, a sight shocking and sad;  
Which to me seems a step beyond shame,  
For surely you must be stark mad.

S. C—E.

## THE ADIEU.

TO MISS ELIZABETH CHOICE.

FAREWELL, my dear friend! my compa-  
nion, adieu!

Soon, many long miles when I'm sever'd from  
you,

I shall miss your advice:—but each rose has a  
thorn;—

I go where, perhaps, I shall never return:

But on blest England's shores you can never  
complain,

Though you'll ne'er have the pleasure to see  
me again.

As day after day I shall follow my course,  
And in fancy trace back our past joys to their  
source,

Hope cheers with the thought of seeing once  
more

Yourself, my dear friends, and belov'd native  
shore:

But the voy'ge is so long, and the waves beat  
so high,

It at present must be—not a sight, but a sigh.

But pray be assur'd that, though destin'd to  
part,

Your remembrance shall ne'er be extinct in  
my heart;

With my thoughts thus employ'd on the  
friend of my youth—

On my word, I am now sticking closely to  
truth—

All the day will seem short, when both heart  
and voice

Are employ'd in the praise of ELIZABETH  
CHOICE.

## THE PRAYER.

GREAT Lord of all things! pow'r divine!  
Breathe on this erring heart of mine

Thy grace serene and pure;  
Defend my frail, my erring youth,  
And teach me this important truth—

The humble are secure.

Teach me to bless my lowly lot,  
Confin'd to this paternal cot,

Remote from regal state:

Content to court the cooling glade,  
Inhale the breeze, enjoy the shade,

And love my humble fate.

No anxious vigils here I keep,

No dreams of gold distract my sleep,

Nor lead my heart astray;

Nor blasting envy's tainted gale

Pollutes the pleasures of the vale

To vex my harmless day.

Yon tow'r, which soars its head so high,

And bids defiance to the sky,

Invites the hostile winds;



Yon branching oak, extending wide,  
Provokes destruction by its pride,  
And courts the fall it finds.

Then shun, my soul, th' ambitious deed,  
And all the dang'rous paths which lead  
To honours falsely won;  
Lord! in thy sure protection blest,  
Submissive will I ever rest—  
And may thy will be done!

SUSAN S——.

### AN EPITHALAMIUM.

*Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. R——s, on their  
Marriage.*

GAY muses, I invoke your aid;  
A while forsake the woodland's shade—  
To Hymen's shrine repair:  
Attune the harp, and string the lyre;  
Rekindle your poetic fire,  
To hail the *wedded pair*.

May the blest pair I celebrate  
Be happy in the marriage state!  
Each jarring thought dismiss.  
Oh! may your hearts, devoid of care,  
The best of ev'ry blessing share,  
To crown your lives with bliss!

May Concord with you ever reign,  
And Plenty, with her rosy train,  
Attend as constant guests!  
And may Content, with placid eye,  
Be as a guardian angel nigh,  
To shield your peaceful breasts!

Oh! let hymeneal fetters prove  
Propitious; and connubial love  
Increase each coming day!  
May many a lovely offspring rise,  
To charm your hearts and please your eyes,  
And soothe your cares away!

May they each little pain assuage,  
And comfort your declining age,  
As well as 'joy your youth!'  
And let your good examples shew  
Such blessings as must always flow  
From piety and truth!

And when Death comes with solemn pace,  
The tyrant be prepar'd to face  
Without a dread or fear:  
Then quit the scenes of vanity  
For lasting joys above the sky,  
Nor drop one farewell tear.

Vain compliments all should detest:  
The wishes that are here express'd  
Flow from a heart sincere;  
And that each day may bring new bliss,  
Is the fond wish of C. B. S.  
Through each revolving year.

*Buckingham,  
March 4, 1806.*

### NIGHT. AN ELEGY.

LO, not a whisper's heard! the restless wind  
Suspends its murmurs thro' the greenwood  
shade;  
Nature is silent, and the wearied hind  
Within his lonely cot in peace is laid.

Now contemplation fills the tranquil soul:  
No glaring object strikes the resting eye,  
No sound the ear: the wind now spurns con-  
troul,  
And hush'd in silence rebel passions lie.

Within yon hamlet now the poor enjoy  
The balmy bliss that flies the troubled great:  
Their quiet breasts no factious cares annoy;  
No guilt disturbs, no sorrows agitate.

Around their humble couch an infant train  
Breathe their light slumbers, and the airy  
dreams  
Float unconstrain'd—ah! seldom big with  
pain,  
Oft pouring pleasures in exhaustless streams.

The sceptred peasant rules in mimic state;  
Perhaps the monarch serves the meanest  
slave.—  
Ah! what avails the glory of the great?  
Now lost in sleep for ever in the grave.

Sleep on in peace. Ah, happy ye that sleep!  
But, lo! athwart the gloom, you twinkling  
light  
Bespeaks it joy or pain? Laugh they, or weep.  
Who hover round it in the dead of night?

Perhaps some happy swain to-day has led  
Home to his cot the long desired fair;  
In festive joys the nightly hours have fled,  
In rustic mood, around the youthful pair.

Ah, no! perhaps some aged sire is laid,  
Breathless and faint, amid his children's cries;  
His fault'ring tongue with blessings loads their  
heads,  
Ask'd of kind Heaven with his uplifted eyes.

'Go, pious offspring! and restrain these tears,  
I fly to regions of eternal bliss:  
Heav'n, in your favour, hears my dying  
prayers;  
Take my last blessing in this clay-cold kiss.'

Perhaps some sage, well skill'd in nature's  
lore,  
Now burns with watchful care the midnight  
oil;  
Discovering systems yet unknown before,  
Ardent he labours, and forgets the toil.

Some statesman, anxious for his country's  
weal,  
Perhaps the fate of mighty empires scans;  
His anxious brow no soft repose can feel,  
While in his breast he weighs the various  
plans.



Perhaps some glow-worm on the verdant mead,  
In gaudy pomp, its shining vest displays :  
How easy 'tis our fancy to mislead,  
Lost and bewilder'd in thought's endless  
maze !

Too apt, alas ! to follow glow-worm toys,  
And quit the path which wisdom deigns to  
shew,  
We leave behind us more substantial joys,  
Nor, till too late, our fatal error know.

See, in the east the wish'd-for dawn appears ;  
The azure sky is streak'd with flaming red :  
Each mortal rises now to diff'rent fares,  
By fancy prompted, or by duty led.

ISABEL.

### THE COMMON LOT.

#### *A Birth-Day Contemplation.*

ONCE in the flight of ages past  
There liv'd a man : and who was he ?  
Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died unknown ;  
His name hath perish'd from the earth,  
This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;  
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear !  
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirits rise and fall ;  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these are felt by all :

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er ;  
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled ;  
Had friends,—his friends are now no more ;  
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He lov'd,—but whom he lov'd, the grave  
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :  
O she was fair !—but nought could save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
To him exist in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,  
Encounter'd all that troubles thee ;  
He was—whatever thou hast been ;  
He is—what thou shalt be.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye  
That once their shade and glory threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky  
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins since the world began,  
Of him afford no other trace  
Than this—THERE LIV'D A MAN !

Sheffield, Nov. 1805.

ALCÆUS.

### MARCH.

#### A SONNET.

MARCH with a modest primrose deck'd  
appears,

A flow'r unenvious of the tulip gay ;  
Whose simple bloom the sinking soul more  
cheers

Than all the flaunting train of summer's  
day.

Though cutting winds still round its green  
bed fly,

Though March no zephyr'd softness deigns  
to bring,

Though clouds collecting still obscure the  
sky,

Yet, 'tis the herald sure of coming spring :  
For, when March sinks in unlamented death,  
And seeks some colder clime's uncheering  
skies,

As a last boon to grace his parting breath,  
He bids a softer season swift arise ;

And sends, to rid us of our wintry fears,  
A month—adorn'd alike with smiles and  
tears.

J. M. L.

### THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

WHENCE comes this keen, this cutting  
smart ?

Why doth the tear unbidden start ?  
Why beats my sad, my sinking heart—  
Thus heavily ?

ELIZA,—'tis because I part—  
My life !—from thee ?

Tost on the rude and foaming wave,  
O'er which the howling tempests rave,  
In distant climes I go to brave

The furious sea—  
My doom—perhaps—a watery grave—  
Far—far from thee !

Yet not the angry ocean's roar,  
Nor rocks that skirt the fatal shore—  
All stain'd with shipwreck'd seamen's gore—  
Could make me fear :

No : 'tis thy loss I now deplore  
With briny tear.

Oh ! say, thou all on earth I prize !  
Wilt thou my absence mourn with sighs ;  
And Heaven invoke, with up-lift eyes,  
To speed my way ?

Wilt thou ?—But see, the signal flies !  
I must not stay.

By storms that sweep the deep abyss—  
By plighted vows—by all our bliss—  
By this embrace—and this—and this—

Dear maid ! be true !—  
Remember Love's last parting kiss !  
Adieu ! Adieu !!!



## THE HOLLY TREE.

FROM 'METRICAL TALES,' &amp;c.

BY R. SOUTHEY.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to view  
The Holly Tree?

The eye that contemplates it well perceives  
Its glossy leaves

Order'd by an intelligence so wise,  
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen;

No grazing cattle thro' their prickly round  
Can reach to wound;

But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves  
appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes  
And moralize!

And in the wisdom of the Holly Tree  
Can emblems see

Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant  
rhyme,

Such as may profit in the after-time.

So, though abroad perhaps I might appear  
Harsh and austere,

To those who on my leisure would intrude  
Reserved and rude,

Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,  
Some harshness show,

All vain asperities I day by day  
Would wear away,

Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen  
So bright and green,

The Holly leaves their fadeless hues display  
Less bright than they;

But when the bare and wintry woods we see  
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among  
The thoughtless throng;

So would I seem among the young and gay  
More grave than they,

That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

## EPITAPH

*On an unhappy young Lady.*

WHILE beauty, smiling in meridian bloom,  
Untimely hastening to the ghastly tomb,  
Calls from the eye the sympathetic tear;  
Pause, youth, and shed the crystal tribute  
here.

Poor Lucy flourish'd once, as fair a flow'r  
As e'er adorn'd thy banks, meandering Stour;  
Hers was each charm and captivating grace;  
The rose and lily blended deckt her face;  
Hope promis'd future bliss without alloy,  
And Fancy's pencil pictur'd scenes of joy.

Ah, gilded visions! fleeting as they're fair!  
How soon these day-dreams vanish into air!  
How slow the wing of courtship's once-glad  
hour,

When disappointment enters love's gay  
bow'r,

And mars the beauteous scene! Poor Lucy  
knew

This mind—distressing truth—and frantic  
grew.

With fatal step she sought the tempting  
wave,

Plung'd in its glassy breast, and found a  
grave.

Votary of love! who near these confines  
stray,

To read, or weep, or trifle time away—

Though love's trim vessel scuds before the  
gale,

And laughing Cupids fan each quiv'ring sail;  
Soon, soon with horror wing'd, a storm may  
blow,

And 'whelm it in the yawning gulph below!

Votary of love! O may a kinder fate  
Ordain propitious gales thy course t'await!

But should thy little skiff be tempest-tost,

O may they waft it from the shelvy coast!

And angels, when life's chequer'd voyage  
cease,

Pilot thy bark into the port of peace!

*Haverhill.*

JOHN WEBB.

## THE DESPONDING SHEPHERD.

A PASTORAL. BY W. THOMPSON.

WHEN Nature throws her robe aside  
To hail the blooming spring;

When Flora spreads her beauties wide,  
And woodland valleys ring;

When every hill and every glade  
In wild array appear;

Rapt by reflection's pow'r I stray'd  
Along the banks of Wear.

Aneath an elm's low-bending boughs  
I sat, in musing strain,

Recounting all the bitter ills

That cloud this earthly scene;

When straight a note mine ear did fill,

It seem'd in grief to flow,

It touch'd my heart, with untaught skill,  
In measure soft and slow.

It thus began:—'Ye woods, ye rills,

O listen to my grief!

To you I erst have told my ills,

From you I've found relief.



• Oh, Phillis fair! thou once wast kind,  
Thou once to me was true;  
Well pleas'd I saw thy op'ning mind,  
Nor care nor sorrow knew.

• In thee I centred all my joy,  
The hours roll'd on in love;  
Oft did I think nought could destroy,  
Nought could our bliss remove:—  
But, like the vapours of the morn,  
That fade when Sol appears,  
Fled are those scenes,—I'm left forlorn,  
No partner, save my tears.

• A friend I had, a youthful friend,  
Full oft we rov'd at eve,  
My mind to him I did unbend,  
Nor thought he could deceive.  
He seem'd to take a gen'rous part,  
But, ah! what grief is mine!  
By flatt'ry's wiles he won her heart,  
And led her to the *shrine*.

• E're since the day I found him base  
My flocks have stray'd at will,  
My bees have left their wonted space,  
My pipe no strains do fill;  
My crook is broke, my dog estrang'd,  
My cot awakes despair,  
Each joy-recalling scene is chang'd  
From pleasure's lap to care.

• The grave alone can yield me peace;  
The grave, O envied bed!—  
O death! attend, my soul release,  
And lay this wretched head.  
He ceas'd his *lay* so sad and meek,  
The words still smote mine ear,  
I rais'd my head, essay'd to speak,  
And caught a falling tear.

*To a young Lady, who had taken from me the  
Picture of Demosthenes, and placed it in her  
own Room.*

IF all be true the learned say,  
And ancient legends tell—  
The great Demosthenes\* of old,  
Though proof 'gainst ev'ry charm of gold,  
Surrender'd to a belle.

If you, great shade, releas'd from Styx  
By Charon's friendly keel,  
Could this fair earth once more behold,  
Where formerly your thunders roll'd,  
Where peal succeeded peal—  
Could you but view Louisa's charms,  
The lustre of her eye,  
Where (ah! how envied *then* your doom!)  
You captive in Louisa's room,  
*Now* a dull picture lie—

\* It is a known fact, that Demosthenes refused the bribes of Philip, king of Macedon; but gave himself up to a celebrated courtesan.

Your ancient flame you'd soon forget,  
And fly her vanquish'd charms:  
Her ruby lips—her sparkling eyes—  
Her iv'ry neck—her amorous sighs—  
For my Louisa's arms!

But stop, great orator, not you  
Shall charms like hers e'er see;  
Nor any modern powder'd beau  
Her chaste, her virtuous love shall know,  
Or be prefer'd to me.  
*Jan. 26, 1806.* SADI.

### FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

ASCRIBED TO OSSIAN.

OH! burn the tall heath, which now waves in  
the gale,  
Let nought but the war songs of Erin prevail;  
The prows of the stranger now swell the  
green wave,  
Unsheath then, ye heroes, the sword of the  
brave!  
Chace the deer of black Morvern far, far  
from the shore,  
'Till the banquet of Death and of Odin is  
o'er.  
Ye bards sing the deeds of our fathers of old,  
And rouse to new glory the brave and the  
bold.

Strike the harp, oh, ye daughters of Moina's  
green isle!  
Let the warriors rejoice in beauty's soft  
smile,  
Swell the strings with the deeds of Fingal's  
brave line;  
Their names thro' the darkness of ages shall  
shine!  
Strike the spear on the ground, the signal of  
war,  
The shell of brave Ciarbar resounds from  
afar;  
The heroes shall start from the heath-cover'd  
cell,  
Determin'd to fall as their forefathers fell.

Bend the bow, oh, ye huntsmen of Colna's  
dark plain!  
Rejoice in the strength of your arrows  
again;  
The spears of the strangers now darken the  
sky—  
Thrice the eagle hath shriek'd—dread Odin  
is nigh!  
Then burn the tall heath which now waves in  
the gale,  
Let nought but the war songs of Odin pre-  
vail;  
The prows of the stranger now swell the  
green wave,  
Unsheath then, ye heroes, the sword of the  
brave!



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Lemberg, Jan. 22.*

THE Russian general in chief, Kutusow, has not yet left this place, but is still here with the whole of his staff; nor is it likely he will leave us soon, as his residence is taken for six months.

*Basle, Feb. 1.* Our government has published a proclamation, reminding the public of the orders issued in June and October, 1803, relative to the introduction of English goods. It is now added, that any persons convicted of introducing English commodities into France, directly or indirectly, shall pay a penalty of one hundred *louis d'ors*, besides becoming responsible, with the rest of their property, for any consequences that may follow: citizens thus offending are to be deprived of their civic rights, and strangers subjected to banishment without mitigation.

*Venice, Feb. 2.* Yesterday a proclamation was published, announcing that any persons having goods in their possession belonging to Russia, Naples, and England, must immediately transmit an inventory of them, within twenty-four hours, to the war minister Vanel. The viceroy Eugene has promised to give a grand fête to the inhabitants of this city on the 15th of May, when its marriage with the Adriatic will be celebrated.

*St. Petersburg, Feb. 5.* His highness the grand duke Constantine arrived here the day before yesterday, from Berlin, in good health.

Official information having been received, that Russian merchant ships are detained in the French ports, and the crews sent into the interior, M.

Lesseps, the French agent here, has been informed by government, that, as those measures are contrary to the treaty of commerce which subsisted between Russia and France, unless they are abandoned, retaliation will be made upon the property of French subjects residing in Russia. The French agent has dispatched a courier with this communication to Paris.

*Munich, Feb. 11.* The coronation of his Bavarian majesty is fixed for October next; he will, probably, first make a visit to Paris. The crown prince will be presented at the military fête in May. There is also a report of an intended visit of our court to Milan.

*Augsburgh, Feb. 13.* Yesterday one hundred and eighteen carriages, drawn by four and six horses, arrived here from Austria; and as most of them are laden with money, they were escorted to Strasburg by two battalions of infantry and a whole regiment of cavalry. To alleviate the inconvenience of so many troops quartered, the king of Bavaria has been graciously pleased to order the two regiments of his troops to leave this city for Upper Suabia. Two millions of florins have been paid here by some of our exchange brokers, upon the account of the bankers of Vienna, partly to Paris, and partly to several French bureaux in this city.

*Hanau, Feb. 15.* The French army collecting in our neighbourhood, upon the Lower Mayn, seems to increase every day. Besides marshal Augereau's corps, and the Batavians that keep up the communication between Frankfort and the garrison of Mentz, and extend themselves upon the Mayn to the Rhine



and the Rhingau, a number of troops continue to arrive from the grand army in Moravia. General Leval's corps also, which belonged to the French army of the north before the convention took place between France and Prussia respecting Hanover, have been ordered, while upon their march towards Strasburg, to proceed to the banks of the Mayn. The reports produced by the movements of these numerous bodies of troops are various, but without sufficient foundation. On the 13th, marshal Lefevre removed his head-quarters from Mentz to Darmstadt. A part of the troops passed over the bridge of boats at Kostheim. In the district of Nassau, 200 carriages were demanded to transport the artillery. General Leval's division, from the Upper Rhine, is to join this division. The principality of Affschaffenburg is not yet occupied; and it is believed that the county of Wetzlar, belonging to the electoral archchancellor, will also be excused. M. Prevost, the Austrian charge d'affaires, has set out to resume his office at the Hague.

*Frankfort, Feb. 15.* Our city is still the chief head-quarters of the army of Augereau. The quartering of the troops is extremely burdensome. This day a large train of artillery from Mentz passed through this city for Darmstadt. The division of general Maurice Matthieu, after parading before marshal Augereau's hotel, passed through to Limburgh and Weillburgh. They came from Affschaffenburg: another brigade is expected to-morrow. Duke William of Wirtemberg, coming from Copenhagen, has passed through this city to Stutgard. Through the laudable exertions of our government, notwithstanding all our calamities, the price of bread has not risen; specie, however, is uncommonly scarce.

*Feb. 22.* We are told that the Russians who have evacuated Hanover will not return home so soon as people have expected, but remain on the other side of the Elbe in cantonments. On the other hand, we are informed that the French general Barbou, commandant at Hameln, has declared he will not leave that fortress till the whole of the electorate is eva-

cuated; and that he had received express commands from his sovereign upon that head.

We have still 8,500 French in garrison here. Of our deputies sent to Paris we have not heard any thing. However, marshal Augereau gives us hopes, that within eight days of the fair our garrison shall be reduced to about 2000 men.

*Hanover, Feb. 23.* A proclamation has been published by the Prussian general Schulenberg, threatening with military execution, all persons, of whatever nation they may be, who are concerned in enlisting or procuring recruits, and a reward of twenty rix-dollars is promised to any person instrumental in the conviction of such offenders.

*Paris, Feb. 24.* Prince Joseph Napoleon has written to the emperor, from the head quarters at Capua, to inform him that, according to his orders, he had formed the army in three divisions: the centre of which had marched, under the command of marshal Massena, by San Germano and Capua; that the right division, under the command of general Regnier, had marched by Terracina and Gaeta; and that the left division, composed of Italian corps, commanded by general Lecchi, had proceeded by Istria.

General Regnier, on his arrival at Gaeta, sent the following summons to the prince of Hesse, who commanded the place:

‘ GENERAL,

‘ Previous to my entering on those operations which must make me master of the place which you command, I recommend you to reflect upon your situation, and the necessity which dictates your surrender of the place to the army. Your garrison is very small; your means of defence few; and you can entertain no hope of succour. In a few days I shall reduce you to the last extremity; and you must be well aware what the garrison and the inhabitants will then have to suffer. You must be sensible, that the victorious march of the French army defies all opposition; that, in a very short time, the kingdom will be conquered, and change its master. To-day, general, I will grant



you a capitulation, with the honours of war. I recommend you to return an immediate answer by my aide-de-camp. To-night it will be too late, as I cannot delay the operations against Gaeta.

‘I have the honour, &c. &c.  
(Signed) ‘Regnier.’

### THE ANSWER.

‘GENERAL,

‘Having received from the king repeated orders to defend this place to the last extremity, and being supplied with all the means to do it, nothing is left me but to obey. I cannot, therefore, accept the capitulation which you offer, and am determined to merit the confidence which the king has placed in me. But, notwithstanding, general, I have the honour, &c.

(Signed) ‘Prince of Hesse.’

On the receipt of this answer, general Regnier ordered an attack to be made on the redoubt of St. Andrew, which was defended by six pieces of cannon, and took it. General-Grigny, an officer of distinction, lost his head by a cannon-ball on the occasion; he is much regretted by the army.

Feb. 25.—The centre division invested Capua, which answered to the summons by a discharge of artillery. On the morning of the 13th, deputies from the city of Naples presented themselves to the prince, and signed the delivery of Gaeta, Capua, Pescara, Naples, and other strong places.

General Partouneaux entered Naples, and the forts were immediately occupied. On the 15th the prince Joseph set off for that place. The Neapolitan officers having requested to serve, the prince formed several Neapolitan corps, and ordered the Neapolitan officers who were in the pay of the kingdom of Italy to enter into it. He named M. Pignatelli, lieutenant-colonel in a Neapolitan regiment of dragoons, colonel of the first Neapolitan regiment of light infantry.

Prince Joseph has been at Caserta, and was very much pleased with the beauty and magnificence of that palace. When the first operations of terror had subsided, the people of Naples ex-

pressed uncommon regard for the French, while they absolutely hate the English; a nation which is detested, as it ought to be, throughout the continent.

The emperor was present at the representation of *Atbalie* when he received the news that his army had entered Naples. He accordingly gave orders that this news should be announced by Talma after the first act.

Munich, Feb. 25. Yesterday three couriers from Paris arrived here. The French war-office is in full activity.

It is said, the Bavarian troops, in consequence of a requisition from the French minister at war, must hold themselves in readiness to march.

Every thing here is in a state of the most active vigilance, and important events are expected. Probably the destiny of Wurtzburg will be again changed.

Strasburgh, Feb. 28. Yesterday the electoral prince of Baden passed through this city, accompanied by the state referendary Kluber and colonel Roder, on his way to Paris, where he is to be married to the adopted daughter of the emperor Napoleon.

Hague, March 2. Since the restoration of peace on the continent, our government has been required by the emperor Napoleon, to co-operate with all its force in carrying on the maritime war; and admiral Verhuel is to concert with his imperial majesty the measures necessary for that purpose. The mission of that admiral has likewise a relation to several other important objects, as the indemnities promised to our republic, &c.

Rear-admiral Dekker, who was condemned to death, has been pardoned with respect to his life, but some other punishment will be inflicted by the council of war.

Leipsic, March 5. The marquis Lucchesini, it is said, on his return to Paris, carries with him the stars of an order richly set with brilliants, as investitures for M. Talleyrand and marshal Duroc, besides other presents of great value to some of the members of the French government.



## HOME NEWS.

*London, Feb. 27.*

**INTELLIGENCE** was this day received of the success of the expedition sent out by the late ministers, under sir Home Popham and general Baird, for the reduction of the Cape of Good Hope. The dispatches brought by captain Downman, of the *Diadem*, and lieutenant-colonel Baird, arrived at the Admiralty about three o'clock.—Between four and five the Park and Tower guns were fired, and the following bulletin was sent to the lord mayor:—

*Admiralty-Office, Feb. 27.* Mr. Grey has the honour to transmit to the lord mayor the inclosed account of the success of his majesty's forces under the command of gen. sir David Baird and sir Home Popham.

*Admiralty-Office, Feb. 27.*

\* Capt. Downman, of his majesty's ship *Diadem*, arrived this afternoon with dispatches from sir Home Popham, dated at the Cape of Good Hope, 13th January. The account brought by this officer states, that the squadron under sir Home Popham's command arrived off the Cape on the 4th; that the landing of the troops was effected on the 6th, and that after an action on the 8th, in which the enemy lost about 700, and his majesty's troops about 240, in killed and wounded, a capitulation was signed on the 10th, by which the Cape Town and its dependencies were surrendered to his majesty's army. General Jansen, who commanded the enemy's troops, has retired with the remainder of his force, amounting to about 1800 or 2000 men, into the interior of the country.

(Signed) 'JAMES SHAW, mayor.

Mansion-House, Feb. 27. 1806.

half past four o'clock.'

Every preparation had been made before we got sight of the Cape to land our troops with all possible expedition.

—Upon approaching the shore, the enemy, it is reported, were seen at some distance from the town advantageously posted upon a height, with a considerable artillery.

The state of the wind and weather is said to have prevented the landing from being effected till the 6th. The 6th and 7th are stated to have been occupied in landing the artillery and other necessities. On the 8th, every preparation being completed, our troops advanced against the enemy, posted, as we have already said, upon an eminence; the British charged with their accustomed impetuosity, under a most heavy fire of grape and musquetry; the enemy received the charge manfully, and a severe action took place, in which, as the bulletin states, the enemy lost about 700 in killed and wounded, and the British about 240.

Yesterday being the day appointed for a general fast, the same was observed with much decorum in every part of the metropolis. The places of public amusement, the shops, &c. were all shut, as usual. The volunteers in general repaired to their parish churches, and the places of public worship were, for the greater part, very respectably attended.

The archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops attended divine service at Westminster Abbey, where the bishop of Bristol preached an excellent sermon, from the 44th Psalm and 26th verse.

'Arise for our help, and redeem us for thy mercy's sake.'

The temporal peers who attended were the lord chancellor, earl Spencer, earl Nelson, lord Walsingham, and lord Arden. The chancellor sat in the first stall, on the left hand of the choir, the archbishop of Canterbury in the stall beyond the dean, the bishops be-



yond him. Earl Spencer was in full dress, with the riband and star of the order of the garter; lord Walsingham in full dress mourning,

At St. Margaret's the dean of Raphoe preached a most excellent sermon, peculiarly applicable to the times, before the speaker and a considerable number of the members of the house of commons, from Joel ii. and 13th:—

‘And rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn to the Lord your God.’

The right hon. the lord mayor, and sheriffs Domville and Ansley, went in state from the Mansion-house, accompanied by several aldermen, &c. and attended by the city marshals, &c. to St. Paul's cathedral, and heard divine service, and an excellent sermon preached by his lordship's chaplain; after which they returned to the Mansion-house.

On Wednesday week, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the earth from the roof of a coal-pit, at Horsforth, near Leeds, about twenty yards deep, fell in; two men and a boy were at work in the pit; the boy was killed by the earth falling upon him: the men lived some time after, and could plainly be heard by the people, who flocked from every part to dig them out. One of them survived till four o'clock the next morning, at least he was never after heard. He had previously said that both his fellow-sufferers were dead. No labour was spared to get them out, but as the people increased their exertions, the earth fell in more and more, and at last completely buried the poor colliers in their bowels. This circumstance cut off every hope of affording them relief, except by sinking a new shaft, which was immediately adopted, and by indefatigable exertions the bodies of the unfortunate men were found on Friday.

Feb. 28. On Wednesday afternoon a melancholy accident happened near Greenwich. Mr. Barrett, ropemaker, at Poplar, with his wife and three of his children, going in a wherry to Woolwich, the boat upset, when unfortunately the whole of them perished, excepting Mrs. Barrett, who was picked up by a boat coming up at the time.

Dublin, Feb. 28. Lord Shrewsbury, the premier earl of England, and chief in rank amongst the catholics of the empire, with becoming prudence and spirit, took an early opportunity, after the new ministerial arrangements were completed, of desiring, for himself and M. Scully (another member of the late deputation from Ireland), a conference with Mr. secretary Fox upon the subject of the catholic claims. The minister readily complied; and in the course of a free conversation, stated to them various considerations, to recommend that the catholic petitions should be deferred for the present. He rested this recommendation chiefly upon the public prejudices which prevail in England, and which have been, of late, widely and actively diffused.—He said, that though the ministry have not any legislative relief in their immediate contemplation, the catholics of Ireland may be assured of a just and equitable spirit in the new executive department—the existing laws in their favour shall be faithfully executed in all respects, and especially in the army—that the tone of public officers shall be more liberal, and the administration of justice such as to ensure equal protection to all, without distinction of sect or party—that the relief and improvement of the lower classes shall be particularly attended to—and finally, that the high and honourable persons about to assume the government of Ireland are steadfastly attached to this system, and sincerely inclined to promote the general prosperity by the most conciliating and beneficent measures. He repeated his cordial good wishes towards the catholics, and trusted that they would perceive the propriety of deferring their petitions.

Lord Shrewsbury and Mr. Scully, replied, that they could not presume to anticipate the determination of that great body; thanked him for the explicitness of his declaration, and retired.

Plymouth, March. 1.—Private accounts have been received here to-day from the West Indies, which state, that vice-admiral sir T. Duckworth, K. B. with his squadron, had pursued the French squadron, escaped out of Brest



Dec. 11, 1805, five sail of the line, into Martinique harbour, and was left blocking them up there when these accounts came away. Official dispatches are hourly expected at the public offices at this port.

*Deal, March 2.*—Yesterday morning a French privateer off Folksone, fell in with and captured a collier with three men and a boy. Another collier heaving in sight, the privateer left six men on board the capture, and were proceeding after the other; the crew of the collier were kept under hatches, and the Frenchmen were making sail for Calais, when, miraculously, the collier's crew got on deck, forced the Frenchmen into the hold, and brought the ship safe into Dover harbour; the disappointed Frenchmen were escorted by a party of military through this town to-day on their road to the prison ship at Chatham. This morning a transport arrived, the last from Cuxhaven, and supposed to be lost, with a full company of the Coldstream guards, commanded by the hon. col. Sutton, son of his grace the archbishop of Canterbury.

*Portsmouth, March 8.* This day at twelve o'clock, the right hon. the earl of St. Vincent arrived at the house of sir George Prevost, the lieutenant-governor of Portsmouth. His lordship immediately called upon admiral Montagu, and then went to the dock yard, to pay his respects to commissioner sir Charles Saxton. After examining the various improvements in the dock yard, in company with sir Charles Saxton, admiral Montagu, admiral Martin, and the rev. Mr. Parker, his secretary, his lordship embarked, at three o'clock, from the king's stairs, in the dock yard, and went on board the *Hibernia* of 110 guns, at Spithead. His lordship's flag, the Union, at the main-topmast head, was hoisted soon after twelve o'clock, and saluted by admiral Montagu's ship. The captains of the ships at the port paid their respects to his lordship yesterday, on board the *Hibernia*: his lordship does not come on shore again. The *Hibernia*, if the wind continued fair, was expected to sail yesterday.

*Dublin, March 10.* All the state prisoners, ten in number, were brought up

on Saturday last from Kilmainham gaol, before Mr. justice Day, and nine of them discharged in consequence of the expiration of the habeas corpus suspension act. Mr. Hevey, who was the tenth, was remanded, a bill of indictment having been found against him some time since for high treason. It is supposed that he will be tried or discharged at the ensuing commission. Mr. Hevey is the person who received 150l. damages against major Sirr, for false imprisonment, about four years ago.

*London, March 13.* Yesterday, at the public office, Bow-street, lady Wynne's coachman was brought, in the custody of Townsend, the officer, charged by her ladyship with unlawfully refusing to deliver up his livery, on quitting her ladyship's service. The prisoner admitted he refused to deliver the livery; but justified it on the ground of an agreement to that effect with her ladyship's butler; who denying the agreement, and the prisoner persisting in refusing to give up the livery, sir Richard committed him to Tothill-fields Bridewell, on a charge of stealing the clothes. On the event of this trial a great question of dispute between masters and servants will be set at rest; but it frequently depends upon the nature of the agreement made at the time the servant is hired.

*Dover, March 14.* The fall of snow was so heavy in Kent, on Wednesday, the Dover coach was yesterday greatly retarded in its progress to town. Upon its arrival at Barham Downs, a complete stop took place, the snow being there of the amazing depth of ten feet. The mail was taken out of the coach, and forwarded by a messenger on horseback to town, where it did not arrive until two o'clock. A great number of men were collected on Barham Downs, who cut a passage through the snow for the coach, and enabled it to continue its journey. It did not arrive in London until six o'clock at night.

14. A few nights since a daring robbery was committed in the house of Mr. Preston, a farmer, in the parish of Warbleton, in the county of Sussex. A knock was given at the door, which was answered by the servant girl; Mr. P. hearing her let some people in, went into the passage to see who they were,



when he was instantly seized by two men, with their faces blackened, who knocked him down, and beat him in a most inhuman manner with bludgeons; and presenting a pistol to him swore they would blow his brains out if he made the least resistance. They then tied his hands together, and got him upon his legs; when they insisted that he should shew them where his property was. One of the villains accompanied him to his bed-room, and the other remained down stairs. On Mr. P. getting to his bed-room, he desired the robber who accompanied him to take a key out of his pocket and directed which drawer to open, where he found upwards of 30*l.* in bank of England and Hastings notes. The robber told him, he knew that was not all the money he had got in the house: Mr. P. was then obliged to tell him where he would find sixteen guineas. Mr. P. bleeding very much, from the wounds he had received on his head with bludgeons, got a bottle of brandy to wash them with, and after he had taken a little, the villains took the rest; and after refreshing themselves with some ale and bread and cheese, they made their escape.

*Dover, March 19.* This morning, about six o'clock, a French boat appeared in sight as a flag of truce.

There was so little wind that she could not fetch in, and a frigate coming round the Foreland, apparently for the purpose, the galley put off from her with a French naval officer and two other gentlemen: they rowed on board the frigate, and are gone to the admiral in the Downs. They are supposed to be bearers of a *pacific proposal* to our government.

*Portsmouth, March 23.*—Yesterday afternoon captain Cochrane (son of admiral Cochrane), arrived here in the *Kingfisher* sloop of war, with dispatches from sir John Duckworth, relating to the capture and destruction of five sail of the line, part of the eleven sail which escaped from Brest on the 13th of December last; the other six are supposed to be in the West Indies, and are the ships which sir John Duckworth chased off the Western Islands.

It was on the 6th of February that these ships were fell in with, ten miles to the westward of St. Domingo, consisting of *L'Imperiale*, of 120 guns, admiral Seigle; *Alexander*, of 80 guns; *Jupiter*, of 80 guns; two ships of 74 guns each; two frigates, and a corvette. The action was sustained very smartly, and ended in the destruction of *L'Imperiale*, and one of the 74's; the other three line of battle ships taken; the frigates and corvette escaped by superior sailing. The ships under sir John Duckworth were the *Superb*, flag-ship; *Canopus*, admiral *Louis*; *Northumberland*, admiral *Cochrane*; *Spencer*, *Donegal*, another ship of 74 guns, and the *Agamemnon* of 64 guns.

### BIRTHS.

*Feb. 21.* At his house at Mickleham, the lady of the hon. D. M. Erskine, M. P. of a daughter.

In Sackville-street, the lady of Herbert Jenner, esq LL.D. of a son.

23. At Orton, in Huntingdonshire, the countess of Aboyne, of a son.

25. At Sudbrook Park, near Richmond, the right hon. lady Mary Stopford, of a daughter.

*March 3.* The lady of John Brutt, esq. of a son and heir, at Clifton; near Bristol.

7. At his house in George-street, Hanover-square, the lady of J. Coape, esq. of a son.

8. At his house in Hertford-street, the lady of St. George Caulfield, esq. of a son and heir.

13. In Berkley-street, Manchester-square, the lady of Duncan Campbell, esq. of a daughter.

At King's-row, Winchester, the right hon. lady Sarah De Crespigny, of a son.

25. At Gloucester, the lady of Wm. Morris, esq. of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

*Feb. 24.* At St. George's, Mr. Safe, of the 15th light dragoons, to miss Shaw, eldest daughter of the late colonel Shaw.



At All Saints, Southampton, William Ellis, esq, to miss Caroline Hamer, of Cumberland House, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Hamer, esq. of Demarara.

At St. Mary-le-bone, Thomas Halliday, esq. of Wimpole-street, to Maria Margaret, second daughter of the rev. James Morrice, of Flower, in Northamptonshire, and of Betshanger, in Kent.

At Feversham, Kent, Alexander McGregor, esq. late of New York, to Mrs. Helen Finlay, of Glasgow.

March 6. At Brompton, the rev. Clement Cottrell, rector of Waltham, Hants, and fellow of Peter-house, Cambridge, to miss Georgiana Adams, daughter of John Adams, esq. late of Peterwill, Cardiganshire.

Thomas Newcomen, esq. to miss Urmston, Chigwell, Essex.

10. At Pancras church, William Francis, esq. of Charlestown, South Carolina, to Mrs. Richardson, widow, of Long-acre.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. James Simpson, of the Strand, to miss S. Cave, of Chelsea.

On Monday, at St. Alban's, Mr. Miles, of Halham, to Eliza Jane Willisan, daughter of George Willsan, esq. Butterwick, Herts.

11. At St. Mary-le-bone church, Captain John Sprats Ranier, of the royal navy, to miss Eliza Deare, one of the daughters of Philip Deare, esq. of Nottingham-place.

At St. Andrew Auckland, Durham, Mr. Daniel Birkett, of Great Tower-hill, London, to miss Wraugham, of Rushyford.

13. Arthur Edwards, esq. of Albion-wharf, Surry, to miss Abbot, daughter of Robert Abbot, esq. of Islington.

At Stepney church, Mr. Joseph Boucher, of Rochester, in Kent, to miss Esther Wibley, of Brompton, in the same county.

At Weeley, Essex, Mr. Jalland Edenborough, of London, to miss Rachael Jenkins, only daughter of the late Thos. Jenkins, esq. of Great Bentley, in the said county.

17. At Bromyard, Herefordshire, Mr. John Best, of Linton, to miss Mary Davis, of Yearset, in the same county.

At St. George the Martyr, Queen-square, John Upham, esq. of Gloucester-street, to miss Ann Rogers, of Devonshire-street.

At St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, captain G. Payne, of the 2d Surry, son of the late G. Payne, esq. of Brooklands, Surry, to miss Legg, daughter of the late Leaver Legg, esq. of Woodford, Essex.

## DEATHS.

Feb. 15. At Clapham, deeply regretted, Mrs. Garratt, wife of Francis Garratt, esq. of Old Swan-stairs, London Bridge, in the 45th year of her age.

16. William Gill, esq. of Weymouth-street, Portland-place.

17. At Birchin Castle, miss Lucy Maule, third daughter of the hon. William Maule.

19. Of a deep decline, miss Mary Brundley, daughter of Mr. Davy Brundley, of Braiseworth, Suffolk, being the fourth daughter which has fell a victim to the same disorder.

21. At Guernsey, lieut. George Baker, acting captain of his majesty's ship Cerberus, sixth son of the late John Baker, esq. of Deal, and brother to captain Baker, of his majesty's ship la Didon.

23. At Exmouth, in the 24th year of her age, the hon. miss Orde Powlett, only surviving daughter of lord Bolton.

24. In Howland-street, Fitzroy-square, Mrs. Mary Daniell, sister of Thomas Daniell, esq. R. A. in the 58th year of her age.

At his house in Hertford-street, Mayfair, in the 87th year of his age, the right hon. Edmund Sexton Pery, lord viscount Pery.

28. Lady Strange, widow of the late sir Richard, and mother of sir Thomas, chief justice of Madras, in the 86th year of her age.

March 1. Mrs. Eliza Campbell, wife of major John Campbell, military superintendant, royal military hospital, Gosport, at his apartments near the said hospital.

Of a fever on the brain; William Earle, esq. major of the second West-York regiment of militia.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For APRIL, 1806.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :*

- 1 PORTRAIT of Admiral LORD COLLINGWOOD.
- 2 LONDON OPERA and FULL DRESS, elegantly coloured.
- 3 A VIEW of Mr. BLIGHT'S HOUSE.
- 4 New and elegant Patterns for BORDERS.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row ;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE continuation of Dr. THORNTON'S *Botany for Ladies* is unavoidably deferred till next month.

The continuation of the *Fair Penitent* in our next.

*The Portrait, or Incidents in my own Life*, is intended for insertion.

The contributions of S. Y.—M. L.—G. F.—are not forgotten.







*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*The Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>*  
*LORD COLLINGWOOD,*  
*Vice Admiral of the Red, &c.*

*London. Publish'd May 1, 1806, by G. Robinson, Paternoster Row.*



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For APRIL, 1806.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS of the Right Honourable ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

*(With his Portrait, elegantly engraved.)*

THE great example and the glorious, though much lamented, death of the late illustrious lord Nelson, has animated the officers of the British navy with the most noble ardour in the service of their country. Among those who have been instructed by his friendship, and prompted by his example, the subject of the present biographical sketch appears particularly entitled to the thanks and honour of his countrymen, and the rewards he has received from a grateful nation.

Cuthbert Collingwood, now baron Collingwood, of Caldborne and Hartpool, in the county of Northumberland, is of a very respectable family in that county, and was nearly related to an active and brave officer of the same name, who went to America with vice-admiral Byron, in 1778, as commander of the *Monmouth* of sixty-four guns, from which he was soon afterwards promoted to the *Grafton* of seventy-four, and distinguished himself in a very conspicuous manner in the

engagement with the French fleet under the command of count d'Estaing off Grenada; in which engagement his ship, which was one of the leading ships in the action, had the honourable misfortune to lose more men in killed and wounded than any other ship in the fleet. He was afterwards raised to the rank of commodore, by rear-admiral sir Hyde Parker; and again distinguished himself in the action with the count de Guichen, on the 17th of April 1780: soon after which he resigned his command, on account of the ill state of his health, and died on his return to England, on the 2d of June, 1780.

Mr. Cuthbert Collingwood, after having served his country in the subordinate capacities of midshipman or petty-officer, was raised to the rank of lieutenant on the 17th of June, 1773; and his ship being appointed to the Jamaica station, about the commencement of the dispute with the colonies, he contracted an acquaintance with the late lord Nelson, then employed on



the same service, which in time ripened into the most intimate friendship; and as it frequently happened afterwards that he was employed on the same station with that gallant officer, even to the close of the life of the latter, the bands of friendship by which they were united were continually drawn closer, and their brave and gallant minds, which appear to have been similarly formed, 'met congenial, mingling flame with flame.'

When Nelson was promoted to the rank of post-captain in the navy, which was in June 1779, Mr. Collingwood succeeded him as commander of the *Badger* sloop of war; but his commission was not confirmed by the admiralty-board till about the beginning of the following year. On the 22d of March, 1780, he was raised to the rank of post-captain; and was appointed first to the *Pomona* frigate, but afterwards removed to the *Pelican* of twenty-four guns. While he had the command of the latter, he fell in with and took a large French privateer, named *Le Cerf*, mounting sixteen guns, and manned with a chosen crew of one hundred and twenty men, which, after having been out of port only two days, had taken the *Blandford*, a ship belonging to Glasgow, very richly laden. The French privateer was considered as one of the fastest sailing vessels the enemy had in those seas; and her capture was the more agreeable, as when she took the *Blandford*, the French commander and crew, irritated at the obstinate resistance they had met with (for the merchant-ship, though of inferior force, had fought them for three hours), had behaved with the greatest inhumanity to those on board, cutting and maiming the crew, and particularly the captain,

more like barbarous pirates than men carrying on generous warfare, on the principles which govern the conduct of the subjects of civilised states.

In the dreadful hurricane which happened in the West Indies in 1780, captain Collingwood lost his ship, and returned to England. About the end of the year 1782 he was appointed to the command of the *Sampson* of sixty-four guns. But on the peace being concluded in 1783, this ship was laid up; and in the year 1784, we find him employed on the West-India station, in the *Mediator* of forty-four guns, where he met with and renewed his acquaintance with the late admiral Nelson. In the year 1790 he was captain of the *Mermaid* frigate, of thirty-two guns; and soon after the commencement of hostilities with France, in 1793, he was appointed to the command of the *Prince*, a second rate, on board of which rear-admiral Bowyer hoisted his flag, under the late lord Howe, who had the chief command of the fleet in the channel, appointed to watch the motions of the French fleet in Brest.

After the celebrated victory of the first of June 1794, the susceptibility of captain Collingwood, as a brave officer and a man of honour, appears to have been not a little hurt by the omission of his name by lord Howe, probably from haste or forgetfulness, in his enumeration of the names of the captains and officers who had distinguished themselves in the battle—though his lordship had guarded against such a construction of any omission he might have made, by observing, after having given the names of many brave officers—'These selections, however, should not be con-



strued to the disadvantage of other commanders, who may have been equally deserving of the approbation of the lords commissioners of the admiralty, although I am not enabled to make a particular statement of their merits.'—Yet scandal went so far as to whisper that rear-admiral Bowyer himself had privately censured the conduct of his captain; a falsehood for which there does not appear to have been the slightest foundation.

So far indeed was this, probably casual, omission from operating to the disadvantage of captain Collingwood, that soon after the battle of the first of June he was appointed to the command of the *Excellent* of seventy-four guns; though he met with no opportunity to distinguish himself till the year 1797, when he was sent into the Mediterranean to reinforce sir John Jervis, now earl St. Vincent, then commander in chief on that station. After the battle between the English and Spanish fleets, fought on the fourteenth of February of that year, his friend, commodore Nelson, undoubtedly an excellent judge of valour and naval merit, bore a most honourable testimony to the courage and conduct displayed by captain Collingwood in that engagement. —'At this time,' says he, in his dispatches to the admiralty, 'the *Salvador del Mondo* and *St. Isidro* dropped astern, and were fired into in a masterly style by the *Excellent*, captain Collingwood, who compelled the *St. Isidro* to hoist English colours, and I thought the large ship *Salvador del Mondo* had also struck; but captain Collingwood, disdaining the parade of taking possession of a vanquished enemy, most gallantly pushed up with every sail set, to save his old friend and messmate, who was, to

appearance, in a critical state. The *Blenheim* being a-head, the *Culoden* crippled and a-stern, the *Excellent* ranged up within two feet of the *San Nicholas*, giving a most tremendous fire. The *San Nicholas* luffing up, the *San Josef* fell on board her, and the *Excellent* passing on for the *Santissima Trinidad*, the captain resumed his station abreast of them, and close alongside.'

So express a testimony in favour of the bravery and nautical skill of captain Collingwood could not fail to erase every unfavourable impression with respect to these, if any had been made by the omission of his name by lord Howe.

Soon after this engagement captain Collingwood was ordered to Lisbon, with the *Excellent*; whence after some time he returned to England, his ship standing in need of repairs, on which account it was put out of commission. As his character as a brave and experienced officer was now perfectly established, he was in February, 1799, promoted to the rank of rear-admiral of the white, and soon after appointed to a command in the main or channel fleet, under lord Bridport as commander in chief; and he accordingly hoisted his flag on board the *Triumph*, of seventy-four guns.

On the first of January, 1801, he was advanced to the rank of rear-admiral of the red; and after the renewal of hostilities with France, was, on the twenty-third of April, 1804, further promoted to be vice-admiral of the blue. When sir John Orde returned with his squadron to England, having judged it prudent to retire from Cadiz, on the approach of so strong a force as the combined French and Spanish fleets, admiral Collingwood was sent with what was considered as a sufficient



force to resume the blockade. When the combined fleets, in consequence of the celebrated chace of lord Nelson, returned precipitately to Europe, they did not venture, notwithstanding their superior force, to attempt to enter Cadiz; but pushed for Ferrol, after an action with the much inferior fleet of sir Robert Calder, in which they lost two ships. In Ferrol they repaired their damages, and being joined by the Spanish ships lying there, they were augmented, when they again came out, on the thirteenth of August, 1805, to twenty-seven sail of the line.

On the twenty-first of August this numerous fleet made its appearance before the harbour of Cadiz, which was blockaded, or rather watched, by admiral Collingwood, with a squadron of only eight ships. He with his small force, as it may well be conceived, was obliged to retire; but he conducted his retreat with so much judgment that he suffered no loss, notwithstanding the vast superiority of the enemy. He without delay effected a junction with the fleet under sir Robert Calder; and reinforcements being sent at different times from admiral Cornwallis and other quarters, the fleet became increased to more than twenty sail of the line, and soon after the immortal lord Nelson arrived, and took the chief command of it.

It would be unnecessary and superfluous to enter into the particulars of the glorious battle of Trafalgar, which are so well known, and so indelibly impressed on the memory of every grateful and exulting Briton; but it will be proper to observe, that the attack was begun by admiral Collingwood, who first broke through the French line; and that lord Nelson, as we are

told by one of his lordship's biographers, exclaimed with all the ardour of the friendship of a brave man—'Look at that noble fellow! observe the style in which he carries his ship into action.'

After the battle, and the ever to be lamented death of the commander in chief, vice-admiral Collingwood necessarily took the command of the fleet. In the dispatches which he transmitted home with advice of the victory, and which have been particularly admired for the propriety and dignity of the language in which they are drawn up, he appears to have been careful to avoid giving occasion for any such suspicions with respect to the conduct of any commander in that arduous conflict being entertained by which he had himself, in some degree, suffered, after the battle of the first of June 1794.—'After such a victory,' says he, 'it may appear unnecessary to enter into encomiums on the particular parts taken by the several commanders; the conclusion says more on the subject than I have language to express. The spirit which animated all was the same. When all exert themselves zealously in their country's service, all deserve that their high merits should stand recorded; and never was high merit more conspicuous than in the battle I have described.' Towards the conclusion of his letter, he thus alludes to the death of his noble friend, the heroic Nelson:—'Such a battle could not be fought without sustaining a great loss of men. I have not only to lament, in common with the British navy, and the British nation, in the fall of the commander in chief, the loss of a hero whose name will be immortal, and his memory ever dear to his country; but my heart is rent with



the most poignant grief for the death of a friend, to whom by many years intimacy, and a perfect knowledge of the virtues of his mind, which inspired ideas superior to the common race of men, I was bound by the strongest ties of affection; a grief to which even the glorious occasion in which he fell does not bring the consolation which perhaps it ought.'

In consequence of the shattered state of the prizes taken, amounting to twenty in number, and the heavy and tempestuous weather which ensued after the engagement, he, in a letter written two days after the battle, expressed his doubt whether any one of them could be preserved and brought into port. By his judicious and brave exertions, however, which were likewise distinguished by his humanity towards the prisoners, he succeeded in saving four of them, which were carried safely into Gibraltar, notwithstanding their crazy condition and the fury of the elements.

So convinced were the British nation and legislature—never slow in expressing their gratitude—of the bravery and merits of admiral Collingwood, that immediately after the receipt of the dispatches from him, his services were rewarded with a peerage conferred on him by the title of baron Collingwood of Caldborne and Hartpool, in the county of Northumberland; and on the same day (Nov. 9), his promotion to the rank of vice-admiral of the white was announced in the Gazette. A pension of two thousand pounds a year was also voted to him by parliament for his life, and that of his two next heirs male; which grant, in consequence of his lordship's having no male issue, has since been

extended to one thousand pounds per annum to lady Collingwood, and five hundred pounds a year to each of his two daughters. His merits were likewise acknowledged by various votes of thanks from different public and corporate bodies, and a silver vase was presented to him by the Patriotic Fund. When lord Hawkesbury moved in the house of peers the thanks of that house for the victory of Trafalgar, he observed, that 'the late lord Nelson, on leaving this country, expressed his satisfaction at the appointment of the noble Collingwood to the command, and his perfect confidence in his skill, talents, and exertions. He then proceeded to comment on the gallant and meritorious conduct of lord Collingwood in the action off Trafalgar, and of which, he said, many of the most skilful of the profession spoke in terms of the most unqualified applause.'

Lord Hood, at the same time, said—'I will venture to presage that the noble lord, (Collingwood), now in the command of his majesty's fleet in the Mediterranean, wants only an opportunity to prove himself another Nelson, in judgment as well as valour.'

The same dispatches which informed lord Collingwood of the honours and rewards bestowed on him by his munificent sovereign and grateful country, announced to him his appointment to remain on the same station as commander in chief. But all these titular honours and pecuniary rewards are probably exceeded, in the ideas of a generous mind like his, by the general admiration and gratitude of his countrymen, and their opinion, almost universally expressed, that he is to be considered as the legitimate successor of the IMMORTAL NELSON.



## MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

IT is remarkable how very justly a man often speaks of himself, when he thinks he is speaking of somebody else. Of Dr. Johnson it may be justly said—‘He has been described as magisterially presiding over the younger writers, and assuming the distribution of poetical fame; but he who excels has a right to think, and he whose judgment is incontestable may, without usurpation, examine and decide. His criticism may be considered as general, or occasional. In his general precepts which depend upon the nature of things, and the structure of the human mind, he may, doubtless, be safely recommended to the confidence of the reader; but his occasional and particular positions were sometimes interested, sometimes negligent, and sometimes capricious.’—All this, the reader will think, may very justly and fairly be said of Dr. Johnson; yet these are the very words he uses when giving the character of Dryden, in his life of that poet.

Few lines have been oftener repeated than—‘The post of honour is a private station;’ and the sentiment is well accommodated to turbulent, factious, and licentious times. But the thought is not new. Plutarch says, ‘A champion for virtue, if he would survive but a few years, must lead a private life, and not interfere with politics.’—But said the famous Dr. Jebb, ‘I wish to see the *ancient* spirit of my countrymen revive. I wish to see them a nation of politicians, and the principles of the famous ordinance of Solon universally prevail.’—What ancient spirit the doctor meant is not very clear. We have, perhaps, as many if not more

politicians now than ever we had. We have ‘Every man his own statesman.’

It has been the fault of most statesmen that they have either had capacities very much above regular business, soaring into grand schemes and impracticable speculations; or that they have been too much beneath it, ignorant and unskilful. Tacitus mentions that Poppæus Sabinus was made governor of several considerable provinces, not for any extraordinary talents, but because he had a capacity of a *level* for business, and not above it.

Men of honour would do well, just before a duel, to meditate on a sentiment of Plato; who says, that *fortitude* is the faculty which keeps a *lawful* precept. Modern fortitude is exerted in defiance of the law.

There is a great propriety in young men placing before them some living example of wisdom and goodness as an object of imitation, and of that virtuous timidity which creates and preserves decency of manners. ‘Do every thing,’ says Seneca, ‘as if some one looked on.’ But the good effect of this advice is lost, because young men associate with young men; and the old, forgetting that they have been young, become austere and distant.

Many men are ruined in their circumstances from the affectation of the manners and expences of high life. They would be thought rich, not from the reality, but the appearance. The principle of this absurd conduct is not generally understood. It is called pride and folly; but there the mystery begins, instead of being explained. The fact is, it proceeds from not making a just distinction between the *shame* of poverty and the *fear* of it.



THE

ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p. 137.*)

CHAP. LIX.

SOON after the union of Altidore and Clementina, they were called into Tuscany to receive the last blessing of the dying conte Ariosto; and in some time after their departure the happiness of the duca and duchessa di Manfredonia was considerably augmented by the birth of a lovely boy, whom they named Orlando. The dowager duchessa was enraptured at beholding and clasping a great-grandchild in her arms: but she did not long survive this happy event; she lived respected to a fine old age, and was lamented in death by all who had felt the influence of her virtues. Her grandson and his amiable Viola were sincere mourners: her death was the first blow their connubial felicity received: they felt it deeply, and the sorrow it occasioned seemed tinged with sad presages of the future misery of their lives. They quitted Naples almost immediately, where every scene so forcibly reminded them of the parent they deplored, and removed to the castle of Manfredonia; where we now will leave them for a time to their grief for their excellent grandmother, to caress their fascinating child, and to enjoy that short period of connubial happiness the wicked allowed them to experience, and introduce our readers to some new characters.

Alphonso conte Ariosto, father to Altidore, had in his juvenile days committed many indiscretions, and

not the least among them was marrying, unknown to his family, a beautiful plebeian girl, who possessed more art than virtues, whilst she had the address to make the reverse appear to every superficial observer. Soon after the infatuation of the moment was past, the character of Aurora unfolded itself to the repentant and dismayed Alphonso. He shuddered at the unfortunate step he had taken, and, notwithstanding the violence, arts, and ambition of Aurora, contrived to keep his marriage secret during his father's life; in consequence of which, the only offspring of this fatal marriage was left to the care of Aurora in its early childhood, and Elvira di Modena learned her first lessons in the school of art, dissimulation, and every evil. When Elvira had attained her fifth year, her licentious mother was called to that rank and consequence she panted for, by the death of the old conte, and for two years disgraced the title of Ariosto by the most reprehensible conduct, and died in her twenty-seventh year, a martyr to her own profligacy. Her then cisbeo, in a fit of jealousy, by poison rid the world and conte Ariosto of a worthless woman.

Elvira was too exact an epitome of her mother, in person and disposition, to be dear to her father's heart. He trembled for the vicious bent of her inclinations, and, with a hope of amending them, injudiciously sent her from him, for her education, to one of the most austere convents in France, the rigid rules of which nurtured the seeds of evil already sown in her mind. To deceive her severe guardians she now each moment believed necessary; and while her understanding was highly cultivating, her heart's vices increased and multiplied: and



when recalled to Palino, at the desire of Isabella, her father's second wife, she appeared with beauty of face and figure dazzling to behold, with manners soft, elegant, and seductive, and wearing the semblance of every virtue; for art had encompassed her heart with its most impenetrable veil, to hide from every eye the unhallowed shrine of vice. The amiable Isabella idolized her, her young brother adored her; while her father, charmed and astonished, felt reproach within himself for his former unkindness, and strove, by affectionate indulgence, to wipe away all recollection of the past. But Elvira's was that direful mischief which loves to feed on the remembrance of injuries past, and even when smiling to brood on vengeance: her father was her abhorrence, and her mother's detestation of him with her own were twined together in her heart's core by the dæmons of hatred and revenge.

The second marriage of conte Ariosto had taken place in about a year after the death of Aurora; and as he had chosen his first wife from amongst the dregs of the people, he soared to an opposite extreme, and selected his second from the descent of princes, one of the highest families of the Spanish hidalgos, not more pre-eminent for its uncontaminated blood than for its spotless honour. Isabella was one of the most lovely scions of this ancient tree. In making the continental tour, after the death of Aurora, Alphonso saw her at the Spanish court, was fascinated, and became a successful wooer. One child only sprung from this auspicious union, Altidore, the father of our heroine, the patron of Diego, whose simple story bore testimony to his early worth.

About the period Elvira was recalled from France, conte Ariosto

became guardian to Polydore conte Vicenza, a youth of uncommon beauty, talents, and every captivating grace; but in depravity of heart only could he be equalled by Elvira. A congeniality of sentiment soon drew their kindred hearts to each other. But Polydore's fortune was small, and Elvira's depended solely upon her father's pleasure; and ambition pointed out other paths to them than love and poverty.

The duca di Manfredonia was the rich prize Elvira resolved to gain: but he beheld her with indifference, and resisted all her blandishments, even when she appeared in the alluring form of well-acted sorrow upon the death of Isabella; and shortly after, his marriage with Viola cut off all her hopes for a short time. Notwithstanding this attempt upon the heart of Lorenzo, Elvira's attachment to Polydore remained unconquerable; and in an unguarded moment she fell a victim to her own depravity and the treachery of conte Vicenza, who had, a few years prior to this period, emancipated from the guardianship of her father, and squandered at the gaming-table and in other licentiousness, the little fortune his faithful guardian had carefully augmented for him.

Ever anxious for the world's favourable opinion, Elvira, too late, began to tremble for the consequences of her own conduct, and, silencing every argument of ambition within her breast, condescended to solicit an immediate union with conte Vicenza. Her artful blandishments, co-operating with his fears of conte Ariosto, led him on to demand Elvira in marriage; when her father, indignant at Polydore's dissipated conduct, to which he was no stranger, refused his consent, and in the most deter-



mined manner commanded his daughter to give up every idea of an union with conte Vicenza.

This was the dreadful signal for Elvira's long premeditated vengeance. Her father was almost immediately taken ill of a lingering illness, that baffled the skill of the faculty, and which terminated his existence very shortly after the marriage of his son. He breathed his last sigh in the arms of his daughter, whose exemplary care and filial tenderness to her father, during his illness, were the admiration of all Tuscany. She scarcely ever left his chamber from the moment he was confined to it; administered all his medicines and nourishment herself; and her affliction upon his decease was so violent, that she was reduced by it to her bed, where she was confined for some weeks, refusing all medicinal advice. To rouse her from this unavailing sorrow, her affectionate unsuspecting brother, himself a prey to real grief, advised a change of scene; and as soon as she was able to undertake the journey, his Clementina consigned her to the care of the ill-fated Viola, immediately after the birth of Orlando.

But before we proceed with our narrative, we must execute the horrid task of completely withdrawing the black veil from Elvira's heart, and showing to our shuddering reader a monster, from whom dismayed nature recoils. Elvira was the murderer of her father. She had administered to him a small portion of a slow but subtle poison, which at first brought on slight symptoms of illness, so slight that it was not deemed necessary to recall his son from Naples, whither he was just then gone to be united to Clementina; and Elvira having assumed the character of chief nurse, she had opportunities of infusing more of

this deadly drug in his food, to increase his illness by imperceptible degrees as her plan called for it. And her diabolical purpose was at length effected, without any danger of detection; as for many reasons, affecting to be influenced by that hope which true affection scarcely ever relinquishes, she pretended to disbelieve all idea of her father's danger, and would not summon her brother until almost too late, under the specious pretence of wishing to spare her dear Altidore an unnecessary pang, since she felt, like a supernatural inspiration, a thorough conviction of her adored parent's perfect recovery. And when he breathed his last, blessing his children, the phrensy of despair seemed to take possession of this arch fiend: she clung to the corse of a parent her own hand had deprived of life, and in the most distracted manner lamented his death; accusing the physicians, by their ignorance, as the cause of his not recovering; and in a frantic tone commanded them to open the body, to inform his heart-broken children what fatal malady had deprived them of their estimable parent.

But this command the wily parricide knew full well could not be obeyed, as her father had given the most solemn injunctions to his son never to allow his body to be opened: and in his will he further enforced this request, which was occasioned by his adored Isabella having visited an hospital in Florence of which she was the patroness; and going by mistake into a room where an operation of that kind was performing, by the fatal mistake she caught a fever, which it was believed had caused her death; while in fact, the diabolical Elvira it was who in all probability deprived the world of one of its brightest ornaments; for in this



case, to court her darling popularity, she, in defiance of the danger of infection, attended her amiable mother-in-law herself; when it struck her infernal heart that the fellest blow she could inflict upon her father would be the depriving him of his adored wife. Every medicine therefore that was prescribed, she would suffer none to administer but herself; and as the devoted Isabella was delirious, she feared nothing from her detection: and she artfully substituted any milk and water mixture that suited her purpose, to appear like the drugs which she destroyed; by which means the fever, unchecked, hourly augmented, and she had the diabolical transport of beholding her parent's misery upon the loss of his adored Isabella.

The exertions Elvira thought it necessary to make, to evince her affliction for the death of her father, accelerated the birth of her child. She retired to her chamber under the veil of sorrow overpowering her; and shortly after her puny boy was conveyed by Bianca, her attendant and devoted creature, out of the castle, under the auspices of father Georgio, Elvira's lenient confessor, who only heard what she thought necessary to communicate, and was upon this occasion made her confidant and adviser; and after being named Theodore, the poor babe was sent by a creature of Georgio's to the care of a sister of his who lived in Languedoc. By the care of the crafty Bianca, Elvira soon recovered, and was enabled to take the unfortunate journey to Naples, her head and heart projecting new mischiefs: for her father had left her too small a portion to gratify Polydore's avarice; and although her generous brother doubled that fortune, it was insufficient for the rapacious Vicenza,

whom now, for the sake of her child, Elvira resolved by some means, no matter how iniquitous, to make her husband. Altidore, not in the least aware of the strength or cause of his sister's attachment, advised her to think no more of a man who possessed so little affection for her, which his caviling about fortune he thought too plainly evinced.

And now, courteous reader, we must leave the wily Elvira at the castle of Manfredonia, whither she accompanied the duca and duchessa, stealing, like the insidious serpent, into the unsuspecting Viola's warmest esteem; while we return to Don Ambrosio, whom we left, almost two years prior to the period we have just been speaking of, at a fisherman's hut upon the coast of Sicily.

## CHAP. LX.

NOTHING could equal the consternation and dismay of Don Ambrosio and his vile associate Leopold, at the fell blow their iniquitous scheme received by the unthought-of elopement of Viola; and every hope of future success was destroyed, when they learned in whose protection she had found refuge. They both immediately fled from Sicily in the vessel prepared to convey the marchesa away, and joining the Spanish fleet, Ambrosio made Leopold his chaplain.

It had hitherto been Don Ambrosio's successful aim to acquire fame and glory in his profession: and now, in conformity to the capricious versatility of his disposition, it seemed all at once his wish to render his name infamous, to tarnish his former honours, and blight his laurels, by every action that was inimical to probity and humanity; assigning to the slight reproaches of his conscience, that



the misery of mind his disappointed love inflicted pleaded sufficiently in excuse for every enormity he could commit, for that his reason was shook by his mental anguish. Public indignation now ran high against this once popular young man. Many of his exploits might have brought him to the scaffold; but in consideration of the eminent services he had rendered his country he was not brought to trial, civil or military; he only received his catholic majesty's dismissal from every post and honour he had been distinguished by.

The vile apostate Leopold, impelled by dire necessity, became the follower of the justly degraded Ambrosio's fortunes, and soon their fertile invention struck out a plan not more gratifying to their avarice than to their sanguinary souls. They entered into a league with a number of profligate men of all descriptions, who formed themselves into a society, which spread itself with astonishing facility, not only over Spain and Portugal, but through France, Italy, and Germany. The successes of all parties were for the general benefit; whilst each individual was to be supported from the general fund, which was to provide for every expence necessary for carrying on the different branches of this predaceous society, who were sworn to feed upon the public by every act of fraud and villany, comprised within the efforts of the specious swindler, the elegant gentlemanly gambler, the daring banditti, the dark assassin, the midnight robber, and a formidable squadron of ships fitted out for the lucrative employment of piracy.

The latter department, as well as the management of a great part of the banditti allotted to act in Spain, the commander in chief, Ambrosio, assigned to himself and Leopold,

who now thought it time to throw off entirely the sacerdotal habit. To find an eligible habitation to secret their treasures, troops, and shipping in, was for some time a grand and difficult pursuit; but conte Vicenza having been amongst the first who enlisted under their villanous banners in Italy as a gambler, from his great intimacy with conte Elfridii, between whom and himself a perfect understanding subsisted, soon gained that vindictive man to enrol himself amongst his kindred villains; and nothing could have proved more fortunate for the general security than such an acquisition, since the only patrimony Elfridii possessed was that very castle of the Pyrenees where the scene of this romance has lain for so many of our pages.

Fernando conte Elfridii was lineally descended from the princes of Catalonia; and one of his more immediate ancestors being amongst those Spaniards who drove the French out of Naples in 1504, married a Neapolitan lady; and settling in that country, it became the native place of his progeny. By unexpected but legal succession this impregnable castle at length devolved to Elfridii; but its situation was too horrid, its condition too much out of repair, to admit a thought of his disposing of it to advantage; and he had resolved upon having the structure razed, to make money of its valuable materials, when the liberal offer of the predaceous community was joyfully accepted by him; and when he fled from Naples, in despair upon Clementina's accepting the proposals of his rival, he made an excursion into Spain, to put Ambrosio and his people into possession of the castle, and to teach them the secrets of it; for with the title-deeds of the castle was a key to the else impenetrable



secrets of the place; some of which, however, Elfridii reserved for his own knowledge alone, thinking that in some sort of way he might convert them to his own advantage hereafter; and depending upon the faith of Iago, an old negro, who had been reared in the castle and locally attached to the place, his fidelity descending from owner to owner as stedfastly as an heirloom. Elfridii knew that Iago was well acquainted with almost all the machinery of the place; but swearing him to secrecy, he concealed from Ambrosio's knowledge the church, with many of the vaults and impenetrable places annexed to the castle; and whilst exploring the horrid recesses of this dreadful fortress, he formed that diabolical plan of revenge he but too successfully executed.

Ambrosio, now put in possession of a place which seemed by some miracle absolutely built on purpose for his accommodation and security, found it expedient to drop the well-known name of Ambrosio de Montalvan, and assumed that of Don Manuel de Bascara; and Leopold, from the same necessity foregoing his proper name, took the Spanish one of Garcias.

The only person in the world for whom Elfridii felt a particle of disinterested attachment was Francisco Gassendi, the monk who had educated him. Francisco possessed some virtues and many failings; he was brave and generous; his heart formed by nature, humane, affectionate, and just; but his temper was violent, and his passions ever were his masters. Forced by his parents at an early age into the church, inclination never led him along the steady path of duty. Well aware of all that sanctity of life his profession called for, he often attempted to be what con-

science pointed out; but the attempts were but the feeble efforts of an unsteady mind, and alternately he appeared as the saint and the sinner. As a learned man he had been selected to superintend the education of Elfridii; and, as there was no very great disparity in their years, they soon became companions and friends.

From the strength of this attachment Elfridii possessed an influence over the mind of Francisco that enabled him quickly to win the monk into the villanous community he belonged to. The ambition of Francisco would not allow him to remain a common member of this fraternity. He had interest enough at Rome to get himself translated to a convent of Observantine friars at Cadaques, and by the artful intrigues of some of the devotees whom he confessed at Naples, he soon was instituted a member of the Inquisitorial synod. With the predaceous society thus fully in his power he quitted Naples for Cadaques, where, though rigid was the Observantine order, he affected even superior austerity, and, under the veil of sanctity, refusing even the few comforts of the convent, took up his abode in a solitary cave in a gloomy forest not far distant from the town. The reputed austerity of his life soon rendered him famous; he shortly became the most popular preacher in the province, and the favourite confessor to all the neighbouring convents and pious families.

The cave of this holy impostor communicated, as our sagacious reader already presages, with the castle; the secret of the church, with many others considered by Elfridii as co-operating to their mutual interest, was confided by him to Francisco, who was thus placed in the castle as an object of terror and of safety; and Don Manuel, ere



he was aware, found himself but second where he claimed the first place. In the power of the inquisitor, he bowed to his authority; and every daring vassal belonging to Don Manuel trembled at Francisco's frown, who, though as an individual causing terror, was in fact the greatest safeguard they possessed.

In all the secrets of the dreadful tribunal, Francisco knew the moment danger threatened the society, and, by the chicanery of priestcraft, kept his confederates secure from ecclesiastic vengeance until the moment of retribution allotted by heaven arrived; when, in the pursuit of cruelty and revenge, their evil destiny suffered them to imprison the holy Anselmo.

Possessing the confidence of so many persons in Catalonia, Francisco too was of considerable advantage to the subtle designs of the sharper, and to the more open frauds of the banditti; and when, in his perambulations as a pious monk, or in his inquisitorial character, he learned any danger awaited the community, it was agreed that he should announce it by beating a drum, formed like an Indian gong, which was placed in a cavern underneath the castle, from whence sound so forcibly conveyed itself, that it warned every sentinel around the castle of impending danger, upon which, as the beat of the drum directed, they and all the fraternity either flew to arms, or betook themselves to hiding-places in the rocks, or to the shipping. Our reader is now no longer at a loss to account for the tremendous noise that so alarmed Victoria the first night of her dreadful captivity; and as the good properties of Francisco's heart often recoiled from the crimes of his associates, he had sometimes recourse to the gong,

and, under pretence of danger, put the assassins to flight; and often unsubdued conscience would whisper that danger threatening them in such a moment seemed like divine vengeance, and the meditated enormity perhaps was therefore never committed which caused Teresa's remark to our heroine upon the subject.

Elvira had not been very long at the castle of Manfredonia before a perfect understanding subsisted between her and Elfridii. They had each their deep-laid plots to pursue, and were happy in so able an auxiliary; besides, lady Elvira was completely in the power of Elfridii, from whom Polydore kept no secrets; and by whose advice the infant Theodore had been removed from Languedoc and consigned to the care of Francisco. Conte Vicenza was now ordered by them to conceal himself in the neighbourhood of Manfredonia, to aid their mutual operations, which they delayed not to commence.

#### CHAP. LXI.

It has been already mentioned, that the only foible of the duca di Manfredonia's mind was the contemptible opinion he entertained of his own personal attractions. Had he known how to appreciate properly the favours so lavishly bestowed by Nature on him, he had, perhaps, been spared the succeeding misery of his life. Elfridii, well knowing this circumstance, and how much the disparity of Viola's years with his own had fed upon his mind, was truly sensible how promising a subject Lorenzo was for speedily imbibing the subtle poison he meant to administer. High in the duca's estimation, and thus understanding so appreciated, the words of Elfridii bore with them the power of al-



most instant conviction; and the first potion of the maddening drug he administered was once at table, by relating, while his eyes were fixed in marked scrutiny upon the innocent Viola, the story of Don Ambrosio's enormities and consequent disgrace.

The invidious gaze of Elfridii, by wounding the delicacy of the duchessa and awakening her indignation, called forth the brightest tints of vermilion upon her lovely cheeks; and as he proceeded, the atrocities he enumerated of Ambrosio's committing giving full conviction to the idea she had secretly cherished of his being the murderer of her father, as well as of her uncle—and by awakening a variety of the most painful sensations, all embittered by the agonising thought of her having been the cause of death to both those parents—she at length, after her intelligent countenance had undergone a marked diversity of changes, fell from her seat in a swoon, and, although the duca was almost distracted at beholding his adored wife in such a situation, the apparent cause of her being so, nor the artful exclamations and half articulated whispers of Elvira and Elfridii, were not lost upon him, and the dreadful foundation of his future misery was from that moment laid; and so skilful were those who built upon it, that in a very short period the baneful pile was formed on which his happiness was sacrificed.

The name of Viola was now daily discovered to be carved with lover-like devices or poesy upon some new tree. A young and beautiful stranger was seen by the vassals and domestics hovering about the castle in various disguises, whom a lady, attired like the duchessa, often met in the dusk of the evening and in secret places. Our reader will

be at no loss to guess that the handsome stranger was the vile Vicenza, who became a Proteus upon the occasion, taking care, however, to avoid the recognition of any of the domestics who knew him; or that the lady was the diabolical Elvira, properly attired for their infamous designs: and so well did these vile confederates manage their plot, that in the course of a few weeks the duca di Manfredonia almost believed that his wife repented the choice she had made, that the profligate degraded Ambrosio had ever been in possession of her affections, and that he himself was the most miserable of men. Yet so fondly did he lean to the belief of her purity, of her superiority over all the world—so tenderly did he still adore her—that, whenever he contemplated the seraphic sweetness of her expressive countenance, he felt the influence of some resistless power within his mind arising to confute all that he had before thought conviction; and had not the execrable fiends who had sworn the destruction of his peace been more prolific in diabolical desires than human nature had ever before evinced itself, the smile of Viola would have defeated all their machinations. As it was, Lorenzo was forced into a belief which almost tortured him to madness; but he so idolised her whom he thought no longer attached to him, that he could not endure the idea of calling the blush of shame upon her cheek by his upbraidings; and, avoiding every explanation, he at length unfortunately fled from Manfredonia to the castle of Palino, to unbosom himself to the conte and contessa Ariosto, determined that their advice should guide him.

The merciless triumvirate were well aware that Viola's was no common female mind; she had no



scibles to work upon; and the only hope they had of her, was from the sad sympathy her mother's hapless fate had entwined with the very stamina of her heart. They knew she trembled at conjugal indifference, and shuddered at every tale that told of connubial discord. To sow the seeds of doubt and jealousy in her mind required the most delicate strokes of art; and Elvira most successfully contrived the means to cause events which awakened inevitably, but imperceptibly, suspicions of her Lorenzo's affection. Her mother's miseries thus impending over her, the dreadful similitude of their fate became at length her mournful contemplation. Had the constancy of her husband's attachment been openly arraigned by any one, she would have silenced with scorn the base accuser, and spurned with generous indignation each intruding suspicion from her breast; but the circumstances which ruined her peace seemed presented by chance alone, so well did Elvira perform her task; and the flown cheerfulness of Viola, so lately acquired and so becoming to her, her languid look, her loss of appetite and rest, all conspired to confirm Lorenzo in the horrid belief that she was wretched because she was his wife.

Viola, well remembering her incomparable mother never complained, never breathed forth a murmur, resolved, like her, to bear her misery in silence; and soon, like her hapless mother too, her only comfort was to weep over her child, fold it in her fond arms, and sadly trace out its resemblance to its still adored father: but ever at the sound of Lorenzo's approach she would hastily chase the tears away, and with smiles resign their son to his caresses. But those smiles were so woe-fraught, so indicative

of mental anguish, Lorenzo could not support the agony they inflicted in his tortured bosom; and, to hide his feelings, he would rush from her presence, and leave her to the insupportable belief that disgust at beholding her occasioned his retreat.

Viola, when resolving never to complain, had also determined never to make a confidant; for not even to her Clementina would she breathe a sound that could take from the merit of Lorenzo; and this amiable conduct was afterwards converted by her enemies into proofs of guilt.

At length, the day on which the duca left the castle of Manfredonia for that of Palino, the suspicions which Viola had so long and painfully entertained were put to instant flight, by the expression of his countenance, as she caught him gazing upon her a few moments before his departure. She clearly saw that he was wretched, but saw, too, conviction of her being still in possession of his tenderest affection; and the impulse of the moment was to throw herself into his arms, and conjure him to reveal to her the cause of his afflictions: but this wise resolution was defeated by the precipitate retreat of the ill-fated duca, who, upon perceiving her observation of him, rushed from the apartment, and instantly began his journey, leaving it to Elfridia to announce his departure; assigning as a cause his having been summoned by express to attend a dying friend at Naples, and was in too great affliction to bear the pang of a parting interview with her.

That Lorenzo should absent himself from home without bidding her adieu, though plausible his excuse, struck like the cold hand of death upon her throbbing heart; but she shed no tear, neither did she make any comment when she received this mortifying intelligence from



Elfridii. But as she now in all her sorrows felt consolation only in the sweet smiles and endearments of her child, she soon quitted the villainous Elfridii, and bent her faltering steps to the apartments of Orlando; and on her way, in a gallery through which she was about to pass, hung a full-length portrait of Lorenzo. Her eyes instinctively fixed upon it—her feet became fastened to the spot on which she stood—her arms insensibly entwined across her bosom—her head sunk against a pillow—while mournful sickening fancy saw the days of past happiness flit like pallid phantoms before Lorenzo's picture. At length, a half-stifled sob of grief aroused her from her agonising reverie; and quickly turning her head, she saw the faithful Bernardo with tears chasing each other down his furrowed cheeks.

This worthy being had long been made independent by Viola, but nothing could induce him to quit her service; and high in her esteem, and in the ducal's, he ever experienced the greatest degree of respect from every individual of their family.

'My dear young lady,' said the agitated Bernardo, 'I can no longer bear to see you thus; and must take the liberty of speaking to you upon the subject of your misery. Oh, may St. Rosolia defend you, and encompass you with her powers! for all the devils of Mount Ætna are at work to blast your happiness. Be no more deceived—that lady Elvira is a wily serpent that will sting you to the heart. Conte Elfridii is a monster, more barbarous and ungrateful than even Leopold himself. Oh Father of mercies! could he be human, and, seeing such a glorious work as this, aim at destroying it? Yes, inhuman fiends!

they have planned the destruction of your fame and happiness. My deluded lord believes your heart directed to Ambrosio, and has left the castle almost distracted. It is all too true—I suspected, watched, and overheard their villainous cabals. Dearest lady, delay not; write to my absent lord. The words of truth must blast at once the tales of falsehood. Commit the letter to my care, and, with the permission of St. Rosolia, if he is upon the surface of the globe I will deliver it to him; for in bringing back your lost happiness to you, Heaven knows how freely I would resign my life.'

The agony of Viola's mind upon this intelligence cannot be described. Horror at first claimed up her faculties, until its icy fetters were thawed as her eyes again rested upon the portrait of her heart's lord; when, bursting into tears of anguish, she caught the hand of Bernardo, and, pressing it with fervent gratitude to her lips, promised to follow his advice on the instant; and immediately retiring to her gabinetto, wrote to her deluded husband such a letter, that, had it ever been delivered to him, must have had all the happy effect the faithful Bernardo expected. It was written by the chaste and ardent pen of purity and affection; and every word must have struck with conviction to the heart of Lorenzo:—but Elvira had followed the footsteps of the devoted Viola, had overheard all that had passed between her and Bernardo; and that faithful and ill-fated being was bereft of life by the assassins of the iniquitous consociates in his way to Tuscany, whither he was hastening to restore peace to the mind of his lovely and beloved lady.

In two days after the departure of the unfortunate Bernardo from



Manfredonia, a letter was delivered to Viola by Fidato, the respected steward of the castle. The duchessa had no reason to doubt the authenticity of this letter; it appeared to have been written by Lorenzo; and she, as well as Fidato, believed it had come with a parcel of dispatches which he had received from the ducal by his own courier. This letter was brief, but seemed the ebullitions of long suppressed tenderness; but not as if in answer to hers, which she knew could not then have reached him. He seemed to hint at the perfidy of supposed friends, and of his having much to communicate to her before he again entered his castle; and entreated her to meet him at ten o'clock that night unknown to every one, in a temple in the bosom of a close wood at a small distance from the castle.

This prospect of returning happiness banished at once the gloom which had lowered for more than two months over the most expressive of countenances; and the smiles of her heart, in spite of all resistance, spread over her face, and influenced her voice, her air, her manner.

Elvira, completely an adept in the art of plotting, was even more than usually insinuating in her conversation that day; was so assiduously attentive to Viola, she seemed her very shadow, and left her not for a single moment. In vain the politeness of the duchessa strove to veil the disgust she felt for Elvira, or the chagrin she experienced in her presence; and not without an effort approaching to rudeness could she escape from the wary fiend in time for the appointment she conceived she had with Lorenzo. The spotless purity of Viola was shocked and mortified to see the good fa-

ther Rinaldo during the whole of that day an attentive observer of her conduct, which seemed most unequivocally to surprise and pain him; but though the blush of shame overspread her cheeks, and the tear of grief trembled in her eyes, on finding her purity suspected, she yet consoled herself with the flattering belief that in a very few hours all would be explained to that good man's satisfaction.

As the hour of ten drew near, Viola hastened to the nursery; and taking the sleeping Orlando in her arms, impressed a kiss of even unusual fervor upon his lips, as she breathed the ardent wish that when next she kissed her child, the hearts of his parents might be as firmly united as her lips were then with his. This tender idea drew tears of trembling sensibility from her eyes; and at this moment a time-piece in the chamber chimed the hour. Hastily kissing her son for the last time, Viola gave him to his too observant nurse, and in visible agitation quitted the apartments of her boy, and hastened to the fatal temple. A man was waiting her approach; his figure was that of Lorenzo's; she rushed into his arms with an exclamation of tenderness, and, subdued by a thousand joyful and affecting emotions, fainted; when the man, no other than the base Vicenza, bore her in that helpless state to a carriage, which was waiting with some more of Elfridi's creatures at a little distance from the park.

The motion of the carriage soon called this innocent victim of revenge to her senses; but the sound of the treacherous Polydore's voice destroyed at once every ray of hope and joy. Horror now sealed up her senses; and in the most pitiable situation, falling from one swoon into another, she was conveyed into



a ship, which in due time bore the wretched Viola into a creek belonging to the Pyrenean castle, into which this miserable captive was conveyed, attended by every fear, by every pang, that could agonise a mind devoid of guilt.

Don Manuel was then out upon a cruise, but the ruthless Garcias was at home, and the sight of the captive brought in by Polydore gave diabolical pleasure to his vindictive heart; but in beholding the fiend Leopold in this her prison, at once proclaimed to Viola the magnitude of her calamities. Her senses forsook her; for mental misery and horror had brought on a fever so high, so malign, that for many weeks the surgeons of the castle had scarcely a hope for her life; but Heaven spared her that existence the cruelties of her enemies afterwards deprived her of. She did recover, yet slowly: although she exerted herself to aid her physicians in banishing disease (though miserable was existence to her) for the sake of her unborn babe, to whose life she could not believe the cruelty of her enemies would extend.

*(To be continued.)*

*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE,*

SIR,

I SEND you a receipt for stewing a knuckle of veal; and when you know the author, you probably may think it worth inserting: it is dean Swift, when resident at Leicester, as a curate. Also an anecdote relative to him and the mayor, perhaps neither of them in his works.

As it is an elegant mild stew and soup, I send you another as a con-

trast to it, rich and strong; and both sent to table together, with the addition of vegetables, as asparagus, broccoli, cauliflower, and carrots, will make a genteel first course for this season of the year.

Some of the vegetables being enigmatically described, I have added an explanation, because a person here put in pennyroyal instead of celery, and spoiled the soup.

Yours, &c. R. W.

*Leicester, March 8,*

*Dean Swift's Receipt for stewing a Knuckle  
of Veal, when Curate at Leicester.*

*Poetically described.*

Take a knuckle of veal,  
You may buy it or steal;  
In a few pieces cut it,  
And in a stew-pan put it.  
Salt, pepper, and mace,  
Must season this knuckle,  
Then what's join'd to a place, (1)  
And other things muckle;  
That also which killed king Will, (2)  
And what will never stand still; (3)  
Some sprigs of that bed, (4)  
From whence all children are bred;  
Thus much you may mend it,  
With spinach (5) and endive; (6)  
And lettuce, (7) and beet, (8)  
And marygolds meet; (9)  
But put no water at all,  
For it makes ev'ry thing small;  
Which lest it should happen,  
A close cover put on:  
Set your pot of good metal,  
In a hot boiling kettle;  
And there let it be,  
(Mind the doctrine I teach)  
About, let me see!  
Thrice as long as I preach; (10)  
So skimming the fat off,  
Say grace with your hat off;  
O then! with what rapture,  
It will fill Dean and Chapter!

*Explanation of the Vegetables, with the Botanic  
Names.*

1. Celery, *Apium dulce.*
2. Sorrel, *Rumex, acetosa.*
3. Thyme, *Thymus vulgaris.*
4. Parsley, *Apium, Petroselinum.*
5. Spinach, *Spinacia.*
6. Endive, *Cichorium, Endivia.*
7. Lettuce, *Lactuca, sativa.*
8. White Beet leaves, *Beta vulgaris alba.*
9. Marygolds, *Calendula officinalis.*
10. As the Dean does not mention the length of his sermons, it must be left to the discretion of the cook, but at least two hours.



*A Receipt for stewing a Rump of Beef, or any other Piece, to eat either hot or cold.*

Take a piece of beef of either rump, round, bed, or any other solid piece, without much fat to it, about twelve or fifteen pounds weight.

A quarter of an ounce of white pepper, long pepper, allspice, nutmeg, and cloves, ground or pounded fine.

Put four ounces of shalots peeled, and cut into two, and the peels of two lemons cut smallish, into a pot, with a pint of white wine vinegar, and a pint of raisin wine.

Mix the spices with a small handful of salt, but not too much; rub the meat well with them, and lay it in the pickle, and turn it twice a day for ten or twelve days.

When you stew it, put it into a cast-iron pot, and the pickle, but no water, with a cover that will keep in the steam, and if it does not shut close, wrap a piece of linen cloth around it.

Set it on a slow fire, and let it stew for about three hours very gently: for the slower it does the better.

When you think it enough, examine it, and put into the soup half a pint of red port, made hot, but not to boil, and send it to table in a deep soup-dish.

If you want a piece also to eat cold, stew two pieces, and do not cut one hot, for a piece of thirty pounds does not do so well as two of fifteen, having tried it.

If you like the flavour of bacon, lard it with a large larding pin.

As some persons may object to the expence of wine, vinegar, and shalots, I send you another, on a frugal plan, but is also a very excellent dish, having tried both.

*To stew Beef frugally with Vegetables.*

Take a piece of beef as directed before, put it into a frying-pan, with some butter or suet, and turn it about with two carving forks till it is browned all over.

Take spices and lemon peel, as for the other, a dozen of onions peeled, six carrots, washed, scraped clean, cut crossways into three or four pieces, but not lengthways, six or eight heads of celery, cut into pieces half an inch long, but reserve the middle part to put in after, a handful of parsley cut smallish, with some thyme and savory.

Put the meat and all the ingredients into a cast-iron pot, and cover them with water about two or three inches.

Stew it on a slow fire two hours, then examine it, add more spices if necessary; put in the celery, and a dozen small onions, and stew it another hour, and send it to table with the vegetables, in a deep soup-dish.

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ANECDOTE of DEAN SWIFT, when Curate at Leicester, and the Mayor of the Town.

It was customary for the mayor to invite the clergyman who preached to dine with him. Mr. Swift, in the conclusion of his sermon, said, he should have treated the subject in a more learned manner, but he endeavoured to suit it to the capacity of his audience.

This affronted the mayor so much, that he sent the mace-bearer to inform him that he did not invite him to dinner; Mr. Swift, however, returned his compliments, and that he would wait on him, and went to dinner.



To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR, :

I HAVE observed in your Miscellany a description of the areka or betle-nut, by Mr. Hutchinson, who seems to have enlarged and dwelt considerably upon most of the properties of this vegetable; yet it appears singular that he has omitted to give any account of what are called the pawns, on which I shall presently say a few words. Mr. H. has, besides, made a most palpable error in regard to the betle-leaf; which, he observes, is soporific, and that the intoxicating qualities it possesses renders it a favourite with the natives: How Mr. H. could have fallen into such a manifest error I cannot determine, since he seems to have travelled over great part of India. He likewise ascribes a very considerable odour to the areka, instead of the betle. As to its dentrifical qualities, I do not mean to deny them; but, on the contrary, most willingly subscribe to every encomium that can be alleged in its behalf, since I have both witnessed and experienced several facts of the very efficacious powers of this nut in preserving and improving the teeth: and I readily believe there is nothing that can any way equal, much less surpass, the areka. The delightful fragrance of the betle plant is most grateful to the sense, but it is neither intoxicating nor soporific. The pawns the lower class use as tobacco, opium; &c.; from which circumstance it may not be improbable that Mr. H. has considered the betle as causing drowsiness: a mistake not unfrequently made. The areka, when gathered, is folded in two or three leaves of the betle or pawn. The chunam, or lime, made from calcined shells, extracts a most beautiful

red juice from the areka-nut. This lime is mixed with several aromatic ingredients into a kind of paste with the areka, cut in pieces by an instrument on purpose; which, compounded, comprises a real Sureta pawn, much esteemed in Hindoostan. The natives appropriate gardens on purpose for the growth of the betle, and attend their culture with the utmost care, guarding them from the heat of the sun, which, at times, is excessive. The medicinal virtues of pawns when eaten are, that they correct acidity, and promote digestion; though for this purpose they are considerably inferior to our own remedies, and consequently can be of no use, could the ingredients be cultivated here. The mode pursued in China and Hindoostan with the areka, is to calcine it gradually until it becomes black in the centre, and afterwards it is reduced into a fine powder, and is unquestionably the best dentifrice that can be used; at all events it is the most safe and innocent.

The areka will afford a very permanent red ink when fresh, by parboiling it, and alum will secure it from being evanescent.

If I can procure a sketch of the plant, I will send it to you, with further remarks.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
RICHARD WINSTANLEY.  
*Portugal-street, March 15, 1806.*

## A NOONTIDE WALK

IN APRIL.

By J. M. L.

'Again rejoicing Nature sees  
Her robe assume its vernal hues,  
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,  
'All freshly steep'd in morning dews.'

BURNS.

MARCH had now closed his gloomy reign, and had given a ter-



mination to winter, worthy of his chilling powers; darkness had loaded almost every day; more snow had fallen during the month than in all the preceding part of the winter; black blighting frost had winged every wind; and when March departing, bequeathed spring to the world, the cold and gloomy weather proclaimed it but protracted winter. According to the old proverb, 'March came in like a lion;' but, unlike the conclusion of the same adage, did not 'go out like a lamb.' Such being the case, a ramble early in April could not be expected to furnish all the luxuriance of spring; the progress of vegetative life had been checked, but a very forward spring only tempts the germinating influence to unfold the leafy world, which, nipped by blight, too often strews the ground with untimely ruin. This was exemplified forcibly soon after I had set out on this Aprilian stroll: a tender flower, reared in the artificial warmth of a hot-house, had been incautiously placed in a window, where the blight had taken it, and its beautiful petals hung in death-like weakness against the parent stem.

'Such, man, thy life, when death's relentless  
rage  
Crops thy gay bloom, or chills thy withering  
age;  
In vain thy wish would stop th' invader's  
pow'r,  
Who spares the leaf to revel on the flow'r.  
Oh! how transported with a fleeting dream  
We fondly launch, and glide along the  
stream!  
Nor think of tempests, mis'ry, pain, or  
death,  
The storms above us, and the wrecks be-  
neath!  
When lo! at once a cloudy scene succeeds,  
It low'rs, frowns, blackens, bellows o'er our  
heads;  
Bounds o'er the seas, and with destructive  
sweep,  
Flings wave on wave, and whelms us in the  
deep.'

OGILVIE.

As I paced along the road,

I saw, slowly progressing towards me, a tall thin man, poorly defended by his dress from the chilling gale, whilst his pallid countenance bore the evident marks of recent and severe illness. As I passed, the son of misery put his hand to his hat, and in a tremulous indistinct tone sued for relief; but his eyes were cast down; there was none of that disgusting effrontery so usual in common beggars: his manner was irresistible. I dropped a mite into his hand; a mite so small, reason blushes at the recollection. He strove to thank me; the tear of gratitude started unbidden into his eye; his faltering voice denied him articulation, but he thanked me, oh! how much more than studied language could have done! My heart pulsed lighter as I moved on, from the pleasure purchased with such a trifle.

Happy is the man

'Whose gen'rous arm relieves the sick and  
poor,  
Nor drives distress, disdainful, from his door;  
Who soothes the orphan's grief, the widow's  
care,  
Who dries the tears of anguish and despair,  
Who gives the child of misery his food,  
And learns "the luxury of doing good."

Proceeding, I found the fields very damp, and in some places very wet; a stream, on whose banks I have strolled times innumerable, when pure as a mirror it glided along, or beneath a pendant willow have enjoyed 'the contemplative man's recreation,' angling, now exceeded its bounds, and had spread over the meadows a turbid tribute. A few hardy daisies here and there had raised their heads. This unassuming flower, though it gives no fragrance to the smell, or beauty to the sight, is yet beheld with pleasure: it is the pure child of nature; one of spring's first free-will offerings. And though it is uncelebrated



Who reigns supreme in his august abode,  
Forms, or confounds with one commanding  
    nod;  
Who wraps in black'ning clouds his awful  
    brow,  
Whose glance like lightning looks all nature  
    through.' OGILVIE.

of man ; swelled by vanity he rears his head above his fellows, who for a time wonder and admire ; but at length, novelty having lost its charm, disgust succeeds, and then they work his ruin.

‘ Short is ambition’s gay deceitful dream,  
Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind  
her brow,  
Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,  
And Time’s cold breath dissolves the wi-  
thering bough.  
Slow as some miner saps th’ aspiring tow’r  
When working secret with destructive  
aim;  
Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing  
hour,  
But works the fall of empire, pomp, and  
name.’

OGILVIE.

I now passed a small village church-yard, where the simple turf-covered graves of humble labour almost entirely filled the hallowed space: scarce a tomb-stone was to be seen, but the whole was remarkably neat and clean, and was not allowed to be the haunt of noisy squabblers, or the play-place of the village children, which is but too commonly the case; and it is a practice I deprecate. It brings up the infant mind to a disregard of the sacred spot where rest its rustic forefathers; and the only idea connected with that of a church-yard in them is, that it is an excellent place for a game at hide-and-seek, whip-top, pitch-halfpenny, or some such trifling amusement. This 'grows with their growth,' and in early manhood they seek it for some still worse purpose; and often have I seen a set of rural gamblers playing on a tomb-stone, and, alas! forgetting totally the place they were in, when luck went against them, uttering the horrid oath, in execrating blasphemy, over perhaps the very place where sleeps the unhonoured dust of a parent, friend, or brother. Here it was otherwise; and the disconsolate mourner might undisturb-



ed seek the lone grave of departed affection, and bend in silent prayer upon its surface: and what can the relative of grandeur do more? for though it sleeps in an emblazoned tomb,

‘Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain,  
Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head?  
Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,  
And eve with dewy tears embalms the dead.’  
OGILVIE.

Proceeding from hence I entered a copse where nature’s mellifluous magicians in melodious murmurs had begun the song of praise; it was not indeed warbled with all that strength a summer sun can inspire, but its peculiar sweetness had for me greater charms; add to which, it was almost the first anthem I had heard this year, raised from the grove by its earthly tenants. I listened with delighted rapture to the mingled melody; some power angelic seemed to have said

‘Wake, all ye mounting throngs, and sing!  
Ye plummy warblers of the spring  
Harmonious anthems raise,  
To Him who shap’d your finer mould,  
Who tipp’d your glitt’ring wings with gold,  
And tun’d your voice to praise.’  
OGILVIE.

Still, though the choral harmony of the birds was awakened, their dwellings were yet bare of leaves; none but those sheltered bore the marks of spring’s renovating influence, and the general scene was still that of winter: but May will come to bid the brighter beauties of more advanced spring beam in luxuriance on the enraptured sight, to grace the plains with the gayest verdure, and to load the zephyr-winged breezes with rich perfumes.

As I returned home, I passed a romantic and extensive ruin; it had formerly been an abbey of the Carthusian monks: here superstition

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had held her foul and disgusting reign, and mitred abbots, bloated with excess, had kept in basest vassalage all around them: splendid decorations had once graced the abbey within and without; time had destroyed them all, and where the religious rites of sanctified hypocrisy were wafted on the cloistered breeze, the lone night-bird now shrieked her cry of horror, the ivy-clasped towers seemed to nod with the passing storm, while the darkling bat whirled around her giddy nocturnal flight. Some lines I had once written on a similar occasion now occurred to my recollection, from which I shall select the following, to conclude my Aprilian ramble.

‘What wide-spread ruins here attract the eye,  
And from a tenfold cause inspire the sigh!  
Magnificence so sunk! in such short space!  
And of its pristine splendour scarce a trace!  
Where the proud gateway rears its pompous head,  
We find a part converted to a shed;  
Where the bright arms of war were taught to shine,  
We see the peaceful tendrils of a vine;  
Near to the spot where once the monks have slept,  
A simple flower-garden now is kept;  
And where the abböt’s palace once was rais’d,  
For years the ruminating ox has graz’d.  
‘Pride here may pause upon the awful change,  
And view destruction’s amply-spreading range:  
This pile once brav’d the tempest’s roughest rage,  
Nor seem’d to fear the surer storm of age;  
But time, assisted by destroying man,  
Has barely left what marks the builder’s plan;  
Yet, where the church once was, some masses stand,  
So firm, they mock’d the feeble workman’s hand,  
Who tried in vain their strong cement to part;—  
They live,—a monument of ancient art.  
Near to them stood the saint’s emblazon’d shrine,  
Where pilgrims came to own his pow’r divine;  
Here they deposited each off’ring rare,  
And wafted to the saint a pious pray’r:  
Here Superstition held her hateful sway,  
Whilst Ignorance attended on her way;  
D d



Here too the credulous the knee have bent,  
 And here contrition its mild vow would vent;  
 Here meekest piety, with fervent zeal,  
 Has taught the heart obdurate how to feel;  
 Here base hypocrisy, of artful mien,  
 Too oft with seeming penitence was seen;  
 Here monkish mummery its terrors spread,  
 And the weak multitude in bondage led;—  
 With foulest fetters man was then confin'd,  
 Enslav'd in body, and enslav'd in mind!

Now, thanks to Education's brighter hour,  
 Monastic insolence no more has pow'r;  
 A mild religion, pure in all its ways,  
 Asks but a life of piety and praise,  
 Asks but the emanation of the soul,  
 Which flows unfetter'd and without controul:  
 No cloister'd prison opes its horrid jaws,  
 In fierce defiance to a nation's laws!  
 For ah! too sure 'twas thus when monks had  
 rule,

When monarchs e'en became their humble  
 tool;  
 Each mitred abbey, then its dungeon kept,  
 Where unknown innocents in silence wept;  
 Lost to their friends, and to their country  
 dead,

In pining agony they droop'd the head,  
 Fast to the wall by strongest fetters bound,  
 Their only bed the damp, unwholesome  
 ground;  
 To sooth their sorrows no dear friend was  
 nigh,  
 The minutes, told in anguish, slowly fly,  
 Till with a pray'r they gave their last faint  
 breath,  
 Sunk in their chains, and sought repose in  
 death.

Could mild Religion doom them thus to  
 die?

No, heav'nly maid, she bids no victim sigh,  
 She drags no wretch to sad confinement's  
 gloom,

Nor fills with human woe a living tomb!  
 But 'twas Oppression, clad in her array,  
 That tore the sufferers from the light of day,  
 Doom'd them unheard, unpitied, and un-  
 known,

Deep in a dungeon's dark recess to groan,  
 Till the blest mandate came, by mercy giv'n,  
 To end their fate, and waft their souls to  
 Heav'n!

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## THE ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

(By the Author of *Emily de Veronne*.)

(Continued from p. 149.)

NO sooner did lord Sydney see  
 Burns enter, than he, respectfully

bowing, and at the same time cast-  
 ing a significant glance at Matilda,  
 left the room, promising again to be  
 with them in the course of half an  
 hour. No sooner were they alone,  
 than Burns began to speak on a  
 subject which employed his whole  
 thoughts night and day. In the most  
 unassuming manner he begged a few  
 minutes audience, which when grant-  
 ed, he feared to make known his pas-  
 sion for Matilda, dreading a refusal;  
 when, had he known the state of her  
 heart, he would have found that she  
 wished for a declaration as anxiously  
 as ever he could.

After a few minutes silence, Burns  
 commenced by saying—'I fear, lady  
 Matilda, you already regret your kind-  
 ness in permitting me to speak a few  
 words; if so, I cannot survive your  
 displeasure, but will immediately  
 join the army, and repair to France.  
 There in the hottest of the battle will  
 I seek a remedy for despairing love.  
 I will never be a bane to your peace  
 of mind; my name, buried in obli-  
 vion, shall no more assail your ears:  
 I already burn with enthusiastic ar-  
 dour to testify my loyalty and attach-  
 ment to the brave Harry of Mon-  
 mouth, yet a gleam of sensibility for  
 a moment depresses my courage,  
 when I consider how many devoted  
 victims must bow to our vengeance.'

A sense of the perilous undertaking  
 he was about to be engaged in gleam-  
 ed across Matilda's imagination, and  
 overpowered the natural serenity of  
 her mind; she could not conceal her  
 emotion, but burst into tears. He  
 endeavoured by all the soothing rhe-  
 toric he was master of to appease  
 her grief, exclaiming—'Ah! lady  
 Matilda, happy is that being for  
 whom these precious tears are shed!'—  
 not even daring so far to flatter his  
 hopes as to suppose he could excite  
 them; 'yet,' resumed he, 'I can  
 mention a person who merits some  
 share of them, did you know his un-



easiness.' She replied with a girlish indifference the very reverse of her sensations—'I did not think any person was concerned about me; in pity inform me who this can be. Heaven knows I have only my dear, dear Sydney, who interests himself in my welfare. Poor Elfrida is too far away to feel much for me; time and other more endearing claims on her affection must have alienated her regard; yet still I feel myself as much her loving sister as on the day when last I saw her. Oh! how my soul hangs over the very recollection! But another subject I was upon: you say there is actually some one who is in some degree interested in my welfare; I wish most anxiously to know who this person may be.'

'Do you wish really to know?' rejoined Burns, looking stedfastly on her.

'I do indeed,' was her answer.

'Then,' replied he, 'it is no other than the person before you: though related to a family at variance with your's, it is such that I glory in boasting my consanguinity to it.' He then related to her his reason for disowning his real title, and other particulars of which her brother had before informed her. She feigned astonishment, to conceal that she already knew every circumstance. Unable to utter a syllable, she cast on him a look in which tenderness and approbation were strongly blended.

Encouraged by her manner, he continued by expressing his fears that his family precluded all hope of a public alliance taking place with the consent of parents—'Why,' exclaimed he, 'do I proceed so far? Very probably you are now meditating how to crush my hopes; yet I cannot so conclude. I have ever flattered myself that you were not quite indifferent to me; yet then I considered the insurmountable obstacles that would impede any closer connexion;

and again were my warmest wishes depressed. But hope, ever delusive, alternately with fear visited my bosom: I again saw your ingenuous behaviour in another light. Might it not originate in the natural simplicity and unsuspecting innocence peculiar to youth, ere it has known the duplicity of the world? Reason, figuratively speaking, was continually before my eyes, pointing up to heaven with one hand, and down to the earth with the other, to shew the absurdity of my ill placed affection. Of different countries, which are inveterate enemies, how could I be so infatuated! Yet, distinguished by your attention, your smile of approbation on every action, how could I relinquish my hopes, which exceeded my apprehensions? But, as I have before observed, love will flatter with prospects of success where reason presents nought but despondency. On your decision hangs, critically suspended, the future happiness of my life. If a mutual passion warm your breast, every difficulty may in time be surmounted.'

At that instant, casting his eye on a table where lay scattered about implements for drawing, he discovered a small portrait, which, although in an unfinished state, he plainly perceived to be intended for himself. Conscious it was the work of Matilda, it inspired him with fresh hopes. It had been left inadvertently uncovered by her brother, who had been admiring it, telling her it was a most excellent substitute for the original.

'Fair Matilda!' resumed Burns with some emotion, 'this portrait is taken from the happy being for whom those tears were shed?'

Various contending passions were now struggling in her breast, she was at a loss for an answer; a deep sigh involuntarily escaped her; she extended her hand to him, and told



him, in almost inarticulate accents, to examine the features again, and see if he could not discern some resemblance to a person he was well acquainted with. He minutely surveyed it, when, accidentally looking on the back part, he saw the initials of his own name. Matilda's face glowed with blushes. Perceiving her confusion, 'Why,' said he, 'can you thus elevate my hopes to such a height? I fear they will be as rapidly precipitated. Does this originate in any other sentiment than that I am the friend of your brother? Candidly confess to me all; your silence keeps me in such a suspense, I anxiously wish to be relieved from it. Can that young and tender heart avow sufficient partiality for me, to share my destiny? May I presume to construe your silence into acquiescence? I well know the austerity of your father's disposition; yet would you condescend, at any future period, to unite your fate with mine, you will find an asylum in the bosom of my family, far from English usurpers, and defy the power of an unfeeling parent to render us unhappy. In some sweet romantic retreat we might spend the remainder of our days, as I always said, whenever I did form such an important union, I would resign all public employments, and devote my whole time to my beloved companion. With your permission, I hope those scenes will be one day realised. Even before I saw, I loved your very name. Your brother's encomiums on your amiable qualifications and personal attractions could not be heard with indifference. I wished most anxiously to see you, and found the description judiciously given. The kind reception you gave me when first we met was sufficient to bind my heart in adamant chains. It never, never can be erased from my bosom.'

Matilda, aroused from her confus-

ed reverie by the warmth of his manner, ventured to look up to him: the brilliancy of his fine eyes was gone, an expression of tenderness and love alone remained on his hitherto animated countenance. She reluctantly confessed that he had, even before she dared trust herself to reflect on such a subject, possessed her entire affections; and before they separated, as a token of lasting esteem, she gave him a beautiful lock of her hair, interwoven with a string of pearls in a most admirable manner, the work of her own hands, which rendered it the more valuable to him. He was quite enraptured with the present, saying it would serve to beguile many wearisome hours that he must spend from her, and in some degree compensate for her absence, as it would so forcibly remind him of the circumstance under which it was given.

That moment going to the window, they perceived some one borne on a litter over the draw-bridge to the castle. They immediately descended to make inquiries, and found it to be the countess of Brompton, who had fallen from her horse in her way to the castle, where she was to take up her residence during the absence of her lord on the continent with the army, as he was one of the numerous nobles who accompanied the king to France. This was a fresh source of uneasiness to Matilda, as she was, if possible, more unkind than her father.

In order to have some farther conversation on a subject which was become the only prospect of their future happiness, they stole out of an unfrequented court round an uninhabited wing of the castle, down to the beach: the ocean, which was unmoved by a single breeze, calm and smooth as glass, exhibited an exact contrast to their minds. After walking till twilight spread over the deep its gloomy shades, they again return-



ed to the castle, where they separated, each retiring to their respective apartments, to avoid all suspicion.

Sydney, after paying his respects to his sister the countess of Brompton, who was only frightened, not hurt, as was at first apprehended, went to Matilda's apartment, to hear the result of her conference with Burns. She informed him of every particular, when again he assured her of his lasting esteem and protection, saying, he would seek his friend, and see what effect it had on him. He immediately repaired to a temple dedicated to the goddess of solitude, whither he had seen him go, no doubt to avoid the noise and bustle of the visitors, and to indulge his thoughts unmolested. He approached the door unperceived by Burns, who was sitting attentively gazing on something he held in his hand. Lord Sydney drew near enough to hear the following soliloquy escape his lips: 'Sweet resemblance of the beloved original! you will in some degree alleviate the pangs of absence. In thy placid features I shall find consolation in every ill that may befall me. Matchless Matilda! why was I related to a Scot? Perhaps I am destined to bring on thy head innumerable troubles.'—At that moment Sydney rushed forward and startled him, at the same time exclaiming, 'Burns, how imprudent you are! Had it been any other person, he would have discovered a secret you would die to conceal.' A deep blush of conscious impropriety suffused the face of Burns; he promised to be more cautious in future, and, taking up the invaluable portrait of Matilda which he had begged of Sydney to give him, he again deposited it in the case with the hair she had presented to him, saying, 'These silent monitors shall be the companions of all my travels; I will not part with them but with

my life.' Then turning to Sydney, 'Why,' said he, 'did you leave us so abruptly? It hurt me much, as if you knew not my every thought, when you are sure I never transact a single thing without your knowledge. Why did you wound my feelings by saying your presence was not necessary?' Sydney gave his reason, and they walked to the castle, where they saw not Matilda till they met her with the rest of the family in the evening. The earl and countess, of Brompton, who had probably some suspicion of Matilda's affection for Burns, scarcely deigned to notice him. He bore all their indignities with the greatest unconcern, conscious that their behaviour could avail nothing. The earl her father, too, treated him very differently from what he had hitherto done.

During the evening they had again an opportunity of conversing on the subject nearest their heart, which in the opinion of Burns and Matilda amply compensated them for the unkind usage of her relations. They urged the necessity of their speedy departure, as the troops were already assembling, and their sovereign might think them negligent, and bereft of the spirit of a soldier, should they be among the last that joined him. Matilda was sadly grieved to think she must so soon be deprived of their society; yet she determined to summon up all her fortitude, and not let her father or sister see she was in any measure affected. Sydney strictly enforced the utility of her so concealing her feelings to favour their views of a future union, promising them that he would willingly sacrifice all he held dear to promote the interest of two persons he so sincerely regarded. 'Ah! Matilda!' continued he, 'set my friend an example of fortitude. Look on the brightest side of the question; all may yet be as you wish.'—'No,' replied Burns, shaking



his head, 'much have I to fear. The beauty and excellence of Matilda must attract numerous admirers; probably some one of these may boast far greater advantages than the absent Burns. Her father, ever aiming at some splendid alliance, will prevail on her to accept the offer, and poor me will be forgotten. My peace of mind must then be ruined for ever. Who then will there be to care, who to console me, to pour into my wounded breast one small gleam of comfort, but you, my invaluable friend, which even from you I fear will be ineffectual?'

To remove all his doubts, Matilda proposed going to the oratory, and there, at the foot of the altar, making a vow of eternal constancy. This was readily agreed to by them both, and for that purpose they proceeded along the gloomy gallery, illumined here and there by a glimmering lamp now nearly expiring, as it drew towards morning. The family had all long since retired to rest. Solitary and sad they reached the sacred spot; an unusual gloom hung over the mind of Matilda as she entered the door, which she conjectured boded no good; yet to remove all doubts, bursting with anguish, she threw herself at the foot of the altar, and in the most solemn manner vowed eternal constancy to Burns, saying her heart was his at that moment, and should remain so to the last hour of her existence. Burns likewise did the same, vowing to live a life of celibacy if deprived of her. Thus mutually satisfied, they returned to the apartment in which they had spent the evening, and Matilda took her leave for the night.

Sydney now informed Burns that he had long entertained a design to visit his sister Elfrida once more, which he might easily accomplish under pretext of taking leave of his brother Edward at the castle of El-

ville. This proposal was readily accepted by Burns, but he at the same time agreed not to impart it to the lady Matilda till they returned, in case they should be disappointed. The next morning rather favoured than thwarted their views, as advice came from the army that they should not be ready to embark for a month. They therefore determined to commence their journey, taking leave of Matilda for a fortnight, who was sensibly affected, as may naturally be supposed; but her spirits were buoyed up with the prospect of so soon again seeing them. They travelled with the utmost expedition, day and night, and it was late in the evening when they reached the confines of Morden, or otherwise Elville castle; Morden being the ancient name, though out of compliment to the present wealthy proprietor it was generally called the castle of Elville. They had to pass near the ruins where Ethic and Elfrida had been often alarmed, and where Sydney had when a child heard, as was supposed, the ghost of his uncle lord Osmond.

Elville castle now appeared through the thick mists which enveloped the dreary spot; they thought they discovered a light: that instant the reports Sydney had formerly heard rushed across his imagination. Ever strangers to fear, they instantly alighted, giving charge of their horses to their attendants. They entered with undaunted steps the dismal place, the light serving for their guide, as it appeared stationed in a distant part of the edifice, and through the various chasms time had made in the mouldering walls, diffused its faint glimmering around, which served to direct the two travellers on their way. After stumbling along over fallen buttresses and large fragments of the building, which every where lay scattered around, they arrived at the spot from whence the light pro-



ceeded, and saw, at the farther end of a portico supported by rough uncouth columns, a venerable figure clad in the garb of an anchorite. His silver beard reached the belt which encircled his homely apparel. He was kneeling in a devout manner before a cross grown over with moss, and placed against something which bore the resemblance of a coffin. He arose at their entrance, and said, — 'Why, ye sons of a world I abhor, why disturb my tranquillity? Let me spend my days in peace without any intruders.' Then taking up the light, he held it close to Sydney, scrupulously examining his features, at the same time saying, — 'I think, youth, that you are of the house of Elville: surely you bear that resemblance. Speak; no other can you be. If so, my heart must forgive the intrusion.' Sydney answering in the affirmative, he begged them to be seated, which they immediately complied with.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of the NEW MUSICAL ROMANTIC DRAMA called the 'WHITE PLUME, or the BORDER CHIEFTAINS,' performed for the first time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Thursday, April 10.

THE characters were thus represented:

Earl Glenfillan, (warden of the Scotch border,)	}	Mr. Murray.
Sir Alfred, (warden of the English border,)		Mr. Munden.
Edward, (son to sir Alfred,)	}	Mr. Incedon.
Sir Guthred, (related to Glenfillan,)		Mr. Johnston.
Ronald, (son to earl Glenfillan,)	}	Mr. Hill.
Randal, (an old minstrel,)		Mr. Taylor.
Kilspindie, (one of Glenfillan's household,)	}	Mr. Fawcett.
Allan, (a Scotch soldier,)		Mr. Blanchard.
Arthur, (steward to sir Alfred,)	}	Mr. Liston.
Nicholas, (his man,)		Mr. Simmons.
Cook,		Mr. Harley.

Butler,	}	(attendants on	}	Mr. Wilde.
Donald, Sandy, Pierce, Gilbert,		Glenfillan,)		Mr. Bennet. Mr. King. Mr. Beverly. Mr. Atkins.
Chorus of Scotch and English knights, soldiers and servants, by Messrs. Barrand, Burden, W. Burden, Castelle, R. Castelle, Denman, Doyle, Everard, Fairclough, Griffiths, Harrison, Haymes, &c. &c.				

Flora, (Glenfillan's daughter,)	Miss Davies.
Ellen, (daughter to sir Alfred,)	Miss Searle.
Martha, (her attendant,)	Miss Tyrer.
Rose, (an old housekeeper,)	Mrs. Emery.
Scotch and English ladies and peasants, by Mesdames Benson, Findly, Gaudry, Iliff, Margerum, Martyr, Masters, Price, Whitmore, &c.	

The dance (composed by Mr. Byrne,) by master Osear Byrne, Messrs. L. Bologna, C. Dubois, Goodwin, Lewiss, Powers, Sargent, &c.—Mesdames Bologna, L. Bologna, Byrne, Cox, &c.

Scene:—On the borders of England and Scotland.

#### FABLE.

In the reign of queen Elizabeth, when it was the fashion for young men of rank to fit out vessels for foreign enterprizes, *Edward* and *laird Ronald*, the sons of *sir Alfred* and *earl Glenfillan* (the two wardens of the Scotch and English borders), are supposed to have gone with a united corps of North and South Britons on a military expedition, in which they are also accompanied by *sir Guthred*, a Danish knight, but related by marriage to the family of *Glenfillan*.

At the opening of the piece, the young adventurers are anxiously expected home by their parents, and as eagerly wished for by *Ellen* and *Flora*: the former (daughter of *sir Alfred*) is intended to espouse *laird Ronald*, and the latter (daughter of *Glenfillan*) is the promised bride of *Edward*. *Sir Guthred*, who, under the mask of friendship to both the youths, hides a cruel and avaricious disposition, and who covets the estates of *Glenfillan* and the hand of his daughter *Flora*, determines (being next heir) to make his way to fortune, by the death of *laird Ronald*,



and to get rid of his rival *Edward* by accusing him of the murder. In consequence of this resolution, he takes a treacherous advantage of *laird Ronald* during the heat of a sea-fight, and by cutting away part of the cordage which sustains the gallant youth in his attempt to board the enemy, *sir Guthred* consigns the son of *Glenfillan* to the un pitying waves. Prior to the departure of the two young men, *Ellen* had desired her lover, if he returned unhurt from the campaign, to elevate a beautiful White Plume she had given him to serve as a signal of his safety, and that the fortunate intelligence might be the earlier known to those who from signal towers and the surrounding hills would frequently look out with the eye of tender solicitude for their absent friends. *Laird Ronald*, unsuspecting of the fate awaiting him, had (while on ship-board) placed his victorious White Plume over the arms and ensigns he had won in battle, to be ready, on his landing, to precede the march of his gallant band, and to give *Ellen* the desired assurance of his hoped approach: but this intended arrangement being unknown to his fellow-soldiers, they carry home the White Plumed trophy as consecrated to the memory of their lost leader, whose expecting father, relatives and lover, descry it at a distance, hail it as the omen of happiness, hasten to meet it with songs of merriment, and are plunged in poignant distress when the solemn coromach or lament of the Scotch soldiers informs them that the long-expected signal is the herald of death, and that the gallant *Ronald* had been destined to a watery grave. *Sir Guthred* now proceeds with his design, accuses *Edward* of the crime he had himself committed, and being promised the hand of *Flora* if he proves the accusation, he challenges *Edward* to single combat: a grand

convention of the chiefs and people from either side the border is summoned, and when the parties are on the point of meeting, the sudden appearance of the supposed dead *Ronald*, who has been preserved by the intrepidity of *Allan*, a Scottish soldier, exposes the villany of *sir Guthred*, vindicates the innocence of *Edward*, and ends the border meeting with heartfelt pleasure.

The other characters are *Christopher Kilspindie*, a piper, poet, and historian; *Arthur*, the steward of *sir Alfred* (which latter is a hearty old English knight, made up of hospitality, quick passion, and real good nature); *Nicholas*, a simple serving-man; *Martha*, the attendant of *Ellen* and daughter to *Randal*, a Danish minstrel, who having, in his own country, been deeply injured by *sir Guthred*, follows him to England, and becomes instrumental towards the punishment of his intended villany.

This piece is the production of the prolific pen of Mr. T. Dibdin. As a dramatic composition it would not discredit its author, but when aided by the fascination of the music, for which it is the vehicle, it is justly entitled to the applause that was liberally bestowed upon it. The dialogue, though in some parts trite, is, in general, correct, and often spirited, but never heavy. It is fraught with sentiments that are ever the characteristics of genuine British feeling. The plot is managed with considerable ingenuity, so as to keep up the interest to the last, and it is not until the approach of the *denouement*, that the spectator is able to penetrate the mystery that hangs over the fate of *Ronald*. The scenery is admirably executed, and highly appropriate. The last, a panorama of an assembly in an amphitheatre, sitting to give judgment in the combat between *Edward* and *Guthred*, had a fine ef-









*Opera, & Full Dress.*



fect, and gave infinite satisfaction. Four rows of persons are represented seated on benches rising one above another. The scene must be witnessed to be estimated. It gave an appearance of grandeur and magnificent solemnity to the concluding incident. The piece was received throughout with great applause, and given out for repetition without a dissenting voice. The music, which is by Reeve, adds greatly to his reputation. The overture is a fine composition, diversified by a very judicious variety of modulation and movement, calculated to illustrate the subsequent action of the piece. The two first movements are in a grand style, and the simplicity of the rondo produced a most pleasing effect, and afforded Mr. W. Parke an opportunity of displaying his brilliant and distinguished talent on the oboe, which was received with general and rapturous applause.

Most of the songs were encored: all the performers exerted themselves to the utmost, and were correspondently successful. Incedon's songs were well adapted to his fine powers, and afforded ample scope for the display and developement of the great compass and rich volume of his melodious voice: a recitative was delivered by him in the third act in an uncommonly impressive and affecting style. It is unnecessary to add, that it was universally *encored*, as well as his songs, and rapturously applauded. Hill was never heard to more advantage than in the air *Æolian Harmony*. The comic songs were given with great humour, by Munden and Fawcett. Taylor had also some sweet songs, which he did ample justice to. Misses Tyrer and Davies were alike successful in the airs allotted to them. The piece concludes with a dance, the composition of Byrne, which affords him, his son (the young Vestris),

and miss Lupino, an opportunity of displaying their powers of agility and graceful movement.

For a specimen of the song, see the Poetry.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

### OPERA AND FULL DRESS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

Fig. 1. HEAD-DRESS of white satin, ornamented with flowers and beads. Dress of Paris net, fastened on the bosom with a broach or ornament; lace front, sleeves drawn together with a gold ornament, and trimmed with lace to match.

Fig. 2. A mantle of queen's silk, fastened at the neck, and trimmed with a border of flowers, and lined with white sarsenet or Persian. Hat of queen's silk turned up in front, and with a white ostrich feather: jaicanot muslin dress, with a broad border of work round the bottom.

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

YELLOW or gold-coloured satin is much used for *capotes*; sometimes it is striped with white. There are also white *capotes*, and the *capotes* of black velvet are always lined with white. The latter have lately been worn with a demi-veil sewed underneath, at some distance from the edge. Some ladies wear hats of black straw, lined with lilac, with lilac ribbons; others wear large hats of yellow straw, the edge of which behind is cut close, or turned up; above is a lilac ribbon, with a large bow over the left ear: on small hats, a very



large feather is worn, or sometimes three feathers, which inclining all the same way, appear to be only one.

A great-coat, though of velvet, and a *douillette*, are not thought sufficient to protect our *elegantes* from the present inclement weather. They add to these a *fichu* of swan's-down, or martin; and sometimes they besides wear a shawl. Full *fichus* in fur are much more common than shawls.

The fans are constantly very small, and the bouquets very large. The circular fans are too complicated, and fan very indifferently; but in their centre they conceal a perspective glass, which occasions the preference to be given to them.

Almost all ladies now wear a small watch suspended from the neck. This was long of the shape of a snail, or an oyster, with a spiral of fine pearls, on an enamel or gold ground. At present, it is of the shape of the case of an opera-glass or a vase.

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## ON DOMESTIC DUTY.

*'England expects every man will do his duty.'*

THIS was the last order of the immortal NELSON to his brave followers. They obeyed it: they did their *duty*; and victory was their reward. But the word *duty* amongst kindred is of another cast; it alters every thing: for what might gain you reputation, and even demand admiration from others, with relations only deserves the cold bare name of *duty*.

I may therefore fairly commence these observations with saying, that relations are the *worst friends*. Let your abilities be exerted for every good purpose to serve those who

are a-kin to you, and though you absolutely ruin yourself to do them real service, they are too often the first who quarrel with you, and pity you for your zeal and folly.

*'Alike unfortunate, our fate is such,  
We please too little, or we please too much.'*

And when all your exertions are brought to a point, like the rays of light through a telescope, they say, 'Why he did no more than his *duty*.' If a brother is extravagant, and ruins his fortune, he does not scruple borrowing any sums of sisters or brothers to repair it; and if he still pursues his crooked line of folly, brings his borrowed fortune to nothing, and involves his friends in the ruin, he has no plea for his conduct, but insolently tells you, 'It was your *duty* to assist him, and he cannot help misfortunes.'—If a man parts with the greatest portion of his property, and does not give up the residue to satisfy the cravings of an *unconscionable* relation, he is loaded with opprobrious taunts and sneers, because he will not ruin himself to serve an *avaricious* kinsman, without the decent sense of feeling.

*'Thanks, to men  
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.'*

SHAKESPEARE.

And on the other hand, there are some individuals who have great wealth, and are allied to *worthy* yet *poor* relations, on whom they do not bestow the least assistance; but, with an *unchristian* and an *ungenerous* disposition, refuse all relief to those who if assisted might do credit to society. Reader, this is not obeying the noble command; this is not doing the *duty* of an Englishman! for all the good a man does for his country and his friends is his *duty*, and all he neglects to do is cruel: yet do all you will for an *unconscionable* relation, you are sure



to have no warm acknowledgments; but neglect them, and you are cruel and unkind.

April 10, 1806.

S. Y.

## FAMILY ANECDOTES.

(FOUNDED ON FACTS.)

By SOPHIA T——.

### CHAP. I.

' Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,  
And inward storm! He who yon skies in-  
volves  
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee  
With kind regard.' THOMSON.

'TIS now something more than eighty years since, on a stormy day in the gloomy month of November, many of the good people of Dover were drawn to the cliffs, by guns of distress fired by the wretched crew of a vessel whose topmast they could clearly discern at one moment piercing the clouds, the next buried in the angry ocean.

All seemed to commiserate their perilous situation; and many were the prayers breathed to heaven for their safety. Among the most anxious was a lady, who had herself landed there but the evening before. She walked backwards and forwards with great agitation, and demanded of those near her if there were no hope, no possibility of their being saved! She was answered none, unless they had a pilot on board; otherwise, without a miracle, their destruction would be certain, as none could attempt to put to sea in such a tremendous squall of wind. —

She heard no more than that if they had a pilot there was a possibility of their being saved. She held up a purse, well filled, and declared it should be his who did

his best to reach the vessel. Many looked at the purse with a wistful eye, and walked off. At last an intrepid son of Neptune stepped forward and accepted the terms, saying he would have done the same without fee or reward, only he had a wife and three small children, who depended on him for bread; and as, after all, it was two to one if he reached the ship alive, he hoped, in case of accident, the lady would give the purse to his poor wife. The lady assured him it should be doubled to his wife; and bidding him hope for the best, he put off, followed by the anxious looks and fervent prayer of all present. Thrice was he cast back to the shore; still he pursued with undaunted courage his dangerous enterprise. At length a tremendous wave engulfed him, and both man and boat disappeared. All was given up for lost; when a gentleman looking earnestly through a glass, discovered him suddenly emerging from the ocean, seize a rope, and in an instant after the brave man was on deck. In a short time the vessel was brought safely into port, amidst the loud shouts and acclamations of the multitude.

The brave fellow who, under Providence, was the means of saving the lives of the passengers and crew, received his reward with many thanks from the lady, who, as she was now become the chief object of attention, withdrew to her inn.

This lady was the widow of a gentleman of ample fortune. She had attended him to the south of France, for the recovery of his health; but, alas! this last prescription of the physician had been delayed too long, for he expired in the arms of his wife, three months after his landing in the dominions of the grand monarch. As the French



were at that time much too polite to suffer the dust of heretics to mingle with the true catholic, Mrs. Benson re-embarked with the remains of her beloved husband, whose loss she severely felt, though she did not give way to unavailing sorrow: the melancholy event had been daily expected for the last nine months.

She had retired from the cliffs to the chamber of death, and was pensively revolving in her mind scenes which were never more to return. Her thoughts dwelt on the kind attention, the manly protection, and undeviating tenderness she had ever experienced from that husband whose pale corpse she then watched; and felt convinced while memory lasted she should remember that 'such things were, and were most dear to her.' From those melancholy yet pleasing reflections she was suddenly roused by a violent uproar in an adjoining room. Ringing the bell to enquire the cause, she was informed that a young person, one of the passengers on board the vessel which had escaped being wrecked, had been so much terrified by the storm as to throw her into labour: several of the other passengers had heard her groans, but thought that they were caused by fear: that after every person had quitted the ship, the captain went down to the cabin to see what detained her, and found her dead, with a little infant in her arms. The captain brought them both to the inn; and Mr. Bryson, the apothecary, had been sent for, and said the child was a premature birth, but, if provided with a good nurse, would do very well. That the noise and disturbance she had heard was occasioned by the parish-officers refusing to take the child, or bury the mother, because the captain could not tell who they belonged to.

Mrs. Benson desired to see the captain, and apothecary. They came, and after paying her some compliments on the part she had acted in the occurrences of the day, the captain informed her he had taken the young lady, who had so miserably lost her life in the tempest, on board at Lisbon. A servant had agreed with him for her passage, and the same person attended her on board the day after, bringing a small portmanteau, which was the whole of her luggage. He had not observed her pregnancy, and was much astonished at finding her in the situation above described.

Mrs. Benson wished him to send for the portmanteau. At that moment the landlady entered, with the innocent cause of contention in her arms; she had dressed it in some things of her own infant's, and covered it warm with a fine blanket. She presented the little orphan to Mrs. Benson, saying, since she was a lady of so much benevolence, she would perhaps take notice of the poor infant; declaring at the same time, she would rather pay a nurse for it herself than give it up to the mercenary wretches in the kitchen. Mrs. Benson took the child, and observing its innocent face, said, 'There is no doubt but the relations and friends of its unfortunate mother will be anxious for her safety, and gladly receive this little memento of her fate.'

They were still conversing on the subject, when a sailor entered with the portmanteau. It was opened, but neither letters nor pocket-book led to a discovery of the owner's name or connections. A complete set of baby-linen, with things necessary for a female who shortly expected to become a mother, and thirty guineas in a green silk purse, were the whole of its contents. This disconcerted the friendly party, who



had not doubted but the portmanteau would have been the means of discovering the poor lady's family.

Mrs Benson observed, it was obvious that the unhappy sufferer had wished to conceal herself from her relations, or there must have been some letter, or memorandum, which would have led to a developement of so mysterious an affair. As it was, nothing was left for them to do but to bury the unfortunate mother, and provide for her infant. 'Do you think, sir,' said she—addressing herself to the apothecary—'that you could procure me a healthy woman as a nurse for this little dear creature, who would be willing to attend us to London; for I should be loth to leave it behind me? Providence,' added she with a sigh, 'has been pleased to deprive me of my greatest pleasure, my beloved husband, my only protector: I have no kind friend, no expecting relative, waiting my arrival, to console me for my irreparable loss. I will therefore adopt this little one, and she shall be unto me as a daughter.'

Both the captain and apothecary applauded her for her generous intentions. The latter assured her that he knew a person who would think herself happy to attend her; she had lately lain in, was clean and honest, and her husband was at sea. Mrs. Benson wished him to make immediate enquiries if she would undertake the charge. She likewise requested him to give orders for the funeral of the lady, and, giving him a twenty pound note, with her card, and an injunction to inform her immediately if any enquiry should be made for the unhappy sufferer, retired to her apartment, conscious of having done her duty. While she is enjoying these heart-soothing contemplations, we will, if the reader pleases, take a short retrospect of her life.

## CHAP. II.

'She shone all perfect; while each pleasing  
art,  
And each soft virtue that the sex adorns,  
Adorn'd this woman.'  
GRAINGER.

MRS. BENSON was the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune in the county of Middlesex. She was the eldest of six children by several years; of course her education had been more attended to than that of the others. Her mother was a most accomplished woman, and had given a polish to her Rebecca's manners not commonly to be met with in the country ladies of that time. Rebecca had completed her fifteenth year, when her mother lay-in of her second child; and as four more followed in little more than four years, her time and attention were wholly occupied by domestic concerns. Her health also became affected by her frequent pregnancies, and her husband trembled lest he should lose his amiable wife, now when her loss would be irreparable. Then did the charms of their Rebecca burst upon them; they had ever found her meek, docile, and unassuming, but did not think her capable of the exertions they witnessed. They were astonished, but they were charmed, at her spirits. She eased her mother of all household concerns, which she managed with equal propriety and economy. Her mother found her the careful nurse, the sympathising friend; and her father declared that she was his monitor, as he never returned from a walk with her but he was the wiser or better; for her cheerful and serene temper found beauty in the surrounding scenery, and pleasure in the evening-walk, which to the peevish eye was invisible. Her bounty, too, in those little excursions, and the visits she paid the poor



cottagers, was a constant source of satisfaction to her delighted father, as he observed her ‘pity give ere charity began.’ Such were the employments of this amiable girl till her twenty-fifth year, when her father received proposals from Mr. Benson, which were accepted by him with heartfelt satisfaction, as he was assured the time was arrived for rewarding his lovely daughter’s affectionate love and obedience to her mother and himself.

Mr. Benson was at once the richest and most respectable young gentleman within ten miles of their village. He had long observed with admiration the conduct of Miss Worthly. A sigh had more than once agitated his bosom. He had heard with delight the ardent commendations the ‘lads of the village’ bestowed on her; and he had still oftener listened with greedy ears to the ‘round unvarnished tale’ of some old cottager, whose heart her bounty had made glad. He sat with breathless impatience in Mr. Worthly’s little parlour, waiting his return from his daughter, anxious, yet fearing to know his doom. At last Mr. Worthly came with his daughter, and, leading her to him, joined their hands. A tear glistening on his cheek, he said, ‘Silver and gold I have little, or none; but in giving this hand, I bestow an inestimable treasure. Filial obedience, my child, seldom fails of a reward even in this life. May you be recompensed by the grant of all your wishes, for your wishes are innocent! As for you, my son, may you have as much reason to approve your wife as I have to glory in my child, and you must be the happiest of men! I beg of God Almighty to shower down blessings on you both; and may you live loving and beloved, rejoicing in your children’s children, all virtuous and

good as the daughter I now resign to your care!’

He then hastened from the room, to conceal his emotion. Mr. Benson was much affected. ‘What a precious deposit!’ said he, lifting her hand to his lips: ‘may I be found worthy of this distinguished happiness.’ Poor Rebecca could scarcely credit her senses; the happiness he talked of came so sudden, so unlooked for, it seemed unreal. But though unexpected, it was not undesired; for Benson was the only man who had ever cost her bosom a sigh: but his noble fortune placing him far above her, she had endeavoured to forget his idea by constant employment. Her father had been her only confidant; and at the moment of his presenting her to the lord of her wishes, she felt more than rewarded for her forbearance and self-restraint.

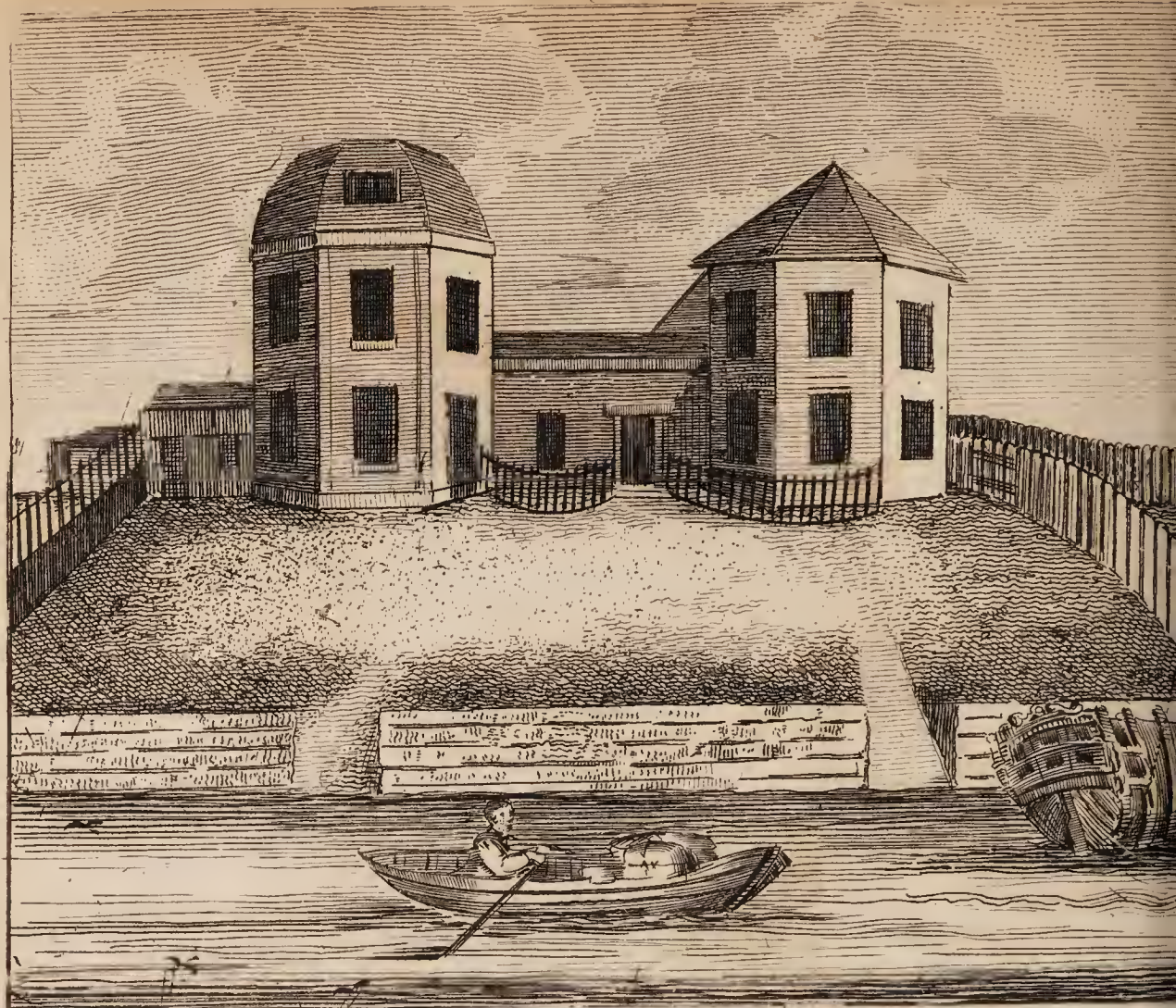
In a few months after his declaration they were united. On their wedding-day Mr. Benson presented his bride with a deed chargeable on his estate for one thousand pounds a year during her life. She would have refused it, but he was peremptory. ‘I shall not live always, my best love!’ said he; ‘and seeing that death, that necessary end, will come when it will come,’ ‘I may be called away first. Pardon me; but my *wife* must be independent of every one.’

Mrs. Benson, though gratified beyond her most sanguine expectations, was painfully convinced that happiness in this world was an ideal being. Two years after her marriage, death bereaved her of her early friend, her beloved father, and a lovely little son. The year following was saddened by the deaths of three of her young sisters by the small-pox. Time mellowed her grief for them; but fate had sorrows in store for her, as each revolving year was witness of the birth and death of a blooming infant.

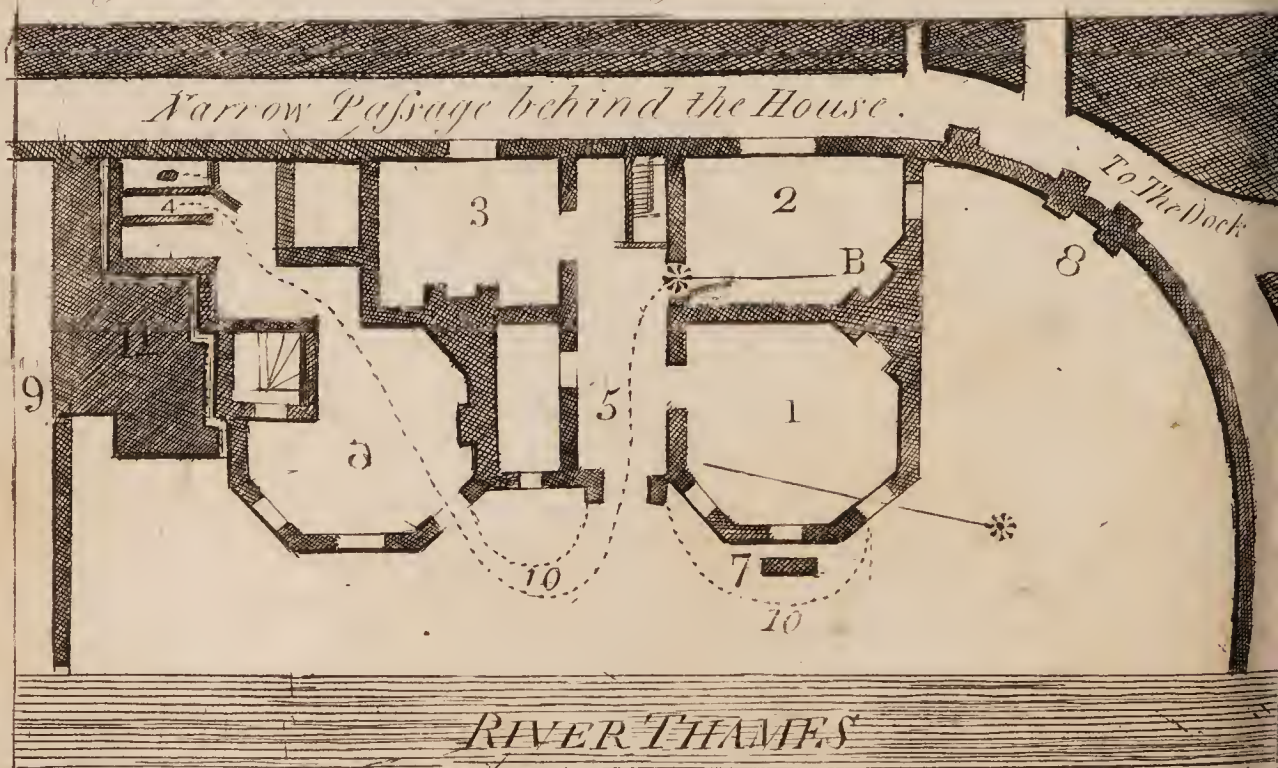








*Ground Plan, of M. Blights House & Premises.*



1. Front Parlour into which the first shot was fired.
2. Back Parlour in which M. Blight was shot.
3. Kitchen from the window of which the Maid jumped into the Narrow Passage.
4. Privy.
5. Entrance & Counting House.
- The way from the Privy to the Back Parlour is a dotted line.

- The Position's of Pitch when he fired the 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>d</sup> Shots are marked thus \*
- B Situation of M. Blight when shot.
- 7 Cellar door.
- 8 Wicket Gate.
- 9 Stone Masons yard.
- 10 Rails in front of the Dock.
- 11 Outhouses.



Ten years had this amiable couple lived together, without feeling one moment's *ennui* in each other's company, when all the tenderness of the wife was alarmed by the very visible decay of Mr. Benson's health. Most of his family had died of a decline, and the faculty ordered him to depart instantly for a warmer climate, if he regarded his life; but, ardently attached to his own country, he delayed the removal month after month, till the time which would have been favourable for the voyage was elapsed. The following year Mrs. Worthly died, regretted by all her acquaintance. The melancholy which on this occasion depressed Mrs. Benson's spirits, determined her affectionate husband to change the scene. But alas! the constant exertions to chase the chagrin from his wife's bosom became too much for the weak state of his health, and Mrs. Benson was only roused from her paroxysm of grief for her mother by terror for the life of her husband. The patient sufferer was watched with indefatigable attention and the tenderest care by his sympathising wife, who was agitated alternately by hopes and fears. At length she prevailed on him to try the south of France. To oblige her, he complied, although inwardly persuaded it would not avail. Six months after Mrs. Worthly's death, they embarked. The event of the experiment has been related.

Mr. Benson's last request to his wife was, that she would convey his body to the beloved shores of England, that his ashes might mingle with those of his ancestors; conjuring her at the same time not to grieve for him like one without hope, but to remember that they should meet in another and a better world—meet to part no more.

The melancholy event had been long expected by Mrs. Benson; and in the hope that it would not belong

ere she should be reunited to all her soul held dear, she bore her loss with fortitude. The distressed situation of the little motherless baby interested her feelings; and from the moment she became acquainted with its forlorn state, she determined (as she herself, though the mother of many children, yet was childless) to adopt this little one, if it was not claimed by nearer friends.

Mrs. Benson was not one of those selfish people who are so absorbed in their own affairs as to exclude all feeling for the woes of others. Her heart was formed for love and friendship. She had no near friend, no tender relation, to lavish her affections on. Her only sister had married prior to her leaving England, and attended the fortunes of her husband to America; so that to her widowed heart the child appeared a gift from Providence.

To the further history of this child we will now return.

*(To be continued.)*

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ACCOUNT of the TRIAL of RICHARD PATCH, for the wilful Murder of Mr. ISAAC BLIGHT, at Rotherhithe, on the 23d of September, 1805—at the Session-house, Newington, Surry, on Saturday the 5th of April, 1806.

*(With an accurate engraved VIEW and PLAN of the House of Mr. Blight, where the Fact was committed.)*

THE circumstances attending the murder of Mr. Blight having excited general interest and curiosity in an extraordinary degree, the crowds which attempted to gain admission into the Session-house to hear this remarkable trial were unusually numerous. Many persons of rank and fortune were unavoidably excluded. Among those who attended were



the dukes of Sussex, Cumberland, and Orleans; count Woronzow, the Russian ambassador; lords Portsmouth, Grantly, Cranley, Deerbhurst; sir John Frederick, sir William Clayton, and several others.

Precisely at ten o'clock, the lord chief baron Macdonald took his seat on the bench, and the royal dukes placed themselves on his lordship's right hand.

The prisoner was then brought into court, and placed at the bar: he was genteelly dressed in a new suit of black, bowed respectfully to the court, and appeared grave and thoughtful: and the business of the commission was opened by arraiging the prisoner in the usual form. To the indictment he pleaded in an audible voice, '*Not Guilty*,' and put himself on his trial.

Mr. Patch peremptorily challenged three jurors, viz. Mr. James Brown, of Battersea; John Tanner, of Grove-lane; and James Kite, of Putney, tailor.

The following jury was then sworn:—

Charles Smith, of Merton; Thomas Daly, of Barnes; John Leighton, of Putney; John Cape, of Putney; Isaac Illier, of Mudd; Henry Wood, of Putney; John Wedge, of Wandsworth; Thomas Bartlet, of Merton; George Moore, of Putney; George Smith, of Putney; Daniel Longton, of Wandsworth; Thomas Chapman, of Putney.

Mr. Knapp, the clerk of the arraigns, then stated to the jury the nature of the indictment; which charged the prisoner with having on the 23d of September last, in the parish of St. Mary, Rotherhithe, made an assault on Isaac Blight, with a pistol and leaden bullet, and inflicted a mortal wound therewith, on his right side, of which he lingered until the 24th, and then died.

Mr. Pooley briefly opened the

case on the part of the prosecution.

Mr. Garrow then rose, and stated the case on behalf of the crown, against the prisoner. His address was most luminous, liberal, and able; and during two hours, which was about the time he spoke, rivetted general attention. He explained the circumstances of the murder, and shewed how the suspicion of guilt attached to the prisoner. In elucidation of the facts, a model in wood of all the premises at Deptford, which were the scene of the catastrophe on the 23d of September, was produced in court. He began by touching upon the awful nature of the duty imposed upon him—the necessity of the jury attending to the evidence with the utmost care. He noticed and deplored the long details which had been published on the subject, and begged the jury would dismiss them from their minds. He then said he should proceed to state the relative situation of the prisoner and the deceased, and the nature of the premises where the transaction took place. From the account he should give of the premises, it would result that it was absolutely impossible that the deceased could have met his death from any other hand. Mr. Garrow then proceeded to state that Mr. Blight was a ship-builder—that he had a sister of the prisoner for his servant in the spring of 1803—that the prisoner visited his sister, expressed himself distressed, and entered into Blight's service for victuals and drink—afterwards he had a salary. Mr. Garrow then detailed the circumstance of Mr. Blight's having been in embarrassed circumstances, and of having made some transfer to the prisoner in 1803. Last August Mr. Blight went to Margate; and the prisoner conducted his business, and was to receive one fourth of the profits, for which he was to pay



1250*l.*—250*l.* he did pay, and he gave a draft for 1000*l.* on one Goom. On the 16th September, he said Goom could not take the draft up. A fresh one was given, which was to be due the 20th of September. On the 19th Blight went to Margate. The prisoner was left at Deptford: he sent the servant Kitchener for oysters. Whilst she was absent, a gun was fired through the shutters; which gun, Mr. Garrow said, he meant to say was not fired by any enemy, but by the prisoner, with a view to the fatal catastrophe.

From the nature of the premises, no person could escape from the gate nor by water. On the next day the prisoner wrote to Blight, giving him an account of the transaction, and concluding by saying he should be glad to see him. Blight arrived in town on the 23d September: the prisoner did not say the 1000*l.* draft was not taken up, but led the deceased to believe the money was safe; he then went to London, with a strict charge to bring back the money. On his return, they spent the evening together, and for the first time, in the back parlour, where the deceased was shot. At eight o'clock, the prisoner quitted the deceased, and went to Kitchener, and asked for the key of the counting-house, stating himself to be ill. He went through the counting-house to the privy, and shut the door hard. Kitchener instantly saw the flash of the pistol, and Blight came into the kitchen wounded. She rushed to the door, and shut the street-door. The difficulty here was, that she should have heard the privy-door shut, and the pistol flash at the parlour-door at the same moment. The prisoner came in immediately to Blight. Mr. Garrow then proceeded to state, that when the surgeon, Mr. Astley Cooper, was called in, he asked the deceased whom he suspected? The answer was, Mr. Patch tells me

he has reason to suspect one Webster. But Mr. G. said he would prove that he was not the murderer, by shewing where he was at the time: he named another person of the name of Clarke, because he had had a quarrel with Blight—but that man would be proved to have been elsewhere. Mr. Garrow next proceeded to dwell upon the motives that could have induced the prisoner to commit the murder—he wished to possess part of the business, without payment of the consideration money. In all his representations about the draft for 1000*l.* there was not one word of truth. What was his conduct subsequent to the event? He told Mrs. Blight the 1000*l.* was paid, and got the papers relative to the business from Mrs. Blight. He talked to the witness Kitchener as to what she should say. He was in the uniform practice of wearing boots; but he should prove, that when Blight was murdered he had shoes and stockings—the stockings were found in his sleeping-room plastered with mud, such as was on the wharf.

The pistol he could not produce, but the ramrod was found in the privy.

After Mr. Garrow had closed his speech, the first witness called was Mr. Richard Frost, a publican, who kept the Dog and Duck. The first part of his testimony—for he was called in a second time--related merely to the fact of the death of Mr. Blight. He stated, that on the morning of the 23d September last, he was sent for by the prisoner, in consequence of the deceased having been killed by a pistol shot; he went, and found him leaning on his hands and wounded.

Mr. Astley Cooper said, he was called in to the assistance of Mr. Blight: upon examining him, he found he had received a wound near the navel, and another in the groin.



He observed that they were gun-shot wounds; and as the body of the deceased was considerably inflated, he pronounced them mortal: he observed the bowels coming through the wounds. The next morning Patch came to him, said the deceased was in extreme pain, and wished to know whether any thing could be done for him. Witness told him he feared there could not. This was about seven in the morning. He rose and went to him, and found him in a swollen state. He promised to return in the afternoon with a physician. He went to town, and came back about four o'clock with doctor Barrington; but Mr. Blight had been dead about three quarters of an hour. He had not the smallest doubt that the wounds were the occasion of his death.

Richard Frost was again called up to speak to the firing of the gun. He stated that on Thursday, the 19th, there was the report of the firing of a gun at Mr. Blight's house; he went out to ascertain the cause, but did not perceive any person coming from the premises, and he was in a situation in which, had the person who fired it attempted to make his escape, he must have observed him: it was about eight o'clock in the evening, and it was dark; but he was near enough to have seen any one run away, or climb the wall.

Miss Ann Davis and miss Martha Davis, sisters, who happened to be walking by the premises in a different direction from the last witness, stated, that they also saw the flash, and heard the report of a gun, and must have seen any person attempting to escape; but all was quiet, and they concluded that the gun was fired by some one on the premises.

After this head of evidence to establish that the gun fired on the Thursday preceding the death of Mr. Blight was not by any stranger, but by the prisoner, witnesses were call-

ed to relate the circumstances which occurred on the 23d.

Mr. Michael Wright stated, that he was going past Mr. Blight's house a little after eight, when he heard the report of a pistol in the house, and having become acquainted by rumour of the former attempt, he was induced to go up to the house with a view to offer his assistance: he knocked for some time, but was not admitted; but insisting on having the door opened, Mr. Patch made his appearance, and began informing him what a dreadful accident had happened. The witness was impatient at hearing this story, and thought that some means should be rather adopted to pursue the murderer, and recommended Patch to commission him to apply to Bowstreet, as an enquiry taking place instantly after the assassination would most probably be attended with success. Patch seemed reluctant, and thought no good could result from it. The witness was rather indignant at his assistance not being accepted, and he therefore went away.

Mr. Kinnard, jun. was called. He took the dimensions of the house, and mode of the model. He explained to the jury the different purposes the model was intended to effect.

Hester Kitchener stated, that, on the 19th, she had been ordered by the prisoner to shut up the shutters of the house rather earlier than usual. Her master and mistress were then at Margate. At eight o'clock, the prisoner sent her out for some oysters; and as she returned she heard the report of a gun, but through the court-yard, the only passage to the house, she did not see any one. When she saw Patch, he cried, 'O, Hester, I have been shot at!' She rejoined, 'Lord forbid!' They then looked for the ball, which she found. The witness continued to state that her



master returned to town on the Monday morning; that in the evening he and the prisoner drank tea together, and afterwards had some grog. Her master was fatigued, heavy, and sleepy with his journey and liquor. Patch came down in a hurry to her in the kitchen, and complaining of a pain in his bowels, wanted a light to go into the yard. She gave it to him, as also the key of the counting-house, through which it was necessary he should pass. She heard him enter the back place and slam the door after him, and immediately she heard the report of the pistol. Her master immediately ran down into the kitchen, exclaiming, 'O, Hester, I am a dead man!' and supported himself upon the dresser. She ran up to shut the door; and as she was half way down the passage on her return, she heard Patch knocking violently for admittance. He asked what was the matter: she told him; on which he went down and offered his assistance. He asked the deceased if he knew of any one who could owe him a grudge? Mr. Blight answered, No, as he was not at enmity with any man in the world.

Mr. Christopher Morgan was passing by when the fatal shot was fired: he went to the house, and saw Mr. Blight lying in a wounded situation, and recommended Mr. Patch, in the first instance, to search the premises all over. Patch told him, and his friend Mr. Berry, who was with M., to go and search an old ship that was off the wharf, as he had reason to think that the perpetrator might have escaped there, as he heard a noise in that direction on the night when the gun was previously fired. They went, but found that the ship was lying at the distance of sixteen feet from the wharf; that it was low water; that from the top of the wharf to the mud was ten feet,

that the soil was soft mud, and that any one who might attempt that way must have been up to his middle; besides, the mud did not bear the appearance of any one having passed through it: he was therefore perfectly convinced that no one escaped over the wharf towards the water. Mr. Berry corroborated this evidence.

Mr. Stonard Smith, and five others who happened to be in different directions leading from Mr. Blight's house to the public roads, most distinctly proved that when the shot was fired which killed Mr. Blight every thing was quiet on the outside of the premises; that there was no appearance of any person attempting to escape, and if there had, there was no possibility of their eluding observation.

The series of evidence went to infer, that the prisoner was carrying on a system of delusion and fraud against the deceased, in respect to certain pecuniary transactions between them. It was proved by Mrs. Blight, the deceased's widow, that her husband, who had fallen into some embarrassments, had, in order to mask his property, made a nominal assignment of it to Patch: but the assignment was not to be carried into effect, unless the trustees of his creditors should, as he apprehended, become importunate. This confidential assignment Patch wished to convert into an absolute sale for consideration given on his part; but Mrs. Blight declared that he had never paid her husband any money, excepting 250*l.* part of 1250*l.* the consideration for a share of his business.

The next strong branch of evidence referred to the stockings which the prisoner had on the night that Mr. Blight lost his life. It was proved that he generally wore boots, but the witnesses' memory enabled them to say, that he had white stockings on during the evening of the



23d. Mr. Stafford, of the Police-office, stated, that on examining the bed-room of Mr. Patch, these stockings were folded up like a clean pair; but that on opening them, the soles appeared dirty, as if a person had walked in them without shoes: the inference from this was, that the prisoner had taken off his shoes, in order that he might walk out of the necessary without being heard by the maid.

The last important fact was the discovery of the ramrod of a pistol in the privy, and the proof that the place had not recently been visited by any person suffering under a bowel complaint. This, and a vast variety of circumstantial evidence, concluded the case on the part of the crown.

The prisoner being called on for his defence, delivered in a long elaborate address, evidently written by his counsel, which he requested might be read by the officer of the court. It began by thanking the learned judge for moving his trial from a place where prejudice might have operated against him; complained much of that prejudice having been excited against him by premature reports in the public journals; and then entered into a general train of argument, inferring, that in a case of life and death juries ought not to convict upon circumstantial evidence, the more especially where they appeared, as in the present case, so dubious. He stated that whatever might be the result of their judgment upon the evidence, it was almost a matter of indifference to him on his own account, for he was borne down and subdued by the unjust prejudices of the public, by the long imprisonment he had endured, and by the enormous expences to which he had been subjected; but he had those relations who made life dear to him; he had four children

who looked to him for support, and who would not only be dishonoured, but be ruined by his death.

The only evidence which he adduced was that of three persons, who spoke to his general character.

The lord chief baron summed up the evidence in the most perspicuous manner, occupying nearly two hours in commenting upon every part of it.

The jury retired for about a quarter of an hour, and on their return pronounced a verdict of—GUILTY.

Mr. Knapp, clerk of the arraigns, then addressed the prisoner with solemnity, recapitulated his crime, the verdict of the jury; and put the usual question, what he had to say why judgment of death, and execution thereon, should not be awarded against him. The prisoner bowed, but made no answer.

His lordship then proceeded to pronounce the awful sentence of the law. He observed, that the prisoner had begun his career of guilt in a system of fraud, he had continued it in ingratitude, and had terminated it in the murder of his friend and benefactor. He then directed that he should be executed on Monday, and that his body should be delivered for dissection.

Patch heard the sentence with a degree of sullen composure bordering almost on apathy, as if he had previously made up his mind to the event. He appeared to be about thirty-six years of age, of a strong and healthy habit of body; and his countenance was more florid than might have been expected after so long a confinement.

He was executed on Tuesday the 8th of April, and his body was delivered to the surgeons to be anatomized. He never explicitly confessed his guilt, nor did he at any time after his sentence positively deny it.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

TO MISS JANE C—K—G,

*On her Arrival in London, just before her  
Departure for America.*WELCOME, my friend, to London (fam'd  
Far as Britannia's isle is nam'd):Now no more let the muse be blam'd  
For silence long;  
Your absence 'twas alone that maim'd  
And stopt her tongue.That harmony, which in your lines  
With ready wit and genius joins,  
Always my feather brain inclines  
To try at verse,  
Tho' oft I fail in my designs,  
And, what is worse,Sometimes, when I have rack'd my brain  
Something like metre to obtain,  
I've nought but labour for my pain,  
Not one smooth line:  
The Nine I woo; but woo in vain  
The tuneful Nine.No brilliant thoughts will they impart  
To wake the fancy, warm the heart,  
Or paint to youth the pleasing smart  
Of sacred love.  
To Jane and Smith this charming art  
Descends from 'bove.Now you are near, my dearest maid!  
Altho' no dark umbrageous shade,  
No moss-grown banks, or silent glade,  
Inspire to sing,  
Your verses prompt, and undismay'd  
I touch the string.Can records of departed worth  
To noblest sentiments give birth,  
Tho' they within the clay-cold earth  
Unconscious lie;  
And call the latent genius forth  
To soar on high?Here may you view the poet's flame \*!  
The hero thirsting after fame!  
His country's good, the patriot's aim!  
Inspired stand;  
Judges who dignify the name  
Of this our land!Milton, vast soul, by Heaven inspir'd!  
Wolfe, glory and his country fir'd!  
Chatham, Britannia's boast, expir'd  
On glory's stage!  
Mansfield, by virtuous worth admir'd  
In this our age \*!Will you the gentler virtues chuse?  
Thomson, sweet Nature's darling muse!  
He has display'd the various hues  
As seasons roll:  
His verse inspires with noblest views  
Th' enraptur'd soul.If rural elegance is dear,  
Where beauties without art appear,  
Where Love's own soul breathes out sincere  
The wooing line;  
Shenstone, sweet bard, will charm you here  
With power divine!Goldsmith, he pour'd the feeling song,  
When he beheld the village throng  
Haste here the bustling crowd among;  
Nor less admir'd,  
When trav'ling raptures warm'd his tongue,  
And verse inspir'd.Dryden, resounding, ' shakes the spheres!'  
In Prior, ease and wit appears!  
Gray's 'heaven-taught lyre' omnific bears  
The feeling mind,  
On rapture's wings, beyond the fears  
That plague mankind.Tho' to recount the tuneful train  
By turns that grac'd Britannia's plain,  
Their beauties and their worth explain,  
No pen of mine,  
Who ne'er approach'd Apollo's fane,  
Dares to define.Would the celestial Nine inspire  
My verse with true poetic fire,  
Of living worth I'd touch the lyre  
With praises warm;  
How Hayley's numbers all conspire  
T' improve and charm!Bloomfield delights the list'ning train:  
He roves the poet of the plain;

\* Alluding to Westminster Abbey.

\* Vide Cowper's Poems.



Anon he turns his pleasing strain  
To rural love :  
The 'untaught Walter' and his Jane  
Emotions move !

Ope delights th' attentive throng  
With tend'rest sentiments in song ;  
Sweet, soft, and smooth, they flow along,  
And charm the heart :

Music, when from a female tongue,  
Must joy impart.

This charm is yours, my dearest Jane !  
May you upon Columbia's plain  
Find some who love the tuneful train :—  
One you will find \*

Whose verse has cross'd th' Atlantic main,  
And charm'd mankind.

When roving on her peaceful strand,  
Think on our great, our tuneful band,  
The glory of Britannia's land !

And then pursue  
The thought, until by fate's command  
I bade adieu.

Hanway-street,  
Oxford-street.

CLEMENT COOTE.

### POOR ANNA THE FAIR.

I HEAVE the fond sigh, as yon dear spot I'm  
viewing ;

For sad is the heart overwhelm'd with despair :  
I see the lov'd cottage all sinking to ruin,  
The cottage of peace, and of Anna the fair !

Poor Anna was beautiful, honest, and cheerly ;  
Her friends were her life's-blood, she valued  
them dearly ;

And her friends, in return, they lov'd her sin-  
cerely :

Hard was the fate of Anna the fair !

For the maid had refus'd full many a lover,  
Virtue taught her betimes to shun the sad  
snare ;

But at last a sad villain her charms did discover,  
And dragg'd to his arms poor Anna the fair !

Her poor mother rav'd, for her lost daughter  
seeking ;

While her father, and friends, at a distance  
were shrieking :

Poor Anna cried out, while her sad heart was  
breaking—

Pity the sorrows of Anna the fair !

On poor Anna the world did vent falsehoods  
malignant,

While virtue and pity let fall the fond tear :  
O grant she may triumph o'er foes so indig-  
nant,

And peace be the lot of Anna the fair !

April 11, 1806.

S. Y.

\* Timothy Dwight, D.D. author of  
'Greenfield-hill,' a poem of extraordinary  
merit. He lives at Philadelphia.

### TO MIRANDA.

ON Ouse's fairbanks as one evening I stray'd,  
The stream softly glided its course to pursue,  
While Luna's pale beam on the trembling  
wave play'd,  
And the plain shone resplendent o'ersilver'd  
with dew.

Sweet Philomel's song, from her woodland  
retreat,  
So softly resounded along the still waves ;  
The charms of gay Flora conspir'd to make  
sweet,  
And embellish the meadow which Ouse gently  
laves.

'Twas the season of love, and my fancy so  
gay  
Drew a prospect of joys which in beauty we  
find ;  
But serious reflection began to display  
That the source of true pleasure's a beautiful  
mind.

Too oft where the form most harmoniously  
swells,  
Each feature so lovely, so rich with delight,  
In the mind unembellish'd disgustingly dwells  
The demon of dulness,—'tis darker than  
night.

But where all illumin'd with fancy's bright  
rays,  
With sentiment fraught, sensibility bless'd ;  
(Tho' no feature the charms of a Venus dis-  
plays),  
Yet still in each glance will the soul be ex-  
press'd.

When united with beauty, at once we behold  
A mind with wit, wisdom, and learning re-  
fin'd—

That bosom must sure be insensate and cold  
That feels not enraptur'd with charms thus  
combin'd.

Those charms, dear Miranda! sweet blended  
are yours,

And I, your admirer, must give you my lays,  
Believe me, while wand'ring on Ouse's fair  
shores,

No trophy of glory's so dear as your praise.

Sutton.

C. C.

### EPIGRAM.

THE Graces meeting t'other day,  
( 'Twas Cupid who presided,)  
Of love each said she held the sway ;  
But yet 'twas undecided.

At length, the little wary god,  
Long doubtful which to fix on,  
Exclaim'd, with an imperious nod,  
'The fav'rite name is DIXSON !'

Cantab. Feb. 27.

TROCQUEME.



## APRIL.

## A SONNET.

APRIL is come, with all his flow'ry train!  
 Now weeps in woe, now smiles in joy  
 serene!  
 With cowslips and with violets spreads the  
 plain,  
 And clothes each hedge and field in gayest  
 green!  
 Thou many-weather'd month! 'tis thine to  
 bring  
 Each budding beauty of the growing year,  
 Each lovely tribute of the laughing spring,  
 Each forward flower that tells us summer's  
 near:  
 'Tis thine to wake each warbler's artless note:  
 The lark, who pays his homage far above;  
 The blackbird, too, now strains his dulcet  
 throat,  
 To greet the god of gentleness and love.  
 But, lo! meek April ends his halcyon sway,  
 And leaves the world to loveliness and May!

J. M. L.

## FROM METASTASIO.

IF written on man's outward brow  
 Each inward grief we saw,  
 How many, whom we envy now,  
 Would then our pity draw!  
 Then should we see, that certain woe  
 Is rooted in each breast;  
 And all our bliss deceitful show,  
 To seem to others blest.

W. C.

## FROM THE ITALIAN.

TRANSLATED BY J. C.

THE fool hath said, there is no God, whose  
 might  
 Conducts creation by his guiding sway;  
 Let him unbind the bandage on his sight,  
 Then see if Nature's works that God obey.  
 Is there no God?—To yonder starry skies  
 Erect thy looks, thou fool! and read their  
 laws;  
 Look down upon thy frame with wond'ring  
 eyes,  
 And learn that God of all effect is cause.  
 Is there no God?—The river's silver stream,  
 Earth, air, the dawn and eve, with golden  
 beam;  
 Plants, flow'rs, herbs, trees, with all thou  
 can'st conceive,  
 Announce a God!—in all, the marks divine  
 Of his supreme pow'r, wisdom, goodness shine;  
 Trust these, if thou wilt not thyself believe.

## ECHO MISTAKEN.

GROVE! thou first witness where I once  
 was blest,  
 Where first I saw Semira's form appear;  
 Now see this arrow pierce my panting breast,  
 Near to the tomb that holds a charge so dear!  
 A lover thus his loss despairing mourn'd,  
 With eyes bewilder'd, and cheeks ghastly pale,  
 While Echo from her neighb'ring rock re-  
 turn'd  
 The last sad accents of his plaintive tale:  
 A slighted shepherd chancing there to rove,  
 Hears them, and cries, Alas, my cruel maid!  
 Pleasure has fix'd her dwelling in this grove,  
 And faithful Echo fills this happy shade;—  
 When agonizing groans within the wood  
 He heard, and hasted, with affright amaz'd,  
 To see the shepherd weltering in his blood,  
 Whose joy so lately had his envy rais'd.

## MORAL.

Each mortal has his cause to grieve,  
 Let not delusion then your judgment guide;  
 Let every word by truth be tried,  
 For partial Echo will deceive.

W. C.

*Written while revisiting my favorite Walk,  
 after a long Absence.*

JOYOUS I wander o'er those fields  
 Where innocent I grew;  
 Inhale the sweets the wild flower yields,  
 And every scene review.  
 Th' Elysian prospect round me glows,  
 With vernal hues o'erspread;  
 My heart with extacy o'erflows  
 As these lov'd scenes I tread.

Can there be fields of lovelier bloom  
 Than those where now I stray?  
 Can flow'rets shed more sweet perfume,  
 Or brighter tints display?

Ah, fairer scenes perhaps there are,  
 But none to me so dear!  
 Here first I drew the vital air;  
 My childhood flourish'd here.

Ah lovely scenes! ah smiling plain!  
 You seem to ask my heart,  
 Art thou as free from ev'ry stain  
 As ere thou didst depart?

Transplanted from my natal spot  
 To life's perturbed scenes,  
 Have they no vain desire begot,  
 No visionary schemes?

Say, canst thou feel the raptur'd thrill  
 O'er all thy senses move,  
 When thou behold'st the well-known hill,  
 The thicket and the grove?



And where in childhood's artless days  
You gamboll'd neath the tree,  
Which stands before the good old dame's  
Who learnt thee A, B, C.

Ah scenes, my pensive soul replies,  
Too powerful some might prove.  
All meaner themes I'll now despise,  
To sing the scenes I love.

*Sutton.*

C. C.

### SONGS

*In the New Musical Drama of  
THE WHITE PLUME.*

*Song.—Edward.*

BRAVE spirits of Albion, who dar'd to expire  
For a land so ennobled by you,  
I invoke your lov'd ashes my breast to inspire,  
While I keep your example in view;  
For pride gilds the sorrow we owe to each  
grave,  
Where the patriot tear decks the tomb of  
the brave.

Ye warriors departed, whose rage in the fight  
Is chang'd to benevolent smiles,  
May the fame of your actions ne'er cease to  
delight,  
And protect Fortune's favourite Isles.  
While pride gilds the sorrow we owe to each  
grave,  
Where the patriot tear decks the tomb of the  
brave.

*Air.—Ronald.*

SWEET Harmony! Æolian Harmony!  
The god of wind strikes his celestial lyre;  
Soft soul-dissolving strains the chords in-  
spire.  
How soothing to the troubled mind,  
Sweet Nature's music. how refin'd!  
Its pleasure, thrilling through the heart,  
Warbling beyond the reach of art.  
Sweet Harmony! Æolian Harmony!

*Song.—Kilspindie.*

THE Grecians came running to Troy,  
The Trojans went running to meet 'em;  
It's known to each little school-boy,  
How the Greeks they horse-jockied and  
beat 'em.  
No house could that day be endur'd,  
They made 'em too hot for the holders;  
And Æneas not being insur'd,  
Set off with his dad on his shoulders.

His fortune he tried on the ocean,  
And then such palavering stories  
To Dido he told with emotion—

*'Tubes renovare dolores.'*

When he'd gain'd all his ends, 'Dear Æneas,'  
Says she, 'If you love your poor Dido,  
'When you're coming this way, call and see  
us.'

Thinks he—'I'll be hang'd if I do.'

'Sister Ann,' then says she, 'All is done,  
And he's off—only think what a way 'tis;  
He's gone with his saucy young son,  
And that rascal his *fidus Achates*.'  
A cord round her neck she extended,  
The one end a bedpost was tied to;  
I'm sorry the story's so ended,  
But there was an end of poor Dido.

*Song.—Sir Alfred.*

WHEN yet but a boy,  
'Twas ever my joy,  
With mad-cap lads to mingle O;  
At my stout quarter-staff,  
There was none who dare laugh,  
For fear his two ears should tingle O.  
Wake, session, or fair,  
I was sure to be there,  
And when fops were sipping from glasses, O,  
I drank fat ale,  
From flaggon or pail,  
And made merry among the lasses, O;  
I danc'd among the lasses, O,  
I pranc'd among the lasses, O,  
Right and left, in and out,  
Cross hands round about,  
I whoop'd among the lasses, O.

In war when the lads,  
With their bucklers and plaids,  
Came piping away our cattle, O;  
Then was I to be seen,  
With my archers in green,  
In the pride of a border battle, O.  
Like Britons we fought,  
As true Britons ought,  
For a land that all others surpasses, O;  
Scotch and English bands,  
Beat by turns, then shook hands,  
And feasted among the lasses, O.  
O, we caper'd among the lasses, O,  
We reeled among the lasses, O,  
Right and left, in and out,  
Cross hands round about,  
We whoop'd among the lasses, O.

Then Jock o' the side,  
With his seven-foot bride,  
Tho' reckon'd the king of good fellows, O,  
Took it highly amiss  
That I gave her a kiss,  
When I'll swear he'd no cause to be jealous, O.  
For Alice and Kate  
So puzzled my pate,  
And Madge, who still many surpasses, O,  
All lov'd me so well;  
But I'll not kiss and tell,  
How I frolick'd among the lasses, O.  
O, I danc'd among the lasses, O,  
I pranc'd among the lasses, O,  
Right and left, in and out,  
Cross hands, turn about,  
I whoop'd among the lasses, O.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Vienna, March 19.*

IT is said that a negociation is on foot between our court and France, in favour of the king of Naples; and that the French *Charge d'Affaires*, Dudon, after a conference with the minister, count Stadion, sent off a courier with dispatches relative to this subject to Paris.

In the course of last week, the court of France made two demands of the house of Austria; the first, its pure and simple adhesion to the new treaty of partition between France and Prussia; the second, a permanent and perpetual passage for the French troops through the Austrian territory into Venetian Istria and Dalmatia. There is in Upper Carinthia a frontier town named Ponteba, divided into two unequal parts by the river Tella; the smaller part of this town is Austrian, and the other Venetian; a bridge separates the two territories, and it is over this bridge that the French demand a passage, in order to gain the great road which leads from it into Italy.

Exertions are continually making to repair the enormous deficit of arms and ammunition of every kind which the war has occasioned in the hereditary states.

We are assured that preparations are making at Venice for the reception of the pope.

*March 22.* M. de la Rochefoucault, ambassador from France, had to-day his first audience of his imperial majesty, and presented his credentials.

The French are labouring with great activity at Venice in the equipment of a fleet: orders have been given for building there ten ships of the line. The rich arsenal of Venice, and the forests

of Dalmatia, furnish every thing necessary for their completion.

The French secretary of state Leroux has returned from his mission to Constantinople, and two days ago proceeded from this city for Paris. He carries with him the declaration of the Porte with respect to the acknowledgement of the emperor Napoleon.

*Rome, March 20.* The college of cardinals has been twice extraordinarily assembled. There is talk of a removal of the holy see to another territory, and that an imperial coronation will take place in our capital. A papal courier has been sent off to Paris.

*Genoa, March 22.* All the Neapolitan ships which were embargoed here have received orders to sail for Naples, under the French flag.

On the 18th three French corvettes sailed from this port for Naples.

The Neapolitan ships at Leghorn have hoisted the French flag.

The most active preparations for defence against the French are making at Palermo.

*Triest, March 23.* According to the latest advices, the Russians have extended themselves still farther in Dalmatia, and have taken several places, among others the important post of Castel Nuovo and its harbour, by which they secure their position in Corfu. The Montenegrins have joined the Russians.

*Hamburg, March 24.* A body of eighteen thousand Prussians has received orders to occupy the duchy of Lauenburgh, and to act against Swedish Pomerania. The corps will be divided into two columns, under the orders of generals Kalkreuth and Schmettau. They were to march on the 7th of this month,



General Kalkreuth's corps, on its arrival at Ukermunde and Pasewalk, was to wait for further orders. It consists of the grenadier battalion of Schlieben; the grenadier battalion of Hulsen; the regiments of Borke, Pirch, and Braunschweig-Oels; ten squadrons of the regiment of Konigin; the regiment of Pfalz-Bayern; besides artillery.

The troops under general Schmettau were assembling in the country between Havelberg, Perleberg, and Kyritz, and are intended to occupy Lauenburgh: they are composed of the grenadier battalion of Hausten, the regiments of Kleist, Tschammer, Kallkammer, and Reitzenstein; a regiment of cuirassiers, and a battalion of hussars.

The king of Sweden has made every preparation to defend himself vigorously at Stralsund.

The Prussian minister has notified to the English minister resident here, that no interruption whatever will be given to the mails.

*Ulm, March 24.* There are in this city 400 officers, and a number of gendarmes and dragoons.

Yesterday 15 couriers passed through this city, three of which took the road to Paris, the others those to Munich, Ingolstadt, Vienna, &c. The contents of their dispatches are a deep secret even to the staff officers. The officers do not know how long their stay will be.

*Paris, March 25.* Murat is the new sovereign of the duchies of Cleves and Berg. He has formally assumed the sovereignty under the title of prince Joachim, Duke of Cleves and Berg.—He made his formal entry into Dusseldorf on the 25th ult. and a proclamation was immediately issued to his new subjects. At the same time a proclamation was published in the name of Bonaparte, declaring that the kings of Prussia and Bavaria having ceded the two duchies to him, to be bestowed on such French prince as he shall elect, he had transferred them to his well-beloved brother prince Joachim, to descend to his heirs male, to the perpetual exclusion of females; and in default of heirs male, to revert to Bonaparte's male descendants; or in failure thereof, to the heirs of prince Joseph Bonaparte;

or otherwise, to the heirs of prince Louis; but in no case are the duchies to be united to the crown of France.

*Hamburg, March 25.* On the 23d, in the afternoon, three large Prussian ships from Magdeburg, with a number of troops on board, and heavy artillery, alledging they were bound for Stadt in Hanover, appeared before the principal canal of this city, with a view of passing through it; which was, however, refused by the magistrates. The senate was assembled, and yesterday evening eighty of the men, with one officer, obtained permission to come on shore, and will be quartered in the environs until the 28th inst. when their artillery will be put on board other vessels to be conveyed. This occurrence has caused a great sensation here; the eighty men who came on shore had their knapsacks, and wore side-arms.

It is reported that count Haugwitz, by order of the king his master, has used the most earnest entreaties with Napoleon, to obtain his leave to occupy the three imperial cities, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubec; but as yet has received no decisive answer.

*Augsburg, March 26.* The headquarters of marshal Soult, which some days since were removed from Passau, will soon leave the latter town, and proceed further.

The Austrian artillery which is sent up the Danube will be disembarked at Donauwerth, and conveyed from thence to Strasburg.

*Vienna, March 26.* To the steps taken by the French government to obtain a passage by the Ponteba, and which did not succeed, M. de la Rochefoucault has, it is said, added the demand of a passage through Bohemia, in case of war with Russia. This demand, however, has not been complied with, and there are strong reasons for refusing it; for the hereditary provinces, already exhausted by the effects of a disastrous war, would be unable to furnish sufficient supplies for the maintenance of a foreign army.

It is intended to add to the kingdom of Holland, which is expected to be disposed of to prince Louis, the neighbouring Prussian provinces which were



to have formed the indemnity to the archduke Ferdinand.

We are assured, that the first ministerial act of the French ambassador since his return has been to notify the taking possession of Naples, and to demand the prompt and categorical accession of the emperor of Germany to this new acquisition.

The Russian troops arrived at Cataro on board a squadron of one ship of the line, several cutters and gun-boats, and six transports, and amount to 3000 men.

*Munich, March 26.* It is said that some change has been made in the dispositions for the departure of the French troops from this vicinity. The departure of the minister of war, marshal Berthier, now duke of Neufchatel, is likewise deferred.

Several circumstances support the opinion that this change is to be ascribed to some serious differences which have arisen between the courts of France and Vienna, among which it is positively asserted is the refusal of the demand of a passage for French troops to Dalmatia.

*Hamburgb, March 28.* General Rapp, who came from Paris to Hameln with orders for the evacuation of that town and fort St. George, and its surrender to the Prussians, left this city on his return to Paris on the 26th instant. His visit here has not been a very agreeable one. He demanded a loan of six millions of livres, promising at the same time that France would take care to protect the liberties of Hamburg, and defend them and her citizens from any foreign aggression. This new exaction has met with a refusal on the part of the senate, and one of its members, senator Schulte, is ordered immediately to set out for Paris, to make the necessary representations.

*Vienna, March 29.* The surrender of the Bocca di Calabro, in Dalmatia, by the Austrian commander, on the summons of the Russians, will, it is hoped, occasion no dispute; as it appears merely to have arisen from the circumstance, that after the signing of the treaty of Presburg, the commander of the Russian squadron was not furnished soon enough with the necessary counter-orders. Our ministry has delivered to the

Russian ambassador, count Rasoumofski, a circumstantial note relative to this affair, requiring that the Russian troops shall be withdrawn from the post they have occupied. This note has been sent by a courier to St. Petersburg.

The French ambassador, M. de la Rochefoucault, has received from his court the new French arms, viz. an eagle with a golden crown.

*Berlin, March 29.* The brother of the English minister at our court has set out as a courier for London, with advice of the shutting up of the Elbe and the Weser.

*Munich, March 30.* The day before yesterday 500 new conscripts arrived here from Strasburg; they are destined for Vienna, and will be followed by 4,000 more in a few days.

According to what is reported here, the court of Munich will set out on the 8th of next month for Milan, whence it will go to Paris, to be present at the great national festival which will be held there in the month of May. All the French troops that remain in Bavaria will by that time have repassed the Rhine.

*Franconia, April 1.* A report is current that the king of Bavaria will receive the principality of Wurtzburg; it is besides said, that the prince Prombino will have Switzerland, that country having expressed a desire to be governed by a prince of the family of the emperor Napoleon.

*Wesel, April 5.* Against the occupation of Essen, Elton, and Werden, by the French, the Prussian commissary has not only protested, but his excellency lieutenant-general Blucher has also ordered a considerable number of troops to march forward, for the purpose of again occupying these countries. The grenadier battalion of Hallmon, for instance, marched into Essen, after having ordered the French troops to evacuate that place and neighbourhood. The latter, however, had received orders not to yield the point, so that the troops of both countries possess the place at the same time. This confusion will happen every where else, unless the two courts come to a decision on the subject. The French troops are every where in motion, for the purpose of entirely leaving Germany.



## HOME NEWS.

*Padstow, April 3.*

A MELANCHOLY catastrophe happened on Sunday the 16th ult. at the mouth of the harbour here:—T. Rawlings, esq. merchant, of this port, having a ship in readiness to set sail on that day, gave an invitation to the captain, Mr. T. Filkins (of the firm of Filkins and Tremain), Mr. Hitchins, with another of Mr. R.'s clerks, and some other gentlemen, to dine with him; when, after dinner, Mr. F. with five others, determined on accompanying the captain on board; after which the evening coming on, they resolved to return, and having a small boat provided, the company got into it, with the exception of one young man, who remonstrated against proceeding on shore without a larger boat. However, the rest of the company laughed at him, and at last prevailed on him to get in. No sooner had they put off from the ship, than a heavy surf completely swamped them, and every soul disappeared before assistance could be rendered, with the exception of Mr. F., who was rendered breathless by being dreadfully jammed between the boat and the ship; and although taken up soon after, every exertion to save his life proved unavailing.

*Dover, April 6.* The Boulogne boat which arrived here this morning was the same as came last time, marked Pilote, No. 1. The officer on board her was an officer of artillery; he put his dispatches on board the Diligence sloop of war between six and seven this morning: they were addressed to Mr. Fox, and being landed here, in consequence of the ebb tide and easterly wind preventing the Diligence from getting into the Downs, they were forwarded

from hence to Lord Keith, by Lieut. Walker of the impress service here. The boat brought up in our roads for about two hours, when the tide becoming favourable, they stood over to Boulogne: they do not bring any news of consequence. The Diligence remains in the Roads.—Sailed several gun brigs on a cruise off the French coast; also two revenue cutters.—Blows fresh at East.

*Deal, April 6.* The French flag of truce which arrived this morning at five o'clock off Dover, came over with a packet for Mr. Fox, from the French minister M. Talleyrand. In the boat was a captain in the French army, who had the care of the dispatch, which, it is said, was brought to Boulogne late on Sunday night by a courier from Paris; the officer had directions to give it to the first of our cruisers he met with, and it was accordingly, in Dover Roads, delivered to Captain Tiddy, commanding the Diligence armed ship of war, and forwarded by him to Lord Keith, at Ramsgate.

The boat set sail with the officer on his return to Boulogne soon after seven o'clock.

*Hull, April 6.* The Margaret, Metcalf, of this port, from Hamburg, arrived here yesterday.

Last Sunday at noon, the British consul went on board the Margaret, while they were at dinner, and gave the following order to Capt. Metcalf:

*Port of Hamburg.*

'You are hereby required to leave this port before to-morrow night, or sooner if possible, whether loaded or not, and to proceed to Cuxhaven, and there place yourself under the protection of his majesty's ships of war.



Given under my hand and seal of office  
this 30th March, 1806.

(Signed) EDW. NICHOLS,  
Vice consul.

On the receipt of this order, capt. Metcalf proceeded down to Cuxhaven that evening, and joined an armed brig cutter lying there; and on the following day he was ordered to proceed under Heligoland, and there wait until the cutter joined him. On Wednesday he sailed from thence in company with the Salerno, Scholes, and Quebec packet, both of this port, and arrived here as above mentioned.

Captain Metcalf was informed that war had actually been declared by Prussia against this country. When he passed Cuxhaven, the batteries were mounted with 24 pounders.

The ships from London, with goods from Hamburgh, and which arrived there on Saturday last, were also ordered to proceed home immediately. Captain Metcalf understood, from a vessel he spoke at sea, that every English vessel has succeeded in getting away.

The collector of his majesty's customs at this port received an order this morning to detain all Prussian ships and vessels within the limits of this port, and all vessels bound to the Prussian dominions. This order has been carried into effect accordingly.

*London, April 9.* Between the hours of one and two o'clock yesterday morning the neighbourhood of St. George's, Wapping, was alarmed by a dreadful crash, like the rolling of thunder; when it was immediately discovered that a stack of chimneys in the centre of two old houses in Back-lane, near the extremity of Rosemary-lane, had fallen in, carrying along with it the houses themselves, down to the ground floor, and overwhelming the unfortunate inhabitants in one common ruin. Every assistance was instantly procured; but not less than fifteen persons, male and female, suffered more or less. The proprietors were two elderly women, of the names of Balfour and Mather, who had let out those houses in various tenements to poor tradesmen, and to a great number of women of the town, of the very lowest class; so that, between the inhabitants and visitors, it is sup-

posed there were no less than fifty or sixty persons within the walls at the time. One woman was dug out of the rubbish quite dead, and another so much bruised that she has since died. A lascar, who was in the second floor with his female companion, leaped out of the window, and fractured both his legs; he, with two women, were carried on biers to the London Hospital. A gentleman, said to be a respectable tradesman in the Minories, made his escape with many bruises, and only half his clothes. — There were a number of lascars and other foreign sailors in the house, many of whom, it is supposed, still lie covered in the ruins: a poor woman with an infant child are known to be in the cellar, but her screams have been heard, and it was ascertained at one o'clock that neither she nor the child have received any material injury, but they were almost in a state of suffocation. Men were busily employed in clearing away the rubbish.

*Plymouth, April 10.* The Prussian vessels are tumbling into this port very fast; about seventeen have already arrived, detained by our cruizers or privateers, and the channel is said to be crowded with them: two more came in just now, detained by the Hardy gun-brig. The Caroline, of 14 guns, lieutenant Derby, has again sailed to the port of Swansea, with a convoy, and from thence to the westward, to cruize for Prussians.

*Deal, April 10.* This morning at daybreak a king's messenger landed here from a sloop of war, with two foreign officers (supposed Prussians), and immediately set off for town. Three large galliots were detained in passing the Downs last night. — This afternoon a very heavy cannonade has been distinctly heard, which, from the wind at S. is supposed to be from our cruizers off Boulogne. Remain the ships as per last. Wind W. S. W. — The Downs remarkably dead, and thin of shipping.

P. S. Since writing the above, a Deal boat has just come in, who states a French lug-sail boat was observed about one o'clock beyond half seas over, reaching apparently for Dover Roads, carrying the *tri-coloured flag* at her main-top, and strongly supposed to be another flag of truce.



*Portsmouth, April 11.* Arrived the Whiting schooner, lieut. Orkney, in five weeks from Bermuda, with intelligence of the death of sir Andrew Mitchell, K. B. admiral of the blue, and commander in chief at Halifax. This brave and distinguished officer had removed from Halifax to Bermuda, for the winter months, and for the perfect establishment of his health, which had been shook by a severe illness. It is expected that sir Isaac Coffin will succeed to the command. Sir Isaac lately went from the Downs to Halifax in a merchant ship on his private concerns.

*London, April 11.* On Wednesday evening, as a young man, who worked as a hat-dyer at Messrs. Warne's, in Gravel-lane in the borough, was attending to the copper full of stuff in a boiling state, he plunged in by some accident up to his neck. He had strength enough to call out, his chin and head being above the liquor, and was got out in less than five minutes, and carried to St. Thomas's, Hospital, where he was attended by the house surgeons. On pulling off his clothes, part of his skin and flesh came off with them, he was so dreadfully scalded by the hot liquor. He was put to bed, and all the usual means of relief administered, but in vain: he expired in the most excruciating agonies at one o'clock yesterday morning. An inquisition was held at the hospital in the afternoon, when the jury found by their verdict that he was—*scalded to death by accident.*

*Edinburgh, April 14.* A murder was committed last week at Lochrutton-gate, near Dumfries, under circumstances exactly similar to that for which the canal labourer was lately executed at Warwick. A young woman named Robson informed her mother that she had an appointment to meet a man, named Hannah, by whom she was pregnant, and who had consented to marry her. She left her mother's home in the evening, and next day was found murdered in an adjoining field. From the evidence of two medical gentlemen who examined the body, it appeared that her death was caused by strangulation in the most violent manner. The left hand of the murderer held her hand-

kerchief behind, while with the fore finger and thumb of the right he pressed the sides of the windpipe together. The struggle must have been long and obstinate, as the grass and earth where the body was found had been considerably disturbed.—The fellow has been apprehended.

*London, April 16.* The following notice was given at the Custom-house this morning:—

Vessels under Pappenburgh colours are allowed to clear outward for any port in Holland or Sweden, upon security being given that they will return to Great Britain, and not violate the blockaded ports. Vessels under Kniphuzen colours are allowed to clear out without any restriction.

*Deal, April 18.* This morning about six o'clock the *Combātant* sloop, captain M'Kenzie, fell in, about two leagues from the S. Foreland, with a flag of truce from Calais, having some dispatches for the British government, which were delivered to capt. M. by a French officer. The *Combātant* immediately shaped her course for the Downs, where she is just arrived, and the dispatches are this instant forwarding by admiral Hollaway to lord Keith, at East Cliff lodge.—Quarter past 4, P. M.

*London, April 21.* The *Gazette* of Saturday contains an order in council for embargoing vessels belonging to persons residing in ports or places situated upon the rivers Elbe, Weser, and Ems, with the exception of Danes; and likewise establishing regulations respecting the delivering up of such goods, belonging to British subjects, on board such ships as have been laden in, or are coming consigned to, any ports of the United Kingdom. No property or freight-money, appearing to be due to the subjects of Prussia, or to persons residing in any ports or places situated on the Elbe, Weser, or Ems, respecting which proceedings are now depending, or may depend, in any of his majesty's Prize Courts, shall be restored; nor money decreed to be paid in consequence of any decree of the Court of Admiralty shall be paid to the persons above mentioned.



22. On Saturday morning, as Mr. Joseph West, of Salter's-hall passage, who had been in different parts of the country on business, in his gig, was returning, he stopped at St. Alban's, where he fell into conversation with a young man, dressed as a naval officer, at the inn, and continued in his company till he was about to resume his journey to London. When Mr. West had got into his gig, and was about to leave the town, he saw the young man walking, and asked him if he was going to town. He replied in the affirmative, and accepted Mr. West's invitation to take a ride with him. As they passed on the road, he talked of his knowledge of the families of the marquis of Salisbury, lord Melbourne, &c. which induced Mr. West to suppose him to be of a respectable family. He said he was going past Mr. West's door. When Mr. West got to his house, he asked his companion to walk in and take some refreshment. Mr. West shewed him into a room where he usually sits, and, as was customary with him on coming off a journey, emptied his pockets of his cash, notes, &c. into a drawer, and then left the room to wash himself. On his return he found, to his great surprise, his new companion was gone; and afterwards discovered he had made off with the late contents of his pockets, which he had put into the drawer, amounting to about 120*l.* and a new great coat and hat out of the passage.

## BIRTHS.

*March* 22. The right hon. lady Charlotte Drummond, of a son, at Bath.

27. At his house in Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of Samuel Bosanquet, jun. esq. of a son.

28. At Kedleston-hall, the right hon. lady Scarsdale, of a daughter.

*April* 1. At Barton-Seagrave, Northamptonshire, the hon. Mrs. Stopford, of a son.

8. In Dover-street, the lady of the hon. John Bridgeman Simpson, of a daughter.

9. At Walhampton, near Lymington, the lady of sir George Prescott, bart. of a daughter.

14. At Langley-hall, Berks, the lady of C. B. Long, esq. of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

*March* 19. At Sutton Cherry, Leicestershire, Mr. Brickwell, surgeon, at Harlow, Essex, to miss Eliza Smith, of Sutton.

22. At Dublin-castle, Dugan Campbell, esq. to miss Kingsley.

26. At Newington church, on Saturday last, A. D. Driver, jun. esq. of the Kent road, to miss Sarah Butler, eldest daughter of Dennis Butler, esq. of Surrey-square.

At the Abbey church, Bath, Walter Wilkins, jun. esq. of Marslough, Radnorshire, to the hon. Catherine Eliza Marianna Devereux, sister of viscount Hereford.

*April* 2. On Tuesday morning, John Sympson Jessopp, esq. of the Inner Temple, London, barrister at law, to miss Eliza Bridger Goodrich, daughter of the late Bridger Goodrich, esq. of the island of Bermuda.

On Thursday last, the rev. Herbert Randolph, rector of Letcomb-Basset, Berks, and vicar of Chute, Wilts, to miss Jane Wilson, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Wilson, esq. of Great Russel-street.

7. At the parish-church of Chiswick, Henry Hobhouse, esq. of Hadsden-house, Somerset, to miss Harriet Turton, sixth daughter of John Turton, esq. of Turnham Green, Middlesex.

8. The rev. T. Barrow, late fellow of King's college, Cambridge, to miss Reed, of Milding-hall, near Lavenham, Suffolk.

10. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, by the rev. Philip Fisher, D. D. master of the Charter-house, Ralph Bernal, esq. of Fitzroy-square, to miss Ann Elizabeth White, only daughter of Richard Samuel White, esq. of New Ormond-street, Queen-square.

11. At St. George's, Hanover-square, sir Stephen Richard Glynne, bart. of Harwarden castle, Flintshire, to the hon. miss Mary Neville, second daughter of lord Braybrook.

12. At Mary-la-bonne church, major Gore Ouseley, of Baker-street, to miss Whitelocke, eldest daughter of lieutenant. Whitelocke.



*April 14.* At St. George's, Hanover-square; George Henry Crutchley, esq. of Sunning-Hill park, in the county of Berks, to miss Burrell, daughter of the late sir William Burrell, bart.

16. At St. Mary Magdalen's church, Lincoln, by the rev. sir C. Anderson, bart. John Plomer Clarke, esq. of Welton-place, Northamptonshire, to Anna Maria Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late sir John, and sister to sir Henry Nelthorpe, bart. of Scawby, Lincolnshire.

17. At St. James's church, by the rev. Mr. Anson (brother to lord Anson), capt. Digby, of the royal navy, to viscountess Andover, daughter of Thos. Coke, esq. of Norfolk, M. P. Her ladyship looked extremely well, and wore a most superb point lace, which reached almost to her feet. The hon. miss Dutton, her ladyship's cousin, and miss Blackwell, were bridesmaids. Lord and lady Anson, lady Sherborne, lady Hunloke, Mrs. Sidney, the two miss Hunlokes, and Thomas Coke, esq. were present. At twelve o'clock, the newly-married pair left town for Bishops' Downs, Tunbridge-Wells.

### DEATHS.

*March 17.* At his house, Inettisham lodge, in Norfolk, Thomas Daniel, esq. attorney general of the island of Dominica.

At Old Park, near Devizes, Wilts, Mr. Stanton Eldridge, aged 24, son of W. Eldridge, esq. of Abingdon, Berks.

24. At his house in Stamford-street, Blackfriars, the lady of John Rennie, esq.

28. At Bodney-hall, in the county of Norfolk, madame Elizabeth De Levis De Mirepoix, aged 79. From the storm of the French revolution, the Benedictine Convent, (of which she had been a member 31 years, and superior 22), sought shelter in England, and found an asylum in the above county, where, for the last 15 years, the nuns resided.

29. At Bath, sir John Honeywood, bart. M. P. for Honiton.

30. At Devonshire-house, in the 49th year of her age, her grace the duchess of Devonshire. Her grace was

daughter to the late earl Spencer, and sister to the present countess of Besborough. She was born on the 7th of June 1757, and was married to the present duke June 5th, 1774.

31. In the 69th year of his age, George Macartney, earl, viscount, and baron Macartney. He was created a baron July 10, 1776, a viscount August 8, 1798, and earl March 5, 1794, of the kingdom of Ireland; and a baron of Great Britain; May 28, 1796, by the title of baron Macartney, of Parkgate in Surrey, and of Auchinleck, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright; and was a knight of the bath. His lordship married, in 1768, Jane, daughter of the earl of Bute; but has no issue. The title is therefore extinct.

*April 1.* At their house in Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, the lady of Samuel M'Morris, esq. in the 28th year of her age.

3. At Cheshunt, Herts, Robert Mawley, esq. aged 80 years.

4. In the 62d year of his age, Charles Perico, esq. of Duke-street, Grosvenor-square.

At North-end, Fulham, John Scott, esq. in the 85th year of his age.

5. At Edinburgh, colonel James Francis Erskine.

6. At Bath, Mrs. Hanbury Williams, wife of John Hanbury Williams, esq. and eldest daughter of the late Thomas Jones, esq. of Croft-castle, Herefordshire.

After a long illness, at her house on Clapham common, in the 69th year of her age, Mrs. Davenport, relict of John Davenport, esq. late of the same place.

7. At Masham, in Yorkshire, Sam. Wrather, esq. at the advanced age of 89.

After a lingering illness, Mr. John Goss West, of Bucclersbury.

Mr. Jacob Amedroz, of Meard-street, Soho.

At the residence of her daughter, Camberwell-grove, Surrey, the much-lamented Mrs. Newman, in the 80th year of her age.

Martin Robert Blackall, son of captain Robert Blackall, of Russel-square.

At Newlands, captain John Whitby, of the royal navy.



# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For MAY, 1806.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :*

- 1 BOTANY, Plate IX.
- 2 ZOPIRA and ALMOZIN.
- 3 LONDON FASHIONABLE MORNING and FULL DRESSES, elegantly coloured.
- 4 New and elegant PATTERN for a SHIRT.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row ;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE continuation of the *Fair Penitent* shall certainly appear in our next.

The *Portrait, or Incidents in my own Life*, shall likewise be begun in our next.

W. M. T. will see that we have inserted her *Sonnets*.—We shall esteem ourselves honoured by further communications from the same ingenious pen.

We should be glad to hear from A. P. on the subject he so long ago promised.

Miss *Yeams's* pieces are not forgotten.

The *Character of Henry Hastings* has been inserted long ago in a great variety of Magazines and other collections.

*Nervad*, an Eastern History, shall appear in our next Number.

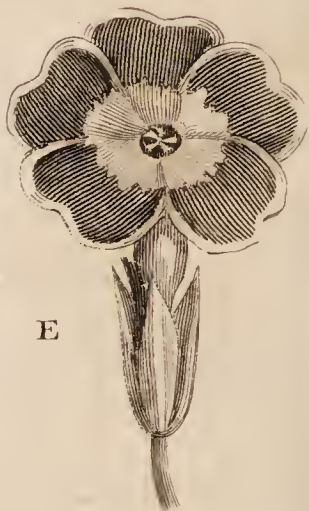
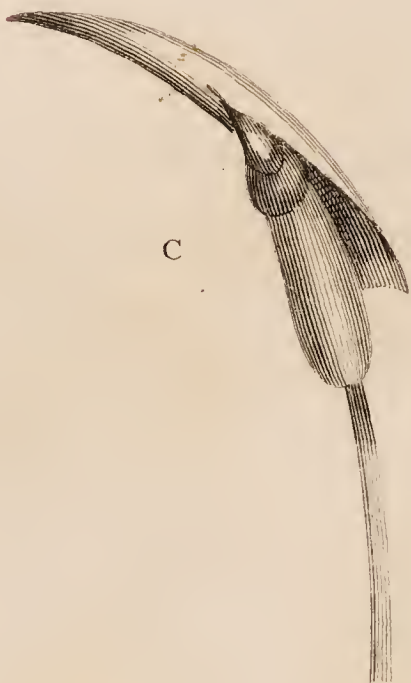
The *View of Love* requires revision.

S. Y's. Lines on viewing the Village of my Nativity by Moonlight in our next.











## LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For MAY, 1806.

## BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

## SIXTH LESSON.

THERE are other plants, which botanists have chosen to give a peculiar distinguishing appellation to their calyxes. Thus,

The grasses are a natural tribe, which bear flowers protected by a calyx, forming the third species, called a **GLUME**, from *Gluma*, Latin, an husk. This is *proper* when it involves but one flower, and *common* when it protects two or more flowers. It is often furnished with an *arista*, called, in common English, the *beard*. *Arista* is from *aresco*, Latin, to wither, as being the first dry. Pl. 9. a.

These husks are not called *leaves*, but *valves*.

The female botanist will indulge a smile at the derivations of our learned terms, when she is informed, that *valve* is from the Latin word *valva*, a door, which this part is thought *somehow* to resemble.

Another tribe of plants have received likewise this distinguishing honour. These have a number of small flowers on a string-like receptacle, which hangs down and curls;

hence the whole is called, in common English, a *cat's-tail*, and by botanists an *ament*.

The word *ament* is derived from the Latin *amentum*, a thong.

This term is also made use of to express the calyx belonging to such inflorescence. It makes the fourth species.

**AMENT**, *chaffy scales* attached to each flower, arranged on a slender thread, which is also called an *ament*. Pl. 9. b.

Mosses are another natural tribe, and a part of its fructification has been honoured by a peculiar appellation, **CALYPTRA**, the covering of mosses, according to Linnæus, protecting the anther, but according to the moderns, a loose hood guarding the pericarp. Pl. 9. c.

This is derived from the same root, which produced the term calyx: namely, *kalupto*, a Greek word, to conceal, protect, cover. It forms the fifth species.

Fungi, or mushrooms, are another natural family; and they have on their pillar, or stem, very often a kind of fringe, which botanists



call *VOLVA*, the membranous calyx of a fungus. Pl. 9. d.

This word is derived from *volvere*, to surround, and makes the sixth kind.

And, lastly, whatever does not fall under the above six considerations, is called *PERIANTH*, a calyx contiguous to the other parts of the fructification. Linnæus elsewhere styles it, 'approximate to the corolla.' Pl. 9. e.

The derivation expresses its definition from *peri*, Greek, about, near, or surrounding, *anthos*, the flower.

This produces the seventh species, and the most common.

ACCOUNT of the NEW TRAGEDY called '*EDGAR*, or *CALEDONIAN FEUDS*;' represented for the first Time (for the Benefit of Miss Smith) at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Friday, May 9.

THE characters were thus represented:

Edgar,	-	-	Miss Smith.
Baron,	-	-	Mr. Pope.
Osbert,	-	-	Mr. H. Johnston.
Malcolm,	-	-	Mr. Chapman.
Morton,	-	-	Mr. Creswell.
Count Zulmio,	-	-	M. Claremont.
Officer,	-	-	M. Klanert.
Soldiers, Attendants, &c.			
Emma,	-	-	Miss Brunton.
Countess,	-	-	Mrs. Humphries.
Matilda,	-	-	Mrs. H. Johnston.

#### THE FABLE.

*Osbert*, the young earl of Morven, resolving to avenge the death of his father, who had been treacherously murdered by *Malcolm*, a neighbouring chieftain, is taken prisoner in the attempt, together with *Edgar*, a young peasant, whose gallantry had attached the earl to him. *Edgar* escapes from his dungeon, and in

his passage through the vaults discovers the rightful baron of Glendore, the brother of *Malcolm*, by whom he had been confined, and reported dead. They quit the castle of Glendore together, and arrive at Morven castle, where they find the countess and *Matilda* overwhelmed with grief. While they are consulting with him on the means of liberating *Osbert*, a herald arrives from Glendore, with a note, informing the countess that *Malcolm* will spare the life of her son on no other terms than receiving the hand of *Matilda*, who, after a severe conflict, nobly consents to sacrifice herself to redeem her brother. *Edgar*, who is tenderly attached to her, endeavours to dissuade her from becoming the wife of her father's murderer, and, in a fit of despair, vows either to destroy *Malcolm* or perish. The attempt is however rendered unnecessary by *Osbert's* entrance, whose escape had been facilitated by *Emma*, the daughter of the rightful baron, who, like her father, was imprisoned in Glendore castle. *Osbert*, discovering the attachment between his sister and *Edgar*, harshly upbraids him with ingratitude; and he indignantly quits Morven castle, which greatly distresses the baron, who is warmly attached to his deliverer. *Osbert* having challenged *Malcolm* to single combat, is waylaid by him, and his party overpowered by superior numbers. At the moment *Malcolm* is prepared to kill him, *Edgar* enters with a party of soldiers, rescues him, and retires unseen. *Malcolm* falls by *Osbert's* hand, but ere he dies reveals to *Emma* that she had a brother whom *Morton* had disposed of, but could not tell how. *Matilda* is carried off by *Count Zulmio*, a noble Sicilian, who was shipwrecked, and hospitably received into Morven castle. Taking refuge



In a ruined abbey from a violent storm of thunder and lightning, they are discovered by *Edgar*, who flies to the ruins for shelter, and happily rescues his beloved *Matilda*. *Osbert*, who had pursued the ruffians, entering at the moment, suspects *Edgar*, and attacks him. *Matilda* throws herself between their swords; and *Zulmio*, touched with remorse, discovers himself, and acquits *Edgar*, to whom *Osbert* is reconciled. *Edgar* is proved by *Morton* to be the son of the *Baron*, and the piece concludes with the union of *Edgar* and *Matilda*, and *Osbert* and *Emma*.

This tragedy is the production of Mr. Manners, who has more than once contributed, *incognito*, to the entertainment of the town. The fable on which it is founded comprehends a number of events, interesting and natural. The tender endearments of family affection are touched with delicacy and feeling. Vice is severely scourged, and the cause of virtue maintained, in the strong dictates of energy and truth. The incidents rise in succession, without confusion or improbability; and the versification is lofty, nervous, and impressive. Many of the sentiments breathe a fervour and pathos not unworthy the most favourite offspring of *Melpomene*. The following thought, though perhaps not strictly original, was loudly applauded, for the energetic language in which it was clothed—

‘Tis not the *birth* but *actions* of a man  
That stamp with dignity, or brand with  
shame.

In several scenes a striking similarity may be traced with ‘*Douglas* ;’ but it is the spirited imitation of genius, not the dull copy of tame servility.

The tragedy was throughout very generally and very loudly welcomed.

Miss Smith performed *Edgar* with considerable effect—H. Johnston, in *Osbert*, was uncommonly animated and judicious—Pope, in the old laird or baron of *Glendore*, was very interesting—Chapman displayed abilities which should be more frequently called into action—Mrs. H. Johnston, and Miss Brunton acted with taste, and looked bewitchingly; the former lady displayed much energy and tenderness.

The Prologue and Epilogue had much merit. The former was very well spoken by Brunton, and the latter was graced by the best efforts of Miss Smith.

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## ON THE LANGUAGE OF SIGNS.

WHAT is exhibited to our eyes, says an ancient author, affects us very differently from what we hear.—This maxim is generally true. On certain occasions, the language of signs, which speaks to the imagination, is more energetic than any other.

Alexander, while prosecuting his conquests, opened and read some letters. Hæphestion, his favourite, took the liberty to look over his shoulder, and read at the same time. The king finding they contained intelligence of importance, which required the greatest secrecy, drew his ring from his finger, and put it on the lips of his friend. This action shews at once the magnanimity and acuteness of mind of that conqueror.

When Pericles commanded the Athenian fleet there was an eclipse of the sun, which spread a general alarm; and the man at the helm of his ship appeared to be greatly agitated. The Athenian admiral, instead of employing any prolix reasoning,



took his cloak, and throwing it over his eyes, asked him if he thought that foreboded any terrible misfortune. — ‘Certainly not!’ said the pilot. — ‘Yet,’ said Pericles, ‘this is an eclipse to you, and is different from the other only because the moon, being bigger than my cloak, hides the sun from the sight of a greater number of persons.’ — This explanation, in clearness and precision, cannot be surpassed by any of the astronomers.

In the early times of the Roman republic, an enfranchised slave who industriously cultivated a small field which his master had bequeathed him, reaped a larger harvest than his neighbours, though their lands were much more extensive. They envied his good fortune, and accused him of sorcery. He was cited before the assembly of the people to answer for this crime. He came, accompanied by his daughter, a healthy and stout country wench; and brought with him, at the same time, his oxen, which were well-fed and strong; and his ploughs, harrows, and other instruments of labour, which were all in excellent order. Then turning to his judges: ‘Romans,’ said he, ‘this is my sorcery; these are my charms. There are, however, some which I cannot produce to you in this manner. These are my continual labour, my careful watchings, and the sweat of my brow.’ He was acquitted with one voice, and amply avenged of his envious neighbours by the applauses he received.

Modern history furnishes fewer examples of the energy of the language of signs. It is not, however, entirely without them. Among the number is that of the famous cardinal Ximenes. When persecuted by the importunate remonstrances of the states of Castille, who asserted that they were free, and demanded that he should shew his

right and title to govern them; he took them to the window, and, as his answer, shewed them several regiments drawn up as in order of battle.

In like manner the great Albuquerque, when summoned by the sophi of Persia to pay tribute for the city of Ormus, of which he had taken possession, ordered a large bason to be brought him, which was full of bullets, grenadoes, sword-blades, and the heads of lances and pikes. Then turning to the envoy of the sophi, said to him haughtily, ‘Go and carry this present to the king your master, and tell him that it is in such coin that the kings of Portugal pay tribute to those who demand it of them.’

Such was also the answer of a stadtholder. Sigismond, king of Poland, had sent an ambassador to the states-general, to persuade them to submit to Spain, during the war by which they obtained their independence. The envoy, in order to obtain the object of his mission, insisted somewhat more than was proper on the impossibility of the United Provinces resisting so warlike, enterprizing, and formidable a power as Spain. The stadtholder heard him with patience; and when he left the assembly led him into a hall, where he shewed him a prodigious number of standards and colours that had been taken from the Spaniards by the troops of the new republic.

These three examples have a character of resemblance; we will conclude by one of another kind. The manner in which a wife signified to her husband, uncertain of his fate, that he was condemned to death, is one of those representations, to the energy of which oral language cannot approach. She went with her child in her arms into a field, where she could be seen







*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*Lopira and Almozin.*



by her husband from the tower in which he was confined. After having fixed her eyes for some time on the tower, she laid her child down at her feet, and sprinkled earth over it in the form of a cross. Her husband understood the sign, and died voluntarily, by refusing to take nourishment.

J. D.

## ZOPIRA AND ALMOZIN.

A TALE.

(*With an elegant Engraving.*)

ZOPIRA was the daughter of a wealthy Greek merchant, who resided at Aleppo. She was equally distinguished by the beauty of her person, and the generous and elevated sentiments of her heart. Whoever viewed her felt at once the ardent emotions of love, attempered and repressed by admiration and reverence; and whoever had the fortune to see and converse with her, frequently found that admiration and respect continually increase.

It chanced one morning as she was walking in a grove adjoining to the gardens of her father, as was her custom, to enjoy the freshness of early day, that Almozin, a rich and powerful aga, or Turkish lord, in that vicinity, was going out with his attendant to take the amusement of shooting. Almozin met Zopira, and gazed on her with astonishment. She appeared to him as some divinity, who had descended from heaven to bless the earth, and astonish mortals with her beauty. He dropped on his knee before her, to do homage to her matchless charms; and as he had long been addicted to, and was well versed in, all the arts of intrigue, he instantly addressed her in the language of

amorous rapture, and declared the passion with which she had so suddenly inspired him in the most ardent manner. Zopira saw and heard him with the utmost surprise. 'An address so abrupt,' said she, 'may astonish, but cannot conciliate affection.' 'Pardon me,' replied Almozin; 'if I neglect this precious moment, this golden opportunity, another similar may never present itself. Deign to favour me with one encouraging glance, one enrapturing smile, and I will find means to proceed in a more regular manner; and if wealth or power have any attractions for you, you will not, perhaps, have cause to repent your condescension.' 'Wealth and power,' answered Zopira, 'have no very great attractions in my estimation; and one encouraging glance would be infidelity to him to whom my heart is devoted, for I will not scruple to avow that it is so devoted: and my honour dictates, that it is my duty to be as faithful to him as if we were united by the solemn nuptial tie.'—Thus saying, she made a slight obeisance, and suddenly retiring into her father's garden, closed the door, and disappeared.

Almozin, though not a little piqued at her abrupt departure, found the effect which her wonderful beauty had produced upon him was augmented and not diminished by it. She became the sole object of his thoughts; and he had recourse to the agents he had frequently before employed in his intrigues to make discoveries concerning her. They soon brought him information who she was, with a full account of the profession, property, and character, of her father. But what appeared to Almozin the most interesting part of their intelligence was, that some intrigue was carried on, and most probably by her, in the house in which she re-



sided; for that almost every evening a young Turk, who appeared to be in disguise, was admitted privately, and with great precaution, at the garden door by which Zopira had withdrawn when she was first seen by him. He now entertained no doubt that this was the person to whom Zopira had devoted her heart, for that it was devoted she had confessed; and what she had said of honour and the nuptial tie appeared to him to afford reason to believe that she was engaged in a licentious and clandestine amour. If, therefore, he could remove the present fortunate possessor of her favours, his experience with respect to women of such a character told him, that, by employing his usual arts, he would have a very probable chance to succeed him in her illegitimate and fickle affections.

He now, therefore, caused every enquiry to be made concerning the person who had been observed to carry on this clandestine intercourse by the garden door; but nothing could be discovered concerning him. Conceiving therefore that he could only be some obscure person, he resolved to strike a bold stroke. He ordered a number of his emissaries to station themselves in ambush near the door, and when the young intriguer came to seize him, and hurry him away to Scanderoon, where they were to force him on board a ship bound to Constantinople, the master of which Almozin had previously engaged to take charge of him, and deliver him into the custody of such persons as would take sufficient care to prevent him from soon returning to that part of Asia to disturb his rival in the prosecution of his amour.

The banditti employed by Almozin punctually executed his orders. But what was their surprize when they had conveyed their prisoner

to the ship on board of which they were directed to deliver him, to find the master of the vessel not only refuse to take charge of him, but address him with the utmost respect and homage, because he recognised him to be the son of the pasha of Aleppo.—For it is here to be observed, that though an intrigue was really carried on by this young Turkish libertine, in the house of Zopira's father, it was not with Zopira, but with her sister, a lady of a very different character, as well as possessing very inferior charms, compared with Zopira. By means of her female attendant, she had contrived to carry on this infamous intercourse with the son of the pasha, without the knowledge of either Zopira or her father. The real lover of Zopira was a young Greek, who, having commercial connexions with her father, had escaped the observation of the spies of Almozin, whose whole attention was fixed on the intrigue which they had discovered.

The pasha of Aleppo, who had not hesitated to commit many acts of injustice and rapine to fill his coffers, did not neglect to avail himself of the violent attack made on the person of his son to seize, with a greater appearance of justice than usually attended his accumulations, the estates of Almozin, who was banished to an island in the Archipelago. Zopira, thus freed from his persecutions, was soon after married to the amiable and virtuous Greek on whom she had bestowed her heart, while her sister went into the haram of her licentious lover.

Thus do the artifices and machinations of the vicious not unfrequently recoil on those who contrive and practise them, and only tend to promote the advantage and happiness of the virtuous against whom they have been directed.



THE

ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

(Continued from p. 192.)

CHAP. LXII.

IT would be tedious to enumerate the days of misery Viola passed in this dreadful prison, since they were all alike wretched. Don Manuel returned to the castle, under the influence of his good propensities, and was shocked, was grieved to find the idol of his affections in such a place. Too quickly, however, these amiable feelings vanished, and Viola, in addition to her other calamities, had to suffer daily, nay almost hourly, the insulting declarations of Ambrosio's unsubdued passion for her. But her heart was the temple where purity had enshrined itself; and there is something so hallowed in dignified virtue, that the profligate Manuel dared to offer no further insult to the captive duchessa, than the perpetual avowal of his unconquerable attachment to her.

At length the hour for Viola's confinement drew near. In prison, and such a prison! torn from her husband, all her friends! without consolation, without one female near her! Was that moment to arrive..... She wept; she shuddered, but resolved, for the sake of her child, to bear all with firmness. But the attachment of Don Manuel meliorated all that was in his power of the forlornness of her situation; every thing that wealth could obtain was procured for her; every thing which affection could suggest, for comfort and for safety, he had provided, and a respectable woman, released from amongst the dungeon captives, to wait upon and

nurse her. The moment which Viola almost hoped would terminate her existence at last arrived; and in five months after she had been inhumanly trepanned from happiness and her husband's protection was her daughter born, whom Francisco baptised by the name of Matilda, after Lorenzo's respected grandmother, the late duchessa di Manfredonia.

The apartments allotted to the ill-fated Viola were those afterwards inhabited by her husband and her son. In them Francisco often visited her; when she taught his heart to feel the highest touches of pity and admiration it was capable of conceiving; and had she confided in him, it is probable, in defiance of his attachment to Elfridii he would have restored her to her husband. But still feeding upon the hope of her letter and Bernardo's testimony clearing her fame and constancy to Lorenzo, and of his consequent researches tracing her to her dreadful prison, she forbore, from motives of pride and delicacy, to announce herself to the few persons she was allowed to see in the castle; while, on the other hand, her deadly foes, for their own safety, were careful to conceal her real rank, and she was simply known in the castle as 'the widow of a Sicilian gentleman killed by Polydore in a duel—and she being the only witness, it was necessary, for his security, to keep her in secret confinement.'

Elfridii two or three times visited the Pyrenean castle, for the diabolical satisfaction of increasing the mental anguish of this hapless victim of his insatiate vengeance, by obliging her to hear and read letters from the unfortunate Lorenzo to him, by which she had the misery of finding that, although her husband still remembered her with



tenderness, he believed her the child of frailty; and his letters were so indicative of hopeless woe, of agonised despondence, that in despite of her indignation, her scorn of Elfridii, she would condescend to kneel at his feet, and sue with all that melting eloquence humanity would have found resistless, to Elfridii, 'to restore the peace of her Lorenzo, of his patron, his friend.' But all she ever obtained by this humiliation was to hear him, with the ruthless exultation of a fiend, 'glory in the triumph of his plots of vengeance, take to himself the credit of her degradation, and assure her his deadly hate and persecutions would never terminate, until her fame should be considered infamous through the world, her name the scorn and scourge of her husband and her son, and until her Lorenzo's happiness was blasted in every shape that vengeance and malice could devise.'

At length, one day, with barbarous exultation, Elfridii put a letter into Viola's hands that struck on her heart the final blow to peace, to every wish for life: it was from her husband, and in it was mentioned his intended marriage with Elvira. The wretched duchessa fell to the ground in a swoon, and, when respiration returned, perception seemed no longer to be hers. For several hours she appeared insensible to all her miseries. At length the gentle pressure of her infant's fingers twined round one of hers recalled her suspended faculties—her child was folded in her arms. But she looked beyond this world for comfort; in this there was not now left a hope for her to rest upon.

Miserable as the preceding letters of Lorenzo had made her, she still felt a kind of forlorn consolation in perusing them. To see her name traced, although with the attendance

of every possible humiliation, by her Lorenzo; to press to her heart, her lips, the paper he had touched; and to know that, even believed unworthy, still she was beloved by the lord of her affections, gave some sad comfort to her breaking heart. But even that sad comfort was torn by the ruthless hand of cruelty away. For Lorenzo's second marriage she was not prepared; and that marriage too with Elvira, the fiend who had so ably aided in her destruction, annihilated every feeling, but those of horror and dismay—until the idea of Bernardo's failing in his attempt to clear her fame, and that Lorenzo had refused to hear him, and had so far forgotten his once loved Viola, in one short year, as to think of a successor, awakened her thoughts to every pang of grief that wounded love and pride could give. She knew too, by this second marriage, he had been led to believe her dead; and thus every hope of his seeking her was cut off for ever, and with it every prospect for her child, her Matilda, who was thus rent from honourable society, her father's love, his name, his protection, even his knowledge of her existence:—and when she was laid in that grave where mental anguish fast was hurrying her, what would be this hapless alien's fate; who would rear her in the path of virtue? Purity recoiled from the dreadful prospect which lay before her child; the mother shuddered, and, to save her daughter from eternal destruction, fervently prayed to Heaven that her own miserable existence might be prolonged.

As the hope of ever being restored to fame and to her husband was now no more, Viola determined to confide her hapless story, her rank, and name, to Francisco, and to implore his protection for her child. That consolation however was de-



nied her, Francisco being at that period called to Madrid upon inquisitorial business; and Don Manuel too was absent when the last fell blow was given to the devoted duchessa's happiness. But he returned shortly after: when the female captive who still attended her, informed him of some new calamity having befallen her lady in his absence, of her subsequent illness, and piteous melancholy. The heart of Don Manuel was at that moment accessible to humanity, and he was shocked and grieved at the intelligence; and wishing to behold Viola, unseen by her, to observe from her appearance what fears were to be entertained for her health, the attendant Leonora placed him in the apartments of the duchessa in a situation advantageous to his design.

The infant Matilda was then in the arms of her mother, whose maternal feelings at that moment had conquered every other. She was singing her child to sleep. Her voice, whether in speaking or singing, was gifted with the power of fascination: it sounded now so piteous, but so low, as if she feared the pathos of her notes should seem like murmurs at the decrees of Providence. Her whole appearance was so touching, so indicative of silent, uncomplaining, deep-felt woe, that Don Manuel was subdued, and, starting from his place of concealment, fell at her feet, 'implored forgiveness for all the sorrows he had ever caused her, and, solemnly pledging himself to restore her to fame and happiness, even at the peril of his own life and that of his associates, assured her that at the dawn of the succeeding day he would set sail for Italy, see the duca di Manfredonia, clear her immaculate fame, and prove his accusations of the perfidy of her enemies true, even before the tribunal of the Inquisition.'

For herself, the duchessa would have rejected even fame and happiness from the murderer of her father; but affection for her child prompted her gratefully to accept his promises, which he generously forbore to tell her teemed with such imminent danger to himself. He offered now to take her and Matilda with him to Manfredonia. But to this proposition the purity of the duchessa started insuperable objections: her pride of conscious virtue led her to wish to be emancipated from her dreadful captivity by her husband, or his agents; and to return with the very man with whom her fame had been blasted, was incompatible with every precept of prudence, with every feeling of delicacy. Don Manuel therefore determined to go without her; and only that this expedition required to be immediately undertaken, if possible to prevent the nuptials of Lorenzo, he would have postponed his intended departure until the return of Francisco from Madrid, that he might leave Viola under his protection.

For the success of his generous project, Don Manuel knew it would be necessary to conceal his intentions from all his associates, to whom it threatened danger the most formidable; and although Don Manuel knew the performance of his design would be at the peril of his own safety as well as theirs, so much did he, at that moment, prize the restoration of Viola's happiness, that he would have thought it cheaply purchased with his own life and those of half mankind. Orders for his voyage he therefore issued, as if for some piratical enterprise, and even to his friend Garcias he invented a delusive tale, as a reason for his intended precipitate departure. But wary as the subtle Manuel thought himself, the more



subtile Elfridii cruelly proved the frustration of his generous purpose. More deeply initiated in the secrets of the castle than any other of the community, it was in Elfridii's power to wander over it, an invisible spy, at pleasure; and in one of those unseen rambles he overheard the conference in which Don Manuel promised to restore Viola to fame and to her husband, and hastily communicated this important discovery to his two vile associates, Garcias and Polydore. The victim of their malice was about to be snatched from their power, and not only their lives, but those of the whole community, sacrificed without scruple for the happiness of an individual whom they all three hated. They dared not openly oppose Don Manuel, who lived in the hearts of his men; and if they exasperated him, they knew he could quickly find means of vengeance: they had therefore only to provide for their own safety by rendering his design fruitless, and to destroy suspicion by dissimulation equal to his own.

Among the wretches devoted to Garcias, was one more diabolical, more sanguinary, than any assassin in the whole fraternity; and so much more cruel, more ferocious, was he deemed than all the rest, that even his companions gave him the appropriate name of Sanguinario. This wretch, who had aided Leopold in the murder of the archbishop of Montreal; this wretch, who had, while in the service of the marchese of Palermo, met with a dreadful accident, at which time the humanity of Viola led her to show him the most touching kindness—kindness that did touch his heart, for Viola was the only person upon earth he had ever felt a particle of philanthropy towards; this wretch was fixed upon as the perpetrator of their atrocious pur-

pose. It was agreed upon by these dæmons of iniquity, that while Leonora was taking her supper, that night, Sanguinario should enter through a private door, the secret of which Elfridii was to teach him, into the duchessa's apartments, and there murder the unsuspecting Viola and her child—and, after the barbarous deed was effected, so to dispose of the poniard, as to make the horrid catastrophe appear the work of her own distempered hand: and better to colour this supposition, conte Vicenza, an adept in the art of forgery, wrote a few unconnected lines, in imitation of the duchessa's writing, addressed to Don Manuel, and highly expressive of mental derangement.

At the usual hour Leonora retired to her supper, and as usual the lovely duchessa was the sole nurse, and tender guard of her Matilda, who lay sleeping in her bed, unconscious of her inestimable mother's approaching fate—Viola kneeling by the side of her babe, exactly in that employment in which a Christian would wish to die. She was at prayers when the ruthless Sanguinario entered the room, unseen, unheard, by his pious victim, into whose beauteous bosom he plunged the weapon of unmerited vengeance. The lamp, which lay upon a table near, at that dreadful moment emitted a brightened ray: it gleamed upon the face of Viola. Sanguinario now beheld her celestial countenance, and for the first time knew who the victim was he had been ordered to immolate. The fatal blow recoiled upon his hitherto callous heart, and defeated the further progress of his murderous mission. Dashing the reeking poniard from his trembling hand, he frantically retreated. So shaken, so conscious-struck, his senses fled, never to return, and left him that miserable



wretch the dismayed Victoria beheld in the cavern.

With her death-blow Viola received the conviction of the cruel hand which ultimately directed it; and trembling for the safety of her child, she snatched it from the bed; and although feeling the stream of life fast issuing from her bosom, she took the lamp into the library, where she placed it to light her as with faltering steps she measured her way to the parlour, where she conjectured Don Manuel then was. With the convulsive hand of death she opened the room-door, where sat Don Manuel with her three murderers, Elfridii, Polydore, and Garcias.—She staggered towards the petrified Ambrosio, put her child into his arms, with a supplicating look that conveyed more than language could have expressed, then instantly sunk at his feet, and closed her beauteous eyes for ever.

#### CHAP. LXIII.

It is far easier for our feeling reader to conceive, than the feeble historian to pourtray, the sensations of Don Manuel at this dreadful moment. But long he was not left to contend with mental agony. Viola had scarcely breathed her last sigh, when he fell senseless by the side of this his heart's idol.

The screaming infant was saved from falling by the youth Diego, who was in waiting, and conveyed by him to Leonora; while the beauteous corse of the murdered innocent was borne to her own chamber. The fit of Don Manuel continued so long, it alarmed the castle surgeons; and when recovered from it he was found to be in a strong delirium. Grief and horror brought on a phrensy fever, which raged for several weeks, and then left him so weak, so low, that for some weeks more the most serious alarms were entertained for his

safety. At length he shook off indisposition, but never the dreadful impression of Viola's death.

During the deprivation of Don Manuel's reason, the fiends of cruelty had time to arrange for their own security, and for their further progress in villany. Francisco returned to the castle the day succeeding the perpetration of this most horrible murder, which was proved to him by the crafty Elfridii as the fatal work of her own distempered hand. The fastidious Francisco, who in so many instances gave such latitude to his own conscience, now refused to the butchered manes of the virtuous Viola its last sad rite in consecrated ground. Her body, therefore, was deposited in a vault belonging to the castle, pointed out by the vile Elfridii, so guarded by impervious secrets, so surrounded by dangerous passes, he dared to hope the eye of detection could never penetrate to the hidden spot.

As the state Don Manuel was then reduced to rendered the murder of Matilda no longer necessary, she was allowed to live. To Francisco's care she was confided by Elfridii, who made it appear so clearly to the monk, her concealment from Don Manuel being absolutely essential to the general safety, that Francisco readily promised to secrete her for ever from Don Manuel's knowledge, and to fabricate a story of her death—lest, while under the influence of grief for her mother's fate, he should follow the dictates of his impetuous feelings, and, by restoring the infant to her father, bring inevitable destruction upon the whole community.

Every thing being now arranged to their satisfaction, Polydore and Elfridii returned to Italy, to proceed in their villanous co-operations. It was reported that Matilda expired in convulsions for want of that nourishment her mother had cherished her



with, and Leonora was in the dead of night conveyed back to her dungeon by the inhuman Garcias. Death in such various forms so frequently visited the castle, that in a very few days after the murder of Viola, and the supposed death of her child, they ceased even to be mentioned, except as the cause of Don Manuel's dreadful illness; and no one ever took the trouble of doubting the plausible story of the infant's exit, who was secretly conveyed by Francisco to a neighbouring convent, the sanctified sisterhood of which were much in his power, and therefore devoted to him; and in this monastery, as an unknown orphan, was the poor alienated lady Matilda di Treviso reared.

When Don Manuel recovered his reason, and was made to believe Viola had fallen by her own hand, and that her child also was no more, he no longer thought of sacrificing himself and associates to clear the fame of her who existed not to benefit by it. And now we must beg leave to conduct our patient readers back to Italy, there to learn the progress of events necessary for them to become acquainted with.

When the unfortunate duca di Manfredonia reached the castle of Palino, and imparted to his friends there the dreadful suspicions which had been forced into his ingenuous mind, great and terrible was the shock he communicated to the affectionate hearts of the conte and contessa Ariosto; and the ardent Clementina, although then in a situation to render travelling dangerous to her, instantly proposed making an attempt to reach Manfredonia before the moment of her confinement. Firmly she believed the purity of Viola immaculate, and that all which had arisen to create suspicion was through the machinations of Ambrosio to blast that happiness he

envied. She doubted not being able to win every secret from the guileless bosom of Viola, and to clear away, by her personal investigation, every shadow which had fallen upon a fame she believed so spotless, that even the deposition of the pope himself to the contrary would have been by her disregarded. Her adoring husband shuddered at the idea of a journey at such a moment, but, dreading more from the tortures uncertainty and anxiety would inflict upon such an ardent mind, acceded to her proposal. Lorenzo, catching at once all that hope and confidence which glowed in the bosom of Clementina, saw happiness once more in view—though bitterly arraigning his own reprehensible and blind credulity, which had led him to suspect the affection of Viola.

Altidore, trembling for the safety of his adored wife, arranged for every necessary attendant to accompany her in this anxious journey. The infant Alphonso, then about a year old, was to remain at Palino; and the time appointed for their departure was just advanced within one short hour, when the artful villanous Elfridii, with haggard looks expressive of fatigue, consternation, grief, arrived, and, in a tone of well-acted distraction, demanding an instant and private audience of conte Ariosto, announced to him the elopement of Viola with Ambrosio.

This most horrible intelligence could not be concealed from the wretched husband or Clementina. To them therefore the feeling Altidore conveyed it with all the caution his tender affection for both inspired. But, gently as the blow was suffered to fall on them, it was in itself so direful, it almost annihilated them. In all the wild derangement of mental despair and anguish, Clementina affirmed her



cousin had been basely trepanned away by Ambrosio and Leopold, and raved of setting out instantly to seek her through every circle of the earth. A letter was now put into her hands from Elvira, enclosing one apparently from the fugitive, which, without the precaution of such an envelope, the watchful Altidore would not have allowed to reach her at such a moment. This atrocious forgery was to bid Clementina farewell for ever. So artfully had Polydore and Elvira composed it, no one could disbelieve its validity. Every line breathed the sentiments of a naturally pure mind, seduced by the insidious sophistry of a beloved deceiver; and every sentence it contained evinced the most agonising struggles between virtue and vice; and acknowledging that she had sacrificed every consideration for Don Ambrosio, she conjured Clementina to forget that she yet existed—but not to forsake her boy.

This epistle was a dreadful conviction Clementina had no means to doubt. It accelerated the birth of a still-born child, and for many days her own life was despaired of. At length she was pronounced out of danger. But that playful vivacity, so lately the delight of her husband and all around her, was fled never to return. The supposed lapse from virtue of that adored being she had believed purity's own child fell heavily upon her sensibility, and health and spirits bid her adieu for ever.

To pourtray the dismay, affliction, and despair of Lorenzo, the wretched husband, would be impossible. Woe's most corrosive darts plunged to the inmost recesses of his agonised heart. A letter similar to that prepared for Clementina was delivered to him, but with the dreadful addition of confessing, 'that she

was compelled to fly to prevent the birth of Ambrosio's child in the castle of Manfredonia;' and in all the maddening anguish of wounded love and pride Lorenzo returned to Manfredonia, to feed upon his misery, to weep over his deserted child, and alternately to curse and fondly cherish the remembrance of Viola.

After the fatal success of her diabolical confederacy, Elvira returned to Tuscany, high in the estimation of the wretched duca; her winning attention to his Orlando, her fascinating distress and delicacy of conduct upon the late unfortunate event, her amiable anxiety to save as much as possible the tarnished fame of the duchessa from virulent obloquy, all conspiring to raise her to a distinguished place in his estimation. This the wary Elfridii clearly saw; and as upon Lorenzo's humility he built his former success, so now, circumstances having awakened another auxiliary, he resolved to profit by it, and, under the banners of wounded pride, to lead Elvira on to conquest.

It was in a few months after the amiable ill-fated duchessa had been carried off from her husband's castle, that the emissaries of Elfridii, as if by chance, brought the intelligence to Manfredonia, of Viola having died in giving birth to a still-born son, at an obscure village in Gascony. Father Rinaldo was immediately dispatched thither, by the now almost distracted duca, to ascertain the fact. Elfridii had placed persons there to give the necessary testimony; and some remarkable trinkets, belonging to Viola, purloined for that purpose, were produced to the holy man, to substantiate the evidence. The grief, nay the despair of Lorenzo was now beyond all expectation, beyond all consolation. Had not the vice and perfidy of



Viola been proved incontrovertibly to him, he had been more resigned to her loss. But the Christian's comfort of meeting those they love in a better world was cut off from him; and the horrible agonising idea, that in despite of her crimes his still tenderly adored Viola had deprived herself of the bliss of Paradise, was an unremitting corroding venom that poisoned the very vitals of his peace. Manfredonia; and indeed all Naples, became obnoxious to him; and he fled to Palino, to seek the only consolation that now was left to him; the pleasing anguish of talking to Clementina of what Viola once had been, and mingling his bitter tears with hers.

In such a moment as this, none but Elfridii and Elvira would have thought of luring him into a second marriage; none but Elfridii and Elvira could have proved successful. Despair and grief had overthrown the firmness and powers of his mind; they worked upon his mortified pride and his humanity. Elvira assailed him with all her charms and blandishments. Elfridii, with every art that could promote his purpose, strove to persuade Lorenzo that the beautiful, the amiable, the accomplished Elvira, had for years past struggled with an unconquerable attachment to him; that upon his account she had refused many splendid alliances; and, lovely and fascinating as she was, she was still unmarried, because she could love none but Lorenzo. That to see Elvira his wife had been the first wish of conte Ariosto's heart; now every obstacle was removed, he panted for this alliance; yet, so great was his delicacy, he sedulously strove to hide those sentiments from all but him (Elfridii). Often Lorenzo seemed to listen to the subtle traitor, while every thought was fastened upon the memory of Viola. Often, the rhe-

toric of the wily fiend worked upon his feelings; and in one unfortunate moment, when his pride and pity were awakened to the highest pitch of animation, he acceded to the proposal of Elfridii for becoming the husband of Elvira.

When left by the artful Elfridii to his own reflexions, Lorenzo shuddered at what he had yielded to. It was then too late. Elfridii, fearing a countermand, had hastened to Elvira with the duca's proposal. Lorenzo's honour was now engaged; he could not recede; he strove to reconcile himself to the idea of this involuntary union; believing that his breaking heart would soon release him from sublunary misery, and that in Elvira he should leave a tender inestimable parent to his Orlando. Shuddering at the union, the duca di Manfredonia led lady Elvira to the altar: the recollection how different were his sensations when he plighted his vows to Viola struck dreadfully upon his heart, and twice he fainted ere the awful ceremony was concluded.

#### CHAP. LXIV.

HIGH as her specious sister-in-law stood in the estimation of the unsuspecting Clementina, she yet felt strongly averse to this union. In vain did Altidore strive to reconcile her to it, by reminding her that it was the only hope in existence for the restoration of his amiable friend's blasted happiness. Fervently she wished to see the re-establishment of Lorenzo's peace, but not by this means. She felt it a slight to the superior charms of her cousin, whose memory, though dreadfully tarnished, she still adored; and although she owned it was a weakness, she felt jealous and offended. Her affectionate and indulgent husband, perceiving how much the idea of



visiting Naples, or seeing Orlando at such a moment, pained her sensitive heart, declined for her and himself the pressing invitation of Lorenzo to accompany him and his bride to Manfredonia, where the dreadful knowledge of a new calamity awaited the wretched duca.

It was necessary for Polydore and Elvira's deep-laid scheme of villany that Orlando should be disposed of. Elfridii had no objection to the measure, resolving that the boy should live, as thereby he had the power to hold the rod of vengeance over the heads of his two confederates, should they prove ungrateful, which his own feelings taught him to believe was more than possible. Orlando's principal nurse was a creature of Elfridii's, whom he found no difficulty in bribing to take a part in the diabolical plot. She declared her young lord was sickening for the small-pox. Elfridii had taken care that the family physician should be out of the way when Fidato sent express for him. Another therefore was summoned whom Elfridii had sent into the neighbourhood, belonging to the predaceous society, and who pronounced the child to be in the small-pox of the most virulent kind. By his orders Orlando's chamber was darkened, and the anxious Rinaldo himself went off with a courier to Naples to summon all possible medical aid; but, before his return, Orlando, while under the influence of a soporific, was conveyed out of the castle, and a boy of his age and size, procured for the purpose, covered with pustules of the most malignant nature, was placed in his bed, and whom the physicians, on their arrival, declared to be in imminent danger. The event proved the truth of the prediction. The child died so putrid, so disfigured, that the cheat could not be detected; and so well did Elfridii carry

his project into execution, that Polydore and Elvira, with the rest of the world, firmly believed Orlando was no more.

The anguish of the poor duca upon this calamity was, as might naturally be expected, dreadful: he had ever tenderly loved his child; but from the moment he believed his mother had forsaken him, he became if possible more interesting and dear to the heart of Lorenzo. All now that had remained to him of Viola was torn from him; and his affliction was direful, was piteous to behold. Elvira, now in the character of an adoring wife, affected the deepest distress and mortification at the sorrows of her lord, and at his so much secluding himself from her society. Lorenzo was really shocked at giving pain to her he believed attached to him; he considered himself ungrateful to her, did violence to his own tortured feelings to save her from pain, chased from his eyes the tear of grief, appeared with her in company, and wore the smile of happiness in her presence, while his heart was wrung with the keenest pangs of anguish.

The supposed death of Orlando was another mining blow to the declining health of Clementina; and so sensibly was she affected by it, that her adoring husband instantly determined upon a change of scene. He immediately took her the continental tour, made her enter into all the dissipation her delicate state admitted of, and then proceeded with her to England to try the efficacy of her native air; and during this residence in England was our heroine Victoria born.

The cold and uncertain climate of Britain soon, however, proved destructive to this delicate plant. The London physicians apprehended a rapid decline, and advised her immediate return to the south; and her



almost distracted husband, at her own request, after she had visited the tomb of her mother at Clifton, hastened with her to Sicily; but in vain. In the castle of Palermo, and in Viola's own apartment, Clementina breathed her last, and in her twenty-first year fell a victim to that dæmon of revenge, who had blasted the fair fame of her idolised friend, kinswoman, and benefactress.

The remains of the lovely young contessa were conveyed to Tuscany, and there interred with all the pomp and respect her rank and virtues called for. Her wretched husband shut himself up in his castle with his children, secluded from all society, blending with his poignant grief self-accusation for having taken his adored wife so far northward; and in less than three years, as already stated, he fell another victim to Elfridii's villany.

The death of Clementina seemed to fill up the measure of the duca di Manfredonia's misery: he moaned her as a sister, as a friend; and his heart groaned with anguish to know that with her was torn from him every individual who would talk with him of what Viola once had been; that now he knew not that person upon earth, save himself, that did not execrate her memory. He would have flown to sympathise with his distracted friend, had he not been well aware that his presence would only augment the grief of Altidore: but no longer able to conceal his own, he fled from society; and, in despite of the flattering murmurs of Elvira, indulged in the most profound and piteous melancholy. At length the duchessa, with all the appearance of the most winning tenderness, proposed a voyage to visit the islands of the Archipelago, as an antidote to such unavailing sorrow, and to benefit his apparently declining health. The

wretched Lorenzo, anxious if possible to fly from himself, gratefully acceded to the proposition.

They set out upon this expedition, attended by their anxious friend Elfridii, Maratti, a valet recommended by Elvira for the occasion, in place of the duca's own respectable one (who had a most invincible horror of the sea), and Bianca; and, in two months after their embarkation, Elvira returned to Naples a disconsolate widow, bringing with her a superb coffin, said to contain the body of the duca, who had died at sea in consequence of breaking a blood vessel. The coffin was conveyed, in all the pomp of ostentatious woe, from Naples to the castle of Manfredonia, where, after lying in state three days, and high masses performed throughout the province for the repose of his soul, the coffin, containing the body of a poor sailor, was deposited, with every funeral splendor, in the family mausoleum with the ancestors of Lorenzo. The inconsolable widow remained at Naples to bewail her irreparable loss; and the sincerity of her grief has been already most unequivocally evinced to our readers.

The final destruction of Lorenzo had not been so long delayed, after his marriage with Elvira had been effected, only to elude the eye of suspicion, which the guilty feared might see too far if they so speedily extirpated the whole race of Manfredonia; but at length Polydore became impatient for the possession of the Manfredonia property, which, as there was no heir to claim it, would all devolve to the widow upon the duca's demise; and Elfridii, weary of appearing in the mask of friendship to the man he hated, no longer opposed the fiat for the duca's annihilation. The voyage was therefore proposed; they embarked in a vessel belonging to the predaceous



society, bearing English colours. They visited some of the islands, that, should enquiry hereafter spread so far, their having been there might be ascertained.

Lorenzo, although he had before visited the Archipelago, seemed better for the excursion; as, while wandering about these celebrated places of ancient and immortal genius, fancy allowed the shadow of Viola to wander with him; and all his thoughts, though mournfully confined to his own breast, were there, in idea, participated by her; but at last the fatal moment for his doom arrived. Another of the prædaceous caravel joined them at Rhodes. A strong opiate was infused into Lorenzo's sherbet; and, while operating, the unhappy victim of perfidy was fettered, and in the dead of night, unknown to Elvira, Bianca, or Maratti, conveyed on board the caravel, which immediately set sail for Spain, and, after a tedious voyage, arrived at Don Manuel's castle, when the wretched Lorenzo was delivered with a letter to Garcias, to whom Elfridii announced the real name of the captive, with strict injunctions to keep it secret from every one, and to confine the unfortunate man closely in a dungeon apart from every individual. These injunctions were too congenial to the natural turpitude of Garcias not to be most scrupulously obeyed. Revenge was the highest gratification to his black heart, and he long had wished for an opportunity to wreck his vengeance upon the man who had secured the marchesa of Palermo from his machinations.

Elvira believed her husband was no more, and that his body was actually enclosed within the coffin she returned to Naples with; as Elfridii had solemnly promised conte Vicenza and herself to destroy him by a subtle and expeditious poison; and

he had assured her, the morning after he removed Lorenzo, that the duca expired in horrible convulsions, and that his disfigured corse was soldered up in the leaden coffin prepared for him. But it was by no means the plan of Elfridii to put a period to the life of Lorenzo, since the moment his victim ceased to breathe, his vengeance would end, and the power of torturing terminate. He had hitherto inflicted mental suffering alone, he now meant to add corporeal; and thus completely in his power, he doubted not but events would arise to give ample scope to cruelty: besides, by Lorenzo's existence, he held in his own hands a massy rock that would crush at once to atoms his vile associates, Polydore and Elvira, should they ever fail to supply with prodigality his rapacious demands.

#### CHAP. LXV.

OUR hero was about two years old when he was stolen from his father's castle, and carried by Elfridii's emissary to be placed under the care of Francisco in Catalonia; and with him was delivered to the monk a letter from Elfridii, desiring him to take all possible care of the child; but conjuring him, by their mutual friendship, to conceal him from all their associates, but particularly from Don Manuel and conte Vicenza;—for much Elfridii feared Orlando's resemblance to his mother might betray his birth. From the child's account of himself he had little to apprehend, as his favourite attendant was an English girl, and from the moment Orlando could articulate, he would speak no language but hers.

The arrival of Orlando threw Francisco into a most perplexing dilemma, as he knew not how to dispose of him. Had it been a girl



he could have sent her to a convent ; for in arranging for the boy Theodore, before consigned to his care, he had experienced no small share of difficulty ; and, would the same nurse undertake the care of this child, how could he conceal him from conte Vicenza when he visited his son ? and should he seek out another nurse, it might lead the gossips in the neighbourhood to inquire how the holy hermit came by so many children to dispose of.

It was late at night when Orlando arrived at Francisco's habitation ; and, much wearied by fatigue, terror, and weeping, he soon fell into a profound slumber upon a bench where the monk had placed him. The perplexity of Francisco's mind kept him awake all night ; and at the dawn of day he arose from his pillow unrefreshed and undecided, when, in the midst of his provoking ruminations, his attention was arrested by the still sleeping infant. Never before were his feelings so powerfully interested. Such innocence, such helplessness, and heavenly beauty blended, he had never before contemplated. While gazing upon the lovely object of admiration and perplexity, the child suddenly awoke ; and by the dress of Francisco mistaking him for father Rinaldo, to whom he was much attached, sprung up, and with the endearing exclamation of ' Father ! ' clung round Francisco's neck, imprinting a hundred kisses upon the monk's cheeks in all the wild joy of innocent affection, upon recognising, as he imagined, a person known to him, after being for so many days consigned to the care and appearance of total strangers.

Orlando's caresses found their immediate way to the heart of the monk, and awakened there a degree of pity and affection hitherto almost unknown. Francisco made a most

awkward nurse ; but he fondled the engaging cherub until he recollected food was necessary for him. He then spread the breakfast table, when, offering Orlando something to eat, it recalled to his mind so forcibly his favourite young attendant who used to feed him, that, pushing the fruit and milk from him, and bursting into tears, he sunk upon the floor ; and there, hiding his face with his clasped hands, sobbed so piteously, at intervals exclaiming, ' Mary, Mary ! — Father, dear father ! ' in such an affecting tone, Francisco was quite subdued ; and taking him in his arms, pledged himself by a most solemn oath, that he never should want a father while he existed ; and soon, by Francisco's kindness and endearments, the poor child was pacified and took some nourishment.

The resemblance Orlando bore to Viola struck Francisco more than once ; but the child's expressing himself in English only destroyed the rising suspicion of his being her son ; and he concluded, that Viola, being the most beautiful woman, and this the most beautiful child, he had ever beheld, had led his admiring fancy to pourtray a likeness.

At length the tolling of a distant matin bell reminded Francisco it was high time for his departure to his convent : but what should he do with his lovely charge ? He could not take him with him, and to leave him there alone would be a degree of cruelty he could not inflict. After much distressing deliberation, he at length, as the only alternative, determined to leave him under the care of Iago, whose attendance Don Manuel often spared to him for hours together. Iago, therefore, he quickly summoned ; and, giving a strict charge about the child, stole off through the subterraneous passage.

While Francisco remained, Orlando had bestowed no attention



upon Iago; but the moment he was alone with him, the aspect of the negro alarmed him. In vain did the good-natured old man exert himself to conciliate his favour, since the more Orlando observed him, the more terrified he became; and at length screamed and cried so violently, that the kind-hearted Iago fled into the castle and brought the young Diego to him, as a playmate better suited to his fancy.

The engaging countenance of Diego instantly won the young stranger's favour. His manners dried Orlando's tears; and though Diego understood not one word Orlando said, they soon contrived to be on good terms; and they were engaged at high play—Diego upon all fours, scrambling about the room with Orlando mounted astride upon his back—when Don Manuel entered to gratify his curiosity, which had been forcibly awakened on Diego's being summoned to Francisco's apartments, where none but himself, Elfridii, and Iago, had ever been suffered by the monk to go. Struck by the beauty and animation of the child, as he was lashing without ceremony the back of Diego, he demanded who that lovely creature was? but Iago could give him no satisfactory information.

Highly charmed and interested by the fascinating boy, Don Manuel took him in his arms, and carried him into the castle to get sweetmeats and playthings for him. On entering the library, the child in a transport of joy struggled to get free, when running about the room, exclaiming, 'Father! dear father!' and appearing to be anxiously looking for somebody, he suddenly burst into tears, with an air of disappointment ran towards Don Manuel, looking mournfully up in his face, and in a tone of resistless grief, pronounced—'My father!' The interesting simplicity

of the lovely boy affected Don Manuel almost to tears. He caught him once more in his arms, and wearied himself to beguile the little stranger's sorrows until Francisco appeared.

It had never occurred to Francisco, until in the confessional at his convent, that it was possible for Don Manuel to see the child during his absence. It was therefore now his business to form some specious story to account for his appearance. In vain he racked his brain for one likely to impose upon the wary commandant; and almost wild with perplexity, he reached the hut where he had placed Theodore, and where necessity at length compelled him to go in quest of an asylum for his new charge. He found the nurse in the utmost consternation. Theodore, who had been from his birth an ill-thriving sickly child, had died the preceding night in fits. The woman was grieved the child had died under her care, but by no means sorry to get rid of her charge, whom she told Francisco had occasioned her neighbours to be very troublesome with impertinent inquiries, and had caused some awkward suspicions to fall even upon his reverence.

From this account Francisco knew it would be vain to ask this woman to take care of another child; neither could he wish it since suspicion had in any shape glanced at him. However, while in the hut, it occurred to him that he might remove the fear of detection at home, by passing his lovely charge for the deceased Theodore, whom Don Manuel knew had been consigned to his protection, but had never seen; and since Elfridii so much wished for this child's concealment, he must approve a plan which would so effectually impose upon Don Manuel. Fully determined to adopt this mea-



sure, Francisco returned to his apartments; and highly did he congratulate himself upon his ready invention, when, directed by Iago, he found the child with Don Manuel, to whom he announced him as Theodore, whose nurse, a poor Englishwoman at Cadaques, had died the preceding day, when he was forced to take the child from her house, and bring him home; and now, totally at a loss how to dispose of him, he found himself in a most unpleasant dilemma.

‘But why not let him remain where he is?’ said Don Manuel, who in gazing upon Orlando had traced in his fascinating countenance a strong resemblance to Viola, yet, strange to tell, without the smallest suspicion of his being her son. ‘We have surely apartments enough in this castle. Some proper person may be found among our female captives, to attend him. He will be here secure from that observation which conte Vicenza wishes him to avoid: and he must undoubtedly be reared more healthfully here, than in the confines of a hut, or any abode of a common nurse.’

‘To the superior conveniences of the castle,’ returned Francisco, ‘there can be no doubt; but, Don Manuel, though you and I have chosen that path of life in which we walk, have I a right, betraying the trust reposed in me, to lead this innocent, this unconscious babe, to ultimate destruction? Neither you nor I are atheists, although each hour we live teems with our offences against that Being who made us. We have just cause to tremble for the great, the terrible day of judgment; but what dreadful torturing punishment would then await us did we there stand accused of blasting this fair work? In this castle nothing but pernicious examples would surround him; and

think you it possible he could escape contagion where every breath is contaminated?’

‘Heaven forbid,’ exclaimed Don Manuel, ‘that I should prove the means of leading this lovely innocent to destruction! In this castle I am convinced he might be reared without imbibing any of our contagious vices. Let those apartments contiguous to the library be sacred to him; let the south garden be appropriated to his use; let Iago be your domestic solely; and in your apartments prepare the dear child’s food. Let the sweet cherub penetrate no further into our part of the castle than into the library. You, as he advances in years, can cultivate his understanding. I only ask to be admitted sometimes; and when his friends wish him to enter the world, we, if we then exist, may easily devise some means to prevent his betraying those secrets we wish to have concealed.’

Although Francisco foresaw many future objections to this precipitately formed plan, he readily acceded to its present adoption, having no alternative. The dungeons were immediately searched, but no one could be found in them that would answer for this child’s attendant. Garcias was applied to, who, though cursing the troublesome brat, feared to offend Francisco; and recollecting that, in lately passing through an obscure village in Arragon, he had been hospitably entertained, during a storm, by a schoolmistress who seemed like a mother to her young pupils, he led a band of ruffians to the peaceful dwelling of poor Teresa; and, in payment for her hospitality, cruelly tore her from every friend and connexion to attend the reputed Theodore.

*(To be continued.)*



THE  
HISTORY OF HYGEIA.

AN ALLEGORY.

IN the happy and pleasant country of Thessaly, so much celebrated by ancient writers, and so little known to the moderns, there dwelt in times of yore a good old shepherd named *Ponus*\*; a man of plain manners, natural good sense, and of a free and chearful temper. In his earlier years he became enamoured of the nymph *Eutelia*†, married her, and lived with her many years in the greatest tranquillity. Their constancy was unshaken, their affections felt no decay; her charms were the delight of his youth, her placid disposition the comfort and support of his riper years. By her he had an only daughter, the beauteous Hygeia‡, who dwelt with her parents on the south side of a verdant and fruitful mountain, grateful to the tiller's care, and producing all the necessaries of a rural life. This amiable damsel was beloved by all the neighbouring swains: not that her features glowed with all that vivacity which usually kindles a violent but transient flame; her charms were all simple and natural; her countenance easy and composed; her looks so lively and full of good humour, that to behold and admire her was the same thing. When in the chorus of shepherds and shepherdesses she was missing, it was easily discerned that the beauties of that charming country were no more; they seemed to flourish only from her aspect: the grass lost its verdant hue, the flowers hung their languid heads, and nature seemed disconsolate when Hygeia was not by. This

lovely shepherdess was neither coy nor capricious; none complained that she looked on them with a disdainful air. She readily became acquainted with every one, and was the delight of all with whom she was acquainted, by making it her study to oblige them. In this she conformed exactly to the disposition of her parents, to whom she was in every respect the most tender and the most obedient of children. With all these accomplishments she had nothing of the indolence of a finelady; she was always doing something, had learned every sort of work, and all kinds of exercises that suited her condition, and performed them all with an address and spirit impossible to describe. Such was the mountain-nymph Hygeia.

But alas! such has been always the mutable nature of men, and such their passion for variety even from the earliest times, that in spite of all her graces, all her charms, there were many of those who had been so happy as to be well with Hygeia, undervalued their felicity, and suffered their hearts to be stolen by one or other of the coquets who were the declared enemies of that amiable nymph. The names of the most dangerous of these wantons, and who deluded the greatest number of the favourites of Hygeia, were *Epithymia*\*, *Metha*†, and *Gastrimargia*‡. They were naturally ill-favoured, and even hideous; but were so perfectly well versed in the art of painting and decking themselves out, had so many alluring and bewitching ways, that they appeared wonderfully engaging in the eyes of the unwary; or rather they had a trick of cheating and deceiving their sight, so as to pass upon them for beauties. By this means it was that they gained

\* Labour. † Frugality. ‡ Health.

\* Incontinence. † Inebriety.  
‡ The daughter of Comus.



such numerous conquests. It was not long, however, before the unhappy shepherds who were misled by their delusions were taught to repent of their folly. Their imperious mistresses quickly forbade them the sight of Hygeia, and by making use of that power which so much weakened their senses, they led them imperceptibly to the other side of the mountain which was exposed to bleak winds, and noxious dews, and there delivered them into the hands of an old hag called *Nosa*\*, who presently put them in chains, and kept them in the most cruel and galling slavery. That which gave the finishing stroke to the misery of these unhappy men was, that Hygeia never appeared so beautiful to their eyes, as now to their remembrance; nor were they ever so sensible of the pleasure her conversation gave, as when through their own baseness and imbecility they were deprived of it. In this sad situation, giving themselves up to madness and despair, they railed at fortune, cursed their own weakness, and doubly cursed those lewd deceitful wretches who first trepanned them into the hands of *Nosa*, and then abandoned them in their misery.

There dwelt on that side of the mountain which the habitation of *Nosa* rendered a place of horror a company of enchanters†, who pretended that they were her enemies, but penetrating people have affirmed that they were secretly in her interest; and, in fact, it is certain that they were by no means displeased at the sight of the numerous captives who fell under her power. These enchanters, though trained in different schools, and hating each other, were continually practising

on the unhappy shepherds, making them believe that, by mysterious *talismans*, barbarous words, and unintelligible scrolls, they would break their chains, convey them again to the other side of the mountain, and restore them to the favour of Hygeia. But the wretched sufferers, when they committed themselves into their hands, commonly underwent the punishment justly due to their credulity; instead of assuaging, they doubled their pains, and increased that load which *Nosa* had imposed upon them, and which was already but too heavy: nay, which was worse than all the rest, under pretence of guiding them back to the happy country they had left, they frequently (whether through ignorance or malice is a doubt,) suffered them to enter the *Thanatean cave*\*, that dark and deep recess from which no mortal yet was ever known to return.

Some authors indeed say, that among these *enchanters*, there were a few more knowing, or at least more honest, who, laying aside hard words, strange characters, and idle charms, by a very few, and those, too, easy rules, put their friends into the right road that led to the cottage of Hygeia. Yet these instances were so rare, that the happy rustics who enjoyed the southern side of this famous mount held it for a certain maxim that if once a young man fell into the company of these lewd wenches, he was for ever lost; and therefore they were continually haranguing their sons on the beauties of Hygeia, and perpetually reminding them that all other notions of happiness were mere delusions; and that to obtain real felicity they ought to propose to themselves the example of *Ponus* and *Eutelia*, who passed through

\* Disease.

† Quacks.

\* The grave.



life without care or trouble; who, though their circumstances were but narrow, were always content, and by moderating their desires had ever abundance.

THE

ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

*(By the Author of Emily de Veronne.)*

*(Continued from p. 203.)*

THE old man then thus in tremulous accents began.

‘Heaven has at last granted my request: I have long said I never would unfold the mystery which has thus enveloped me, unless I could meet with some of the family in whom I could confide. To Edward, relentless and cruel as he is, I dare not, nay could not, unbosom my sorrows: he has by far too much of his father’s disposition. Your countenance bespeaks you noble and sincere; you inherit the virtues of the generous Ethric, I am already certain. I should long since have sought an opportunity of discovering myself to you, but the scenes such a relation would have brought fresh to my remembrance were more than my bleeding heart and emaciated frame could have supported. I have at last brought myself to a determination. Inured so long to grief of the most poignant nature, what can I fear? Though the sad tale harrow up my soul, I will at all events relate it; when you, no doubt, will sympathise in my woes.

‘Know then, I am brother to your father. We were brought up together, but that could not render our dispositions congenial: I should have been sorry to have possessed

the vices of Edward, cruel, arbitrary, and high-minded; even in childhood no one must controul him. His will was in every circumstance decisive: my father, whose exact counterpart he was, indulged him, even to absurdity, and compelled me always to submit to him, however unreasonable might be his commands, under pain of his lasting displeasure. Thus his favourite was obeyed in every thing; I was never consulted in any affair of importance, but treated with the greatest disrespect imaginable. My father and brother’s unkind treatment of me, and my tacit submission to all their indignities, excited the attention of count Humphry Bohun, a frequent visitor at Morden castle. This gentleman lived a retired life, not far from us. He was much advanced in years, having long survived a beloved wife and only son. Thus bereft of all that could render life desirable, he patiently submitted to the divine decrees, and spent his days in pious retirement, anxiously waiting for that hour which should again inseparably unite him to objects so dear. A sister had married a French nobleman, and lived but to give birth to a daughter, leaving her husband inconsolable for her loss, and who did but a few months survive her; the daughter consequently was left an orphan, and came immediately to reside with her uncle, to whose protection she was left by her parents. Her immense fortune drew on her the attention of many; but of none more than of my brother, your father: but I was the husband selected by her uncle from the many who solicited her hand. After he had intimated to me a wish to that effect, I waited anxiously the hour which was to introduce me to her. I had heard many encomiums on her beauty and attractions, but when I saw her, found that



fame had fallen far short in the description of her person: for never before did I behold so interesting a figure; tall and elegantly formed, fine dark languishing eyes, shaded by long black lashes such as you seldom see, and which added such beauty to her countenance, that it could not be seen without admiration. I will not dwell on her personal attractions, which were the smallest of her perfections: she possessed a mild and generous disposition, ever alive to every soft humanising virtue. Suffice it to say, I saw and loved her with an ardour rarely equalled. The good old man sanctioned my passion, and the fair lady Adelaide—for that was her name—was equally prepossessed in my favour. Her portrait, young, artless, and beautiful as she then was, is in Montmorency Abbey. Oh, how I could gaze on it, and think of the beloved original! but the last I have never ceased for one moment to do since death deprived me of one so dear to my heart. An unexpected order came to summon me to court, where I was detained under pretence of preferment in the army. Little did I expect the base artifice which was practising in my absence. My father and brother, aware of the rich inheritance belonging to lady Adelaide, were determined, if possible, to persuade her to marry Edward: she received all their advances with disdain, and with a becoming dignity peculiar to herself alone; candidly informing them of her lasting attachment to me. Every means was taken to intercept my letters, and substitute others, which answered their infernal purposes, in their place. Thus was she led to believe that I had deserted her, and was actually on the point of marriage with another. In the mean time she was represented to me in the basest light imaginable, as encouraging

the addresses of two or three alternately; and, to complete the well-constructed scheme, I received a letter from her uncle, which entirely absolved our connexion, in a very disdainful manner denying me again admittance to his house, as his niece the lady Adelaide was much more advantageously engaged.

‘I was distracted. I knew not what course to pursue, and could not believe that either she or her hitherto worthy relative could be capable of so much duplicity. I determined at all events to see her, and hear my doom from her lips. Regardless of the commands of my sovereign, I hasted to their dwelling. I gained admittance, and found all had been under the management of my father and brother. An explanation took place. The good old man, who had been almost bereft of his senses to think I had so disdainfully treated him, was enraptured to find me returned with the same principles I had ever professed. He fixed on an early day for the consummation of our nuptials, lest we should again meet with a disappointment. Accordingly they took place, and we visited our domains in France. On our return to England, we received a very pressing invitation to spend a short time at Morden with your father. Happy to have an opportunity of such a reconciliation, we consented. He appeared to stifle his resentment, receiving us with unusual civility and attention. I was much pleased, as was my beloved Adelaide, not liking the idea of being at variance with my family: yet I thought I discovered lurking under the mask of kindness the most inveterate hatred; and so it afterwards proved—for on returning from Morden to our own dwelling, we were waylaid by a band of furious ruffians, headed by my cruel brother, who mur-



dered some of my attendants. A faithful page, who had long served me with unremitting kindness and assiduity, fell the first victim to his vengeance: he ferociously stabbed him in the breast, exclaiming at the sametime, "There, villain, is a reward for deception!" alluding to his faithful adherence to me, when he had bribed him to betray me, which he promising, accepted the fee, and then informed me of the whole. This I had overlooked, in hopes he would repent, reform, and become a better man. I was left for dead, but, falling against the stump of a tree, was only stunned. As they thought I was dead, I escaped any further maiming, and recovered. The first object which met my eyes was the once-lovely Adelaide, weltering in the crimson gore which yet flowed from her wounds, beauteous even in death. With tottering steps I conveyed the fair saint to this lonely spot, where she is interred, and where the cross is erected over her body. Incessantly have my tears flowed on this silent clod, an abode I can never leave, consecrated by the remains of one so beloved.

'Thus many long years have I dragged on my wearisome existence. My poor attendants who escaped the horrid massacre, through fear, remained silent, dreading the vengeance of my brother. Often have I wished to meet with some of his family to whom I might impart the wickedness of their father: but be you silent; never suffer a syllable of this conference to escape your lips. I don't wish him to meet with the punishment he deserves in this world; there is another and a better, where all his crimes will be known.

'I followed your brother and sister to France; for I was aware of all their transactions, as they often held their meetings in these ruins. Happy was I to hear they intended

to visit the habitation of my Adelaide, at least that where she had spent her infantine hours. I traced again and again every spot rendered dear to my soul, by having been the residence of one I so tenderly loved. Their tranquillity was much disturbed by me: they thought me some troubled spirit visiting again these upper regions, and finding no rest in the grave. They once questioned me; but I evaded all their enquiries, by preserving a profound silence. From my beloved wife I had learned every intricate winding of the abbey. I inhabited a gloomy subterraneous apartment adjoining the oratory, according with my deeply afflicted bosom. It opened by a private door into the cemetery, where were deposited many relics of my beloved Adelaide's family. Pondering over the inscriptions on the tombs, I spent many solitary hours. I always entered the private opening, which bore the resemblance of a grave-stone, on the approach of any one; which made me be considered as an inhabitant of the spiritual world vanishing on that spot. I should have revealed myself to your brother the night he saw me in the gallery, but Glendam was with him. I overheard their intention of leaving the abbey: I was extremely affected at his death: I took a long last farewell of the spot which contained his much-loved remains, and returned to England, without their being satisfied whether I was human or not. No person ever ventured near this dreary spot, fearful that troubled spirits haunted these ruins. Thus reports ran, as I have overheard from the woodcutters and other labourers more daring than the rest, who pursued their daily toil in the thickets around. I dare say you have heard we were robbed and murdered by a banditti. To cherish the ill-grounded fabrication,



your father had the forest searched, under pretence of discovering the ruffians. Elfrida, I hope, is happy: I have often been inclined to visit her, and discover myself to her, but I wanted resolution. I must end my days here: on that cold turf which covers my Aledaide will I breathe out my last breath; and then my ashes will mingle with hers, as no one dare ever venture to disturb them. Never reveal my tranquil retreat to any one but your sister Elfrida, and not to her without exacting a strict promise of lasting secrecy. No power on earth can ever draw me from this spot; I could never again mix with society: besides, the fire of your father's fierce eye would strike me dead: I never could look up to the murderer of my long-regretted wife. I might have sought the hand of justice to have avenged my cause, but that would ill have compensated for my loss—that could not have filled the bleeding void in my heart. Bringing your father to condign punishment would afford me no satisfaction. Let the rapacious tyrant continue unmolested his career: my peace of mind is for ever buried in this comfortless cell. As to him, he can never enjoy repose: the stings of conscience in this life must be dreadful to endure; and a much severer punishment awaits him when his soul takes its flight from this tement of clay, at the great day of retribution. O my God! I shudder for his shocking condition; but you, although the son of such a wretch, I hope and trust, see his conduct in the light which it deserves—

continued he, addressing himself to Sydney. Burns trembled to think in what hands he must leave his Matilda.

After he had informed them of every particular they wished to know, and again extorted a pro-

mise of secrecy from them, they at the same time telling him they were going by stealth to visit Elfrida, and promising to call on him every opportunity they could spare,—they were again mounting their steeds to pursue their journey, when he begged Sydney to return, and put into his hands the writings which put him in possession of all his wife's estates, and bestowed a handsome sum on Elfrida's children. They then left this mysterious place, and proceeded on their journey. The grey dawn just gleamed over the eastern hills as they ascended the steep to the castle of Morden: their whole thoughts were occupied by the unhappy being they had left secluded from the world. Sydney recollected the unusual gloom which oft overspread his father's features when the name of their uncle was mentioned, and which the remembrance of a dear departed relative must naturally excite in every bosom not entirely callous to the feelings of human nature. But how different was the cause! a brother as he thought murdered by his own hands, what must be the agony of his conscience!

Edward received them very coolly. He wanted no kindness from them, and knew not the motive which induced them to call on him. Disgusted with the indifferent reception they met with, they resumed their journey, pretending they must immediately return to London to set off with the king for France; instead of which they instantly crossed the marches in disguise, and reached Burns's habitation in safety, favoured by the obscurity of twilight. They met with a most welcome reception from his family. Remaining there one night, they the next day went to visit Elfrida. The day was drawing towards the close as they approached her dwelling: they discovered two persons walking up an



avenue, which, notwithstanding the gloom which pervaded the place, Burns knew to be Glendam and his lady. He persuaded Sydney to follow and surprise them, to see whether after such a long absence she could recognise his features. Lady Elfrida looked behind, on the noise of his horse's footsteps. It was enough: the strong resemblance he bore to her departed brother brought him so forcibly to her mind, that she thought it must be his apparition: she uttered his name, and fell motionless on the arm of her husband; who was much astonished to see him before them, although a thought of her brother Sydney entered his head. Burns now came up; lady Glendam revived; an explanation ensued; and they proceeded to the mansion, where her lovely children were introduced to their enraptured uncle: they already promised to inherit all the beauty and symmetry of limbs of the race from which they sprung. The visitors then related every particular of the unfortunate anchorite they had met with on their journey. Elfrida said she was now satisfied; for how much had she since wished she could again visit the ruins in the forest, to see whether she could be certain the venerable figure she had seen was supernatural or not! Burns then informed her of his passion for her sister Matilda. She appeared much agitated. 'Ah! my young friend,' said she, 'you know not the result of such a hazardous step. Poor sister! then is she early doomed to suffer! What would I give to see her! but that pleasure is denied me. My father is now, and ever will be, inflexible. Even at this moment the cruel unfeeling wretch Edward, whom I shudder to call brother, seeks the life of my husband. Many a narrow escape has he had from his hand. I live in

continual fear of his one day falling a victim to his vengeance.'

After spending two or three days in the greatest harmony imaginable with society so endearing, fraught with every good wish from Elfrida and her husband, they set forward on their journey to return to Cornwall. They called on the poor secluded relative, who was pleased to hear from Elfrida and her children. He begged of Sydney often to visit him; adding, with a kind look at Burns, 'I give your young friend permission to accompany you, and shall be equally pleased to see him as yourself; but be particularly careful to elude all suspicion of any human beings residing here, lest idle curiosity should interrupt my tranquil retreat.'

When they returned home, they met with the earl in the outer court. He appeared much chagrined, enquiring where they had been thus idling their time, instead of joining the army of their sovereign; adding, 'I little thought any of the race of Elville would have been so tardy in their duty. Sydney,' continued he in a menacing tone, 'I thought till now you knew better: let me not have a second time to reproach you.'

Burns immediately flew to the apartment of Matilda, whom he found overjoyed to see him, particularly when she found they had actually visited her sister Elfrida. How did she wish she could have accompanied them, again to clasp her beloved sister to her breast! A hundred questions did she ask, without waiting for an answer, concerning herself and children; and when she knew the supposed apparition in the forest was her uncle, she exclaimed, 'Oh, how I wish Elfrida and I had been fortunate enough to have discovered him! Poor, unhappy, ill-fated old man! I could have devoted my whole time to pour the



balm of comfort into thy wounded bosom !' To her care Sydney then consigned the documents and writings of the Montmorency estates, which were already his on the decease of his brother in France.

They soon found the countess of Brompton had informed the earl she had some suspicion that Burns was not the person he appeared to be, but some one who had purposely assumed a fictitious name to gain the affections of Matilda; aggravating every circumstance which might increase his antipathy against him. She behaved so unkindly to Matilda, that Burns shuddered to think of the indignities she must undergo in their absence. He was aware of the influence she possessed over her father; and conscious that she was his most inveterate enemy even when she did not know his family, what then would she be were she acquainted with that which of all he most wished to conceal? 'What pity it is,' said he, 'Matilda, that such a malignant disposition should be enshrined in such a fair form ! I tremble for the consequences of your being left in such hands, with no brother, no friend, to say a word in your behalf. Already I anticipate the dire disasters which must befall you : a certain something, a sad presentiment, says, we shall meet no more. Will not some more powerful suitor, instigated by the earl, with every advantage of birth and fortune, sanctioned by your friends—will not such a person efface the remembrance of Burns from that breast? Ah, Matilda, much I fear it.' Overpowered by the various emotions such a consideration naturally excited, Matilda uttered not a word, but cast a gently reproachful look at him for a moment doubting her unalterable fidelity.

*(To be continued.)*

## A NOONTIDE WALK

IN MAY.

By J. M. L.

'Come, lovely May!  
'Thy lengthen'd day  
Shall gild once more my native plain.'

BLOOMFIELD.

THUS had I anticipated the return of the loveliest month in the twelve, after April's storms, to cheer me with its smile, and to fringe my wayward path with gold. May came; but, alas! sorrow dimmed its beamy hours. My walk began in grief for a loved and honoured father reclined on the pillow of disease—of disease made heavier by extreme old age, and which left not a ray of hope to soothe the pang of filial affection: Even she had fled,

'Whose smile can soothe the wearied  
prisoner's pains,  
And tune to melody the clank of chains:  
Consol'd by her, while harsh the fetter rings,  
He thinks of happier days, and gaily sings.'

I proceeded over meadows decorated by the lavish hand of all-bounteous Nature; but their beauties were unregarded: every zephyr seemed a blighting blast; every burst of harmony from the groves sounded discordant on my ear; every flower in vain solicited, as it were, to be noticed by my jaundiced eye.

Reflecting, as I went, on the great uncertainty of health and life, I could not but recollect some lines, which, a day or two before, had made a considerable impression on my mind:

'Did lavish fortune, from her endless store,  
Vain mortals! gratify each greedy thought;  
Did new-born pleasures court each circling  
hour,  
Alas! how dearly is existence bought!



'How dearer still, when nor kind fortune's  
ray,

Nor vivid pleasure, nor serene delight,  
Cheer the sad morning of the wretch's day,  
Or close his eyelids in the stormy night!

Such are his fates who now, in plaintive  
lore,

Pours forth the anguish of his woe-struck  
mind;

Swelling with tears the gentle river's store;  
Beneath a weeping willow's shade reclin'd.

When the mind is not at ease, human nature is perverse enough to be disgusted with the very scenes that would at any other period be its highest delight. At this time, I would rather than the surrounding calmness have contemplated,

'How would each sweeping pond'rous bough  
Resist, when straight the whirlwind cleaves,  
Dashing in strength'ning eddies through  
A roaring wilderness of leaves!

'How would the prone descending shower  
From the green canopy rebound!

How would the lowland torrents pour!  
How deep the pealing thunder sound!

BLOOMFIELD.

I turned my steps homeward, and as I passed a field by the road side saw a happy circle of rustic labourers enjoying their humble meal. How different my present situation! They enjoyed their meal with a double zest, from the appetite created by labour; mine was joyless and alone: they, when night spreads her shadowy mantle over the globe, sink to soft repose on their straw pallets; whilst I reluctantly lie down on my softer bed, but am denied the softer repose granted to them: at morning they rise refreshed, and hail the solar beam as it slants over the hills, whilst the lark soars on high, and speeds her matin song to Heaven; but I shun

'The golden summons of the skies,'  
and feel as reluctant to quit my couch as I was at night to seek it.

I now reached my home, 'the house

of mourning,' and entered it with heavy and pensive step:

'Health's foe, suspense, so irksome to be  
borne,  
An ever-piercing and retreating thorn,'

was the only one to welcome me to its threshold. Thus terminated my short and sorrowful ramble in May.

'To me in vain May's sweets are pour'd  
around,

Joyless I view the fairest flow'rs of Spring;  
Sorrow's sharp barb has given a heart-felt  
wound,

And all the rose-clad hours no peace can  
bring.'

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

### To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN looking over some papers a few days since, I found the following observations on *Female Education*, in a letter from a father to his daughter. Should you think them worthy of a place in your excellent publication, I doubt not but they will prove acceptable to your fair readers.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

T. A.

To the little care that has been taken to cultivate the mind of the fair sex is attributed their having so great a turn to dress and diversions, their trifling way of spending time, and as trifling conversation. Many of them, alas! having nothing at home, must seek for something out of themselves, to supply the woeful vacancy of thought they feel within. But, by due culture, a taste might be excited for mental pleasures, which would dispose them to a proper employment of time, and



render their conversation instructive and entertaining. As their sentiments are naturally delicate and refined, their company in general is more engaging than that of the men; which should be no small inducement, one would think, to improve their thinking powers. But the head and the heart seem at present to be only subordinate considerations, if at all attended to: and what a poor figure does a woman make, even with all outward advantages, if good nature and good sense be wanting!

In conversation, I wish you to be distinguished for sense, and a true knowledge of necessary things, rather than for a nice acquaintance with the idle fashions, and other littlenesses that seem wholly to engross the time and talk of a great number of females; a misfortune which frequently pursues them for life. A girl has learned very little, whose chief accomplishment, after much time and pains spent in her education, is the knowledge of those matters that relate merely to the adorning of her own person.

That the mind may not be occupied by little things, always propose to yourself something truly laudable to do, that may constantly engage your attention, and keep you profitably employed. When you have more time than at present, allot certain hours every day to reading, writing, translating, and transcribing from the best authors, such passages as please or affect you most; classing them under distinct heads, both for the sake of method, and to assist your memory. It would be of use likewise to keep a journal of daily occurrences, with your own observations, or the observations of others, upon them. And many things will occur in conversation not unworthy of a place in your diary; such as a judicious remark, a curious anecdote, or a useful hint: but beware of wit and wanton

humour; which are dangerous things, and may bring you into trouble. Such a method, pursued for some time, would give you a habit of attention, and teach you to distinguish readily, as well as to select and arrange your materials; which might be of advantage to you in many respects. However, till you grow expert in this sort of exercise, you must take the assistance of some person of taste and judgment, to show you what should be rejected and what retained, that nothing which is trifling may be allowed a place in your collection. This surely would be a more profitable way of employing time than being almost wholly taken up about matters in which you may be excelled by very low people. How many, for instance, perform all the feats of the needle in perfection, who have little else to recommend them! and how many dance to admiration, but otherwise are of no consequence! These are mechanical things, in which the head has the smallest share, and at a certain time of life we lose the inclination and capacity for them.

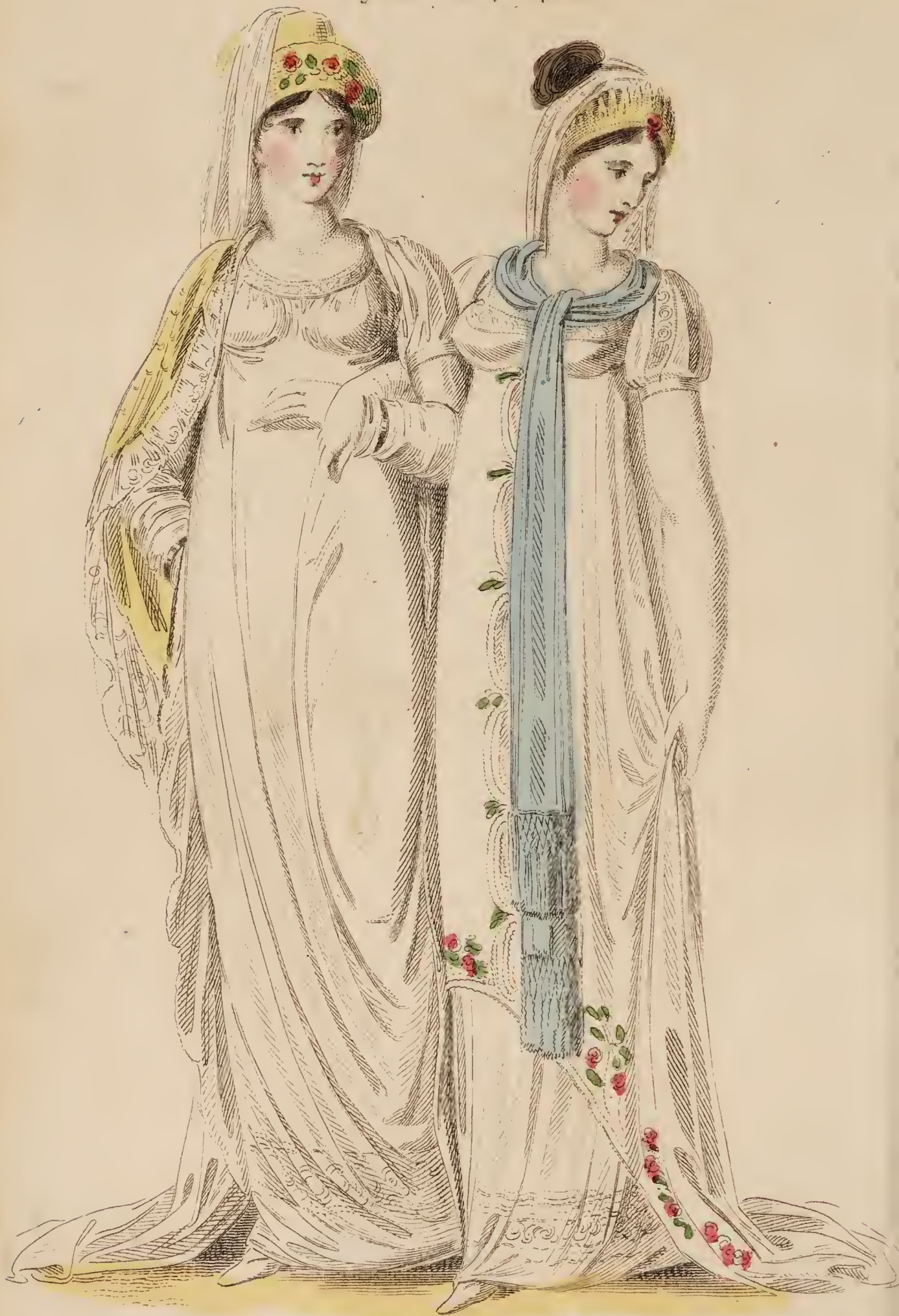
Do not mistake me, as if I imagined that you should be indifferent about, or might dispense with, any of those genteel accomplishments that are suitable to your age, sex, and station. On the contrary, I think them highly necessary and becoming; nor must you suffer yourself to be outdone in them. I only mean that you should consider what it is that chiefly deserves your attention, and bestow the greatest care upon that. People of superior birth, fortune, or education, ought to maintain their superiority by their intellectual acquirements; in which they are not likely to be surpassed, or even equalled, by those in lower stations, who have no probability of improving themselves. When a stock







*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine*



*London Fashionable Morning & Full Dresses.*



of useful knowledge is not laid up in youth, life is very insipid, and old age insupportable: but to those possessed of it, it is a perpetual fund of pleasure and satisfaction through every period, and in every circumstance of life.

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## LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

Fig. 1. DRESS of cambric muslin, walking length, made quite tight over the bosom: long sleeves, and rich work let in round the bosom of the dress. Straw hat turned up all round, and ornamented with flowers: York tan gloves.

Fig. 2. Hair dressed and ornamented with a tiara, and a veil thrown over the back part of the head. Long dress of fine muslin, ornamented down the front and bottom with a border of flowers and sprigs: sleeves very short, and trimmed with lace: bottom of the petticoat likewise trimmed with lace, to correspond. White kid gloves and shoes.

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## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

DEAD white, pale-rose, or horensia, and lilac, are the colours principally in vogue. Straw hats are much worn, and called, according to the largeness of the brim, *la Pamela*, or *demi Pamela*: the *demi Pamelas* are of white straw, and instead of flowers are trimmed with ribands. On the large hats of yellow straw bouquets of lilacs or violets are worn, and blades of hyacinths or jonquils.

*Torsades* of pearls, and pearl neck-

laces, are much in fashion. Besides the necklace properly so called, another is sometimes worn resembling a chain, by which hangs a glass; or a watch, the dial of which is not seen; or a cross: has four or five points.

Almost all the robes are round; many have a trimming which behind resembles an apron: aprons, too, are numerous.

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## FAMILY ANECDOTES.

(FOUNDED ON FACTS.)

By SOPHIA T——.

(Continued from p. 211.)

### CHAP. III.

‘O! how my spring of life resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.’  
SHAKESPEARE.

THE next morning, while Mrs. Benson was sitting with the breakfast things before her, the apothecary was announced. He entered with a young woman, whom he introduced as the person he had mentioned willing to take charge of the child of the ocean. Mrs. Benson thanked him for his attention; and, approving the appearance of Jenny, engaged her at a liberal salary. The infant was brought in, and committed to her care. The kind-hearted landlady had nursed it at her own bosom during the night, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her surly husband. Mrs. Benson made her a handsome present for her humanity, and having nothing more to detain her at Dover, set out for Berkshire; giving fresh charge to the apothecary, at parting, to inform her instantly if any enquiry should be made after

M m



the infant, or its unfortunate mother; and desiring him to see the latter decently buried, and to place a plain stone over her grave.

The mournful cavalcade arrived in Berkshire without accident, and the remains of Mr. Benson were intombed amidst the tears of his tenants, to whom he had ever been a good master and kind landlord.

As the house in Berkshire was part of her jointure, Mrs. Benson chose to reside there wholly: the solitude of its situation accorded with the state of her mind. The awful gloom of the tufted trees in a neighbouring wood, and the cawing of the rooks, their inhabitants, was in unison with her feelings: here (had she indulged the sombre shade of melancholy) she had room for meditation even to madness. But though her heart had received a death-blow to all its happiness in the loss of her husband, she gave not herself up wholly to sorrow; but, taking her little *protégé* in her arms, would ramble for hours in her favourite wood, gaze on its innocent face, and in planning schemes for its future benefit find a solace to her woe.

Several years passed without any material occurrence happening. Each day discovered some fresh beauty in the person of the little Rebecca (for so she had been baptised after her benefactress), some polite accomplishment, or mental improvement. Mrs. Benson herself superintended her education. Every thing superficial was avoided, however fashionable; but all the modest graces, the warm energies of unsophisticated nature, were cultivated with the utmost attention. The best masters were engaged to give the finish to her manners; but little was left for them to do.

At seventeen Rebecca was fair and blooming, tall, and elegantly shaped. A profusion of auburn hair

shaded the finest face and neck imaginable. Every attitude discovered a grace before unobserved; every glance of her fine eyes evinced intelligence and sensibility. Her gratitude and obedience were become proverbial in the neighbourhood: never, indeed, did mother better love a child than Mrs. Benson did her amiable orphan.

Once every year had they visited Dover, but not the smallest enquiry had ever been made after either mother or child. For the sake of Rebecca, Mrs. Benson wished there had; although she felt the parting with her would have been like the stroke of death to herself.

At times she would think her the offspring of a guilty amour; but the idea was instantly rejected when she recalled to mind the noble mien and exalted sentiments of the lovely orphan. No family she thought so high but might receive honour from such a daughter; no station so noble but she would adorn. One day revolving those ideas in her mind, she determined to conquer her repugnance to company, and to spend one winter in town, in hopes of discovering the family of her favourite, as she felt a presentiment it would not be long ere she should join her beloved husband and parents.

The ardent heart of Rebecca was transported with the idea of seeing the metropolis: she was a stranger to the motives which influenced her benefactress, but she hoped the sight of old friends, and former companions, would revive the spirits of Mrs. Benson, which she had observed were of late unusually depressed. Accordingly they commenced their journey, each cherishing hopes she did not dare to communicate to the other.

In London, Mrs. Benson found many of her former connections eager



to renew their acquaintance, and she once more appeared in the fashionable circles.

Miss Sampson (the name by which Rebecca was introduced) excited universal curiosity, as her story was well known: but though many pitied, and all admired, the lovely orphan, none claimed her for their own.

The marchioness of Finland, who had known Mrs. Benson in France, recognised her in London, and sent cards for her next ball to her and her young friend.

This ball was expected to be more brilliant than any that had preceded it; as several families of distinction had lately arrived in town, and were expected to grace the marchioness's rooms. Mrs. Benson, anxious that her young friend might appear to as much advantage as possible, paid more attention than usual to her dress. She chose for her an elegant white satin robe, made to show her easy shape to the greatest advantage; a broad laced tucker, with necklace and bracelets of pearl. Her hair, dressed low and without powder, was ornamented with a single white feather. Thus attired, as she followed her benefactress up the rooms, she appeared the goddess of simplicity; and, 'thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self.'

The rooms were immensely crowded; a general buz of 'Who is she?' prevailed, and excessively embarrassed Rebecca, who stood with her eyes fixed on the ground. At length a young gentleman advanced, and requested the honour of leading her into the dance. Rebecca gave her hand with an air of timidity. On raising her eyes to his face, she absolutely started; never had she seen one she thought half so engaging. It was a fine oval, animated by a pair of sparkling black eyes, whose intelligent and piercing

glances seemed to discover what was passing in her bosom: she blushed at the supposition, and never before committed so many blunders as during that evening. When they retired for the night, the lovely youth attended them to Mrs. Benson's carriage, of whom he requested permission to enquire after their healths the next morning. She granted his request, for their reciprocal emotions had not been unobserved by her; and being determined to know a little of the young gentleman, before she admitted his visits, she had invited colonel Bromfield to an early breakfast the next morning, as the marchioness had informed her Mr. Gayton had been introduced there by the colonel, who was an old acquaintance of Mrs. Benson's, and whom she knew to be a man of honour and integrity. She flattered herself, therefore, that the young man would prove all she wished, since he was patronised by so worthy a character.

The colonel was introduced at an early hour to Mrs. Benson alone, who began her attack on the old warrior without circumvention, saying, she had reason to expect the young gentleman would make proposals for the *protégé*, and wished to be able, from a knowledge of his principles, to give him hope or a dismissal. The colonel answered with great frankness, that Mr. Gayton was a young man for whom he had an affection, as his father had been his dearest friend, and had fought with him as a volunteer many years past in Germany. He had been dead some time, and had left his son a very genteel fortune, though he feared it had been lessened by the young man's extravagance, who possessed a most generous spirit, and a too susceptible heart, which rendered him liable to imposition from false friends; but nevertheless he thought, if his



affections were really engaged to a worthy young lady, who would accept him with all his faults, such a one might be very happy with him. He concluded his harangue with the old adage, that a reclaimed rake makes the best husband.

Mrs. Benson's ideas did not coincide with the last remark of the colonel's, neither was she much delighted with any part of his communication. She, however, thanked him for the frankness with which he had replied to her enquiries; and enjoining him to secrecy, rang for the breakfast things, and sent to desire miss Sampson's company.

They had scarcely finished breakfast, when a violent rap at the door announced a visitor of fashion. Rebecca's cheek told who she expected it was: she was not disappointed. Gayton entered in an elegant undress, and paid his compliments to the ladies with the most graceful ease: he then turned to the colonel, whom he shook by the hand; telling him how much he was rejoiced to find him there; hoped he should not be thought impertinent by the ladies, if he lengthened his visit a few minutes longer than fashion allowed, as such company as colonel Bromfield's was seldom to be had.

'Ah!' replied the old veteran (looking archly at Mrs. Benson), 'and yet I have often sent after your worship, yet could not get a squint at your honour's face for months. But odso—I forgot—let me present miss Sampson to you, as a lady I admire, and hope shortly to meet at the altar.'

The easy suavity of Gayton's manners instantly forsook him at these words. The colonel's meaning was obvious to Mrs. Benson, who could not but smile at the young people's embarrassment; for poor Rebecca looked as confused as her lover.

'Come, sir,' continued the colonel,

'why don't you salute the peerless beauty, who has conquered the hard heart of a rough soldier, and gained a complete victory without granting terms of capitulation. Why, what the devil! art pinned to thy post, or does not thy furlough extend to this side of the room? Ha! ha! ha! Why, Charles, what art amazed at?'

'Amazed, sir! But I am indeed amazed—I did not think—I am astonished that miss Sampson'—

'What, I warrant,' interrupted the colonel, 'you thought miss Sampson could have no eyes but for such a fine powdered fellow as yourself. But let me tell you, sir; your astonishment is not quite so polite, considering the high post I have the honour of holding in your estimation. And as you know the pleasure of my company led you to infringe on fashion's rules, why may it not operate likewise to the same effect in miss Sampson's bosom, and cause her to prefer an honest old soldier to a flattering young coxcomb? But to convince you, though old, I am not jealous, I will leave you alone with the lady I most admire; as I have something to communicate to Mrs. Benson, which requires her private ear.'

He then presented his hand to that lady, and, making a grotesque bow to Gayton, retired with her to the garden; where he indulged himself in a hearty laugh at the blushing confusion of poor Rebecca, and the visible alarm his speech had excited in Gayton.

That the reader may not think the colonel too precipitate, it is necessary to mention that Gayton had made the colonel the confidant of his sudden passion for miss Sampson on the over-night. The old gentleman loved him as a son; and on being made acquainted with Mrs. Benson's intentions in his favour,



(if worthy), and their unexpected meeting that morning, his spirits had been so raised, that he determined to plague the man he would have strained every nerve to serve, if his suit had seemed less propitious. His pretended important communications to Mrs. Benson were simply to inform her of the above, and to give Gayton an opportunity of pleading his own cause; which he did so effectually, that from that day he was received as the declared lover of Rebecca. He soon after wrote to a friend in the country the following letter.

‘Faith, Jack, I’m in for’t at last—souse over head and ears!—actually made proposals for noosing—and am received.

‘Now light-wing’d toys  
Of feather’d Cupid seel with wanton dulness  
My speculative and offic’d instruments.’

But don’t laugh till you see my Dulcinea.—‘Oh, she is fair as youthful poets fancy when they love.’ Like Venus, she sprung from the ocean; and were she the goddess herself she could not assume

‘A chaster, milder, more attractive mien!’

Yet all the blaze of beauty which strikes a stranger at first sight with amazement is her least perfection, when we become acquainted with her. The amateurs are astonished at her proficiency in the enchanting science of music; and her voice is so exquisitely melodious, that she is compelled to sing in all companies. Those who behold her in the ball-room confess that ‘grace is in all her steps;’ and those admitted to her closet fancy themselves at an exhibition of celebrated artists.

‘Now don’t be ridiculous, and imagine these numerous accomplishments exist only in my brain. Come

and see her—converse with her one day, and I’ll bet you one hundred to one pound one, you don’t quit her presence heart-whole. I don’t fear you; because, though beautiful as an angel, she has not a single spark of coquetry in her composition.—Then she is in love with me! Very true, Jack.

‘Colonel Bromfield has been of much service to me in this affair: though the old quiz gave me the horrors once, by pretending a *penchant* for the lady himself; and I should have been sorry to have cuckolded my old guardian: that certainly would have been a heinous thing; and the poor gentleman has saved himself, and me also, a vast deal of trouble, by declining so foolish a project. He has since made the *amende honorable*; and I have forgiven him, as a good christian ought. I go to attend my love. Adieu.

‘Thine as usual,

‘CHARLES GAYTON.’

Soon after receiving the above, the same gentleman obeyed a summons from his friend to attend him to the altar. He came; and fulfilled the prediction of Gayton in bestowing the meed of admiration, which he found impossible to withhold from the blooming bride.

Mrs. Benson had consented to this marriage rather from the fear of leaving her charming *protégé* without a protector, than any presentiment she had that the tempers of the parties were congenial. She saw Rebecca loved Gayton, and hoped the elegant graces of her mind and person would fix his volatile heart. Her child she knew to be of a constant and tender disposition. Gayton, she observed, was by turns the votary of virtue and vice. She sighed at reflecting what might be the consequence of uniting a young creature of the nicest purity with a



man of doubtful morals. She was conscious her Rebecca was one of those few 'doomed to love but one,' and that in forbidding her marriage with Gayton she should strike at once at the root of all her innocent hopes of happiness. She therefore consented to it, and left the event in the hand of Providence.

Gayton received with the hand of Rebecca five thousand pounds; and colonel Bromfield presented the bride with an elegant set of jewels.

The first six months passed with satisfaction to all; when Mrs. Benson, whose care-worn form appeared each day more fragile, returned to the peaceful shades of Berkshire. As this was the first separation of the two friends, each felt inconsolable.

Poor Rebecca's sorrows were but beginning. After Mrs. Benson's departure, Gayton was continually with his old companions, seldom at home, and appeared to pay his wife attention more from politeness than affection. She felt this treatment with the greatest poignancy, as her situation required the tenderest care. Soon after her *accouchement*, Gayton wrote the following letter to his friend.

#### CHAP. IV.

'Why did you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep?

Why did you swear my eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

'How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake?

How could you win my virgin heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break?

MALLET.

'WELL, Jack, I received thy congratulations on the birth of my first-born (lawfully begotten), which I took in good part; though I could have dispensed with thy sermon on the duty of a husband: but thou wast ever a pitiful maudlin kind of coxcomb.—Faith, Jack, I expected

to see thee, booted and spurred, enter with a solemn visage, to drink a cup of sweet Mrs. Gayton's cordial!

'O Lord, O Lord, Jack, what a falling off is here! My wife, whose graceful ease you have so often admired in the minuet *de la Cour*, only now dances her baby.—The harp and piano are totally disregarded for the squeaking tones of the infant; and when *I do* hear the mellifluous accents of her enchanting voice, 'tis in a hush-a-by to her baby. In short, I am so *bebabied*, that I am forced to fly abroad to enjoy a little rational conversation.—But it's not always awake, you'll say.—Why no; but if I were haranguing with the eloquence of Cicero, and it was to wake, and open its pipes—away flies my wife; (for would you think it, Jack, that, in spite of all my remonstrances to the contrary, Rebecca has insisted on nursing the little wretch herself)? Is it not a mortification, think you, to a fellow of my parts, to find himself thus deserted for a brat? So adieu all domestic comfort. *Tant-pis*, you exclaim. Ah, Jack, I knew you would pity me. But don't suffer too much on my account, my dear friend; *I do* receive some consolation in the company of a delicious little girl, whom I met by accident in the park some time since—kept by a duke, you dog! Left him for your happy friend.—*Tant-mieux!* O! very true. Some *éclat* in this affair.—Danced with her last night at Cornely's—was the envy of the whole room. The very tabbies were in raptures with me. 'Charming man!' cried an old cat of fourscore: 'Sweet fellow!' lisped a miss of twenty. Maria also came in for her share of admiration. Her dancing was so animated, her eyes so full of fire, her dress so unexceptionably elegant, that, upon my soul, neither Rebecca nor the baby entered my pericranium the whole evening. Now



don't screw up thy foolish phiz, and exclaim *tant-pis* again: though, faith, I believe, by thy last, thou wouldst ever have me and Becky cheek by jowl, watching the hatching of the chickens; and ten or twenty years hence march to church of a Sunday, at the head of half a dozen crop-ear'd boys, while my wife preceded a like number of whey-faced girls. I thank you; if your ideas of happiness tally with such a plan, try it and welcome for me. But as opinion leads all mankind by the nose, let me enjoy mine in peace. I love—I adore—my wife:—but I *do* love a little novelty also. Are not all men of my way of thinking?

Witness the sprightly joy when ought un-  
known

Strikes the quick sense;—witness the neglect  
Of all familiar prospects, tho' beheld

With transport once; the fond attentive  
gaze

Of young astonishment.

‘Remember, when thou hast got thy rib, if thou shouldst grow weary (which ten to one but thou dost in the first month), remember, I say, I am at hand to divide the attention of thy better half; and willing to become her *cicisbeo*, for thy sake. I hope thou wilt choose a tolerably personable woman, and not disgrace me by thy selection.

‘The Naiades have certainly taken up their residence in Becky's eyes: for the last three months, whenever we part the tears instantly flow down her cheeks. Why does she not give her *marmoset* to her servant, and accompany me abroad? Why truly, she cannot trust it to a stranger—but she can trust me to a stranger, Jack, though I do not wish her to know any thing of my little Maria.—‘He that is robb'd, not knowing what is stolen, let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all,’ says our immortal Shakespeare.

‘Indeed, for her tender duty and maternal attention, she merits all my love and respect. My spirits are too volatile for a domestic animal. In short, she deserves a better husband, and is much too good for

Thy friend,

‘CHARLES GAYTON.’

As the spring advanced, Mrs. Gayton made a request to her husband to allow her to visit her benefactress; not doubting but, as the town grew thin of company, he would accompany her. She pined to see her friend, and was anxious to present her little Sabina to her more than mother.

Gayton instantly assented to the first part of her wish, and presented her with a fifty-pound note.—‘But will you not,’ said she—the tear starting to her eye—‘oblige Mrs. Benson with your company?’ ‘I will endeavour, my love! to spend a few days with you therein the autumn; but it is out of my power to attend you down, as I am engaged to meet the duke of B——, and a party of his sporting friends, at Newmarket. The duke has a great many bets depending, and trusts much to my skill. I cannot disappoint him now; but I wish I had known your wishes sooner.’

She replied not, though she remembered Gayton had promised Mrs. Benson to bring her down in May.

The next morning she began her lonely journey, accompanied by a servant with her infant. Gayton handed her to the chaise, and when he bade her adieu almost wished he had not promised his grace: but on turning to enter the house, an acquaintance who was to be of the duke's party stood behind him. His regret instantly evaporated. Rebecca's chaise had scarcely turned the corner of the street ere she was forgotten. Unhappily for himself and his amiable wife, Gayton was ‘every



thing by turns, and nothing long.' Elegant in his person, and possessing an enchanting suavity of address, accompanied by the most fascinating gaiety and humour, his company was courted by men of the first rank; with whom, forgetting the inequality of fortune, he vied in every expensive pleasure: yet was he astonished, on looking into his affairs, to find that his expences exceeded his income by several hundreds in the last year. He felt disconcerted, and resolved to try his fortune on the turf. He had great confidence in his knowledge of horses; as he had been often very successful for his friends, though he had hitherto declined betting for himself. He therefore embraced with avidity the duke's proposal of an excursion to Newmarket.

Mrs. Benson was rejoiced to again fold her sweet orphan to her bosom; but she was surprized to see her alone. She blamed Gayton in her own mind, though she forbore to make any remarks.

Late in the autumn Gayton arrived. His appearance bespoke a mind ill at ease: the bloom of health had forsook his cheek; his person was emaciated; care and anxiety overclouded his hitherto lively countenance. Mrs. Benson and his Rebecca were equally alarmed. The fact was, he had been unsuccessful on the turf, and, exasperated, had flown to the gaming-table, where ill-fortune still pursued him: and to complete his vexation, his Maria complained of illiberality, and threatened to quit his protection unless his remittances were more frequent; though, during the few months he had known her, many hundreds had been sacrificed at her mercenary shrine.

They parted from Mrs. Benson under mutual depression of spirits. That lady saw too plainly her darling's happiness was entrusted to a libertine of specious manners, and

she grieved to think the gentle bosom of her Rebecca was doomed to feel the envenomed shafts of unrequited love and cold neglect;—a bosom which she knew to be the habitation of every nobler virtue and softer charm;—a heart which had ever been tremblingly alive to the approbation or coolness of its friend.

Their departure had rendered her retirement a solitude almost insupportable. It had ever been her custom, since her separation from her *protégé*, to meditate, in her beloved shade, on the conjugal felicity she hoped the dear child of her adoption was sharing with the husband of her choice. Their short residence with her had dissolved the charm. She beheld her child, in imagination, struggling with undeserved neglect, suffering without a murmur or complaint: exposed to all the adverse frowns of fortune and of fate, to loathsome diseases, and to all those anxious fears to which a woman of honour and purity must ever be liable when she is united to a man of pleasure, as a rake is falsely called. She sickened as those reflections crossed her mind, and her aspirations became the more fervent to Heaven to dismiss her from a world where she had experienced that 'solid pains succeed ideal joys, and short-lived pleasures fleet like passing dreams.'

On Mr. and Mrs. Gayton's arrival in town, they found their old friend, colonel Bromfield, extremely ill. Although very weak and low, he rejoiced to see them; nor would he suffer Rebecca to quit the house, and she willingly became both his nurse and his teacher in those important truths he had too much neglected. In those offices she continued, till he was summoned to render up his breath to that mighty conqueror who makes no distinction between the coward and the hero.

The colonel, having no very near



relation, left the bulk of his fortune to Mr. Gayton, and a legacy of two thousand pounds to Rebecca for her separate use. This token of his kindness and affection was received by her with many tears. Far otherwise did his bequest operate on the mind of Gayton: he considered it a most fortunate chance. The concern he would at any other time have felt for the loss of his friend was now overbalanced by the unexpected acquisition of a large sum, which would enable him still to appear with the *eclat* he was accustomed to, and which had become essential to his very being. Thus were all the finer feelings of humanity absorbed in a wild pursuit of pleasure and mad sensuality.

(To be continued.)

## AN EVENING WALK

IN SPRING.

By S. T.

'Silent and cool, now fresh'ning breezes  
blow  
Where groves of chestnut crown yon shadowy  
steep;  
And all around the tears of evening weep  
For closing day, whose vast orb, westering  
slow,  
Flings o'er th' embattled clouds a mellow  
glow;  
While hum of folded herds, and murmuring  
deep,  
And falling rills, such gentle cadence keep,  
As e'en might soothe the weary heart of woe.'

STRANGFORD.

THE sun was fast retiring, when I set out to enjoy a lonesome walk. The day had been exceedingly fine. I entered a wood, where oft I have passed the careless hour when a school-boy. It was here that I have cruelly robbed the little birds of their young, or deprived them of their nests. I rambled on, yet pleased with the recollection; till at length fatigued I sat down upon the trunk of an old elm,

whose bark contained the initials of my name: beside ran a little rivulet, murmuring over some silver pebbles. The setting sun gave a lovely glow to the surrounding landscape.

————— 'How soft was grown,  
By evening's gentle tints, the form of things!'

The little songsters made vocal every spray; the fleecy flock was just penned; whilst the sportive lambs skipt to and fro from each rising hillock. The unseen violet, refreshed with the gentle falling dew, breathed fragrance exquisitely pleasing.

'Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace,  
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus  
first;  
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes!'

The lofty lark was fast sinking with her evening song, whilst the groves yet resounded with the music of her feather'd tribe.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love.'

I at length arose, and had not pursued my walk long before I heard a singing at a small distance; and, on my nearer approach, espied a little boy and girl moving slowly on. I accosted them, by enquiring what was the hour. 'Near seven o'clock,' replied the little maid, with a voice that bespoke her honest simplicity. I walked with them, and asked many questions, which were answered with a pleasing courtesy. Their dress, though homely, was neat and clean. The little lass was handsome to perfection: a wreath of wild flowers bedecked her hat, whilst her brown locks hung carelessly down her ivory shoulders.

'Loose to the breeze her golden tresses flow'd;  
Wildly in thousand mazy ringlets blown.'

I enquired of them where they had been. 'Only to gather some flowers,' answered the little lad; 'and to get



some cresses for our mother, who is very fond of them.'—'Who are your friends,' said I; 'and where do they live?'—'We live,' answered the little girl, 'at yonder cottage, and our friends are now poor: once we had yonder farm, but the squire enclosed the lands, and raised the rents; so that we could not live and pay our way with honesty.' As she uttered these words, she drew from her side a little checked handkerchief, to wipe away the tears which forced their way down her virgin cheeks.

'She bent to earth her gentle beautiful face,  
And in expressive silence seem'd to say—  
They from my side my honour'd friends would  
tear!'

I felt at the moment something more than the simple impulse of humanity, and the impression it made will never be obliterated. 'Yet,' continued the little sorrowful maid, 'we still enjoy, in spite of our foes, tranquillity and contentment in the humble station in which Providence has placed us. So I and my brother do all in our power to produce comfort to our good father and mother, who have done all in their power for us in our helpless infancy, and they now require this return of duty.'

'Silent they pass in solitary state;  
While none their pleasures share,  
Nor smooth life's rugged path, nor blunt the  
edge of care.'

Here she ceased, and turning through a little gate that led to their humble home, she kindly bade me farewell; for the evening was fast overshadowing with her last and deepest shade: and I returned, burdened with reflection, yet pleased with the luxury (if I may be allowed the expression) I had enjoyed.

'——— Meek evening silent came,  
While the low wind, that faint and fainter fell,  
Soft murmur'd to the dying day—farewell.'

## EMMA,

## A FRAGMENT.

(By Matilda Spencer.)

The father too, a sordid man,  
Who love nor pity knew,  
Was all unfeeling as the rock  
From whence his riches grew.

MR. and Mrs. Rivers were united at an early age; two children blessed their union, and Mrs. Rivers shewed evident signs of their family being increased, when a distant relation of Mr. Rivers died, and left a fortune to the yet unborn infant, providing it was a boy: but, alas! it was a girl. The little intruder in consequence was hated, its morals neglected, and its education unattended to. Those cruel parents instilled this hatred into her brothers and sisters, and as Emma grew up she acted in the capacity of servant to the family: their resentment was as unbounded as unjust. Such cruel, such unmerited, usage was too much for the susceptible Emma to bear; and the melancholy look, the plaintive sweetness of her voice, the dejection that was visible on her faded cheek, all denoted a mind ill at ease.

Emma formed a connection with Anna Goodwin; in her she reposed that confidence that ought to have been placed in her parents, and in her society alone found any thing like happiness. Anna had a brother; and the designing Henry, perfectly aware of Emma's attachment to him, took advantage of her weakness to seduce this unfortunate girl; and, as the only means of repairing so great an injury, consented to marry her if Mr. Rivers would give Emma some fortune: but this the mercenary man refused: he even insisted upon Emma's quitting the house. Her mother (human nature recoils at the idea), who ought to have expostulated with Mr. Rivers,



who ought to have soothed her unhappy daughter, urged him on, and she was obliged to seek refuge in a neighbouring cottage. Here it was she first beheld the pledge of her guilt—first clasped in her arms the little Henry. To gaze on him, to bedew his cheek with her tears, was an alleviation of her woe: but her scanty pittance was insufficient to maintain herself and infant; it would not provide common necessities, and from her friends' unkindness she feared to ask any thing from them. Want of food brought on illness; and she began to tremble for the defenceless situation of her darling boy.

She wished not to apply to Henry; and yet how could she die in peace without recommending her infant to his protection—without being reconciled to her friends? Such were the ideas that passed in the mind of the distressed Emma. Her emaciated form surprised the good cottagers, and they told her the danger she was in. With assumed composure she sent entreaties to Henry and to her sisters (cruel unsympathising girls, who could deny her dying request)! but, oh! the sad anguish that wrung her heart when her request was returned with contempt! With what tenderness, with what distress, did she embrace her infant! and her last sigh was for its happiness. No kind being watched over the pillow of death, to cheer her desponding heart with kind assurances of protection to her little Henry. Ah, no! neglected and despised Emma died, a victim to her parent's unkindness; and ere she was stiff in death, Mr. Rivers had her corpse removed to his house. And will this useless ceremony be any compensation to Emma? Is it because Mr. Rivers feels remorse for his past cruelty? Is it not rather, because he fears the censure of the world? Despicable hypocrite! that

can prefer the opinion of a misjudging world to the silent plaudits of your own heart; that can mourn with apparent grief over the grave of your daughter, and yet can neglect her infant? Thinkest thou God cannot discern thy sentiments? Dost thou vainly imagine that the wealth you refused your daughter as the only means of making her happy, will purchase your eternal felicity? Shall not Emma's injured spirit rise up and accuse you? And thou too, her vile seducer, tremble at thy doom; recollect that God, not man, shall be thy judge! The little Henry died within the space of a year, and was placed by the side of his mother. And here, gentle reader, let me draw a veil over her frailties, and shed a commiserating tear over her errors. Censure her not; but think, had her friends been kind as yours, she might have been equally virtuous and amiable.

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#### ON HOPE AND EXPECTATION.

THERE are two kinds of hope; one which enfeebles and kills, and another which strengthens and animates; one which devotes us to agitation, and another which maintains us in activity. The former diminishes our strength, by rendering it useless; and merely relies on chance, the events of fortune, the affections, will, and caprice of men: the other doubles our means, by employing them. Under its influence we rely on ourselves, our own labour, our courage, patience, activity, talents, or strength. It proceeds with a firm step, for it knows whither it goeth, and confidence is its companion. The other is constantly attended by anxiety, stumbles at every step, and wanders as if it had no determinate object.



Do you not see that man at his window? All his hopes rest on the arrival of a ship in time of war, on obtaining the great prize in the lottery, or on the promises of a man in power. What does he look at? What does he listen to? What does he expect? Some news, which may arrive in a month; the drawing of the lottery, which will not begin these three days; the post, which will not come till to-morrow. Why is he at his window? For the same reason that he was just now at his door, standing before the looking-glass, or lolling in his armchair; not with any design to go out, to survey his person, or to repose himself. He is at his window because he must be somewhere. His mind is entirely fixed on an object which it does not depend on himself to obtain: and he cannot exist with satisfaction any where. He removes from one place to another, not because he will be more at ease in another place, but because he is uneasy where he is. He wishes the arrival of the ensuing hour to escape from the present. He cannot employ himself; for nothing he can do can tend to advance the moment which he wishes for. That moment, the sole object of his expectation, devours all those which precede it. These moments are not to be reckoned in life; when they are elapsed they leave no trace behind them. Days passed in this kind of hope or expectation are days for ever lost.

With respect to the other kind of hope, the attainment of the object of which depends upon exertion; the man who is employed loses no time. All his motions have a certain aim, and conduct him towards the object he has in view. He has divided hope into small portions, and each moment realises one of them. I hope, says the workman, to finish such a piece

of work by such a time; with the price I shall receive for it I will purchase such or such a convenience for myself, for my wife, for my children. Every nail he drives accomplishes a portion of his hopes. The piece I am composing, says the poet, must, I hope, gain me great reputation. Every line he writes becomes then a step towards glory—every verse realises some part of the hope he has conceived. Master of his means and of his time, which elapses as he wishes, he is animated without being agitated, and ardent without being impatient. He feels himself strong, independent, and, at least for the moment, happy.

Of these two kinds of hope, the one produces envy, the other emulation. The first may have for its object honours, but the other elevates itself to glory. The one may disturb happiness, but the other will sustain itself even in adversity. The one debases, while the other expands and strengthens, the mind. It is obvious, therefore, how preferable it is to make those things, and those only, the objects of our hopes and expectations, for the attainment of which our own exertions may be of avail; and not those which are solely at the disposal of chance, or the caprice of individuals.

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#### ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL SAXE.

SOME time after the battle of Fontenoy, Louis XV. congratulating marshal Saxe on that fortunate event, said to him—‘Marshal, you gain more than any of us by this war; for before you were swelled all over your body, and now you enjoy an excellent state of health.’—‘It is true, sire,’ said marshal de Noailles; and marshal Saxe is the first man whom glory has cured of swelling.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## MAY.

## A SONNET.

HAIL, mildest month the varying year can  
give!

'Tis thine each painted flow'ret to unfold;

'Tis thine to bid a vast creation live,

And deck the plain with vegetative gold.

'Tis thine to bid the cuckoo simply sing,

And guide the wood-nymphs o'er the dew-  
drest lawn,

Where velvet verdure speaks luxuriant  
spring,

Whilst peace and love lead on the pearly  
dawn.

No frowning moments dare their gloom in-  
trude,

But melody is heard from every spray;  
The fleecy wanderers crop their plenteous  
food,

Or gaily sport the sunny hours away!  
Thus May with rosy pleasure wings the time,  
And wafts the year to all its blooming prime.

J. M. L.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER'S  
PETITION.

'Some———  
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour  
sav'd.' YOUNG.

PITY the sufferings of an invalid!

And whilst I thus your charity implore,  
Steel not your hearts against pale mis'ry's tale,  
Nor unrelenting drive me from your door.

These tatter'd rags that clothe this meagre  
form,

Whose apertures admit the wint'ry blast,  
Were gay habiliments in which I march'd,  
As glory led the way, in seasons past.

Forbear the taunt, and supercilious glance;  
O think for you I toil'd! for you I bled!  
How hard the fate of me, decrepid wretch!  
Through realms for which I fought to beg  
my bread!

When my sad fall increas'd the mangled heap,  
And my warm life-blood swell'd the crim-  
son stream;

O that kind Heaven in mercy had decreed  
To take me hence, and close life's fev'rish  
dream!

Ah! little think the juvenile and gay,  
Who pass in jocund scenes the frolic hour,  
What sad mishap may shade youth's gairish  
morn!

What black-brow'd storm may on their  
prospects low'r!

I little thought when, at a parent's board,  
Paternal love my every want supply'd,  
Misfortune (by my own imprudence brought)  
Would pour her vials on me ere I dy'd.

One fatal morn for me, 'twas old May-day,  
Leagu'd with gay mates, I sought a country  
fair:

There was the drum, 'the spirit-stirring fife,'  
The young recruit, the strutting serjeant  
there.

With winning air he shook me by the hand,  
Troll'd the blithe catch, and told the smutty  
tale;

Rehears'd th' adventures of a soldier's life,  
And freely gave to all the mantling ale.

Won by his lures, I seiz'd the proffer'd bait,  
The bounty took, and bought the smart  
cockade:

Thoughtless I left my home and weeping  
friends,

To learn of war the sanguinary trade.

A year had scarce perform'd its annual  
round,

When I was summon'd to Batavia's shore.  
With aching heart I left my native isle—  
Ah, many left it to return no more!



Our army landed at the Helder Point,  
Where great success our gallant efforts  
crown'd;

And vict'ry on our arms bestow'd her smiles  
As we advanc'd:—at length the goddess  
frown'd.

France from her bosom pour'd her myriads  
forth—

Our gallant leader found resistance vain:  
By treaty we obtain'd a safe retreat,  
And re-embark'd upon the billowy main.

Albion's white cliffs with transport I espy'd;  
My heart exulted at the rapturous sight:  
But ah! how soon hope's fairy visions fade!  
How soon the fairest landscape sinks in  
night!

For lo! with horror wing'd, a tempest rose,  
And drove our vessel on a bank of sand:  
While my young comrades met a wat'ry fate,  
A mountain billow wafted me to land.

To fill the chasms dire mischance had made,  
Our regiment breath'd a while from bloody  
toil;

Till call'd once more to cross old Ocean's  
flood,  
At length we anchor'd near the far-fam'd  
Nile.

We landed on that wonder-teeming coast,  
Where pyramids, where mausoleums, rise;  
Whose spiry tops oft pierce th' incumbent  
cloud,

And with ambitious front invade the skies.

Near to the spot where Pompey met his fate,  
And Cleopatra died (as history tells),  
Brave Abercrombie fought the Gallic host,  
And conquer'd Bonaparte's invincibles.

But here my muse must tell, with deep re-  
gret,

Our gallant chief receiv'd a mortal wound:  
Whilst victory hover'd o'er our martial bands,  
A swift-wing'd bullet brought me to the  
ground.

Weltering amid the dying and the dead  
I lay—while ebbing life seem'd near its  
close:

Fainting—I felt a temporary death,  
And for a space forgot my heavy woes.

Brief let me be:—arous'd by torturing pain,  
Words cannot paint the poignant pangs I  
bore—

Till I, unpension'd, and without a friend,  
Was turn'd adrift upon my natal shore.

With anxious step I sought my father's cot,  
In hopes to pillow there my languid head;  
But found, alas! (forgive this gushing tear)  
The best of parents, best of friends, were  
dead.

Pity the sufferings of an invalid!

And while I thus your charity implore,  
Steel not your hearts against pale mis'ry's tale,  
Nor unrelenting drive me from your door.

JOHN WEBB.

*Haverhill, March 10, 1806.*

## SONNETS,

BY W. M. I.

OFF when I've form'd my rude unstudied  
lay,

The solace sweet of many an idle hour,  
I've smil'd that e'er I thought 'twould mock  
the power

Of potent Time's all-desolating sway:  
Yet will the syren Flatt'ry, soothing, say  
That not in vain I've sought the Muse's  
bower,

That not in vain hath Wit unlock'd his  
store,

Or Fancy spread her landscapes bright and  
gay;

And Emulation, pointing to the throng  
Of laurel'd bards, that decks my native  
isle,

Oft bids me hope to see my *future* song  
Receive the meed of Taste's unerring smile:—  
But should I ne'er th' unfading chaplet  
wear,

Yet, Poesy! thou eatest me of care.

## TO MELANCHOLY.

THE storm had ceas'd; and from my lonely  
cell

I stray'd, to view the ruins of the blast  
That late so wildly rag'd:—Eve parting  
cast

A sadd'ning tint o'er the resounding dell;  
And sea-birds scream'd th' expiring sailor's  
knell,

As o'er the waves in mazy flight they  
pass'd:

The sun, beneath th' horizon sinking fast,  
Dim and more dim was seen, and night's  
dews fell:

But yet the gloomy scene had charms for me.  
Symphonious to the sadness of my soul,  
'Twas thee, oh, Melancholy! pensive maid!  
'Twas thee I sought beside the troubled sea,  
'Twas thee I woo'd, array'd in sable stole,  
In yon lone cell, amid the distant glade.

## ON THE PURSUIT OF FAME.

*Addressed to a widowed Mother.*

AWAY delusive thoughts! romantic schemes!  
Tempt me no more to leave a good possest,  
To stray of Fame's uncertain meed in  
quest,

Deceived by Ambition's pleasing dreams.

E'er may I shun the path! it *falsely* gleams!  
Her projects rob each votary of rest,  
And rend with unknown pangs the lab'ring  
breast

Of him who at immortal honour aims.  
My widow'd mother! thee I will protect,



For thee forego the poet's dazzling name,  
To thee my youth devoted, will neglect  
The flatt'ring visions of eternal fame:  
For thee the path of wealth I will essay,  
But poesy shall smooth its rugged way.

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### ON SPRING.

MILD spring anew delights the plain!  
While frisking in her gladd'ning train  
The gentle zephyrs play:  
The downy warblers fill each grove  
With sweetest songs of varied love:  
Pleas'd in his azure fields above,  
Roams the bright lord of day.

Down in the green sequester'd shade  
The streamlet pours its clear cascade,  
Murm'ring 'mong rocks below;  
The watery music charms the ear,  
Past scenes of joy and love appear:  
The sweet illusion gone, a tear  
Steals from the eye of woe.

The youth of melancholy sees  
No beauties in the blooming trees,  
Nor lawns by spring array'd;  
He wanders heedless to and fro,  
Still brooding o'er his secret woe,  
Whom adverse fate dooms to forego  
His dear, his plighted maid.

Oh, Love! of parentage divine!  
How few bring to thy crowded shrine  
Hearts glowing pure and true!  
Of these, oh! listen to the pray'r!  
On these bestow thy fondest care,  
In silent sorrow else they wear  
Away, like morning dew!

SUSAN S—

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### EPITAPH

#### ON A VOLUNTEER.

READER! expect no panegyric strain  
For deeds perform'd on glory's tented plain;  
Here rise no sculptur'd bust, no trophies  
wave,  
To celebrate th' achievements of the brave.  
But still the muse shall paint with honest  
truth  
The simple history of a rustic youth,  
Whose heart, divested of aspiring aim,  
Ne'er sought in fields of blood the wreath of  
fame;  
Yet, emulous in Britain's ranks t' appear,  
He liv'd and dy'd a loyal volunteer.

But, ah! no murd'rous steel, no flying ball  
Wing'd with destruction, swiftly work'd his  
fall;

But death from Cupid's quiver snatch'd a  
dart,  
And pierc'd poor Robert's unsuspecting heart.  
Soft be thy bed, mild shade! and sweet thy  
rest;

Nor war nor love shall agitate thy breast:  
Far from the din of arms and female scorn,  
Sound be thy slumbers till the rising morn;  
Then—though round thy cold brow no laurels  
bloom,

Nor blood-stain'd banners shade thy grass-  
clad tomb—

Heroes, whose actions swell the trump of  
fame,

May vainly covet thy inglorious name.

*Haverhill, Feb. 5, 1806. JOHN WEBB.*

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### REBUS, RIDDLE, CONUNDRUM,

*Or whatever else the fair Reader chooses to  
call it.*

DEAR madam, a mark of regard do you  
know,

That swains on their lasses are wont to be-  
stow?—

Repeated, its mystical name will declare  
What oft exercises the wits of the fair.

To find it, you need not long torture your  
brains:

When found, I will give it to you for your  
pains.

FLORIO.

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### TO A FRIEND

#### LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

SO soon indeed, so soon to go  
Where proud Augusta rears her tow'rs?  
Joy revels in your breast, but know  
It strikes a cheerless damp on ours.

Can you indifferent leave behind  
Those friends who long have shar'd your  
hours?

You can; yet may you ever find  
Hearts for your welfare warm as ours!

May fortune, wheresoe'er you stray,  
Along your pathway scatter flowers;  
Each change of scene new bliss convey:  
Your happiness must still be ours.

When pleasure shall her roses strew  
Amid her magic, splendid bowers,  
You'll find more polish'd lips, 'tis true;  
Oh, may they prove sincere as ours!



But should misfortune, whilst you rove,  
O'ertake you; then when sorrow low'rs,  
Should other hearts apostate prove,  
Oh fly, and lodge your cares in ours!

And hear me breathe in this adieu  
Petitions to the ruling Pow'rs,—  
That you may still find hearts as true,  
As faithful and sincere as ours!  
*Flect.* BELINDA.

## SONNET,

TO MY SISTER.

THE air serene, and radiantly around  
The moon has cast her mildly cheerful  
rays;  
Whilst stillness reigns, inviting thought pro-  
found,  
To thee, dear Ann! my fond idea strays.

Shouldst thou at this calm hour, with bosom  
light,  
Be sharing converse with some valued  
friend,  
I would not rob thee of the dear delight:  
Yet one short moment to thy Mary lend.

To the pale orb direct thy speaking eyes,  
Think Mary's too are now directed there;  
Not our divided lot this joy denies,  
The thought shall oft my languid spirits  
cheer:  
And thus I'll stifle my rebellious sighs;  
Fancy shall sway my breast, and whisper  
thou art near.  
*Flect.* BELINDA.

## A CHOICE.

LET the gay world, at pleasure's clam'rous  
call,  
Obey the summons, join the giddy dance;  
And whilst her notes re-echo thro' the hall,  
Let her blind vot'ries to the sound advance.

Be mine the shaded walks, where stillness  
reigns,  
Or moral harmonies in concert blend:  
Remote from dissipation's crowded scenes,  
Give me the hallow'd converse of a friend.

There let each thought flow freely as they  
rise,  
Undeck'd by studied elocution's glare:  
Stript of each vain, fallacious, mean disguise,  
Let all our genuine sentiments appear.

But should no feeling bosom beat to mine,  
Still for content 'midst crowds I'll never  
look:  
Forbid on friendship's pillow to recline,  
I'll draw my lonely solace from a book.

With Milton let my mind aspiring soar,  
Or stray with Thomson o'er the verdant  
green;  
With him examine Nature's boundless store,  
And with his optics contemplate her  
mien.

Let Watts's bold and elevated lyre  
To heavenly objects raise my mental eye;  
Let his celestial themes my wishes fire,  
And with the poet range beyond the  
sky.

And thou, sweet virtue's bard! be ever near;  
Ne'er, Cowper, let my shelf thy absence  
mourn:  
My shelf? Ah, no! rest not neglected there,  
But with thy precepts my rude mind adorn.

Grant me the pious and the moral page;  
I leave to the great children all their  
toys\*:  
No war with fortune shall my wishes wage,  
Whilst from the muse's rill I draw my  
joys.  
*Flect.* BELINDA.

## BALLAD,

Sung in 'THE WHITE PLUME.'

Edward.

THE smiling morn may light the sky,  
And joy may dance in beauty's eye,  
Aurora's beams to see;  
The mellow horn's inspiring sound  
May call thy blythe companions round,  
But who shall waken thee,  
Ronald?

Thou ne'er wilt hear the mellow horn;  
Thou ne'er wilt quaff the breath of morn,  
Nor join thy friends with glee;  
No glorious sun shall gild thy day,  
And beauty's fascinating ray  
No more shall shine on thee,  
Ronald!

\* —their toys to the great children leave.  
THOMSON.



## FOREIGN NEWS:

*Rome, March 24.*

THE garrison of Gaeta amounts to 6,000 men, and appears to be well provisioned. It is besieged by 24,000 men, and fired upon from 16 mortars and howitzers, and 30 twenty-four pounders.— Marshal Massena is at Reggio, opposite Messina, where a considerable number of transports are collected for the conveyance of the French army to Sicily.

*March 29.* The several secret histories that his holiness has lately held, and the prayers he has put up at the high altar of St. Peter and Paul in the Vatican, prove that extraordinary events are in contemplation. It is generally believed here that Pius VIII. will resign, and cardinal Fesch be raised to the papal dignity, who will remove his seat to Avignon; in which case the state of the church will be incorporated with the kingdom of Italy.

*Presburg, April 4.* The Gazette of this city contains the following article, dated Carlobago, March 23:—

‘We yesterday received positive intelligence of the occupation of Cattaro and a part of Dalmatia by the Russian troops. The Montenegrins had at first taken possession of some villages, and had agreed with the inhabitants to defend the entrance of the country against the French till the arrival of the Russians. Six Russian ships and twenty thousand troops soon after arrived. The necessary preparations were then made for a vigorous opposition to any attack on the part of the French. All the passages by which they could enter were fortified, and filled with troops and artillery, in such a manner that it appeared almost impossible to force them.

The number of the combined troops is said to amount to 30,000. They are defended by the nature of the ground, and have provisions for a long time. No Frenchman has yet appeared in these environs, and we are assured that they do not extend beyond Macaisco. According to other accounts, the Montenegrins have risen in a mass to stop the efforts of the French, and we are assured that the Turks of these countries have joined them and the Russians.

*Constantinople, April 4.* The French *charge d'affaires* here, M. Ruffin, has had a conference with the reis effendi, when, it is asserted, he gave in a note in which France lays claim, as possessors of the Venetian territory, to all the possessions in Turkish Dalmatia, Albania, &c. which formerly belonged to the late republic of Venice.

*Munich, April 10.* The French, it is said, will form a camp in the neighbourhood of Brannau.

*Memmingen, April 10.* Marshal Ney has still his head-quarters here. His corps consists of 100,000 men. It is said, that, in a certain case, the whole of these troops are to march to Italy through the Tyrol.

*Vienna, April 12.* In the course of the last week, the French minister, Rochefoucault, had two long audiences of his Imperial majesty, and several conferences with the minister of state, count Van Stadion. It is now understood that a convention has been concluded between count Bellegarde, commander of Inner Austria, and general Andreossi. According to this convention, 40,000 French troops are to march through Frioul and Croatia to Dalmatia; but in the Austrian terr-



tory they are to pay for all necessary supplies in specie. This convention is communicated to the court of Petersburg, and represented as a consequence of the Russian troops having taken possession of Cattaro.

*Florence, April 12.* Gaeta still holds out, by which the further operations in Lower Italy are much retarded. It is about to be cannonaded by 100 great guns; but the situation of the fort upon a hill is so advantageous, that the bombardment produces little effect, and it will be very difficult to take it so long as the communication by sea is open. It is said, therefore, that a French and Spanish squadron is expected to blockade it. The prince of Hesse Philipstall has sent away all persons who cannot be of use in the defence of the place.

*Leipzig, April 15.* It is said that the duke of Cleves, who has not a sufficient extent of territory to form a powerful state, will likewise receive the duchy of Juliers, which will be ceded to him by Bavaria. That power will also lose, as we are assured, the southern part of the Tyrol to Trent, which will be united to the kingdom of Italy.

*Vienna, April 17.* The French, instead of evacuating Brannau on the 1st of April, according to the stipulations of the treaty of Presburg, continue to make it a place of arms. Three thousand Bavarian peasants are continually at work on the intrenchments, and sixty pieces of cannon of large calibre are already mounted on the batteries. This hostile demonstration, to which the occupation of Cattaro by the Russians has given occasion, was expected. In the meantime, the French generals have again declared that they will leave Brannau as soon as the Russians shall have evacuated Dalmatia. The court of Vienna, in consequence, dispatched yesterday the courier La Forer to St. Petersburg; but it is believed it will find it difficult to extricate itself from the embarrassment in which it is placed by the late events.

A courier from Palermo lately arrived here. We are not without inquietude on account of the determination of Bonaparte to seize on the island of Sicily, but all proper measures have been taken there to oppose a descent. The whole

Strait is covered with Russian, English, and Neapolitan ships, and the utmost efforts will be made to prevent the island from falling into the power of the French. It is at this time especially that the English feel all the importance of their possession of Malta.

We are assured that the French have likewise demanded of the court of Vienna a passage through Croatia.

M. de Mayer, quarter-master-general, set out lately to inspect the situations of Wels, Welbach, and Bardwess; which are believed to be very capable of defence, should it be necessary again to have recourse to arms.

A war between Russia and Prussia appears to be considered here as inevitable.

*Munich, April 17.* The accounts in some journals of the arrival of a French adjutant from Vienna, with advice of the evacuation of the mouths of the Cattaro by the Russians, and the accommodation of the differences with Austria on that subject, were premature and unfounded.

Every thing continues in the same situation as before. The French garrison at Brannau is employed in completing the fortifications of that place. The corps of general Soult is in Bavaria, and that of Ney in Swabia. Our own troops continue on the war establishment, and there is talk of raising some new regiments.

It is evident that the continuance of the French troops in southern Germany must depend principally on the relations between Russia and Austria, and the answer from St. Petersburg, which cannot be expected to arrive in less than four weeks from the present time.

*Vienna, April 19.* According to the last accounts from Constantinople, the relations between the Porte and France are become so friendly, that there is reason to apprehend a war between the Turks and the Russians.

A courier has arrived here from Palermo, by the way of the Adriatic sea and Trieste. English and Russian ships (of which three are of the line, and seven frigates, with a number of smaller vessels) are cruising off Sicily.

*Augsburg, April 20.* Private letters



from Italy mention that the French have attempted an assault at Gaeta, but have been repulsed with loss.

The central deputation received, the day before yesterday, positive advice, that marshal Soult was about to march for Italy, with the troops under his command.

*Hamburgb, April 21.* Letters have been received here, which assert that an English squadron of six sail of the line has passed the Sound, to cruise in the Baltic.

It appears decided that Holland will be given to prince Louis Bonaparte, who will take the title of duke. A deputation is charged with offering the Batavian republic to that prince, who, it is believed, will not refuse it.

The embargo laid in England on the Prussian ships will do great injury to the trade of that country; because the commissions that have been given for the ensuing summer have been countermanded. We, however, flatter ourselves, that the English will not blockade the Prussian ports.

*Banks of the Inn, April 22.* The French proceed very actively in the fortification of Brannau, and have lately increased the number of trenches, and have strengthened the works with palisadoes. They have also put the small fortress of Neuhaus, near Passau, in a better state of defence.

*Banks of the Lech, April 24.* Marshal Soult still has his head-quarters at Passau; marshal Ney at Memmingen; marshal Bernadotte at Anspach; marshal Davoust at Elwangen; and the general of division Vandamme at Landshut. The troops have been obliged to extend their quarters of cantonment; as in many villages the hay is so much exhausted, that the peasants will be under the necessity of slaughtering all their cattle, if more forage should be required of them.

*Banks of the Maine, April 22.* The nephew of the minister Talleyrand, who, it was said, carried from Vienna to Paris advice that the Russians had evacuated the mouths of the Cattaro and Castel Nuovo, in Dalmatia, has, we are now assured, only carried to Paris the consent of Austria to permit, in consequence of the want of transports, 40,000

French troops to march through Austrian Istria and Croatia into Dalmatia. The report that the senator Beauharnois, the father of the princess Stephanie, now electoral princess of Baden, will be the supreme head of the Swiss confederacy, still continues.

*Lubeck, April 23.* To-day, at noon, a skirmish took place between Mollen and Ratzeburg, between a small corps of Swedish cavalry and a detachment of Prussian infantry. The Swedes were summoned by the Prussians to retire, which they refusing, the latter attacked them; the Swedes being too weak to make resistance, retreated to an eminence, where the Prussians again attacked them, and forced them to retreat entirely. In this skirmish several were killed and wounded on both sides.

*Banks of the Maine, April 29.* The report in circulation that the senator Beauharnois is intended for the place of supreme head of the Helvetic league acquires every day more consistence. It is said that he will govern Switzerland, under the title of landamman, for life; but that at his death the country will pass to his son-in-law, the electoral prince of Baden. Should this project be carried into execution, we shall see reign at Naples prince Joseph, the brother of the emperor; in Upper Italy, prince Eugene, viceroy; in Switzerland, the uncle of that prince, the brother-in-law of the empress; along the Rhine to the Maine, the electoral prince of Baden, son-in-law of mademoiselle Beauharnois; from thence to Holland, duke Joachim, brother-in-law of the emperor; and in Holland, prince Louis, the brother of that monarch.

It appears certain that the elector of Baden will extend his possessions from the frontiers of Switzerland, along the right bank of the Rhine, to the Maine. We are assured that the negotiations on this subject between France and the landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt are entirely concluded.—That prince cedes his possessions on the left bank of the Maine, which consist principally of the principality of Starkenberg, for which he receives a complete indemnification in Westphalia. Mannheim will definitively be the residence of the electoral prince of Baden.



## HOME NEWS.

*London, April 29.*

THIS day began the trial of lord viscount Melville, before the lords in Westminster-hall, on an impeachment by the commons of England. Mr. Whitbread, as one of the managers for the commons, opened the charges against him.

*April 30.* On Sunday evening, a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Portland-place, excited the suspicion of her friends, by her unusual melancholy appearance:—Suspecting some rash design, they searched her, and found an half-ounce phial of laudanum in her pocket: they took it from her possession, and placed a watch over her for the night. By some means, at present unknown, she procured a second dose, which she swallowed, and it was not until nearly three hours after that any idea was formed of her conduct, when the operation of this powerful lotion became alarming. The glass out of which it had been taken was discovered. A surgeon was immediately sent for: her situation at this moment was dreadful, and her friends informed, that in three hours she would be a corpse: a powerful emetic was administered, which changed the appearance of the unfortunate sufferer, and gave some hopes of recovery.—At ten o'clock last night she was pronounced out of danger. This is the second attempt she has made within the space of three months.

*Deal, May 1.* By the Prevoyante store-ship, arrived in the Downs, the following letter is received, dated Gibraltar, 31st of March:—“This day’s letters from Spain state, that a war between that country and Portugal is cer-

tain, and that 30,000 French troops are on their march to Portugal. His majesty’s ship *Pompée*, rear-admiral sir Sydney Smith, captain Dacres, arrived here on the 27th inst. with a fleet under convoy from Falmouth, in twenty-five days passage.”

*London, May 5.* Advice was this day received of the capture of the French commander, Linois, in the *Marengo*, with the *Belle Poule* frigate, by the *London* and *Amazon*, part of the squadron of sir John B. Warren. The grateful intelligence was brought by the *John Bull* cutter, which arrived at Plymouth on Friday. As soon as the intelligence was received at the Admiralty the following bulletin was sent to the lord mayor, and by him transmitted to Lloyd’s:—

*Admiralty-Office, May 4.*

‘A dispatch has been received this morning from vice-admiral sir J. B. Warren, bart. and K.B. giving an account of the capture of the *Marengo*, of 80 guns and 740 men, rear-admiral Linois, and the *Belle Poule*, of 40 guns and 320 men, on the 13th March, after a running fight for some hours, with his majesty’s ships *London* and *Amazon*.

*London*—Killed, officers, 0; petty officers, 1; seamen, 6; marines, 3.—Wounded, officers (lieutenant Fadey), 1; petty officers, 1; seamen, 11; marines, 7.

*Amazon*—Killed, officers (lieutenants Seymour and Prior), 2; petty officers, 0; seamen, 1; marines, 1.—Wounded, officers, 0; petty officers, 0; seamen, 6; marines, 0.

*Marengo and Belle Poule*, 65 killed; 80 wounded.—Admiral Linois is among the wounded.



The action took place a few leagues south of Madeira, and to do justice to the enemy, they fought with great gallantry. Admiral Linois's son is said to have been wounded as well as his father.—The *Marengo* was one of the fastest-sailing ships of the line ever built. She had made many valuable captures in the East Indies, where she had been nearly three years. The *Belle Poule* had also greatly annoyed our trade. If, as is generally supposed, she collected produce of the prizes taken by Linois was on board the *Marengo*, she must be one of the richest captures that ever was made. But Linois may, perhaps, have sent home part of his booty in American bottoms.—It was believed that he would have fallen into our hands by putting into the Cape, under the idea that it was still in possession of the Dutch. He received, however, the intelligence of its having been taken from a Danish East Indiaman, and proceeded directly for Europe.—The remainder of our squadron was far to leeward when the action took place. We are happy to see that the loss was so small on our side—that of the enemy was, as usual, great.—Linois is one of the best officers in the French navy.

*Hull, May 6.* One of the crew of a Harwich vessel is arrived here, who, with eleven others, made his escape from *Emden*, where the British ships had been seized, and the crews sent to prison, all their property being taken from them. The above twelve persons, and upwards of twenty others, were placed under a guard of nine centinels, whose vigilance they contrived to elude, and, seizing a small boat, got down the river until they reached a British transport vessel, which took them on board, and landed them at Shields.—The conduct adopted by Prussia affords a strong contrast to that of our own government, who not only allow the Prussian sailors detained here their full liberty, but also furnish them with a handsome allowance for their support.

*London, May 7.* Wednesday a long depending match against time was decided between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Ray; four hundred guineas to one hundred, that Mr. Harrison did not drive one of his horses, with himself and an-

other person in a chaise, from London to York in forty-eight successive hours. This he performed, with apparent ease, in forty-six hours fifty minutes; having started from London at six o'clock on Monday morning, and arrived at York ten minutes before five on Wednesday. He offered to take the same bet to go from York to London, in the same time, and start this day week, with the same horse.

On Saturday night, as the *Providence*, captain Carr, in the Norway trade, was going into the Greenland dock, a general cry of murder was heard; on Sunday morning, as she was warped into the dock, captain Carr, a young man, was found in the hold, covered with some deal planks, and appeared to have been severely beaten. The perpetrators of the murder are not yet discovered; the crew, mostly Norwegians, have absconded.

Sunday morning, William Miles, an eminent builder, in St. John's churchyard, Westminster, put a period to his existence, by hanging himself in a neighbour's yard. He rose at the early hour of four o'clock, and took an affectionate leave of his children, telling them he was going on a journey, and left his house. About half past seven o'clock, Mrs. Davis, his next-door neighbour, arose, and went into her yard, when she was shocked with the appearance of Mr. Miles hanging by a sash line suspended from a pole. It appeared that, to effect this rash act, he had recourse to the assistance of a short ladder to tie himself up. Mrs. Miles was from London. He has left nine children.—Yesterday the coroner's inquest sat on the body, and returned a verdict of *lunacy*.

*Dublin, May 9.* On Monday last a duel was fought by two young gentlemen of the barrack-office, in this city and intimate friends, upon occasion of a tavern quarrel of the preceding evening. On the first fire, at the distance of eleven paces, both parties felt: the one, Mr. Rogers, received a ball through his heart, and never spoke after; the other, Long, was shot through both his thighs, and was in the evening considered as past hope of recovery. A coroner's jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the survivor.



*London, May 12.* About nine o'clock on Saturday night, an alarming fire broke out in Bear-alley, Fleet-market, at the house of Mr. Steptoe, a butcher, who has likewise a shop in the market. The accident happened in consequence of a maid-servant imprudently leaving the candle with the children after she had put them to bed, which practice is, unfortunately, too prevalent. The girl went out for some porter, and, on her return, found that the flames had not only consumed the bed-curtains, but had reached the bed-room door: she made every effort to gain admission; but finding it impracticable, immediately gave the alarm, when every one became anxious for the safety of the children. Every endeavour, however, to save them unfortunately proved fruitless; and the children, three of them, the eldest eleven years of age, were burnt to death. A fourth child, an infant of nine months old, was preserved by the mother, who ran up from the market, and saved her child's life at the imminent risk of her own: she is now most dangerously ill. The appearance of the fire at the early part of its career was extremely awful, and seemed to threaten the adjoining houses with destruction; but, from the timely assistance of the firemen, who exerted themselves in a becoming manner, it soon began to lose its alarming aspect. The houses on each side were much damaged, particularly Mr. Line's, who has lost a considerable quantity of his furniture. Parties of the third London, and other volunteers, attended with the greatest promptitude, and were extremely useful to the distressed inhabitants.

*Plymouth, May 12.* Last evening, after post, L'Alexandre, 80 guns, made the signal of going up the harbour; she came to between the island and mainland about five o'clock, to wait the tide, and was towed up to the moorings, above Government-house, at sunset, by about twenty-five boats of the fleet: as she passed Mount Wise batteries, hundreds of spectators assembled to see her, greeting her approach with every demonstration of joy, as another naval sprig of laurel added to enrich the wooden walls of Old England. Her royal highness

the princess of Wales had a full view of L'Alexandre, from Mount Edgcumbe, after her return from her *dejeune*, on board the Cæsar, 84 guns, rear-admiral Strachan, from which ship she embarked, attended by all the admirals, generals, field-officers, and captains of the navy, in their barges, under a royal salute of twenty-one guns. This day her royal highness gave a grand dinner, after a water excursion through the Sound, at Mount Edgcumbe-house.

*London, May 14.* Overland dispatches were yesterday received at the India house. The intelligence by this conveyance is, that a treaty of peace and amity has been concluded between the British government and Scindia. Besides which, the dispatches announce the important fact of Holkar, reduced to the utmost distress, having sent vakeels, on the 23d of December, to the camp of general lord Lake, to entreat of his lordship to grant him such terms of peace as his justice and humanity might dictate. Holkar was reduced to the necessity of thus throwing himself upon the mercy of his opponent, not only from the severe privations which he had so long endured, but from the circumstance of his having been deserted by almost the whole of his officers; and a great part of his troops. The overture of his submission having been made so far back as the month of December, there can remain no doubt of all matters having ere this been completely adjusted: and hence may the expectation be reasonably entertained, that the next advices will announce the re-establishment of a general peace in India, upon a permanent and lasting foundation.

*Dover, May 16.* There has been some very heavy firing heard here, in the direction of Boulogne. As the *Immortalité*, captain Owen, is over, it is supposed to be the enemy's batteries firing at her, becalmed. Now the nights grow short, we are not so much annoyed by the French privateers as in the winter. A few of the enemy's flotilla has been out at anchor under their batteries, but not so many as used to show out last summer. We suppose their summer's campaign is not yet begun.

*London, May 19.* The trial of lord viscount Melville closed this day. No



thing remains but for the lords to give their decision, which it is expected they will do on Wednesday se'nnight, the 28th instant.

### BIRTHS.

*April 21.* At Aynho, in Northamptonshire, the lady of R. W. Cartwright, esq. M.P. of a son.

At Westmead, Carmarthenshire, lady Kensington, of a daughter.

In Gower-street, the lady of the rev. Inigo William Jones, of a son.

22. At Rowden-hill, near Chippingham, the lady of the rev. Henry Fellows, of a daughter.

*May 11.* At Ranby cottage, Retford, Nottinghamshire, the lady of the hon. William Monckton, of a son.

18. At Mount, near Chepstow, the lady of T. Gerard, esq. of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

*April 22.* At Hatfield Broad Oak, James Hamerton, esq. jun. eldest son of James Hamerton, esq. of Hellifield Peel, in the county of York, to miss Chamberlayne, daughter of Stanes Chamberlayne, esq. of Reys, in the county of Essex.

23. At Warnford, Hants, the seat of the earl of Clanricarde, Henry Jos. Tichborne, esq. eldest son of sir Henry Tichborne, bart. to miss Burke, daughter of sir Thomas Burke, bart. and sister to the countess of Clanricarde.

25. John Abernethie, esq. of Cumberland-street, to miss Susan Harris, daughter of the late Richard Harris, esq. of Sandown-house, Esher, Surry.

At St. Mary-la-bonne church, John Bushby, esq. of the Madras establishment, to miss Macdonald, daughter of Thomas Macdonald, esq. Old Cavendish-street; Cavendish-square.

At Horsham, Richard Grinstead, esq. to miss Lanham, eldest daughter of John Lanham, esq. banker, of that place.

26. John Coke, esq. of Woodhouse villa, in the county of Nottingham, to miss Wilnot, of Spondon, in the county of Derby.

At Tooting, Thomas Rippon, esq. of

Capel-court, to miss Davis, daughter of Joseph Davis, esq. of the Grove.

At St. Martin's in the Fields, Thomas Smith, esq. of Chelsea, to miss Coles, of Shercott-house, Wilts.

29. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, George Browne, esq. to miss Jane Rickard Cony, youngest daughter of the late colonel Cony, of Walpole, in Norfolk. Lord Minto stood father for the lady on this occasion.

*May 1.* At St. Michael's church, Bath, by the rev. Dr. Phillott, B. Lenthorne, esq. of Dean's Lodge, Dorset, to lady Lester, of Bath.

At St. Mary's chapel, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, John Drummond, esq. banker; at Charing-cross, to miss Barbara Chester, daughter of the late C. Chester, esq. of Chicheley, Bucks, and one of her majesty's maids of honour.

At Guilsfield, Montgomeryshire, Richard Hill, esq. son of the rev. Robert Hill, Cheshire, to miss Mytton, eldest daughter of the late Richard Mytton, esq. barrister at law, Chester.

At St. Magnus the Martyr, London-bridge, Marmaduke Thompson, esq. to miss Cooling, of Dalston.

William Whiston, esq. of Fishtoff-hall, Lincolnshire, to miss H. Hart, youngest daughter of the late major Hart, of Woodstone, Huntingdonshire.

2. At Mary-la-bonne church, lord Robert Seymour, to the hon. miss Chetwynd, sister of viscount Chetwynd.

8. By a special licence, at the house of lord Henry Fitzgerald, in Stratford-place, by the hon. and rev. the dean of Windsor, the right hon. lord Kinnard, to lady Olivia Letitia Catherine Fitzgerald, youngest daughter of the late duke of Leinster. Immediately after the ceremony, the noble lord, with his beautiful bride, left town for Boyle-farm, the seat of the right hon. lord Henry Fitzgerald.

At Mary-la-bonne church, the hon. Augusta Margaret Coventry, eldest daughter of viscount Deerhurst, to Willoughby Cotton, esq.

At St. Peter's church, Cornhill, Michael Castle, esq. of Bristol, to miss Catherine Kiddell, daughter of the rev. John Kiddell.

13. At Minster, Isle of Sheppy, captain William Thomas, of the island of



Jamaica, to miss Hammond, of Lewisham, Kent.

15. At Battersea, Penfold Charles Vardon, esq. of St. John's-place, Battersea Rise, to Marian, eldest daughter of the late William Paterson, esq. of the island of Jamaica.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. Gundry, of Calne, Wilts, to miss M. Hickley, of Avebury, in the same county.

## DEATHS.

April 17. At Jersey, lieutenant-general Andrew Gordon, commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in that island.

20. Mrs. Gresley, wife of the rev. William Gresley, rector of Seale, Leicestershire, and daughter of the late sir Nigel Gresley, bart. Bath, and Knyper-sley, in the county of Stafford.

21. At his seat, Fern-hill, in the isle of Wight, Samuel Shute, esq.

Mrs. Pepys, wife of Edmund Pepys, esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

At Braco castle, Mrs. Masterton, wife of James Masterton, esq.

22. At Musselburgh, in the 84th year of his age, Robert Riddell, esq. of Kemy's-hall, in the county of Dumfries; brother of the late sir James Riddell, bart.

At Gloucester, aged 28, George Elton, esq. A.M. fellow of Brazen-nose college, Oxford; and son of Edward Elton, esq. of Barley-hill, in the county of Glamorgan, and late of Gloucester.

John Ayton, esq. of Harleston, in Norfolk, in the 74th year of his age.

James Scott, esq. of Vauxhall, Surrey.

At Hull, in the 61st year of his age, John Russell, esq. of Newman-street, R. A.

25. At his house, at Kentish Town, in the 73d year of his age, Edward Leigh, esq. late of Took's-court, Chancery-lane.

May 3. At his house, in Sloane-street, Knightsbridge, sir Richard Ford, chief magistrate of Bow-street.

In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, Mrs. Harriet Wilks, wife of major

Mark Wilks, of Madras establishment, East Indies.

At Bystock, in Devonshire, Mrs. Kensington, widow of John Kensington, esq. formerly banker in London.

At his lodgings, in Bath, John Williams, esq. of Castle-hill, in the county of Cardigan.

4. Universally lamented, as a man of the strictest probity, by all who knew him, Mr. James Lacey, of Clements-inn, aged 79. He was the oldest hosier in London.

8. After a long illness, Mrs. Tyres, of Kennington-lane, widow of the late Jonathan Tyres, esq. of Vauxhall.

9. In the 17th year of her age, miss Randolph, eldest daughter of the right rev. the lord bishop of Oxford.

12. The lady of Nicholas Ashton, esq. of Woolton, near Liverpool.

14. At her house, in Devonshire-street, Bloomsbury, in the 89th year of her age, Mrs. Pye, widow of Henry Pye, esq. late of Farringdon-house, Berkshire.

19. At his house, in Sydney-place, Bath, ——— Cazneau, esq.

At his lodgings, in Bath-street, Bath, Beckford Cater, esq. of Church-hall, Essex, and of Oxwick-house, near Sodbury, Gloucestershire.

20. After a lingering illness, lord Monson, at his house, in Seymour-place. His lordship was in the 53d year of his age. He married lady Elizabeth Capel, daughter of the late, and sister to the present, earl of Essex; and has left issue John George, who succeeds to the title, and two daughters. His lordship will not be of age until the 1st of September next.

W. Walton, esq. accomptant-general of the bank of England.

——— Howse, esq. formerly surgeon in the army, of Cirencester. He was conversing with a person in the market, when he dropped down and instantly expired, leaving a wife and twelve children.

Arthur Colley, esq. of Wood-street, Spitalfields, aged 53.

At Forthampton, in the county of Gloucester, Wm. Henry Beauchamp, esq. third son of the late sir Wm. Beauchamp Proctor, bart.

At Auberries, Essex, Robert Andrews, esq.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR  
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JUNE, 1806.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:*

- 1 The Seat of LADY DACRE, at LEE in KENT.
- 2 LONDON FASHIONABLE DRESSES, elegantly coloured.
- 3 A View of the Court sitting on the Trial of LORD MELVILLE, in Westminster-Hall.
- 4 Fashionable BORDER for a VEIL, or SCARF.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE writer of the *Family Anecdotes* is requested to send a *Continuation*.

*Eugenio's* Letter is intended for insertion.

The *Valentine* shall be considered in due season,

We would recommend the *Acrostics* by Eleanor to the revision of the author.

\*.\* A Plate illustrative of a scene in the *Romance of the Pyrenées* was intended for the present Number; but we have been obliged unavoidably to defer it: it shall certainly be given with our next.

N. B. A Novel in five volumes, by the Author of the *Romance of the Pyrenées*, is in the Press, and will speedily be published.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For JUNE, 1806.

A NOONTIDE WALK

IN JUNE.

By J. M. L.

' Neglected now the early *daisy* lies;  
Nor thou, pale *primrose*! bloom'st the only  
prize;  
Advancing *SPRING* profusely spreads abroad  
Flow'rs of all hues, with sweetest fragrance  
stor'd.  
Where'er she treads, *LOVE* gladdens ev'ry  
plain,  
*Delight*, on tiptoe, bears her lucid train;  
Sweet *hope* with conscious brow before her  
flies,  
Anticipating wealth from summer skies.  
All Nature feels her renovating sway,  
The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow gay;  
And trees and shrubs, no longer budding  
seen,  
Display the new-grown branch of lighter  
green:  
On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,  
And sees *to-morrow* in the marbled skies.'

BLOOMFIELD.

THUS had Nature's purest poet  
described the beauties of 'advancing  
spring;' and May had fully verified  
his description: lightsome hours of  
gentleness and love had beamed  
on every plain, had tuned every  
grove to melody: the 'early daisy  
and pale primrose' were now ne-  
glected for the

' Flow'rs of all hues, with sweetest fragrance  
stor'd,'

that fringed the wanderer's path, or  
decorated the hedge-row with their

simple blooms: every scene was  
full of loveliness; all around was  
perfect peace. Alas! not so my  
own mind!

' For woe has planted deep her piercing  
thorn  
Within this breast, where throbs an aching  
heart;  
A deeper wound than that of scowling scorn,  
A fiercer pang than sorrow's common  
smart.'

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

May, with all its charms, had lost  
the power to soothe the painful pang  
that probed my troubled breast.  
That month had taken from me the  
best of fathers, the sincerest of men;  
had guided me to his sick bed-side,  
where my listening ears had caught  
his latest sigh; and had lighted my  
footsteps to his opening tomb, where  
with tearful eye I had seen him  
consigned to the peaceful silence of  
the grave. Lost then on me were  
all those charms that caused to  
others the most exquisite delight.

' Congenial more would be the twilight's  
gloom,  
The shriek of sorrow, than the song of  
joy;  
The midnight darkness of the murky tomb,  
Where meddling troublers come not to  
annoy.

For oft, in silence and in grief alone,  
The gushing tear-drop will unbidden fall;  
A holy tribute to mild Mercy's throne—  
An offering to HIM who died for all.'

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*



Soon, however, I resumed my accustomed walks: for what is more soothing to the mind in want of peace than the tranquil scenery of latter spring and early summer? I sought my usual paths; and found a gradual calm steal over my senses as I listened to the praise-fraught song of the heaven-directed lark; or, sitting beneath some fragrant shade, wandered in imagination with some favourite poet through all his devious walks, where the eye of genius had traced beauties, unknown and unnoticed by the vulgar gaze; or sympathised in his griefs, which the magic pen of true poesy had rendered interesting to *any mind*, to a congenial one almost sacred. Thus time crept away; and June, with all her beamy offspring, came to lead the infant Summer o'er the plains.

The morning of the day I had chosen for my ramble rose gloomily,

'And heavily in clouds brought on the day.'

It was very warm; and as I set out a few heats were falling, but they speedily ceased: and the great luminary of day soon asserted his superior powers, and burst through the heavy veil of clouds that had before concealed him, in all the majesty of light and glory.

My path was skirted with various fragrants, whose simple blossoms are ever dearer to me than the rarer flowers of the garden, whose forms often exhibit in reality less of real beauty than the unheeded children of Nature.

'The peeping primrose palely glow'd  
From Nature's mossy bed;  
The meads with scented sweets were strew'd;  
The cowslip rais'd its head.

'The blue-bell's beauties too were seen  
Beneath the hedge-row's side;  
The daisy speckled all the green  
With verdure's simplest pride.

'The modest violet's beauty blush'd,  
In close retirement laid:  
By foot unfeeling oft 'tis crush'd,  
Or by the rustic's spade.

'Nor must the butterflower's bloom,  
'Mongst these unnotic'd pass;  
Which, though it boasts no rich perfume,  
Bedecks the new-sprung grass.'

Hearing a loud laugh in a field separated from me by a high hedge, I sought the gate of it, and found it proceeded from a troop of hay-makers, who were tossing the summer's first tribute in the air to dry; and at the same time were busily employed in passing their jokes on each other, while an almost general smile of joy spread their sun-burnt countenances. Here were all ages intermixed, from the child, who was scarcely able to wield the fork on account of its youth, to the man or woman, who were almost as unable to wield it from their age. How beautifully does Bloomfield describe a scene like this!

'Hark! where the sweeping scythe now  
rips along:

Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong—  
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,  
Bends o'er his work, and ev'ry sinew tries—  
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,  
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.  
Come, HEALTH! come, *jollity*! light-footed,  
come;

Herē hold your revels, and make this your  
home.

Each heart awaits, and hails you as its own;  
Each moisten'd brow, that scorns to wear a  
frown.

Th' unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants  
strayed;

E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid  
Hies to the field, the general toil to share.

Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow-chair,  
His cool brick-floor, his pitcher, and his ease,  
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees  
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,  
The ready group attendant on his word,  
To turn the swath, the quiv'ring load to  
rear,

Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.

Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous  
grown,

Each his thin doublet in the shade throws  
down:



Where oft the mastiff sculks with half-shut  
eyes  
And rouses at the stranger passing by.  
Whilst unrestrain'd the social converse flows,  
And ev'ry breast love's powerful impulse  
knows;  
And rival wits, with more than rustic grace,  
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

The heat now became excessive, which the exercise of walking considerably increased. 'Summer's light garb itself' was almost too much to bear, and I sought a shady recess by the side of a placid river: a slight breeze, that scarcely ruffled its surface, wafted the melodious sounds of a distant ring of bells to my enraptured ear. Methought they were probably pealing in joyous numbers for some village wedding, or churchwardens' feast; but whatever was the cause, I felt the effect of the soothing murmur of the bells, by their almost lulling me into a slumber. To shake off this drowsiness I proceeded up the stream, under the embowering protection of some pendant willows, whose sweepy branches dimpled the mirror-like face of the river. 'Here,' whispered recollection, 'you have often enjoyed the silent amusement of angling; and have mixed with your enjoyments—hinted humanity—the cruelty of inflicting death: the inoffensive worm, or giddy fly, have first been your victims, whose deceptive appearance tempted the finny wanderers to a seeming dainty repast; but, alas! the barb of death tore them from their element, to die unheeded on the plain.' I pleaded guilty to both, and bent my footsteps towards home by another road. In crossing a hay-field, I saw an interesting female figure before me, who was wildly decorating her dishevelled hair with wreaths of faded flowers, which she gathered from amongst the hay. Her every action spoke her reason lost. She now altered her position, which

gave me an opportunity of discovering a beautiful set of features, but sadly pale. The lustre of her once-lovely eyes was no more: there, more than any where, was depicted the melancholy of her mind. Lovely wreck! Heaven only knows from what cause sprang thy malady. Perchance 'twas disappointed love; or, worse than all, seduction's pang may have overturned reason's throne. Suc was

FAIR ANNA'S FATE.

- ' Fair Anna boasted ev'ry charm,  
And dwelt afar from London city.  
In love she fear'd no lurking harin:  
But learn her fate from this sad ditty.
- ' Young William gain'd her truest love;  
A wretch was he, unus'd to pity:  
Seduc'd, he left her then to prove  
The fate I tell in this sad ditty.
- ' Fair Anna sank beneath the blow;  
The grave receiv'd her form in pity.  
Where yonder weeping willows grow  
She lies, whose fate has fill'd my ditty.'

Sometimes, indeed, excessive grief for the loss of a near and dear relative, or kindred friend, plants the seeds of melancholy. Often, too, it springs from an apparently causeless source: a case of which kind Bloomfield beautifully describes. The rural maiden's name was Mary Rayner, and she resided at Ixworth Thorp, near to where he himself came from; and with that quotation I shall conclude my noontide ramble in June.

- ' The pride of such a party, Nature's pride,  
Was lovely Poll; who innocently tried,  
With hat of airy shape, and ribbons gay,  
Love to inspire, and stand in Hymen's way.  
But ere her *twentieth* summer could expand,  
Or youth was render'd happy with her hand,  
Her mind's serenity was lost and gone;  
Her eye grew languid, and she wept alone.  
Yet causeless seem'd her grief; for quick re-  
strain'd,  
Mirth follow'd loud, or indignation reign'd;  
Whims wild and simple led her from her  
home,  
The heath, the common, or the fields to  
roam.



Terror and joy alternate rul'd her hours :  
 Now blithe she sung, and gather'd useless  
     flow'rs ;  
 Now pluck'd a tender twig from ev'ry bough ;  
 To whip the hov'ring demons from her brow.  
 Ill-fated maid ! thy guiding spark is fled,  
 And lasting wretchedness awaits thy bed—  
 Thy bed of straw ! for mark, where even  
     now  
 O'er their lost child afflicted parents bow.  
 Their woe she knows not, but, perversely  
     coy,  
 Inverted customs yield her sullen joy ;  
 Her midnight meals in secrecy she takes,  
 Low mutt'ring to the moon, that rising  
     breaks  
 Through night's dark gloom:—Oh ! how  
     much more forlorn  
*Her* night, that knows of no returning morn !—  
 Slow from the threshold, once her infant seat,  
 O'er the cold earth she crawls to her retreat ;  
 Quitting the cot's warm walls, unhous'd to  
     lie,  
 Or share the swine's impure and narrow  
     sty.  
 The damp night air her shiv'ring limbs as-  
     sails ;  
 In dreams she moans, and fancied wrongs be-  
     wails.  
 When morning wakes, none earlier rous'd  
     than she,  
 When pendant drops fell glitt'ring from the  
     tree ;  
 But nought her rayless melancholy cheers,  
 Or soothes her breast, or stops her streaming  
     tears.  
 Her matted locks unornamented flow ;  
 Clasp'ing her knees, and waving to and fro ;—  
 Her head bow'd down, her faded cheek to  
     hide ;—  
 A piteous mourner by the pathway side.  
 Some tufted molehill through the livelong  
     day  
 She calls her throne ; there weeps her life  
     away :  
 And oft the gaily-passing stranger stays  
 His well-tim'd step, and takes a silent gaze,  
 Till sympathetic drops unbidden start,  
 And pangs quick-springing muster round his  
     heart ;  
 And soft he treads with other gazers round,  
 And fain would catch her sorrow's plaintive  
     sound.  
 One word alone is all that strikes the ear,  
 The short, pathetic, simple word—' Oh  
     dear !'  
 A thousand times repeated to the wind,  
 That wafts the sigh, but leaves the pang be-  
     hind !  
 For ever of the proffer'd parley shy,  
 She hears th' unwelcome foot advancing  
     nigh ;  
 Nor quite unconscious of her wretched  
     plight,  
 Gives one sad look, and hurries out of  
     sight !'

## NERVAD ;

OR,

THE IMPERFECTION OF HUMAN  
ENJOYMENTS.*(An Eastern Story.)*

NERVAD was a man of an indolent habit, and was besides the poorest man in all Bagdat. He was discontented and repining, and desirous of the ease and pleasures of his superiors, without having sufficient resolution to labour for their attainment.

As he was one day musing deeply upon his indigent condition, and forming ideal pictures of the enjoyments and gratifications of the wealthy, he sunk into a slumber. The train of his thoughts still continuing, he imagined himself reclined upon a splendid sofa ; beautiful women were placed around him, and delicacies of every kind were served him by a crowd of menials. Nervad was enraptured with the pleasures he possessed, and revelled in the eager fruition of them ; but his joy was no more than momentary. He found a listlessness soon creeping upon him ; a capricious and inconsistent temper ; and he gradually felt himself growing jealous of his women, tyrannical to his servants, and fastidious and difficult respecting his food. Instead of ease and content of mind, he felt disquiet and apprehension. Besides his domestic perplexities, he dreaded the rapacity of the governor of the province ; whilst the depredations of robbers, and the waste of storms, put him in fear for his property and lands. So occupied was he with his situation, that these terrors of his fancy at length appeared



more intolerable to him than the few real wants which he had experienced in his first condition; and he concluded how much greater must be the happiness of the man who has few wants and desires, few cares, and little apprehension from tyranny and rapine.

As these reflections were passing in his mind, Nervad suddenly thought himself advanced to the government of the province. He felt himself elevated with this increase of wealth and power, and could not but believe it would heighten his felicity. He had armies of soldiers, and numerous slaves at his command; an extensive palace for his residence; and the greatest men of his province prostrating themselves before him, courting him with magnificent presents, and obeying him with fear. Yet, notwithstanding he put on cheerfulness in his countenance, and confidence and freedom in his behaviour, he looked on every one who flattered him as plotting secretly to effect his ruin; he trembled at the influence of the great, and at the discontent of the poor; and, above all, his heart was pale with apprehension of the intrigues of his enemies at court, and of the caprice and veering favour of the sultan. He would often regret that his possessions were not more within his power; he mourned the dependance in which he stood; and reflected how much more completely must that man be happy who owed his advancement to his own exertions, and could augment his wealth, not only without the dissatisfaction and murmurs, but with the pleasure and approbation, of others; and whose prosperity was maintained by his own labours and prudence and the co-operation of numbers, rather than by the changeful partiality, the idle fear, or un-

accountable caprices of an individual.

With that strange incongruity which usually accompanies our dreams, with these wishes his authority and state, his splendour and extensive command, the attendance of the great, and the prompt obedience of all, passed away, and he thought himself in an immense building, surrounded by high piles of merchandise, the products of every region of the globe. He directed the proceedings of a multitude of persons, who supplied the thronging purchasers of his commodities. The edifice was divided into many large apartments; in all of which was heard the hum of busy crowds, the voice of labour, and the noise of exertion. His treasures were large, and continually flowing in and circulating. He had agents on every shore, and in every city; his affairs branched out into a thousand channels and concerns; and he was embarked in numberless adventures. The abundance of his wealth produced him every necessary and luxury, every convenience and ornament, of life; yet it was still attended with the fear of losing it. He was sometimes apprehensive of competitors in his undertakings, and could scarcely forbear looking with some envy upon his thriving contemporaries. Amidst the exuberance of his wealth and treasure, his mind would often torment itself with fancying the many dangers to which his concerns were subject, and picturing to himself the loss of his caravans, and the shipwreck of his vessels; the irruption of the invading armies of hostile states, and the ravages of depredators; the desertion of his customers; the decrease of his commerce; or the insolvency of his debtors. He thus



found splendour blended with apprehension, plenty with anxious solicitude, wealth with servility, and multiplicity of business with multiplicity of cares.

Upon his awakening from his dream, and finding himself in the same thoughtful posture, covered with his old tattered apparel, he regretted to perceive that his affluence had vanished, but resolved for the future to learn this lesson from it:—Not to pine after luxuries and ease, as the enjoyment of them is never complete and untroubled; and not to covet or envy any condition of life, as all are accompanied with cares and dangers of various kinds: but solely to aim at temperance and regularity; and to hope for their recompense in that unbounded happiness which is to be enjoyed only in another state of existence.

J. V.

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THE

## SEAT OF LADY DACRE.

(With a View, elegantly engraved).

IN our Miscellany for October last we gave a description, accompanied with an engraving, of the Mausoleum erected by lady Dacre to the memory of her husband, the late lord Dacre. We now present our readers with a view of the mansion of this amiable lady, which is delightfully situate at Lee in Kent, in the midst of an extremely pleasant park, well stocked with various kinds of trees, shrubbery, &c. Here her ladyship dispenses her bounty in the most liberal manner to all real objects of charity who make application to her, and receives the unfeigned blessings of the indigent

and distressed. In our last volume (page 507) may be found some observations by a writer of repute, illustrating of her sensibility of heart and genuine piety.

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ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

LOUIS XIV. had so high an idea of the strong sense and discernment of madame de Maintenon, that he one day said to her—‘Popes are styled your holiness, kings your majesty, princes your highness, dukes your grace, peers of inferior degree your lordship; as for you, madam, you ought to be styled your *solidity*.’

The tailor of Henry IV. having turned his mind to politics, as tailors have sometimes done in other ages and countries, procured a book to be printed, containing some political regulations which he considered as necessary for the good of the state. He took the liberty to present the king with a copy of this work. The monarch accepted it with a smile; and having read a few pages, said to one of his valets in waiting—‘Go and fetch my chancellor to take measure of me for a suit of clothes; for here is my tailor, making regulations for the administration of government.’

Children ought not to be impressed so much with the desire of pleasing, as with the fear of displeasing. We are frequently displeased without cause, only because we have been pleased without a reason.

The best things, when out of place, lose all their value. The merit of a thing, says Quintillian, frequently consists more in its appropriate application than in the thing itself.



THE  
ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.*(Continued from p. 250.)*

## CHAP. LXVI.

ELFRIDII shortly after arrived at the castle, and highly approved of Francisco's stratagem and subsequent arrangements, although they now found themselves obliged to extend the deception to conte Vicenza; and, in about a year after—contempt and obloquy having driven Polydore and the vile duchessa from Manfredonia to seek respect in France—Elvira, anxious to see her long alienated son, entreated to have him removed nearer to her; but this Polydore, ever shrinking from the glance of suspicion, would not consent to, but proposed taking her to see her boy in the castle of the Pyrenees, upon condition that she would accompany him thither alone, dispensing, on her journey, with the attendance of Bianca or any other domestic. To all this Elvira readily agreed, and submitted to having a bandage placed over her eyes in the forest; and in this hoodwinked state she was conveyed by Elfridii and Vicenza into the castle. She saw her supposed child, was struck with his resemblance to Viola; and Francisco, during the whole visit, trembled lest the mother's penetrating eye should discover that this was not her puny boy: but Theodore she had not seen since the hour of his birth, nor Orlando since he was eighteen months old; she had little recollection of either; and, believing our hero dead, the mother's vanity was too much elated at the perfect beauty of her supposed child to allow a doubt to enter her mind as to his identity. Neither could Polydore detect the

cheat: he had never before beheld Orlando, and had not seen his own son since he was six months old. He now thought him most wonderfully improved; and attributed this amazing change to Teresa's surprising care, and the salubrious air of the castle.

During this short interview, believing Orlando to be her own boy, Elvira became so attached to him it was agony to think of parting; and, when forced away into the mysterious apartment, the violence of her temper brought on an hysteric affection, which caused those shrieks and moans Iago imagined occasioned by the death-blow of the assassin, and which lessened on his ear as the duchessa was borne through one of the secret passages from that chamber. And to cure Teresa of a curiosity that might, on many occasions, prove an annoyance to them, Don Manuel and Garcias, by means of phosphorus and some fantastic habits, caused those dreadful appearances which left so incurable an impression of terror upon the poor woman's mind.

As Orlando advanced in age, he discovered strong symptoms of superior talents; and Francisco, a man of learning and tenderly attached to the boy, wished to have his understanding done every justice to. Nor could he bear to have this promising child confined either to the society of an old village schoolmistress, or exposed to the pernicious examples existing in the castle. When at home he could certainly cultivate his ward's genius: but then he was seldom at home except at hours when the child's health required his being in bed; and so much called out by his profession, he could not be the constant preceptor and guardian of a boy whose enterprising spirit would soon lead him to throw off the trammels of old



Teresa. Perplexed and anxious beyond measure for the welfare of his darling, he mentioned the subject to Elfridii the next time that fiend visited the castle.

Elfridii heard him with the malign satisfaction of a dæmon; for these perplexities opened to him a mode for the execution of a further plan of vengeance upon Lorenzo, which no heart but that of a fiend could ever have conceived. He wished to awaken Lorenzo's affection for his son without his knowing him to be such; and then to strike his heart with a fell blow, the most direful a parent's heart could receive. He therefore appeared to enter into all Francisco's anxiety; and advised, could any man among the captives be found competent to the task, to appoint him preceptor to their little charge. Elfridii undertook to question Garcias upon the interesting subject. Lorenzo of course was elected; to whom Garcias offered kind treatment and emancipation from a dungeon, on condition of his binding himself by a solemn oath to conceal his name, his rank, and his misfortunes, from every individual he might meet with during his captivity.

It must be supposed the wretched captive, who had groaned beneath a load of chains and mental misery in a noisome dungeon for almost two long years, should joyfully accede to such a proposal. There was now nothing in the world for Lorenzo to return to; all his misfortunes left him to wish for was a less rigorous confinement during the remainder of his days; and to announce himself to the individuals he might meet with in the castle, or talk to them upon the subject of his dire calamities, could be no gratification to a mind like his. Unhesitatingly therefore he took the oath; his fetters were knocked off;

he was restored to the light of heaven, and introduced to Francisco under the simple appellation of signior Sebastian, as a preceptor for his ward.

It would have been impossible for the dearest friends of the unfortunate duca now to recognise him, since he arose from the dungeon to all appearance full sixty years of age; so much had grief, cruel treatment, and confinement, taken from his youth. And Elfridii feared no detection, since the schemes which drew Vicenza to the Pyrenean castle seemed all completed, and there was then no prospect of his ever returning thither. In the apartments of Francisco, Lorenzo saw the lovely boy for whose sake he had been released from his dreadful prison. Orlando looked earnestly at the interesting figure before him; smiled sweetly up at him; and, in the melting voice of kindness and sympathy, entreated him to take some grapes Iago had just gathered for him. The voice, the smile, the earnest gaze, all struck upon the heart of Lorenzo; in all he traced Viola. He burst into tears, and bitterly he wept; but, believing that he had seen his own child expire, no idea of the possibility of this being his ever entered his agonised mind. He quickly, however, summoned back all his fortitude, apologised to Francisco for his weakness, and from that hour Orlando became an object that called back some of his tenderest feelings to this world, and upon him his heart fondly rested.

From this period Elfridii carefully avoided that part of the castle where it was possible for him to be seen by Lorenzo, who never penetrated further than the library into the apartments of Don Manuel, who he had not the most remote suspicion was the identical Ambrosio to whom



he attributed the most direful of his calamities; nor had Don Manuel the least idea of who this his interesting captive really was, since in that knowledge Elfridii and Garcias took care that none should participate with them. But though Lorenzo confined himself to the precincts of his prescribed apartments, his lively pupil often trespassed beyond bounds in quest of his two great friends and playmates, Thomas and Diego. Don Manuel and Francisco were at first extremely strict in the confinement of Orlando to his own private apartments; but soon (like many good intentions), as the novelty of the resolution wore away, they relaxed in their attention to it. As Orlando advanced in years, and that exercise became necessary for him, his guardian was compelled to admit of his penetrating further into the castle grounds, and attend in the riding-school; when soon, from attentive observation, the anxious Lorenzo ceased to tremble for the effect of pernicious example upon the heart of his pupil, since with transport he saw the only impression vice made upon him was to increase his love for virtue. In these rambles about the castle, Orlando's detestation of Garcias took root; whose hatred to the supposed Theodore arose from his having an incorruptible heart, since the knowledge of whose child Orlando was had not been confided by Elfridii even to this his sworn co-adjutant.

When Orlando was in his seventh year, Don Manuel, in some of his piratical successes, took a rich prize bound from America to Cadiz, on board of which was an African boy, the adopted child of a Spaniard of some consequence in Spanish America, who had sent the boy, then eight years old, to Europe for his education. This child, named by his Spanish patron Hippolyto, was

remarkable for his uncommon beauty, and the elegant symmetry of his figure; and Francisco was so much struck by his appearance, that he wished to save him from destruction, and requested him from Don Manuel, that he might bring him up as a proper companion for the supposititious Theodore. The request was readily granted; and Hippolyto evinced such docility of mind and extent of talents, that Lorenzo undertook his education, both for the boy's own advantage and for the influence of emulation over the great capacity, but too often idle humours, of his beloved pupil. The power of emulation soon evinced itself, and both boys gained information with astonishing facility.

When Hippolyto had attained his sixteenth year, an elder brother of Francisco, an abbot of great learning, whose convent was at Naples, and who kept up a constant correspondence with Francisco as one of the holy fathers of San Francis at Cadaques, wrote to inform his brother that he was almost totally deprived of sight by cataracts; and entreated him to send him, if he could, a well-educated youth, who could bear the total confinement of a monastery, as a reader and secretary to him. This was an opportunity of amply providing for Hippolyto, which the good properties of Francisco's mind would not allow him to disregard. He well knew that his own death would be the final destruction of Hippolyto, who upon that event must inevitably become again the vassal of Don Manuel. He consulted the duca upon the important subject, who, though grieved to lose the society of Hippolyto for his dear boy, strongly advised, for the unfortunate African's sake, his being immediately sent to the good abbot. Francisco, therefore, using every precaution to prevent Hippolyto's having



the power, should he ever have the inclination, to lead the officers of justice into the castle, dispatched the young man to his really amiable brother, accounting to Don Manuel for his absence, by saying the Inquisition demanded his services; and Don Manuel dared to make no further inquiry.

The grief of Orlando upon losing his beloved companion was excessive; and to moderate it in some degree, Francisco, who was all indulgence to him, brought Matilda from her convent to his own apartments, and there presented her to her father and her brother as Donna Matilda Almanza, a ward of his, whose society he would sometimes gratify Orlando with.

Matilda had been carefully nursed in the convent of Santa Maria, and received there all the education a number of illiterate nuns could give her. Her temper was ardent, her manners were lively, and her spirit was of that haughty nature which required the gentle but steady hand of maternal judgment to curb and soften; and to the voice of affection only would she bend. With feelings the most acute, she was tremblingly alive to every slight and every kindness; and, for want of a judicious education, the impulse of the moment was her only guide.

In his visits to Santa Maria, Francisco with concern saw how unfortunately for herself this lovely child had been trained: he spoke of his distress to Elfridii, who heard it with dæmonian joy. His diabolical plan was to unite the children of Lorenzo, and then to rend at once the wretched father's heart by the maddening knowledge of their close affinity to him and to each other. He therefore, under the veil of deep interest for Matilda, advised Francisco to introduce her to Sébastian, who possessed all the powers of

improving her understanding, and might find means to correct the foibles of her mind. During the frequent absences of Don Manuel (Elfridii said) this plan might safely be pursued; and earnestly he wished it that success it seemed to promise, since he had future plans which he would now in confidence disclose to his dear Francisco. The amiable youth whom they had imposed upon Don Manuel for conte Vicenza's son was in fact the offspring of two dear friends of his (Elfridii's), who had, relying upon his honour and secrecy, entrusted their child to his protection; that an ample fortune would in time be this youth's; and in compassion to the destitute state of poor Matilda, he had formed the project of uniting her, if possible, to their mutual charge.

Francisco was soon talked, by the wily Elfridii, into an anxious wish for the success of this project: Matilda he therefore introduced to the society of Lorenzo and Orlando as often as the absence of Don Manuel made it prudent. From the curiosity of the sisters of Santa Maria he had nothing to apprehend, since he knew they would not dare to question their boarder relative to where an inquisitor and their confessor took her.

Orlando and Matilda soon conceived for each other all that pure and sincere affection that nature would have inspired had they been aware of their consanguinity. Lorenzo loved and admired the playful child, while with concern he saw the defects in her temper and of her education. With the gentle persuasive voice of kindness, he set about amending the errors of each. Matilda respected and loved him, therefore every word he uttered made a lasting impression: she received lectures and lessons alike with gratitude from him, and soon evinced the



most satisfactory improvement from both; and as to Francisco she also looked up with reverence and regard, she now knew no happiness equal to her visits to her guardian's habitation. No wonder, then, that she persevered in her silence and secrecy to her companions in the convent, since upon her secrecy and silence, Francisco informed her, the continuation of this great indulgence depended; and thus deriving her only improvement in the society of men, our reader will not wonder at her deficiency in those feminine graces so fascinating in woman.

Matilda repeated her clandestine visits for nearly two years, advancing daily in her important improvements, and in the affection of her father and brother, when Elfridii desired Francisco to inform the young pair that a marriage between them was agreed upon by their friends, and was shortly to take place.

Orlando heard the intelligence almost unmoved; he felt no emotion of repugnance, and none of satisfaction, except in the idea that it would insure him the constant society of his lively companion: but Matilda was almost wild with joy; she considered her marriage as her emancipation from the gloomy austerities of ignorance and a convent, and that she should now be enabled, without interruption, to pursue her improvements in the loved society of Theodore, Sebastian, and Francisco.

The day for this dreadful union was at length appointed by the diabolical Elfridii, and the ceremony was to be performed by Francisco in the church belonging to the castle. The duca was sincerely grieved that the friends of these little more than children should determine thus early upon their union; he saw that, though they were firmly attached to each other, their attachment was not of that tender kind which he thought

should accompany them to the hymeneal altar: but he had, he believed, no right, unsolicited, to offer an opinion upon the subject; he was silent, therefore, though anxious and concerned.

The day appointed for this horrible event drew near, to the malign gratification of the diabolical Elfridii; but the eye of Omnipotence was upon his purposes, and the angels of mercy were sent forth to save two innocent beings from a doom the most direful, and to lead the most sinful of sinners to repentance. A few evenings prior to this intended marriage, a sudden and most tremendous thunder-storm prevented the return of Matilda from the habitation of her guardian to Santa Maria; no carriage could be brought there to convey her home; and the rain fell in such torrents, the peals of thunder were so violent, and the lightning so dreadful, that not a thought could be entertained of her quitting the castle that night: it was therefore agreed that she should occupy Orlando's chamber, and he a couch in Lorenzo's. The storm continuing with unabated terrors during the greater part of the night, it was late when the little party separated: but at an hour even unusually early Orlando left his couch in the morning; and unrefreshed, and with a mind most painfully disturbed, he entered the apartments of Francisco, when the too evident alteration in his whole appearance called forth the most eager inquiries of the monk relative to the cause. Anxious to unbosom himself to Francisco, yet fearing the laugh of ridicule for what might be deemed his superstitious weakness, he stood for some moments irresolute; but upon his being more tenderly pressed to an explanation by the now terribly alarmed father, he hastened to speak.



‘Believe me, my kind, my anxious friend, I am in perfect health,’ said he; ‘but’—Orlando paused in evident distress; at length he continued, while every line of his intelligent countenance portrayed horror—‘how will you, with such a cultivated mind as you possess, condemn the poor simple boy for weakness, when I confess a dream has thus deranged me—has shaken my very soul with horror the most horrible?’

Before Francisco could reply, Matilda entered with faltering steps, her face wan and agitated, her beautiful eyes in mournful contemplation fixed upon the ground. Her appearance, too, alarmed Francisco—he caught her hand, it trembled, its death-chill startled him—‘What ails my child?’ he cried: ‘Have you too had a horrid dream?’

‘Dream!’ exclaimed Matilda in violent perturbation—‘Oh, holy virgin! who could tell him that I had such a dream?’ Then sinking into a chair, the horror her countenance betrayed was soon relieved by tears. The agitated Orlando attempted to bring her a glass of water: but when drawn near to her he suddenly stopped, his feet seemed rivetted to the spot, and his trembling hand let fall the glass; while Matilda with a shuddering motion drew back her chair, as if to fly from him.

‘For mercy’s sake, my children! tell me,’ cried the agitated monk, ‘what can have thus dreadfully deranged you both!’

‘You have already, holy father, guessed the cause of my emotion,’ replied the sobbing Matilda. ‘A dream, or rather vision of my waking fancy, has taught me to shrink with horror from being united to Theodore.’

‘Oh! God omnipotent!’ exclaimed Orlando, shaking with agitation: ‘speak, Matilda! instantly

speak, and tell the substance of that vision.’

‘Kept so long waking by the storm last night,’ said she, ‘I was fatigued; and when at length I fell into a sleep, it was profound; when methought the moment of our union was arrived, and that we knelt before the altar in the castle-church—father Francisco performing the ceremony—a tall, sullen, and malicious-looking man the only witness. The holy father read with marked impressive devotion; and when, at length, he solemnly charged us ‘to declare if any cause existed why we should not be united,’ the altar candles were suddenly extinguished, and the altar-piece, which was before a black marble tablet, as suddenly changed from an opaque to a transparent body.’

Orlando’s tremor increased to so violent a degree that he was forced to seat himself. Matilda continued—

‘The marble at once assumed the appearance of clouds; and rapidly dissolving, while they emitted a bright lambent flame, a beautiful female figure, clad in the drapery of death, emerged from it, and, raising a long white veil, discovered the most celestial countenance I ever looked upon; while from her bosom issued a stream of blood which flowed to the stranger’s feet, and there congealed: mournfully, but sweetly, she looked upon us, while I heard a voice, which seemed to come from heaven, loudly and awfully pronounce—‘Francisco, desist!—The children of the same parents cannot be united!’

‘We fell prostrate on the ground—the phantom spoke—‘Look up, my children! behold thy mother!—My son! wed not Matilda; she is thy sister!’ Then turning to the stranger (oh so majestically!) impressively she said—‘Elfridii, beware! Thy crimes are registered in



heaven!' The stranger fell to the ground, the phantom vanished, and awful terror awoke me; when in my chamber I beheld, at my bed's foot, the same most beauteous phantom. I thought this still the delusion of my dream; I strove to rouse myself; I sat up in my bed, and still beheld her; a gentle ray of light gleamed around her; her hands were clasped as if invoking blessings on me, but her lips moved not; and yet distinctly I seemed to hear these words--'Matilda, wed not thy brother!' The phantom now gently receded, and, as she vanished from my sight, the same dreadful words seemed to be even more impressively repeated.'

Orlando sunk upon his knees--'Matilda!' he cried, 'kneel with me. And thou too, holy father, wilt thou not join with us in grateful thanksgiving to the omnipotent God of mercy, who sent his angel forth to save us from perdition? Even such was the purport of these visions, which have made an impression upon my mind such as Heaven alone could influence; and not the authority of Elfridii, who I now suppose is our mysterious guardian, nor even tortures, should now compel me to this union.'

Francisco was shaken to the soul with awful horror. In no conversation with either of his wards had he allowed the name of Elfridii to transpire, yet in the most awful manner it had been revealed to them. Much as he loved Elfridii, he believed him capable of any crime. He dared not to doubt the object of these visions; and he was firmly convinced they were, by the interposition of divine Providence to rescue two innocent beings from the malice of a dæmon. He joined them in thanksgiving, entreated them never to mention the name of Elfridii to Sebastian or any other person,

and determined not to delay disclosing to Elfridii these supernatural transactions in a manner most likely to wrest a confession from him.

## CHAP. LXVII.

As soon as possible Francisco conducted Matilda back to Santa Maria, where she was now solicitous to go; and upon his return he called at the apartments of Elfridii, low in the bosom of a cavern, where he then was staying secretly, and unknown to any of the castle inhabitants except Francisco and the old negro Iago. Francisco desired his friend to meet him at midnight in the nave of the church, upon important business. Elfridii was true to the appointment. They met in the arcade: each carried a lamp, which rendered the gloom of this awful place more visible. They entered the nave together, and Francisco led the way to the altar; upon the steps of which he placed his light, and then seated himself upon the base of a monument before it. Elfridii followed his example. Then, looking around, the sombre solemnity of the place, the hour, the sepulchral figures, all conspired to make his evil conscience whisper fear.

'Gassendi,' said he, in a voice composed of alarm and anger, 'what need of meeting in such a place as this?'

'All places are alike to the just,' returned Francisco solemnly: 'besides, our business is of importance, and I wish our conversation only to be heard by Him from whom no secrets are concealed.'

'Pshaw! Gassendi, do not affect the sanctified bombast of priestcraft to me, who know you. Speak upon this mighty business quickly. I am in haste to quit this chill place, which makes me shake with cold.'



Elfridii did tremble, but not from cold.

‘My business is the important subject of the union of Theodore and Matilda, which you have determined shall take place at this very altar three days hence. Am I not right as to your determination?’

Elfridii bowed assent.

‘Then to the foot of this very altar, where you have resolved the vows of these young people shall be plighted, I have now summoned you; and at this awful hour, when nature sleeps, but nature’s God observes you, to pause, reflect, consider if there is any cause existing, either moral or religious, to frown upon this union.’

The dark countenance of Elfridii assumed an ashy hue; he changed his position several times, and after many unsuccessful efforts, at length articulated in a voice of firmness—

‘This new scheme of sanctity, Gassendi, has certainly deranged you. What can have awakened a suspicion of the existence of an obstacle to this union? I tell thee, pretended zealot, there is none, *can be none, shall be none!*’ and he raised his voice to a tone of anger, to conceal some other emotions.

‘Conte Elfridii, I would recommend less intemperance to you,’ replied Francisco calmly; ‘since, in defiance of your vehement assertions, I can produce an insurmountable one, in the young people’s positive refusal ever to be united.’

‘Curse!’ exclaimed Elfridii, gnashing his teeth, and striking his forehead with violence, ‘how dare they refuse? Who has taught them to dispute my authority, to disappoint my wishes?’

‘Heaven,’ Francisco solemnly replied. ‘Heaven has revealed some dreadful truths to them; Heaven has disclosed an important secret; and

Heaven’s own agents told them they were too nearly allied by blood ever to be so by marriage.’

Elfridii started from his seat, staggered back a few paces, and found support against the pillar of a colonnade. The eyes of Francisco were fixed upon him; he caught their scrutinising glance; and his surprise and fear now effervescing into rage and resentment, he darted forward and seized Francisco by the collar.

‘Villain! impostor! even the Inquisition shall not now protect thee from my vengeance,’ exclaimed he in the most convulsive tones of passion. ‘Thou liest, Gassendi: there is no Heaven to reveal secrets; and this priestcraft shall not terrify me into disclosing what I choose not to impart.’

Temper and right gave Francisco the advantage in strength: he disengaged himself from Elfridii’s grasp, and, drawing forth a pistol, presented it at his competitor. Elfridii attempted to retreat.

‘Stay, conte Elfridii,’ said Francisco: ‘you shall not go until you hear all I have to say, or, by Heaven, your life shall instantly be the forfeit!’

Elfridii no longer attempted to go, but supported himself against a pillar, while Francisco impressively related to him the dream or vision of Matilda.

The idea that Francisco had by some unforeseen mean developed the secret of Orlando’s birth, by alarming Elfridii threw him off his guard, and drew from his emotions an almost positive, though tacit, confession of the truth. But the story of the vision restored at once his self-possession: he now believed suspicion of the fact had unaccountably stolen into the bosom of Francisco; and that this pretended dream was an artful fabrication of his own, to gain a confession by working upon



his feelings. Elfridii was a determined atheist, and every thing was held by him in the most sovereign contempt, that argued in favour of supernatural agency: instead, therefore, of the awful facts Francisco related having the desired effect, Elfridii treated them with derision, and laughed the relater to scorn.

But Francisco cared not for his ridicule or contempt; for, though in many instances an unequivocal libertine, he was a firm believer, and doubted not, that, although Providence had seldom recourse to supernatural agency, its power over all things was omnipotent. But had he wanted further conviction of the relationship of his wards, Elfridii's emotions would have conveyed it; and he now resolved, if nothing less could stop the vile purposes of Elfridii, to call in even inquisitorial aid, to prevent an union which Heaven itself seemed to disapprove. Having now, however, no further business with a man whose infidelity left nothing to hope for from him, he wished him a good night; and these long sworn friends now for the first time parted angry and disgusted with each other.

Francisco returned to his apartments, wishing he had firmness enough to break off for ever with Elfridii and all evil; while Elfridii pursued his way with a heart full of malice, indignation, and chagrin, at having thus unexpectedly an impediment placed in the way of his favourite project, by the whining superstition of a profligate priest. But although provoked and disconcerted, he resolved that even the life of Francisco should be sacrificed for the success of his diabolical scheme; and with his mind full of rage and a thousand contending evil passions, it was no great wonder that he should mistake his way, in a kind

of labyrinth through which he had to pass.

Cursing Francisco, Fate, and his own stupidity, he wandered about some time in search of the right path, but in vain; and well as he was acquainted with the secrets of the castle, by having neglected the necessary observations as he passed, he found himself completely perplexed. Now called to his own individual situation, his passions subsided in anxiety for himself. Fear again trembled in his bosom, and those superstitious feelings he scorned in Francisco seemed now for the first time to assail him. At length, after having for some time traversed a long and winding passage, he thought he heard the sound of feet behind him. He turned in alarm, but no one could he see. This kind of investigation only increased his apprehensions; and when he again stepped forward, he fancied he saw something flit across his path. He stopped—he faltered—his heart beat fearfully; a death-cold hand seemed to grasp his; the lamp fell from his convulsive hold, and at once expired.

Now left in total darkness, all the horrors of his situation at once assailed him; but superstitious fears were above all the most direful to him. The mournful wind, which swept along the passage, seemed to murmur his name in the sadly melting tones of Viola's voice; and though there was not a ray of light, he fancied he beheld a blood-stained poniard floating in the air; while, as he groped about, and started at some imaginary touch of horror, the fire that flashed from his own eyes he conceived to be the dreadful gleam from the scorching eyes of fiends and spectres. But still he went on, anxious, if possible, to escape from this most terrible place.



At length Elfridii reached the termination of this passage, and saw a ray of light beam down another that branched off from this. The light moved on. Elfridii, half breathless through hope and joy, pursued it. It glided on quicker than mortal motion could convey it. Elfridii ran forward, but soon lost sight of it. He trembled with agitation. Again the light gleamed much nearer than before. He darted forward, and caught the shadow of a human figure. The light again moved rapidly on. Elfridii followed it up a winding acclivity. It now seemed stationary; and the conte gained so much upon it, that he soon beheld an elegant female figure, light, tall, and airy, clothed in long flowing and almost transparent drapery, but closely veiled, bearing in one hand the light he had so long pursued. He had no time to lose in conjectures of where she came from; but the sight of her dissipated at once every superstitious apprehension.

Politely Elfridii called to her, informed her of his situation, and entreated leave to accompany her until he could ascertain exactly where he was. The lady stopped, bowed courteously, and motioned for his approach. As Elfridii advanced the lady pursued her way; but although much slower than before, the conte, with all his speed, could not overtake her. At length she suddenly stopped, and at that very door through which Elfridii had himself admitted Sanguinario to murder Viola. His blood froze in his veins, his heart sickened, and his superstitious fears returned with renovated force; yet from some undefinable impulse he rushed forward, as the phantom, raising her veil, discovered the beauteous countenance and bleeding bosom of the murdered Viola, at the same moment that the words in

Matilda's dream—'Elfridii, beware! thy crimes are registered in heaven,' seemed to strike with horror the most horrible on his appalled ears, and deprived of sense and motion he instantly fell on the ground.

Above half an hour elapsed before Elfridii recovered from his swoon, when he found himself enveloped in total darkness: but the dreadful occurrence, which deprived him of respiration, left behind too forcible an impression ever to be forgotten. Remembering perfectly where he had fallen, he arose with much difficulty, from excess of tremor, and let himself through the secret door into that very chamber where he had caused Viola to be murdered, and where now her unhappy husband lay buried in profound sleep.

Wistfully Elfridii gazed around the chamber; a lamp was burning: he took it in his trembling hand; he approached the bed, to snatch a look at his injured friend: drops of cold dew stood on his forehead; his knees smote each other.

'Ah me,' he cried, 'how changed! And yet he sleeps serenely even on the very spot where his angel wife was butchered. Such favour finds the just; while I—He shuddered at himself; no longer could he bear to view the friend whose happiness he had so inhumanly blasted: conviction's thorns were fast springing in his heart; he rushed from this fatal chamber to his own cell, where, sinking on his couch, all the dreadful transactions of his life, all the awful occurrences of that night, passed in their horrid forms before him: he shuddered—he trembled. The hour of infidelity was past: he who was permitted to behold a form so long numbered with the dead, could he longer disbelieve? Heaven, to awake a sinner to repentance, had suffered one of



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*Elfridu imagining that he sees the murdered Viola  
in the winding passage!*

*Romance of the Pyrenees, Chap. I. XVII, pa. 302.*







its own seraphs to appear, to teach that truth he doubted. The sceptic was convinced: the crimes of his past life, the punishments of a future, all struck with horror's fellest force upon his soul: his senses fled before the dreadful retrospect, and dismayed reason was shaken from her throne.

For eight months Elfridii lay in all the phrensy of a strong delirium, attended most kindly and faithfully by Francisco and Iago, when the skill of Pedro (who before this time was dragged to the castle) was permitted by Heaven to make some impression upon the obstinacy of his disease. At the expiration of that tedious time he had short lucid intervals, which were chased away by the remembrance of his crimes. Pedro saw that some dreadful guilt lay heavy upon the mind of this man, who was a perfect stranger to him: he presumed not to explore his secrets; but, in the character of a sensible humane man and exemplary Christian, effected as much for his patient's cure as he performed in his medical capacity. Judiciously he watched the opportunity of pouring balm into the wounded mind, by conversing upon the goodness of Him 'whose arms are ever open to receive the contrite penitent.' The lucid intervals of Elfridii now became longer, clearer, and more perfect; and Pedro supplied him from the library with every book that could assist his cure. At length Elfridii's recovery was judged complete, though debility of frame confined him to his couch five months after his phrensy had totally subsided; but when he arose from his couch, he arose one of the most lowly, sincere penitents that ever knelt before the throne of Mercy.

The moment Elfridii found his health re-established, he was anxious to set about effectually the import-

ant work of his eternal welfare; and the first step which he considered necessary towards making his peace (if possible) with his too justly offended Creator, was by making every restitution and atonement, now in his power, to those he had so inhumanly injured. But this was a work of much greater difficulty than he could have at first imagined. He had involved himself with knaves and villains of every gradation; and how to extricate himself from their toils, observation, and vengeance, so as effectually to restore liberty and their long usurped rights to the house of Manfredonia, he was wholly at a loss to devise. He was still too weak to undertake a journey to the see of Rome himself: but even were he not, the state in which he had so lately been must destroy all confidence in his prudence, and draw the eye of suspicion upon him; and all his former consociates trembling for his fidelity, could he reasonably hope to be allowed to reach the papal chair, while so many assassins stalked abroad, whose interest it would be to silence for ever a man who they might very well suppose no longer had reason for his guide, and whose death must cut off at once every brightening prospect for the house of Manfredonia?

Neither was Lorenzo himself a proper ambassador, since his absence from the castle must necessarily be discovered, and his death the inevitable consequence. Besides, he feared an interview with Lorenzo, at that time, would shake his just restored reason once more from its seat; and he made it a question, 'Whether it would not be less cruel to allow the duca to remain in that unhappy state of mind which years of habit had rendered, if not easy, at least familiar to him, than to awaken new affections, new interests, new hopes, new fears, while uncertain



how to terminate them?' Not to any one, therefore, dared he at present confide this consequential mission, no not even to Francisco, who he knew when his interest, much less his life, was at stake, was not always to be depended upon. Beside, new affections had lately been aroused in Gassendi's breast, to bind him to Don Manuel. A recent discovery had been made by the arrival of a female whom Garcias had made captive. She seemed old, in much misery, and carried in her side a mortal wound inflicted by one of his sanguinary companions. In the castle she saw Don Manuel, and claimed him for her son; and her authentic little history discovered him to be the offspring of the unhallowed priest Francisco Gassendi and a beautiful strolling actress of Naples. The boy, deserted by his father, was left solely to the care of his itinerant mother, one of whose lovers, a Spanish grandee, took care of the education of her son, and afterwards provided for him in the Spanish fleet. From that moment Ambrosio thought no more of his mother, whose situation tarnished the lustre of his growing fame. Her lovers decreased with her beauty; her latter days were marked by poverty and wretchedness; and from one of her undutiful son's own emissaries she received her death-wound, and at length expired in the arms of her, at that moment, repentant son.

For many reasons this anecdote was kept as secret as possible in the castle: but Francisco, while under the influence of his first emotions, revealed it to Elfridii, who now could not hope the father would take part in any thing that could threaten the destruction of his son. Upon Orlando himself, therefore, all his hopes now rested: he well knew conte Vicenza, believing this boy his own, meant at no very distant period

to introduce him to the world as his nephew.

Impatiently now Elfridii looked forward to that moment, resolving not to destroy the delusion that bound Polydore to Orlando, and doubted not but in their train to pass unmolested to Paris, when he would place all the important discoveries in proper hands, restore Lorenzo to the world, confess his own dreadful crimes, lay down his head upon the scaffold, and joyfully submit to the stroke of the executioner, in some expiation of his guilt. But still trembling for the instability of human life and human views he hastened to make a faithful narrative of his own crimes, and of the innocent Viola's injuries. He collected all the letters which he had intercepted, particularly that entrusted to the ill-fated Bernardo—copies of all Elvira's and Vicenza's forgeries—the certificate of Matilda's birth, which he had got from Francisco—with every paper, trinket, and circumstance likely to substantiate facts after his demise; and packing them up together in a small iron box, he buried it by Viola's monument, which Don Manuel had erected. Showing the spot to the faithful Iago, he made him promise, should he (Elfridii) die before young Theodore left the castle, to conduct the young man to that spot, dig up the box before him, give it into his own hands, with solemn injunctions to conceal it from the knowledge of every individual belonging to the castle, and never but with life to part from it, until he should deliver it into the hands of the reigning pontiff.

This important matter being adjusted as well as circumstances would admit of, Elfridii began his life of penance. A small pyramidical chamber in the caverns, which had once been a Moorish mausoleum, he fixed



on for his dwelling, apart from every living mortal save the wretched Sanguinario, whom to visit often he made part of his penance, to contemplate that misery he had assisted to occasion. Not far distant was the grave of Viola; and another reason he had for choosing that place for his abode was, its proximity to the cavern into which the sanguinary banditti precipitated, through a hole hid amongst the underwood, the bodies of those they murdered in the forest. To contemplate the dead, to compose their corpses decently, and to pile them up in respectable order, was now part of this wretched penitent's employment.

By the grave of Viola, or in this dreadful dormitory of the murdered, Elfridii now chiefly passed his nights, recounting his offences, and weeping over his past crimes. Every penance he had heard or read of, every pain and mortification the angry monk had ever sentenced a trembling penitent to endure, Elfridii inflicted upon himself. Stripes and wounds, hunger and thirst, praying and watching, by turns occupied his time. Often for a whole day and night would he abstain from food; then commanding Iago to bring him the choicest viands money could procure, such as had been wont to delight his sensual appetite, he would look on them, smell them, order them away, and appease his craving hunger with a mouldy crust and water.

No longer did a bed refresh his exhausted frame; the cold earth, with some newly-butchered body for his pillow, or the base of Viola's tomb, was his night's resting-place. By day he shunned society, and passed it in tears, prayers, and dreadful retrospection of time gone by; or in wandering to those spots which could best remind him of his crimes.

Day after day, and month after month, were spent by Elfridii in this shocking course of punishment, seen only by Iago or Francisco, and often in his wanderings giving terror to the credulous Teresa, or some easily alarmed captive—the departure of Orlando still anxiously watched for by him—though at length it took place without the knowledge of this wretched man.

*(To be continued.)*

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## LADIES' DRESSES

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

*Her Majesty*

WORE a most magnificent dress. A rich white tissue petticoat, ornamented with royal silver Mecklenburgh net drapery, drawn up with diamond and ruby chains; three superb diamond and ruby bows, with a beautiful diamond feather, which had a most striking effect. The mantle to correspond, trimmed with royal Mecklenburgh net lace. Head-dress, with royal Mecklenburgh net silk; a profusion of diamonds and other ornaments. Her majesty looked uncommonly well, and was in high spirits. The dress was altogether very becoming.

*Princess Augusta.*—A richly embroidered crape petticoat, with a very handsome drapery, drawn up on the left side with wreaths of beautiful shaded or fritellarcia flowers, interspersed with silver wheat-sheaves; on the left a drapery, with points to correspond; the bottom of the petticoat was ornamented with the same kind of flowers; train of rich lilac tissue, with royal Mecklenburgh net sleeves. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

*Princess Elizabeth.*—An elegant



dress of blue crape, superbly embroidered with silver; on the right side of the petticoat, three large draperies richly spangled in wreaths of flowers, tastefully tied together, and finished with massy borders of Egyptian network, suspended loosely, and alternately relieving each other; on the left side, a long full drapery, embroidered all over, and bordered with a chain of silver rings, fastened together in waves of silver bullion; the groundwork in stripes the bias way of silver chains; the bottom, a rich border of foil in cheques, and ornamented with silver bullion; the whole finished with superb cords and tassels: train of blue and silver tissue, trimmed with point lace, silver fringe, and diamonds.

*Princess Mary.*—A dress of pink crape, magnificently embroidered in silver over pink satin, pointed draperies on the right side, elegantly embroidered in bouquets of carnations and fancy flowers, and bordered with the tamerlane chain of silver beads and spangles; left side, a large marking drapery, embroidered in festoons of silver corn-flowers in wreaths and bunches, tied up with brilliant bows of silver; groundwork, large branches of carnations, corn-flowers, &c.; bottom the same as that of the princess Elizabeth. Train, pink and silver tissue, trimmed with point lace and silver fringe.

*Princess Sophia.*—A pink satin petticoat, with drapery of fine black lace separated with a scarf of very richly embroidered leaves and lilies of embossed work; the bottom of the petticoat ornamented with silver chains and black lace; the robe pink satin, embroidered with elegant border of leaves in silver.

*Duchess of York.*—A lilac satin petticoat, covered with Brussels lace draperies; two large wreaths of embroidery in the real silver oriental lame, inlaid with Brussels lace, and

ornamented with cords and tassels of silver: train of lilac satin, richly spangled and trimmed with silver. Head-dress diamonds and feathers. White silk shoes trimmed with silver, and adorned with rosettes.

*Princess Bariatinsky.*—Petticoat of white crape, with deep silver etruscan border; draperies worked in coronets of the real silver oriental lame, with a beautiful border of the same: train white crape, spangled with a border of rich silver embroidery. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers. This lady wore an immense quantity of jewels.

*Duchess of Northumberland.*—White satin petticoat, with a superb drapery of yellow applique crape, with a rich etruscan border to correspond, ornamented with Grecian tassels; mantua of yellow crape, with a border to match. Head-dress yellow crape, with a tiara of diamonds.

*Duchess of Dorset.*—White crape petticoat decorated with jonquille crape, richly embroidered with silver wheat-ears, an embroidered drapery tastefully drawn up with tassels a l'Egyptienne, and a rich tassel fringe, with an embroidery in foil stones; train yellow watered sarsnet, trimmed with fringe, and foil stones to correspond. Head-dress, a superb diamond tiara, with jonquille and white feathers.

*Duchess of Rutland.*—A blue crape dress over white satin, looped up with silver bead chains, and fastened with silver arrows. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Marchioness of Salisbury.*—Was elegantly attired in a primrose petticoat, tastefully ornamented with very rich silver gauze, and wreaths of vine leaves, gracefully fastened up with silver loops; the train and body to correspond; the sleeves of point lace and silver. Her ladyship's head-dress consisted of primrose and white feathers, with a profusion of



diamonds. Her ladyship looked in her usual style of elegance.

*The Marchioness of Thomond.*—A white crape petticoat over yellow sarsnet ornamented with wreaths of lilacs, in coloured foil, intermixed with shaded foil green leaves, with the most happy effect; from the centre of the festoon a large sprig of the same flowers; bottom to correspond; pocket-holes beautifully ornamented with green and silver; yellow train of sarsnet, sleeves drawn up and fastened with diamonds; head-dress, diamond bandeaus, white and green feathers. The brilliants worn by her ladyship were the most beautiful and expensive at court. We never remember to have seen her ladyship in better health and spirits.

*Countess of Jersey*—Was one of the most elegant dressed ladies at court: the petticoat and draperies were most superbly embroidered in bright and matted silver foil beads, in a rich antique pattern, and handsome antique medallion cornets in the same curious and costly embroidery; the drapery supported with rich tolio rope and Chinese tassels of silver; body, train, and sleeves, also richly embroidered in silver foil beads: the whole of this dress, which was formed of apple-blossom crape, was universally admired for its singular neatness and superbelegance. Head-dress, plume of fine apple-blossom ostrich feathers, with a brilliant coronet of diamonds.

*Countess of Cholmondeley.*—White crape petticoat, with superb silver border draperies of crape, sprigged with silver, and ornamented with a very large wreath of French lilacs; train of lilac sarsnet, trimmed with silver; head-dress diamonds and feathers.

*Countess Mexborough, and her daughter, lady Sarah Saville.*—Dressed in a most unique and elegant

manner, looking beautiful. The composition was a net, of the natural colour of the silk-worm, thrown over white satin, and ornamented with rich silver beads; head-dress white ostrich feathers, and a profusion of jewels.

*Countess of Buckinghamshire.*—A petticoat of lavender colour, with white crape, ornamented with beads and satin leaves, and an embroidered border, which formed a drapery. The whole was much distinguished for its novelty, simplicity, and elegance. A train of white crape, trimmed with a fancy trimming of lavender. Her ladyship looked extremely well, and displayed her usual taste.

*Countess Manners.*—A bright green sarsnet train, and crape petticoat of the same colour, richly embroidered in shades of green foil and lilac, in a border of wheat-ears and leaves, finished with a tassel fringe at bottom. The drapery richly strewed with stars, edged with a laurel wreath, and tied up with rich roses and tassels. Her ladyship's head was ornamented with embroidered crape and wreaths, to correspond with her dress.

*Countess of Pembroke.*—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered in gold; draperies of green sarsnet, with a rich embroidery of gold forming a most beautiful antique scrole, groundwork of spangles, and the draperies suspended with a rich cord and tassels; train of green sarsnet, trimmed with gold fringe; body and sleeves richly embroidered in gold.

*Countess of Hereford.*—A white crape petticoat, appliqued in silver, bordered with a wreath of laurel, embroidered in lilac and silver; draperies of lilac and silver, with a superb border to correspond; the whole finished with a very deep silver fringe, and large rope and tassels; train



lilac and silver, with sleeves of rich ditto net, fastened up with wreaths of embroidered laurel.

*Countess Clanbrassil.*—White crape petticoat, bottom striped with ribbon cord, and drapery wholly composed of Brussels lace; body and train of silver grey; sleeves of Brussels lace. Head-dress, white crape cap, richly ornamented with diamonds and pearls.

*Countess Temple.*—A lavender-coloured dress of crape and satin, richly embroidered with silver; the drapery edged with points of embossed silver, and looped up with ropes of silver beads, fastened with silver arrows. Head-dress, lavender-coloured feathers and diamonds.

*Countess of Westmoreland.*—Petticoat and mantle, draperies of green crape, with a superb applique of green foil, beads, and rich mantle corners; the drapery festooned up and ornamented with green foil snake-rope and tassels; train green crape, with the same applique in foil. Head-dress, a brilliant display of the finest diamonds, and a plume of fine green ostrich feathers.

*The Countess of Kenmare.*—Wore an elegant dress of lemon-coloured crape, fancifully ornamented with bunches of lilies; the train to correspond. This dress, though simple, was one of the most elegant we have seen, and quite suited to the taste of the fair wearer. The head-dress consisted of yellow feathers relieved by very rich diamonds; and we never saw her ladyship look better.

*Lady Grenville.*—Head-dress, a magnificent crescent of diamonds, out of which from behind issued a beautiful turret of white ostrich feathers, the whole encircled with an elegant diamond bandeau; the train of plain white crape; the body, sleeves, and petticoat of the same, but superbly embroidered in silver, pearl, and spangles, in the Grecian

style, relieved by small diamond figured spangling: the bottom of the petticoat edged round with silver laurel; the body semicircled with a chain of diamonds.

*The Ladies Percys.*—White satin petticoats, with puckerings of purple crape, rich vandyke embroidery in silver relief, with white lame tassels a l'Egyptienne; train purple crape, richly ornamented to correspond.—Head-dresses, purple tiaras embroidered, and elegant plumes to match. The peculiar elegance of these dresses attracted general admiration.

*Lady Arden's* dress attracted much notice, both from its elegance and neatness. The petticoat of white crape, elegantly embroidered with silver, and interlined with yellow sarsnet; body and sleeves ornamented with silver, to correspond. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

*Lady Parker.*—White crape petticoat, richly embroidered in silver and Chinese pearls; drapery to match, ornamented with beautiful point lace, peach blossoms, silver coral and tassels: train, pink and silver. The novelty and elegance of this dress were particularly admired.

*Lady Milbank.*—White satin petticoat, puckering of lavender coloured crape, drapery of the same, ornamented with blonde, and raised silver roses; train lavender and silver sarsnet, trimmed with blonde, and silver roses to correspond: the *tout ensemble* was one of the richest dresses at court.

*Lady Helen Hall.*—Petticoat blue sarsnet: on the right side a falling drapery of white crape, richly trimmed with Valenciennes lace and pearl; on the left a sash, fastened with cords and tassels of the same; body and train to correspond. The elegant neatness of this dress displayed great taste.

*Lady Caroline Waldegrave.*—Crape



petticoat, ornamented with a broad silver stripe in the middle, spotted richly with silver, trimmed with silver fringe at the bottom; white crape robe, trimmed with silver: head-dress, diamonds and white feathers.

*Lady Mary-Ann Browne.*—This beautiful young lady wore a dress particularly remarked for its simplicity and elegance: it consisted of white crape draped with lace, and festoons of blown roses; the train and body to correspond. Her ladyship's head-dress consisted of white and pink feathers, and bandeau of roses. The whole was particularly becoming, and universally admired.

*The Hon. Mrs. Drummond.*—White crape petticoat beautifully embroidered with silver, the train and body of primrose sarsnet, tastefully ornamented with point lace, silver, and pearls. Head-dress, tiara of silver and diamonds, and rich plume of ostrich feathers.

*The Hon. Mrs. Burton Bennet.*—White crape petticoat, with festoons of yellow point, fastened up with bunches of dead silver grapes, and terminated with silver leaves, which had a grand and beautiful effect. Across the petticoat one of the most beautiful dresses of yellow crape we ever remembered to have seen, with a running pattern of dead silver grapes, and burnished silver vine-leaves, with stalks of steel—the effect strikingly beautiful; trimmed with falling yellow and silver bells: yellow crape robe trimmed with yellow points and silver, the sleeves tastefully trimmed to correspond: head-dress, yellow feathers and diamonds, intermixed with great taste.

*Mrs. George Ward.*—Lilac crape spotted with silver, with rich running pattern down the front, most beautifully ornamented with lilac and silver: the border of the coat was

most beautifully ornamented with silver and shell-work; train and sleeves to correspond. Head-dress, white and lilac feathers, with diamonds.

*Mrs. Mainwaring.*—A petticoat of pale yellow and silver, finished with a deep silver fringe, ornamented with a drapery of white and silver, trimmed with silver fringe, &c.; train of yellow figured silk, trimmed to correspond, and finished with lace point.

*Miss Emily Smith.*—Body and train blush-colour sarsnet, trimmed with blond, and a wreathing of small roses; petticoat white crape, a Grecian drapery elegantly drawn up and interspread with bunches of blush roses. This dress displayed superior taste, and was more admired than any one at court.

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## THE PORTRAIT;

OR,

### INCIDENTS IN MY OWN LIFE.

INDEED, my friend, you are too partial; but if the trifling events of my life will afford you any amusement, I will with pleasure relate them: but if, in disclosing the secrets of families with which I have been acquainted, I withhold their real names, you will, I am sure, pardon me; and if some incidents in my juvenile character appear harsh and unnatural, you will have the goodness to recollect that, as I am to proceed by the line of truth, a deviation therefrom, even to make myself appear in a better light, would be an error even you would not pardon.

My father (for I need not trace back my ancestors, nor rake among their ashes for circumstances I have nothing to do with) was a true country gentleman; in other words,

Ss



he loved his horses, his dogs, and his bottle, and, if allowed to pursue his pleasure in his own way, was a main good man. My mother cared not how much my father was in the stable or the kennel, so she could command money for dress. I, of course, was early initiated into the mysteries of the toilette, and taught that the ultimatum of my life was to gain admiration. My father was endeavouring to convince me of the same, though to be obtained in a different way: he often called me early in the morning, and made me ride three or four miles before breakfast; my mother used to chide and tell me, that if it made me more healthy, it was sure to make me more vulgar.

In striving to please both I avoided displeasing either, by which means I was greatly the gainer; as my mother would often make me presents to set off my person, while my father supplied my purse, having what is called a snug estate of seven thousand a year.

We always had a number of gentlemen to dine with us in the hunting season, among whom I was the Diana and the Hebe of them all. Thus early accustomed to the society of men not of the most refined sentiments, I imbibed their manners; for which I was frequently severely chid by my mother, while my father gloried to see me assume and imitate their language: thus I continued I may say my own mistress, till being on a visit at my aunt's, I there met with a different set of beings. Here the master was nothing, and the mistress every thing. My aunt had the management of every thing in the family: my uncle, poor soul! could barely say yes or no, for no more durst he say without a significant nod from his lady.

The first morning I was there, I

arose, as was my custom at home, to look for the dogs; when not being able to find them, I thought the most certain method would be to give them an halloo, which I did in a true huntsman's stile. No reply from animals of that species was however made, but presently all the windows in the house were open to see what had occasioned this uncommon disturbance. Uncle and his man Thomas had both guns in their hands: I began to think I had committed some error, but, willing to carry on the farce, I hid myself behind a stack of hay, and slid into the house unobserved. At breakfast it became a general topic; and my uncle, though something uncommon in him, as I soon found, asked what the noise could be? 'Noise, you fool!' said my aunt, 'why the pigs grunting, to be sure.' Poor uncle shrugged up his shoulders; but wishing, I suppose, not to appear what his wife had so politely styled him—'If,' said he, 'I could have seen any thing, I would have fired.' 'What,' said my aunt, 'Johnny, you would have fired at something then!' and burst into a laugh.—Poor uncle was sadly abashed at this, but he had assumed a wonderful deal of courage this morning; he replied, 'My dear, I wish you would not be so rude: with this he let fall his bread and butter, which I stooping to pick up, knocked over my aunt's tea upon a fine muslin apron clean on that morning. Oh poor uncle! She began raving and storming—He was the worst husband in the world! Oh if he had some women to deal with!—I, for my part, thought he had not need wish for one possessed of more verbosity. He swallowed his tea, and made a hasty retreat.—After he had left the room, my aunt informed me she was sorry my uncle could not behave better before me, but I must



mind who I married ; all men were brutes, they did not care for their wives now-a-days.

I replied, ' I was sorry my uncle was so cross ; but as it was the duty of women to submit, she ought not to contradict him.' ' No indeed !' said she, ' if I did, he would rave and swear like a madman.' While my aunt and I were settling the important duties between man and wife, there entered a most beautiful girl about eighteen years of age, who my aunt informed me was my *uncle's niece*, the daughter of an officer who was abroad, but was soon expected home. Some domestic affairs calling my aunt, she promised me more information concerning miss Wellers another time.

After dinner, my aunt and uncle, accompanied by miss Betty, and Letty and Susan, myself, and miss Wellers their niece, went out for a walk. My uncle, as usual, always kept silence till referred to by my aunt ; which reference happened on this occasion to be very ludicrous. Miss Betty and Letty, being both of an age, were walking together ; while I and miss Wellers, whose spirits were equal to my own, were rambling at our pleasure. Chance, or rather the little god *Momus*, knowing us to be of his train, threw in our way a letter sealed with all the fiery darts of *Cupid*. Locks and bolts would never have kept us from the contents, much less a small piece of wax. We carefully opened it, and ran behind a hedge to read the contents, which, being a love subject, must for the present be sacred. Suffice it that it ought to have been miss Betty's. While we were enjoying ourselves over this delectable morceau, miss Betty came running towards us with such haste, that not observing a ditch which we, like true Amazons, had cleared, fell into it ; and though we could not forbear laughing, we did our best towards extri-

cating her. The ditch, being composed of only a little soft mud, did not hurt her ; but so delicate a figure did she cut, that she might have been a subject for *Hogarth*. She had on that day a fine new straw hat with pink ribbons, which in the fall were dyed almost black. One side of her face was covered with mud, and one of her eyes closed up with it. Her fine white muslin dress was so elegantly ornamented, that upon presenting her to her mother, she cried out, ' What have you got there, children ? Do, my dear,' said she to my uncle, ' do drive the brute away !' At this Betty gave a scream, which terrified poor aunt into a fit ; and uncle was obliged to carry her home, while we supported miss Betty. After all had recovered their misfortunes, and found how things were, we had a very merry evening. Miss Wellers and I still kept this secret billet, determined to answer it, and have some fun at miss Betty's expence.

But I must now retire from my aunt's, to obey a summons from my father to attend him ; therefore, leaving them, I proceeded home, where I found a party as usual, but not the old one. A new set of beings had by some means drawn my father from his old sport of fox-hunting, as my mother informed me it was forbidden him by these new gentry, one of whom I found to be a doctor, the first I had ever known in our family ; the others were a sir Charles Martindale, and captain D'Alville.

Sir Charles was an agreeable kind of man, who paid me a good deal of attention ; but as I had imbibed more of my father's manners than my mother's, they were surprised to see me mount my horse, and fly over five-bar gates as though nothing was in my way. I had been informed that sir Charles had a very fine picture-gallery, among which was a



lady whose beauty had so attracted his attention, that he had sworn to find the original, or one as near a copy as possible. Wishing much to get a sight of this enchanting fair-one, I thought if I could ride to sir Charles's house in his absence I might view the gallery. But I was saved this trouble. Sir Charles was one day talking about women; he said he had a miniature of one which he had sworn to find. I requested a sight of it. Soon as I saw it, I was conscious miss Wellers was very much like it, and, not being willing to throw her in his way, I endeavoured to entertain him as much as possible; and by altering the masculine behaviour I had assumed, I heard him declare, that had his vow not been sacred, he might have thought on me. After sir Charles and his friend had left us, my father gave me the following account of them.

Sir Charles Martindale descended from a line of ancestors whose highest pride was not in producing the long roll of their pedigree, but in tracing the numerous virtues that had so long been as it were inherent in their family. For upwards of two centuries no blemish had stained the honour of their family. Do not here anticipate me, and suppose that sir Charles did. It was among the most favourite amusements of the father of sir Charles, sir William, to collect paintings of the most celebrated beauties, which were placed apart from those of his own family. Upon sir Charles taking possession of the old family seat of Martindale-hall, which for some years he had not visited, he examined very minutely the picture-gallery. Struck with one portrait in particular, which was a painting of a beautiful girl about seventeen years of age, he took it down, thinking to find the

name on the back of it—but was disappointed: he frequently viewed the inanimate canvas, and said to himself—‘It is true thou art beautiful; but art thou only the effect of imagination, or is a living resemblance to be found? If the first be the case, I must only admire thee as the work of genius; but if the latter’—Here sir Charles was interrupted by a scream. He instantly replaced the picture, and ran to the spot from whence the sound proceeded; where he found an officer struggling with a young girl, whose parents were his tenants. Sir Charles immediately seized the officer: ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘by the dress you wear, I must believe you of the army; but by your conduct, I would willingly disbelieve my senses.’ The officer retorted—‘Who and what I am, sir, you shall soon know; I will teach you to interfere with a man of my rank. Yes, sir, I am of the army, and therefore cannot nor dare not brook an insult of this nature. What right had you to interfere? for which even this young woman will not thank you!’ Mary flew to sir Charles, and, with that *naïveté* which forces itself upon protection, expressed in silent yet eloquent terms her gratitude.

Sir Charles made no reply, but gave his card, and retired with poor Mary: he conducted her to her home, where her parents thanked, as they termed him, the saviour of their daughter. Sir Charles thought he perceived a resemblance in many respects to the portrait, and wished to have the old man to see the gallery, determined to observe him well: he supposed some mystery attached to the portrait—for why should his father thus place it in the same apartment with those of his own family, unless she were in some manner related to it? and yet he had never seen the original. The old man appointed the next day to visit sir Charles.



Accordingly he came, and was led by sir Charles to the picture-gallery; where, after pointing out the beauties of most of them, he pointed expressively to the one mentioned. The old man seemed rooted to the spot, and exclaimed, 'Gracious Heavens!' but soon recovering, he begged leave to retire; nor could sir Charles, either by promises or threatenings, make him explain the meaning of this involuntary expression.

(To be continued.)

## ON THE TIGER.

BY

ROBERT JOHN THORNTON, M.D.

NATURE has made a gradation, or chain, of brute animals, and the *tiger* forms the second link in this chain; (man I do not here consider as a brute animal): the *lion* holds the first rank, as far as regards power, and dignity of appearance. No animal is able to cope with him; his large thick mane, which covers his shoulders and shades his face, his determined aspect, and grave demeanour, all concur in announcing him the king of beasts. It is the *lion* that fills you with awe, the *tiger* with dread. In the *lion*, the aspect is noble; in the *tiger*, terrific. The *lion* stalks majestically backwards and forwards in his den; but the *tiger* steals along. At night the *lion* sets up a roar which shakes the forest, and pursues his prey by sight. This is finely described by Young.

'But fiercer still the lordly *lion* stalks,  
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks:  
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;  
He clears the desert with his rolling eye.  
By the pale moon he takes his destin'd round,  
His sides he strikes, and, furious, tears the ground;

Now shrieks, and dying groans the desert fill;  
He tears and rends, his ravenous jaws distil  
With crimson foam; but when the banquet's o'er,  
He strides away, and paints his march with gore.  
In flight alone the warrior puts his trust,  
And shudders at the footsteps in the dust."

Oftentimes he avails himself of the activity of the jackall, or any other animal of prey. This has been noticed even as far back as the time of Homer:

'Thus, when some huntsman, with a flying spear,  
From the blind thicket, wounds a stately deer,  
Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distils,  
He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills,  
Till, life's warm vapour issuing through the wound,  
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround:  
Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade,  
The *lion* rushes through the woodland-shade,  
The wolves, though hungry, scour, dispers'd, away;  
The lordly savage vindicates his prey.'

When his appetite is satisfied he leaves the rest behind, nor seeks for more. But the *tiger* ever lurks in ambush, and springs upon several victims at once with an astonishing and fatal bound. This is finely marked by Milton:

'Then as a *tiger*, who, by chance, has spied  
In some purlieu, two gentle fawns at play,  
& traight couches close, then rising, changes oft  
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
When, rushing, he might soonest seize them both,  
Grasp'd in each paw.'

Though satiated with carnage, he perpetually thirsts after blood. He seizes and tears to pieces a new animal with the same eagerness as he exerted in destroying and devouring the first. He frequents the borders of rivers and lakes; for as



blood seems but to augment his thirst, he has often occasion to drink, to cool the fervour which appears to be consuming him. Here \* he chiefly procures his prey, or rather, as Buffon says, multiplies his massacres; for he leaves the creatures he has but recently killed, to destroy others who may come in his way. He delights in blood, and, not unfrequently, gluts himself with it instead of water. He tears the body for no other purpose than to plunge his head into it to drink large draughts of blood, the sources of which are generally exhausted before his thirst is appeased. When, however, the tiger kills large animals, as the horse, young elephant, or buffalo, he does not tear out their bowels on the spot; but, to prevent interruption, and that he may devour them at leisure, he drags them off to some secret recess, and his course seems scarcely retarded by their enormous weight. The word tiger in the Armenian tongue means also a torrent, and an arrow, to which this animal only is to be compared. It unites strength with swiftness, and in pursuit of its prey, like the cat, has been known to climb up the loftiest trees. The form of the body,

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\* Dr. Darwin, with all his great powers of fancy, has described an assemblage of animals going to drink in the desert:

‘ If from lone cliffs a bursting brook expands  
Its transient course, and sinks into the sands;  
O’er the moist rock the fell *hyena* prowls,  
The *leopard* hisses, and the *tiger* growls:  
On quivering wing the famish’d *vulture*  
screams,

Dips his dry beak, and sweeps the gushing  
streams;

With foamy jaws, beneath, and sanguine  
tongue,

Laps the lean *wolf*, and pants, and runs along;  
Stern stalks the *lion*, on the rustling brinks

Hears the dread *snake*, and trembles as he  
drinks;

Quick darts the scaly monster o’er the plain,  
Fold after fold, his undulating train,

And, bending o’er the lake his crested brow,  
Starts at the *crocodile*, that gapes below.’

says Buffon, accords with its nature. The length is disproportioned to the legs; but this may arise from our taking the horse and deer as the standards of perfection. His eyes are haggard. The rough tongue, of the colour of the brightest blood, which usually hangs out of his mouth—his whole demeanour is, indeed, that of malice and insatiable cruelty. The tawny colour, approaching to yellow, the white under the belly, and the black spots about the face, and streaks along the back, sides, and haunches, extending even in annular rings along the tail, with its round black ears, and smooth coat, give the tiger, nevertheless, a beautiful appearance, and in China his skin is held in great esteem. The military mandarins, in their public marches, cover their palanquins, and likewise their sofas, with the tiger-skins. Bacchus is represented as drawn by tigers: but this was only an hieroglyphic of his having conquered Asia, where the royal tiger only is to be met with; for the tiger is never to be tamed. Neither violence nor restraint have any effect in softening his temper. He is insensible to mild treatment. The influence of society makes no impression on the obduracy of his nature. Time, instead of softening the ferociousness of his humour, only increases his rage. It is of no importance that he is brought into captivity in youth. With equal wrath he tears the hand which feeds him, as that which is lifted up to strike him with some weapon. He hoarsely roars at the sight of every thing that lives. Every object appears to him as fresh prey, which he has already devoured with the avidity of his eyes, menaces with frightful growlings, and the gnashing of his sharp and long teeth, and often he darts with extended claws at his beholders, without regarding the bars which confine



him, and which restrain,<sup>1</sup> but cannot calm, his fury. His mind is ever intent on murder; that one passion predominates over all the rest. In vain is the caressing spaniel placed by his side; it trembles in every muscle, and in a moment is killed and devoured. When apparently calm, he only skulks in his den to make a securer bound.

Charles Theodore Middleton, esq. in his *System of Geography*, mentions an entertainment in the Mogul court, of fights betwixt men and animals. The manner of one of these fights, which was exhibited at Agra (where the Moguls kept their court,) with respect to the tiger, is thus described by an eye-witness.—‘A lofty ring, secured by strong palisades, was erected: a tiger was let loose, which was to be encountered by a very strong man, armed as he chose; but the tiger had the superiority, bounded instantly upon his antagonist, and killed him with a stroke of his paw, and tore him to pieces. Another person then encountered this tiger, who left his prey at the sight of this other; but in the act of leaping he cut off his two forefeet, which made him draw back, and, unable to stand, he was circumvented and destroyed. Upon this, the king called to him, and asked him his name; to which he answered, Geiby. The king then ordered one of his servants to carry him a cloth of gold, who, when he delivered it to him, said, “Geiby, receive this coat: the great Mogul, of his bounty, hath given it thee.” The victor, receiving the coat, with great humility kissed it seven times; and afterwards holding it up, prayed for the Mogul’s prosperity, crying aloud, “God grant the Mogul to grow as great as Tamerlane, from whom he is derived! May he live seven hundred years, and his generation continue for ever!” After he had thus prayed, he was

conducted by the minister of state into the king’s presence: falling on his face, the great Mogul said—“Be honoured, Geiby Chan, for this your heroic exploit; this name you shall retain, and your family after you: I am your protecting lord, and you my faithful vassal.”

Buffon has compared this intractable, fierce, and treacherous animal, with a bad *minister of state*. ‘In the class of carnivorous animals,’ says this celebrated naturalist, ‘the lion holds the first rank, and the tiger the second. As the first of a bad genius is always the largest, and has often the nobler disposition, so the second is usually the most rapacious and destructive. To pride, courage, and strength, the lion adds dignity, clemency, and magnanimity. But the tiger is grossly ferocious and cruel, without necessity. Thus with mankind, where elevation owes itself to strength, the first power is less tyrannical than his immediate inferiors, who, conscious of their inferiority, make amends by abusing, in every instance, the portion of power they possess. The lion never attacks man, but when provoked; nor gives chase, but when pressed by hunger: whereas the tiger is ever to be dreaded, and his thirst of blood is insatiable. Thus the tiger is more an object of terror than the lion.’

We would rather compare the tiger to an emperor, or prince filled with ambition. What are all the massacres of the royal tigers of Bengal to the single act, in one day, of a Tamerlane\*, or Timur

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\* The eloquent Gibbon, in concluding the character of Tamerlane, thus describes him. ‘If some partial oppressions were removed by the sword of Timour, the remedy was far more pernicious than the disease. By their rapine and cruelty, the petty tyrants of Persia might oppress a few, chiefly of the nobles; but whole nations were crushed under the footsteps of the conqueror. The ground which had been occupied by flourish-



Bec \*. Christian kings also dare, in the face of that religion which

ing cities was covered over by the most abominable trophies, pyramids of human heads. The flourishing cities of Astrachan, Carisme, Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus, Bursa, Smyrna, and a thousand others, were sacked or burnt, or utterly destroyed by his soldiers in his presence; and, perhaps, his conscience would have been startled, if some priest or philosopher had dared to number the millions of victims whom he had butchered, many of them in cold blood. His most destructive wars were, in truth, rather inroads than conquests. He invaded Turkistan, Kepzak, Russia, Hindostan, Syria, Anatolia, Armenia, and Georgia, without a hope, or a desire, of preserving those distant provinces. From thence he departed, laden with spoil; but he left behind him neither troops to awe the contumacious, nor magistrates to protect the obedient natives. When he had broken the fabric of their ancient government, he abandoned them to the evils which his invasion had caused, nor were these evils compensated by any future benefits. The kingdoms of Transoxiana and Persia were the proper field which he laboured to cultivate and adorn, as the perpetual inheritance of his own family. But his peaceful labours were often interrupted and blasted by the absence of the conqueror. While he triumphed at a distance, on the Volga or the Ganges, his servants, and even his sons, forgot their master, and their duty. The public and private injuries were poorly redressed by the tardy rigour of enquiry and punishment; and we must be content to praise his institutions only as a specious appearance of good government. Indeed, whatever might have been the blessings under his reign, they evaporated with his life. To command rather than govern was the ambition of his children and grandchildren, the enemies of each other and of the people. Timour's vast empire, in consequence, became dissevered, and filled with rapine and blood; and one of the richest parts of his kingdom is now in the possession of a company of Christian merchants, of a remote island in the northern ocean.'

\* The rival contests for power, and consequent carnage of contending armies, little excite our feelings, when compared with the miserable condition of the patient and oppressed multitude, who behold their native lands covered with that blood, the shedding of which both nature and their religion teaches them to abhor. With what language, then, can we paint the monster, who, after prolonged atrocities to discover hoarded wealth, ordered a hundred thousand captives to be massacred in cold blood under the walls of their capital, and enforced the rigor-

teaches no difference in men, to wage war from motives only of ambition. Oh! that it were recorded in letters of gold, placed over the porticos of every palace, and deeply imprinted in each heart, that war, like a consuming fire, burns and destroys every thing it approaches: commerce, agriculture, all the sources of public prosperity and happiness, are by it dried up and annihilated; the bright flame of that torch, by which the guardian genius of the arts and sciences strives to bless and enlighten mankind, grows dim at the aspect of public calamities, and is at length extinguished by the tears which misfortune causes universally to flow. The destructive passion of ambition stifles the voice of reason. When it has once entered the human breast, every good vanishes, and every kind of evil enters the heart.—The earth is inundated with blood, instead of fostering waters; producing a fertility at which nature revolts. Neglect succeeds to culture, and scarcity takes the place of abundance. All sorts of misery appear on the ensanguined stage of the theatre which infuriate war erects; and the man of sensibility, his heart overwhelmed with grief and shame, indignantly beholds such atrocious beings, who, armed with 'a little brief authority,' perform acts which make angels weep, and through a foolish and perverted ambition, thus wantonly, thoughtlessly, and inhumanly, sport with the lives of mankind.

ous execution of these orders. *Vide* Maurice's admirable History of India; who has well observed, 'To record scenes such as these, and not at the same time brand the unfeeling aggressors with the infamy their actions deserve, not to express a due abhorrence of the perpetration of such sanguinary crimes, in the strongest terms language can afford, or outraged humanity suggest, is to counteract all the avowed purposes of history, to sanction baseness, and to canonize cruelty.'









*London fashionable Dresses.*



The ferociousness of such monsters has no counterpart in nature. Tigers do not even gorge themselves with the blood of tigers;

— parcit  
Cognatis maculis simili feræ \*.

Juv.

To be honest in the truth, there is something in the natures of these animals of prey, even greater than in the ambitious warrior, or the peasantry he enslaves. The tiger, when in a captive state, never propagates its kind. The trial has been often made, but the attempt has ever proved abortive. The lion, although he may consent to associate in his captivity with one favourite lioness, yet when she dies, remains ever after a disconsolate widower, and no inducements have ever been able to gain his consent to another marriage.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

Fig. 1. WALKING DRESS of fine plain muslin or Swiss cambric, worked round the bottom: mantle of lavender colour, lilac figured, silk fringed, and tassels. Head-dress, a

\* Kings and princes of the earth, hear the voice of real wisdom, and learn from hence, that true glory does not consist in extent of dominion, but in the prosperity of any given number of subjects, and therefore cultivate PEACE.

Subjects, be wise; and when the flames of war are kindled, examine into the causes and motives of that calamity brought upon you; and knowing that the wisdom of the many must finally supercede the wickedness of the few, use every constitutional means, be clamorous, to dissipate the fumes of intoxication from before the eyes of your governors, so that there may be universally in reality equally as in prayer, among brothers, Peace upon earth, and good-will towards mankind.

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close cap of Paris net lined with silk, and lace veil.

Fig. 2. Primrose muslin dress, trimmed with lace; clear worked muslin long cloak, edged with coloured ribbon: straw hat with open edge, short lace veil. Nankeen or grey shoes, and walking parasols of brown or shot silk.

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

STRAW HATS are in the highest degree of favour: they are worn of yellow straw, quite plain, and with no other accessory than a white or rose-coloured ribbon, which floats like a scarf, or a slip of Persian lilac. The hats of white straw are mixed with taffety. Hats in general, whether of straw or of straw mixed with taffety, have, as usual, a very large *avance*, or brim in front. But what are new, at least for the present year, are the hats *à la bergere*, which have as much brim behind and on the sides, as in front. They are of white straw, and are fastened under the chin with a rose-coloured ribbon. Feathers are not yet entirely excluded in full dress: they are worn inclined from one ear to the other, in front of a *toque*, with a very narrow brim.

Robes trimmed with lace, and many apron-fichus, are worn. Almost all the robes have a scarf, but the scarf does not always go round; frequently it has only its knot and the ends hanging down. At the bottom of the robes of the newest taste are wolf's-teeth reversed.

The greater part of the great-coats of *percale* are plain; some, however, are embroidered with white cotton: they have small lapels, and a cin-ture, or girdle, in the manner of a scarf. The sleeves are much puck-ered at the top. For coloured em-broideries, green and white are con-

Tt



sidered as much in vogue. When roses are used instead of a simple foliage, the leaves are green, and the roses worked with rose-coloured cotton.

ACCOUNT of the TRIAL by IMPEACHMENT of HENRY LORD VISCOUNT MELVILLE, for high Crimes and Misdemeanours, before the HOUSE of PEERS in WESTMINSTER-HALL.

(With an elegantly engraved VIEW of the INSIDE of the HALL, as fitted up for the Occasion.)

THIS memorable trial began on Tuesday the 29th of April. About nine in the morning, detachments from the three regiments of guards lined the avenues to Westminster-hall, for the purpose of preserving order among the populace, and securing free ingress and egress to those who were entitled to a place in the hall.

At ten o'clock the speaker of the house of commons came to the house, and in a short time afterwards took the chair.—He then dispatched the serjeant at arms to clear the passages, and about half past ten proceeded to the bar of the house, when the members being called over according to their counties, followed him in procession to Westminster-hall. The managers appeared in full dress, and went into the hall first; they were headed by Mr. Whitbread; they took their seats in the box prepared for them.

At half past ten the commons entered the hall.

In the centre of the hall was placed the throne, covered with crimson velvet, and bearing the royal arms, with the letters G. R.

Behind the throne, upon the right, was the queen's box. Next to it, on the left, the king's; and next to it, the prince of Wales's. The king's box was empty; the queen's and

prince of Wales's were full of females of the first rank and fashion, splendidly dressed.

The space upon the left of the throne, and in the same line of it, was occupied by four mace-bearers, and two heralds, in their proper costume, in front, and the sons of peers standing behind them.

The space on the right of the throne, and on the same line with it, corresponding with the former, was occupied by four mace-bearers, and the lord high steward's gentlemen, all of them standing.

Upon the floor, and before the throne, was placed the woolsack, on which the lord chancellor seated himself, with his royal highness the prince of Wales, and the archbishop of Canterbury, on his right and left. In front of the woolsack was the table, covered with party-coloured cloth, and bearing the lord chancellor's mace, purse, the seals, and journals of the house; the clerks of the house of lords, and the chancellor's mace and purse bearer, sitting around it. And between this table and the woolsack, at the sides, upon two benches, parallel to each other, were seated the judges (not peers), the six clerks, and king's serjeants, in their respective proper robes. The serjeants were, Messrs. Cockel, Shepherd, Lens, and Marshall.

On each side of the woolsack and table, and extending to the extremities of both, were two rows of benches, parallel to each other. Those upon the right of the throne were occupied by the ecclesiastical peers, seated according to precedence, in their robes. The bishop of Ossory, the junior spiritual peer, at the extremity from the throne. Those on the left were occupied by their royal highnesses the dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Cambridge, Cumberland, and Sussex, the senior



peers, and great officers of state. Their royal highnesses did not, however, occupy these seats during the whole day. The dukes of York and Cambridge sat for some time upon the woolsack; and the duke of Sussex sat for a short time among the spiritual peers. His royal highness the duke of Gloucester took his station at the table, upon the right of the lord chancellor, and stood almost the whole time Mr. Whitbread was speaking. Next, upon the floor, were eight rows of benches, parallel to the table, and extending entirely across the court, in front of the throne. These were occupied by the house of lords, seated according to their rank and precedence, beginning with the dukes, and ending with the barons; the former upon the front seats.

Behind the barons, upon the right, was the box for the managers appointed by the commons to conduct the prosecution, consisting of Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Fox, viscount Howick, lord Henry Petty, Mr. Sheridan, lord Temple, lord A. Hamilton, Mr. Giles, Mr. Morris, and the attorney and solicitor-general, &c. Mr. Whitbread took his place in the front; to the left, and close to his right hand, were the two short-hand writers, Messrs. Gurney, senior and junior. On Mr. Whitbread's left sat Mr. Fox; next to him, lord Henry Petty; and next to him, Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Giles.—Mr. Fox, being indisposed, wore a grey cloak over his full dress.

A corresponding box upon the opposite, or left-hand side, was appropriated to the counsel and friends of viscount Melville. Hisson, the hon. William Dundas, in the angle of the box to the right, and his counsel, Mr. Plomer and Mr. Adam, sat in the middle of it. Behind it stood his lordship's agents, Messrs. Shaw and Le Blanc, and several of his friends.

The fronts of these two last-mentioned boxes formed a right line, and constituted the bar of the house. Lord viscount Melville sat alone within the bar, and close behind the barons' bench. He came in at the same time with the other lords, having entered at the opposite end, at the great door from Palace-yard. His seat was on the left, immediately in front of his counsel.—His lordship was dressed in a full suit of black, with a black silk gown, and a full buckled wig, powdered.

Boxes and galleries were erected all round for the accommodation of the house of commons, peeresses, &c.

On the right of the throne, next to the queen's box, was a box for the foreign ambassadors. It was filled with the Russian, Swedish, Danish, and Portuguese ambassadors. All the rest of that side of the hall, and half of the end of it over the managers' box, consisted of one gallery, with several rows of benches covered with green cloth, for the accommodation of the house of commons, including a box for the speaker, at a short distance from the box of the foreign ambassadors. Opposite to the ambassadors' box, and on the left of the throne, was the lord chancellor's box, which was filled by some of his lordship's family and friends, consisting of two general officers, and several ladies. The remaining part of that side, and also the half of the end of the hall, corresponding with that occupied by the commons, was a gallery divided into boxes for peeresses and their daughters; and behind them were benches for the accommodation of strangers with peers' and lord chamberlain's tickets. There was also a second gallery at each end of the hall, of considerable extent, for the accommodation of strangers. At the sides also, on a line with the windows, were two second galleries,



extending the whole length of the hall, with three rows of seats, for the board of works, and the vice-chamberlain. The whole court was covered with crimson cloth, except the part occupied by the commons, which was covered with green, as above stated.

About eleven o'clock the lords moved from their own chamber of parliament, the clerks of parliament first, the masters of chancery following them, next the serjeants, then the judges; after them a herald, and then the eldest sons of peers, and peers minor; then after the ushers, the

Barons, two and	Marquisses,
two,	Dukes,
Bishops,	Archbishops,
Viscounts,	and
Earls,	Lord Chancellor.

In passing to the seats allotted to them, they took off their hats and bowed to the speaker of the house of commons and the throne. Having taken their seats, the serjeant at arms made proclamation, commanding silence.

At twenty-five minutes past eleven the lord chancellor entered, preceded by a herald, bearing a crown upon a cushion, and garter king at arms.—His lordship took his seat on the woolsack: then the prince of Wales, duke of York, duke of Cumberland, and duke of Gloucester, entered, and took their seats by the side of the lord chancellor.

The lord chancellor then ordered the serjeant at arms to proclaim silence, which was done accordingly.

Lord Melville was seated just within the bar, his council between him without the bar; the managers to the left of his lordship. His lordship was in a full dress dark suit.

The serjeant at arms then made proclamation:—‘Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! Whereas charges of high crimes and misdemeanours have been

exhibited by the honourable the house of commons, in the name of themselves and of all the commons of Great Britain, against Henry lord viscount Melville; all persons concerned are to take notice, that he now stands upon his trial, and they may come forth, in order to make good the said charges.’

The lord chancellor then addressed lord Melville in a short speech, to which lord Melville replied. He stood, and bowed.

The first day of the impeachment, (29th of April), was occupied in reading the charges against lord Melville, ten in number, and his lordship's answers to them; and in hearing the case opened by Mr. Whitbread, who stated the substance of the charges, and the evidence he had to adduce in support of them. He went over the political life of lord Melville, from his connection with lord North, to his removal from his Majesty's councils. He contrasted his conduct with that of Mr. Pitt, of whom he spoke in the highest terms. He then went into a history of the office of treasurer of the navy, and of the regulations made, by which the salary of the office was raised to 4000*l.* a year, on the express condition that the possessor of it should not employ the money to any purpose of private emolument. Mr. Whitbread then adverted to the act passed on the suggestion of lord Melville, for preventing the money for navy services from being drawn from the bank, except for naval services.

He proceeded to shew, that money had been drawn out of the bank by Mr. Trotter, the paymaster, and placed in the hands of Messrs. Coutts, and employed to purposes of private profit. He charged lord Melville with conniving at Mr. Trotter's so employing the public money, and with borrowing large sums of money of Mr. Trotter, which money



he knew was public money. He then alluded to the manner in which these practices had been discovered by the naval commissioners, upon whose report certain resolutions had been submitted by him to the house of commons. The house of commons had done him the honour of adopting these resolutions; a train of proceedings had followed, the result of which was, that lord Melville should be impeached at their lordships' bar. The house of commons had done him the further honour to place him at the head of the committee appointed to manage the impeachment. He was perfectly sensible how little qualified he was for a situation so eminent and so arduous; but he would at least bring to the discharge of the important duty imposed on him all the assiduity, zeal, and energy of which he was master, and all the devotion to the public good which had induced him originally to take up this matter.

The managers proceeded on the second day of the trial to bring forward evidence. They produced evidence to shew the increase of the salary of the treasurer of the navy; lord Melville's appointment to the office; and the provision of the act, by which all public money in the hands of the treasurer is required to be kept at the bank. The third, fourth, and fifth days were occupied in producing evidence to transactions that took place during lord Melville's treasurership, when Mr. Douglas was his paymaster. Several witnesses were called to prove that of the public money which had been paid to Mr. Douglas, part of it had been paid in to Messrs. Drummond, on account of lord Melville. Bank notes were produced, which having been first paid to the paymaster of the navy, were afterwards carried to Messrs. Drummond, and placed to lord Melville's account. The exa-

mination of his lordship before the commissioners of naval enquiry was also read. On the sixth day Mr. Whitbread declared, he begged leave to depose upon oath, that he heard lord Melville say, with regard to a sum of 10,000*l.* public money, he would not reveal the application of it, being restrained by motives of public duty, private honour, and personal convenience.

On cross-examination, the hon. manager said, that certainly the noble lord's speech went to declare that he had not applied it to the purposes of private gain.

Mr. Trotter's appointment to the office of paymaster of the navy was then proved, and the mutual release between lord Melville and Mr. Trotter, in which was a clause for destroying vouchers, was put in and read, dated 18th and 23d February, 1803.

Mr. Alex. Trotter was then called. The following is the outline of the evidence: — He acknowledged that he had made profit of the public money; that he was agent to lord Melville; that he frequently lent him money out of the public money — purchased East-India and other stock, and loyalty loan for him. On one occasion lord Melville, in a conversation with the witness, 'stated the probable rise of East-India stock, and I observed to his lordship, that if he was impressed with so good an opinion of that stock, I thought, in consideration of his own interest, he ought to invest a sum of money in it. His lordship's observation seemed to throw it aside, by saying he had no money to invest in stock. I had mentioned to his lordship that there were considerable balances lying at all times in my hands that were not called for, and in all probability would not be called for, and I advised his lordship to give me leave to lay out so much as would



purchase 13,000*l.* or 14,000*l.* East-India stock, but which his lordship refused in the most positive manner, insomuch that I feared I had incurred his lordship's displeasure in proposing it.

'It occurred to me, however, that I might borrow the money upon the security of that stock, and I proposed to his lordship that I should endeavour to do so, and that I should lay out that money in the purchase of East-India stock, to which his lordship readily assented. I mentioned that I then lived with a relation of my own, who was a man of considerable importance in the city, and that he would be enabled to raise this sum of money for me.' But this Mr. Trotter said he found difficult; but being unwilling to disappoint his lordship, he advanced the money from the public money; but lord Melville remained perfectly unacquainted with his having made use of the public money in the transaction, and he, the witness, charged interest for the whole from the first day it was advanced, until the final settlement of the accounts between them. Upon his cross-examination he stated, that he had not the least recollection of lord Melville having applied the 10,000*l.* to any purposes of private benefit; that he had represented to lord Melville that it would facilitate the public service if money were drawn from the bank of England and placed in Coutts's; that upon no occasion did lord Melville ever direct him to lay out the public money for his use; that in the only instance in which such a proposal was made, it was indignantly rejected; that the profit made from the use of the public money was all his own; and that the release and clause in it for the destruction of all papers and vouchers between them, was suggested by himself.

On the seventh day Mr. Trotter

was re-examined as to his fortune when he was appointed paymaster, and as to the present amount of it: he stated it to be about 52,000*l.* He stated also, that although the accounts were always signed by lord Melville, when he presented them, yet his lordship never examined any of the items, or scarce looked at them; if he had, it would have appeared on the face of them, that the loyalty loan money was advanced from the chest account (i. e. public money). But he could never prevail on the defendant to give any attention to his private account. He was again examined as to the clause in the release between himself and lord Melville, by which all vouchers were to be destroyed; and he again said, that the clause had been suggested by himself.

On the eighth day Mr. Mark Sprot was examined. He said he had advanced 50,000*l.* in consequence of stock put into his hands—he paid the money to Mr. Trotter, with whom he had had large dealings. He declared that he never had had any pecuniary dealings with lord Melville in his life; that his various money transactions with Mr. Trotter, were entirely upon Mr. Trotter's own account.

On the ninth day the Right Hon. George Tierney was called to state the manner in which he had altered the mode of keeping accounts during his treasurership.

A writer to the signet was called to prove, that the clause for the destruction of vouchers in the release was an unusual clause in such instruments in Scotland.

On the tenth day (May 10) the managers closed their case.

Mr. Romilly summed up the evidence on behalf of the managers.

The court then adjourned to Tuesday the 13th of May, when lord Melville's counsel proceeded upon



the defence. Mr. Plomer's speech occupied two days. He complained of the manner in which the noble lord had been prejudged throughout the country by the circulation of writings against him; he complained of 'that extraordinary, not to say atrocious, outrage to all justice and humanity, the circulation of infamous libels through all parts of the kingdom with an astonishing degree of industry and activity.' He then proceeded to draw an outline of the charges against lord Melville. With respect to the 10,000*l.* the irregular application of which was charged against the noble lord, it would be sufficient for him to say, that it arose at a period when there was no written law against it. He would not rest there. So far from its being a crime for a public accountant to make even the greatest temporary use of the public money for his advantage, he would shew their lordships that there was no law, no condition, no, not even any express or implied obligation, against it. Yet it had been alleged by the hon. member who opened the proceedings, that such application was always a crime by law, which law was sanctioned and declared by the house of commons. He denied, however, the existence of such law; he affirmed that no resolution of either house could have the effect of law. But he was prepared to shew that it was not then the law, was not now the law, and never was the law, that such application of the public money was a high crime and misdemeanour. He dwelt particularly on the case of lord Holland, who, when called to account for a balance, was so far from acknowledging that he had no right to employ the balances in his hand, that he said he had a right to do so.

He then adverted to and commented at considerable length upon

the connection between lord Melville and Mr. Trotter. Mr. Trotter had been brought forward to convict lord Melville, with the boon of indemnity held out to him. Every motion of interest operated therefore to incline the weight of his evidence against lord Melville rather than in his favour. He had his own indemnity to establish, which was not to be granted unless he gave a full, fair, and satisfactory evidence; and every one knew how these words would be interpreted by the prosecutors.—After pressing these points at considerable length—arguing that the papers destroyed did not appear to be public ones; shewing that lord Melville had been in the habit of destroying his private papers; and dwelling upon the public services rendered by lord Melville—he trusted that, on the whole of the case, their lordships would see no proof of criminal or corrupt intention in the noble lord.

Mr. Adam followed Mr. Plomer shortly. Some evidence was produced to prove that lord Melville had relinquished the salaries attached to certain offices held by him.

On the 14th day the attorney-general replied to the defence, and was answered by Mr. Whitbread, who resumed his speech on the next day; and when he had concluded, the court adjourned to the chamber of parliament, where several long debates took place on the subject on different days, strangers being excluded. At length, their lordships appointed Thursday, June 12, to be the day on which they would give judgment.

On this day the anxiety to hear the final determination of this most important case, attracted crowds beyond what had been present on any former day. The peeresses attended in such numbers, that there was scarcely accommodation for them. About a quarter before eleven, the



managers, followed by the other members of the house of commons, and after them by the speaker, entered, and about an hour after the peers.

Silence being proclaimed, the lord chancellor addressed their lordships in the following words:

‘Your lordships having fully considered and deliberated upon the several articles of impeachment exhibited against Henry viscount Melville, and the evidence adduced in support thereof, are now to proceed to pronounce judgment on the several questions, and the first question is this.’ His lordship then stated the charge contained in this article.

His lordship then put the question to the youngest baron on the first article, and in succession to every other peer, up to his royal highness the duke of York, the prince of Wales not being present; the lord chancellor, having taken all the other opinions, gave his own. The manner of putting the question was this—

‘John, lord Crewe, is Henry viscount Melville guilty of the high crimes and misdemeanours charged in this article or not?’—‘Not guilty, upon my honour.’

The peer, on giving his vote, stood up, and inclining forward, placed his right hand on his heart. This had a very impressive effect. The lord chancellor having collected the other votes on each charge, gave his own in this form.

‘I Thomas lord Erskine, having fully considered and deliberated upon the matter in the first article, am of opinion, that Henry viscount Melville is not guilty upon that article, upon my honour.’

All the votes being taken upon the first article, silence was again proclaimed, and the question put in the same manner on the remaining charges, till the whole was gone

through. About ten minutes before four, the numbers being all cast up by the clerks, assisted by the agents of the parties, the lord chancellor spoke as follows:

#### THE JUDGMENT.

‘The majority of the lords have acquitted Henry viscount Melville on the impeachment preferred against him by the house of commons, and of all things contained therein; and Henry viscount Melville, I am to acquaint you, that you are acquitted of the impeachment preferred against you by the house of commons, and of all things contained therein.’

The number of votes on each side, on each charge, was correctly as follows:

	<i>Guilty.</i>	<i>Not Guilty.</i>	<i>Majority.</i>
First Charge	16	119	103
Second ditto	56	79	23
Third ditto	52	83	31
Fourth do.	None	All	—
Fifth ditto	4	131	127
Sixth ditto	43	87	39
Seventh do.	50	85	35
Eighth ditto	14	121	107
Ninth ditto	16	119	103
Tenth ditto	12	123	111

### THE FAIR PENITENT,

#### AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From the French of *Madame de Genlis*.)

(Continued from p. 156.)

VALERIE did not recover from the insensibility into which she had sunk till half an hour had elapsed, and then she fancied that she still heard the fearful clashing of swords, and the threatening noise of the combatants, stamping with their feet with equal force and fury. But soon finding she was alone, she was terrified at this desertion, and the silence appeared to her dreadful. As



her ideas gradually became more clear and just — ‘Gracious Heaven!’ exclaimed she, ‘what is become of them?’ Who has released me from my bonds?—She shuddered as she pronounced these words: she suspected that Beaumanoir no longer lived. Exhausted with fatigue, and overwhelmed with terror, she fluctuated between the desire of calling her women, and the deadly fear of learning with certainty the mournful event; for she could entertain no doubt that it had been a terrible one. After hesitating for some time, she stretched out her hand to ring; but she only caught hold of a tatter of the burnt curtain, which remained in her hand. She retained only a confused recollection of the incident of the fire; and it occurred to her remembrance at this moment only as an attempt against her life. — ‘It was his wish then,’ said she, ‘that I should perish in the flames! Ah! let me fly this horrible dwelling!’—Saying thus, she raised herself with difficulty. She turned, and, feeling faint and weary, remained sitting on the bed. Her eyes then fixed upon the pannel. She trembled on beholding the bloody characters. She read them not; but she recognised the barbarous hand of vengeance.—‘Oh!’ said she, ‘he still lives! Unfortunate Adelmarr!’ As she thus exclaimed, she cast down her eyes, overflowing with tears: her hair stood erect. She beheld, ten paces from her, the corpse of Adelmarr, bathed in a stream of blood. Transfixed, petrified, it seemed as if an arm of iron held her immovable in her place; as if some formidable and most powerful enemy overwhelmed her with invincible strength, to fix her until death in this scene of desolation and horror. Yet still she retained the sense of seeing, and the faculty of thought; she breathed—she existed perfectly. She might be

compared to those unfortunate beings who are delivered over to the utmost rigour of corporeal punishment, and whom the very excess of torture prevents from losing their sensation and recollection. After many moments had elapsed in this unutterable anguish, she at length made a prodigious effort to escape. She rose—she tried to walk—she staggered—and uttered a fearful shriek on seeing blood every where under her feet. She must tread on it, or she could not reach the door. Her strength failed her—she slipped, and fell on the floor, between the body of Adelmarr and the night lamp, which was extinguished by her fall. Amidst the profound darkness which instantly succeeded, she felt a moisture on her thin muslin robe.—‘Just Heaven!’ exclaimed she, ‘I am bathed in his blood! What can protract my wretched life!—what prevent me from dying!’ Until this moment, terror had stifled in her a portion of her sensibility; but bathed in the blood of him whom she loved, the blood she had been the cause of spilling, grief in its turn annihilated even terror. Nothing inspires courage like extreme despair. We are capable of braving any thing when so wretched as really to wish for death, or when we believe it near at hand and inevitable.—‘Stay, Adelmarr!’ cried Valerie; ‘stay! we shall soon meet again. Thy barbarous murderer wished to re-unite us by leaving me here. There is no occasion for steel or poison—it is sufficient to show thee to my eyes deprived of life.—Oh! I bless his cruelty! To deliver me to death, is to give me to thee! I can only join thee in the tomb!—Thou dost no longer exist: I am dying. In this dreadful agony I may at least mingle my tears with thy blood; and my last sigh will soon follow thine!’—As she pronounced



these words with a faltering voice, she felt a death-like chillness glide through her veins; her arteries no longer beat; her oppressed and broken heart suddenly ceased to palpitate. She thought her last hour was fast approaching, when she heard near her a soft and plaintive sound. She at first thought that it was only an illusion; yet a vague and superstitious fear took possession of her imagination, while, at the same time, a faint hope resisted this new terror. She listened, and soon heard a faint groan. The idea that Adelmars was not dead banished every other.— ‘Gracious Heaven!’ she exclaimed, ‘I am not deceived: he breathes! he groans! Adelmars! Valerie is dying near thee: she wishes to live to succour and save thee! Oh, answer me!’—She was silent, that she might again listen; but she heard nothing more. This silence was to her the mute language of death.—She no longer dared to speak—she closed her heavy eyes. Amidst the darkness that surrounded her, she feared lest she should behold some terrible object: a cold perspiration bedewed her face. At this instant she felt the impression of a slight motion. Shuddering with horror, she drew back, as it were, mechanically: it fastened upon her robe—it followed her murmuring. She dragged herself towards the door, which she reached, and endeavoured to open, but found it fast. She again sunk upon the floor, almost lifeless. A few minutes afterwards the first dawn of day penetrated into the chamber, and enabled Valerie to discover what had so dreadfully alarmed her. She saw her wounded dove expiring at her feet. She was then some steps from the window: she darted towards it, opened it, tied her girdle to the balcony, and suspended herself by this fragile support, which, though it did not break,

proved too short; and Valerie fell from a height of ten feet into the garden; but the lightness of her person prevented her from receiving any injury by the fall. She raised herself, and soon recovered strength to fly, she knew not whither, nor with what design, except to save herself from the horror of her present situation. It was by this garden that Adelmars had entered, and he had left the door half open. Valerie passed through this door, and hastened into the forest, where she wandered for some time, with a distraction that permitted her not to choose any road: she thought only of removing to a great distance from the castle.

After she had thus wandered nearly an hour, she perceived, through the extremity of the wood, the lone house of the rector, distant three hundred paces from the village.—Above this house appeared the church, which was built upon a hill. Valerie felt an extraordinary sensation as she cast her eyes upon the church: she trembled, and, turning away her head, she advanced towards the house, and knocked at the door; for she was no longer either able to walk or to support herself. The door was opened by an old servant, who uttered an exclamation of surprise and affright at seeing the young lady of the castle alone at so unseasonable an hour, disordered in her look, her hair dishevelled, and her clothes torn and stained with blood.— ‘Oh, hide me! hide me!’ cried Valerie, rushing into the court. The terrified servant conducted her into the parlour where the venerable pastor was; who, drawing back when he beheld her, imagined that she had been assaulted by robbers.— ‘Yes,’ said Valerie, as she sunk into a chair, ‘he has committed murder!’— ‘A murder!’— ‘You see this blood.’— ‘I do.’— ‘It is his! Oh!



hide me!’ — ‘Explain yourself.’ —  
‘O God! I have killed him!’

At these words the rector remained motionless with horror: but soon recovering himself, he called to mind the mildness, the tenderness, and the timidity of her who spoke to him, and he could not believe what she now said. He placed her in an arm-chair; he made her take a little wine, and smell to some vinegar. At length, sending away his servant, he questioned her affectionately and minutely; and, notwithstanding the incoherence and obscurity of her answers, discovered perfectly the dreadful truth.

Towards the end of this interrogatory, which lasted but a few minutes, Valerie, for the first time since these disastrous events, reflected. The remembrance of her child rushed upon her mind.—‘And my child!’ cried she, in a piercing accent, ‘my child! in what hands have I left her!—Ah! I would rather die a thousand deaths than leave her! Let us return to the castle. I will see my child again!’

The rector earnestly endeavoured to dissuade her from this intention; but Valerie would not listen to him.—‘He will kill her, perhaps,’ exclaimed she, shedding a torrent of tears.—‘Oh! lead me to her!—Oh! for pity’s sake!—I must see my child again!’ Saying this, she would have escaped, but her swollen and painful feet refused to support her, and she fell into the arms of the good pastor; who, at length, succeeded in his endeavours to persuade her to remain, by assuring her that he would himself go immediately to the castle to see her daughter, and speak to Beaumanoir, and that he would return in less than three hours. Valerie suffered him to depart. She was in a high fever: she was put to bed, and when the pastor returned he found her in a strong delirium.—

She remained in this state two days, when the cares of the pastor recalled her to life and to misery. When she had perfectly recovered her recollection, he satisfied her with respect to the safety of her daughter; but he informed her that Beaumanoir was in extreme danger, in consequence of his wound. In short, he was during more than three weeks at the point of death. Valerie passed all this time at the minister’s house, for Beaumanoir had commanded her to remain there; but the good pastor went almost every day to the castle for the purpose of bringing news of Emma. Instructed and strengthened by the exhortations of this pious and venerable man, Valerie threw herself into the arms of religion.—Nothing remained of her culpable attachment to Adelmair but an eternal remorse for having been the cause of his death, and an invincible horror of Beaumanoir. The pastor, far from being obliged to excite her repentance, thought it his duty to moderate its violence.—‘Oh! my father!’ she would exclaim, ‘I have been the cause of bloodshed; I have occasioned the death of an unfortunate man, and, perhaps, I may yet have to reproach myself with that of a husband. What irreparable crimes! The most abandoned women have never caused miseries like these.’

‘But,’ replied the good man, ‘they have exposed themselves to the situation which might but too easily produce them. Such are the dreadful evils which may result from a criminal attachment. A faithless wife can only prevent detection by the aid of lies and duplicity; and, notwithstanding all her artifices, chance may betray her. And should she even have the fortune to escape detection here, the Almighty will doubtless, one day, demand an account not only of the evil she has committed, but of that of which she



has wilfully risked becoming the cause. As for you, my child, the guilty sentiment that profaned your heart has not stained your person. Your youth and inexperience will plead for you ; but the fault which you committed has been productive of such fatal consequences, that you cannot expiate it but by a conduct the most strict and exemplary.'

(*To be continued.*)

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY, entitled, 'MAIDS AND BACHELORS ; or, MY HEART FOR YOURS : ' performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, on Friday, June 6, for the Benefit of Mrs. Mattocks and Mr. Farley.

THE characters were thus represented :

Alvaroni,	-	-	Mr. H. Johnston.
Volbano,	-	-	Mr. Brunton.
Moraldi,	-	-	Mr. Liston.
Zingaretto,	-	-	Mr. Farley.
Alcade,	-	-	Mr. Atkins.
Vignoli,	-	-	Mr. Treby.
Cesario,	-	-	Mr. Menage.
Zephyrina,	-	-	Mrs. Glover.
Vorenza,	-	-	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Lavora,	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
Modesca,	-	-	Miss Tyrer.

Scene,—*Manfredonia.*

#### THE FABLE.

*Moraldi* receives a letter from *Duke Alberto* of Modena, desiring him to arrest his daughter *Vorenza*, and *Alvaroni*, who had eloped, though not together, from Modena. *Vorenza*, on her arrival at *Manfredonia*, claims the protection of *Zephyrina*, the Governor's daughter. *Alvaroni* remains concealed in a friend's garden, where *Zephyrina*, in disguise, accompanied by her confidential maid *Lavora*, pay him visits.—During one of these visits, *Moraldi*,

her father, arrives, and supposing her (as she is veiled) to be *Vorenza*, arrests and sends her under a guard to his palace. *Alvaroni* is led to prison. On the Governor's return, *Zephyrina* passes *Vorenza* as the lady whom the Governor had arrested, and successfully carries on the deception. *Volbano*, who is betrothed to *Zephyrina*, and also the friend of *Alvaroni*, visits him in his confinement, and obtains leave for his temporary absence, for the purpose of keeping an assignation with a lady. This lady proves (though unknown to *Alvaroni*) to be *Zephyrina*. In her apartment the gentlemen meet ; and, of course, the honour of *Zephyrina* and the fidelity of *Alvaroni* are suspected. On the following morning, *Zephyrina*, in the most open manner, acknowledges that she had condescended to visit *Alvaroni*, merely to prevent his coming along the shore in his boat to the Governor's garden ; and the Duke *Alberto* sends his consent to the union of his daughter and *Alvaroni*.

Mr. Skeffington, the avowed author of this piece, has very judiciously considered business and bustle more attractive in dramatic representation than whining sentiment, or inflated bombast ; and by laying the scene of his Comedy in *Italy*, the ingenious author has afforded to his muse an ample opportunity of describing the gaiety, intrigue, and bagatelle, which characterise the inhabitants of this voluptuous climate.

The author evinces throughout his perfect acquaintance with polite and fashionable life, while he proves himself by no means defective in the necessary knowledge of the rules of legitimate English drama. It is a production unquestionably creditable to the taste and talents of the author, and affords much promise to the



public in respect to the future productions of his pen.

*Zephyrina*, the heroine of the piece, is skilfully portrayed, as blending the most bewitching eccentricities of the head with the purest virtues of the heart. She is a fascinating light-hearted belle, led away by the impulse of the moment, and involving herself in a labyrinth of difficulties, without maturely weighing the means of extrication. Several strokes of delicate satire excited considerable merriment. A lady's tongue, when she is in a rage, was not unaptly compared to a north-east wind, being loud and cutting at the same time; and much laughter was occasioned by the following exclamation of Liston: 'Never keep a council or a dinner waiting; for, by the delay, one grows warm, and the other gets cold.'

From the various incidents that pervade the piece, the attention is throughout kept on the alert; and the *denouement* is so artfully conducted, that, like a well-constructed enigma, it first puzzles and at last convinces. Mrs. Glover, who is a very excellent actress, played incomparably; *Zephyrina* acquired the happiest graces from her sprightliness and ease.—Mrs. H. Johnston looked and performed charmingly.—Miss Tyrer and Mrs. Mattocks did ample justice to the parts assigned them.—H. Johnston and Brunton, in the two Counts, and Farley as the Servant, exerted themselves very successfully.

The Comedy was throughout loudly applauded, and promises to add another laurel to the wreath which Mr. Skeffington has acquired by his *Sleeping Beauty*, &c. — Miss Tyrer sung two excellent songs, the one adopted from a fine Venetian air, the other entirely new, and

composed in a charming style by Mr. Additon. The latter was rapturously *encored*.

The Prologue, written by Mr. Skeffington, contained several good points. It was spoken by Mr. Brunton. The Epilogue is the production of Mr. T. Dibdin, and was delivered by Mrs. Mattocks.

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MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS.

HE that flatters you, either hates you, or, at least, has no esteem for you.

Ridicule at a distance appears a monster; it terrifies: but when viewed more closely, it is found to be only a shadow.

The idle man expects life—the industrious enjoys it.

Coquetry is a snare laid for cunning, and prudery one spread for simplicity.

There are some fools, like ugly persons, who the more they endeavour to adorn themselves, the more disgusting they become.

The love of paradox is to wit what coquetry is to beauty.

Those who wish to shine by the singularity of their observations, rarely make any that are useful.

It is better to lose a friend by too great frankness, than to have the meanness to deceive in order to please him.

Those who are addicted to describing the vices and defects of their neighbours or companions frequently draw the portrait of themselves, without being aware of it.

'I hate,' says Lavater, 'as what is most hateful, that disposition of mind, which can find nothing good, even in the worst of men.'



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## ODE

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1806.

By H. J. PYE, Esq. P. L.

LONG did chill winter's dreary reign  
 Usurp the promis'd hours of spring;  
 Long Eurus o'er the russet plain  
 Malignant wav'd his noisome wing:  
 O'er April's variegated day  
 The frolic zephyrs fear'd to play;  
 Th' alternate change of suns and showers  
 Call'd not to life her silken flowers;  
 But arm'd with whirlwind, frost, and hail,  
 Winter's ungenial blasts prevail,  
 And check her vernal powers.

But o'er the renovated plain  
 See Maia lead her smiling train  
 Of halcyon hours along;  
 While burst from every echoing grove  
 Loud strains of harmony and love,  
 Preluding to the choral song  
 Which opening June shall votive pour  
 To hail with proud acclaim our monarch's  
 natal hour.

Still must that day, to Britain dear,  
 To Britons joy impart;  
 Cloudy or bright, that day shall wear  
 The sunshine of the heart.  
 And as before the fervid ray  
 That genial glows in summer skies,  
 Each cloud that veil'd the beam of day  
 Far from the azure welkin flies;  
 So may each cheerless mist that seems  
 A while to cloud our prospects fair,  
 Dispell'd by hope's enlivening beams,  
 Our brightening ether fly, and melt away  
 in air.

A while though Fortune adverse frown—  
 By timid friends their cause betray'd,  
 With bosom firm and undismay'd,  
 On force depending all their own,

A living rampire round their parent lord,  
 The British warriors grasp th' avenging  
 sword;  
 While youths of royal hope demand the  
 fight,  
 To assert a monarch and a father's right;  
 United in one patriot band,  
 From Albion's, Erin's, Caledonia's land,  
 Elate in arms indignant shine  
 The kindred heroes of the Briton line,  
 To whelm invasion 'neath our circling  
 flood,  
 Or stain our verdant fields with Gallia's  
 hostile blood.

## JUNE.

A SONNET.

A BLOOMY wreath of woodbines, sweet-  
 ly fair,  
 And hedge-born roses from the briary  
 bough,  
 Crown'd with green corn, all form a chaplet  
 rare,  
 To grace gay June's soft, joy-inviting  
 brow:  
 For June, when Spring's regretted hours are  
 fled,  
 Brings Summer on, the smiling year to  
 bless.  
 The corn-clad steep now lifts its glowing  
 head,  
 The blossom'd garden wears a perfum'd  
 dress;  
 The playful tenants of each purling stream  
 Now swiftly o'er the fluid surface hie,  
 And in the god of day's resplendent  
 beam  
 Dart at the unsuspecting, passing fly.  
 All Nature smiles, for this is Nature's noon,—  
 The blissful gift of soul-delighting June.

J. M. L.



Mr. PRATT's ANSWER to the 'Complaint of Letter U' in the *Lady's Magazine* for January, 1806\*.

'TWIXT I and U the quarrel's slight;  
A single letter sets us right.  
I did not know, upon my soul,  
I made U slave to my controU.  
The *Printer* made me seem uncivil,  
For which I'll send him to his Devil.  
Restore me, then, I pray, to favoUr,  
On promise of more kind behavioUr.  
Not hand and glove more near and true  
Henceforth shall be than I and U!

But, after all, 'twixt U and I,  
The fault you name with U may lie;  
For little gentlemen like U  
Play sometimes false as well as true:  
And hating all controU, like others  
Steal off, and so desert your brothers.  
To Men and Devils this is known:  
A slippery trick,—even U must own.

### LINES,

On reading the 'NOONTIDE WALKS,'

TO J. M. L. ESQ.

'Tis his alone in every step to please.'

WHEN in my elbow-chair at ease  
I sit, and think on whom I please;  
The t'other day it so befel,  
I thought on Mr. J. M. L.

I love to pace his Noontide Walk—  
And much enjoy his artless talk,

\* 'All this (says the complainant, U, after many illustrative proofs of supposed injuries), I could have borne, while confined to the paltry poetaster, or newspaper-scribbler; but I could not contain my passion any longer, when a short time back I happened to take a peep into the third volume of Pratt's *Harvest Home*, published not long since: and wishing to look at a poem most deservedly admired, but which, whatever the world may think, I assisted materially in composing, I opened it at the republished poem of 'Sympathy,' and read for some little time with pleasure, but was absolutely horror-struck at reading the following couplet:

'When far beyond the busy world's control,  
'Nature our guide, we opened all the soul.'

His pleasing comments on the weather,  
And hints of who and who's together;

For pleasing are his rural lays,  
That now claim all the ladies praise;  
Expanding fancy paints the scene,  
And sympathy does intervene.

For him, ye Naiades, a wreath entwine  
Of myrtles sweet, and eglantine;  
And pluck for him the choicest flowers,  
From Flora's odoriferous bowers:  
And grant him thus with health to rove  
Content thro' life the peaceful grove.  
June, 1806. S. Y.

### SOLUTION

'Of the 'REBUS, RIDDLE, CONUNDRUM,' &c.

In our last Number, p. 275.

'A BUSS,' said Miranda, 'we ladies  
'well know,  
'Fond swains on their lasses are wont to  
'bestow.  
'A Buss!—a re-Buss!—Ha! your secret I smoke:  
'A *Rebus*, good sir, is the cream of your  
'joke.'—

Your wit, dear Miranda, the myst'ry explains:  
I'll buss and re-buss you, sweet maid, for  
your pains.

FLORIO.

### TO JANE,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

COME, Queen of the Fairies! so rosy and  
gay,  
We must crown you with flowers, as the  
daughter of May,  
And pluck from those groups that enamel the  
earth  
A garland, to honour the day of your birth.

First the cowslip so sweet, with her bright  
yellow bells;  
And the violet, whose fragrance all other  
excels;  
And the blue periwinkle just under the wall,  
And the hyacinth that rises so stately and  
tall.

We'll forget not the primrose, so modest and  
shy;  
Nor her neighbour the daisy, that blushes  
hard by;



Nor the powder'd auricula, gracefully bold ;  
With his cousin the polyanth, crested with  
gold.

From the almond's pink blossom we'll bor-  
row a spray,  
And the rich-scented wall-flower a tribute  
must pay ;  
The jonquil and pansy their beauties unite,  
And the sweet humble lily be drawn to the  
light.

With a garland so beauteous, such bright  
auburn hair,  
What form with my darling's can fancy  
compare ?  
Yet a garland more beauteous her breast may  
adorn  
Than courts the soft dew-drops of May's  
lucid morn.

If mild and good-humour'd, obliging and  
kind,  
The fruits of the heart aid the blossoms of  
mind ;  
If duty and love join with spirit and ease,  
They form the dear chaplet that always will  
please.

Wear these in your bosom, my sweet little  
Jane !  
And the flowers that we prize will unfaded  
remain :  
Tho' beauty may vanish, and fortune grow  
cold,  
Yet the garland of Virtue will never wax  
old.

### MUSIC,

BY WM. STRODE, WHO DIED IN 1644.

WHEN whispering streams do softly  
steal  
With creeping passion thro' the heart ;  
And when, at every touch, we feel  
Our pulses beat, and bear a part ;  
When threads can make  
A heart-string quake,  
Philosophy  
Can scarce deny  
The soul can melt in harmony.

O lull me, lull me ! charming air ;  
My sense is rock'd with wonders sweet :  
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,  
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet :  
Grief who need fear  
That hath an ear ?  
Down let him lie,  
And slumbering die,  
And change his soul for harmony.

### STANZAS,

SENT TO A SISTER, WITH A PAIR OF  
FURNISHED KNIFE-CASES.

WHERE oft I play a *knife* and *fork*,  
And draw as oft the willing cork,  
Same recompense is due :  
Let me a cheerful muse invoke,  
To temper with a *cutting* joke,  
I wish to have with you.  
My hostess must accept two cases  
Of knives and forks snug in their places,  
Attended by a *carver* ;  
She'll use the sharp and well-wrought *steel*,  
On beef, on mutton, and on veal :  
'Twould be a sin to starve her.  
Nay, I'll assist to wear them out ;  
I'll slice the goose and turkey-pout,  
When thus the table's laid :  
And when the donor hence has fled,  
With truth perhaps it may be said,  
'He was a merry *blade*.'

### RELIGION.

AN OCCASIONAL HYMN.

THRO' shades and solitudes profound,  
The fainting traveller winds his way :  
Bewildering meteors glare around,  
And tempt his wandering feet astray :  
Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,  
The sudden moon's inspiring light,  
When forth she sallies thro' the sky,  
The guardian angel of the night !  
Thus mortals, blind and weak, below  
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain ;  
The world's a wilderness of woe,  
And life a pilgrimage of pain !  
Till mild RELIGION from above  
Descends, a sweet engaging form ;  
The messenger of heavenly love,  
The bow of promise in a storm.  
Then guilty passions wing their flight ;  
Sorrow, remorse, affliction, cease :  
RELIGION's yoke is soft and light,  
And all her paths are paths of peace.  
Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,  
And folly flies her chastening rod ;  
She makes the humble contrite heart  
A temple of the living God.  
Beyond the narrow vale of time,  
Where bright celestial ages roll,  
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,  
She points the way and leads the soul.  
At her approach the grave appears  
The gate of Paradise restor'd ;  
Her voice the watching cherub hears,  
And drops his double flaming sword.  
Baptiz'd with her renewing fire,  
May we the crown of glory gain ;  
Rise when the host of heaven expire,  
And reign with God, for ever reign !



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*New York, April 28.*

A circumstance has occurred which has served to enflame to an extraordinary degree the animosity which the democratic faction in America have excited against England. On the 25th of April an American seaman was killed by a chance shot fired at a coasting sloop close in with Sandy Hook, by the *Leander* man of war. From the depositions of the masters of the sloop and of a brig, it appears that the *Leander* fired at the sloop and other vessels to bring them to. The two first shots did not touch the sloop, which still continued her course, and did not bring-to. About five minutes after the two first shots were fired, another shot unfortunately struck the man at the helm, and killed him. This distressing occurrence afforded a favourable opportunity to the violent democratic faction. No sooner had the vessel on board of which the man was killed arrived at New York, than the populace rushed to the water's edge, took the body of the seaman from on board the sloop, and paraded it through the streets, uttering the most violent language, accompanied with the most frantic gestures against Great Britain.—The fury of the populace communicated itself to the merchants, who immediately assembled, and manned and armed several pilot-boats and other vessels, which were instantly dispatched to recapture any American vessels which might have been taken by the British squadron, and to bring them into New York. A quantity of fresh provisions, purchased in the market for the use of the British ships, was stopped by the mob, and carried in triumph to the alms-house. A public funeral was decreed to the sea-

man killed; the public papers were put in mourning; and the grand jury of New York actually found a bill against the captain of the *Leander* for murder.

*Boston, May 8.* A letter has been received in town from Barbadoes, dated April 14, 1806, giving information received via Trinidad, that general Miranda had effected a landing in the Spanish-American province of Carraccas; that he had taken the island of Marguiratu, and the town of Camana, on the sea-board of the province; the town of Barcelona in the interior; on the river Neveri; and was in full march for the capital of the colony, situated about 50 miles from the coast. Mr. Fitzwilliam acts as his secretary. The expedition sailed last from Carracoa.

The above information is confirmed by captain Risbrough, who arrived here on Tuesday from Martinico. It appears that the American ship *Leander* was joined by some English cruizers—and that Miranda has proclaimed the independence of the provinces. The intelligence was brought to Martinico by a Dutch vessel.

*Madrid, April 30.* The prince regent of Portugal has returned from his late tour to the frontiers. While he was there, the inhabitants of Olivenza, which place was ceded to Spain after the last war, sent him a deputation, expressing their regret at that circumstance, and their wish to be received again under his protection. The prince of peace has taken so much umbrage at this affair, that the members of the deputation are to be prosecuted at law. The French frigate, the *Comet*, that escaped from St. Domingo, has been for some days in St. Sebastian's. It is in a



wretched situation, as two-thirds of the men are on the sick list. Don Francisco Gill has entered upon the office of minister of marine, and secretary of state. Domingo, of Grandalana, and vice-admiral don Ignacio D'Alava, are appointed actual privy counsellors; but the latter suffers extremely from the wounds he received in the battle of Trafalgar.

*May 12.* A signal act of justice has lately been executed by the supreme authority, upon one of the first prelates in the kingdom, don Raphael de Musquerry Aldunate, the archbishop of St. James de Compostella, who, by feigning those virtues of his profession which he did not possess, had formerly obtained the general esteem of the public at large, and the particular good-will of the prince of peace. However, two canons of his cathedral having dared to inquire into his conduct, they have long since been the butt of his persecution. Divested of their situations, and compelled to leave the country (one of them has been at Paris for some months past), this severity was at first attributed to an excess of zeal; but, at length, the representations of the injured parties reached the foot of the throne. The cause has been investigated before the tribunals, who have unmasked the hypocrite, and avenged his victims. The sentence passed upon the archbishop enjoins 'that he shall declare the innocence of the parties in the pulpit, and ask pardon of the public for the scandal he has brought upon religion; that he shall re-establish the canons in their situations; and afterwards be shut up in a castle for the remainder of his days.'

*Vienna, May 14.* Count Rausmowski, the Russian ambassador here, has received a courier from St. Petersburg with advice that his Russian imperial majesty, in consequence of the pressing solicitations of Austria, has consented that Cattaro, &c. occupied by his troops, shall be restored to the Austrians, to be by them surrendered to the French. A Russian courier has been sent off to Cattaro, who, as he is provided with a pass from the French ambassador, takes the road by Zara through

Croatia, and will arrive at his destination in 14 days.

*Hamburg, May 18.* It is officially announced at Griefswald, that a Swedish squadron has put to sea from Carls-crona to blockade all the Prussian ports, from the frontiers of Russia to the extremities of Pomerania. This news, certain as it is, seems almost incredible. Prussia has not less than twelve ports in the Baltic; and the navy of his Swedish majesty cannot furnish one vessel for each of the ports he declares blockaded. The towns on the confines of the Pomeranias, which are without garrisons, have received orders to send their treasure to Stettin. Many inhabitants emigrate from Swedish Pomerania.

*Berlin, May 20.* Major Chapman, aide-de-camp of his majesty the king of Sweden, arrived here on the 17th in the evening, and delivered to the king a letter from his sovereign. He set out yesterday on his return, with the answer of his Prussian majesty. Nothing has transpired relative to the contents of this correspondence; but it is observed that the orders given to the garrisons of Berlin and Potsdam, to hold themselves in readiness to march, have not been countermanded, as the health of general Kalkreuth is not yet entirely re-established. It is said that prince Louis Ferdinand will take the command of the corps under the orders of that general.

*Hamburg, May 24.* According to letters from Prussia, received yesterday, Swedish frigates have appeared before Memel, Dantzick, and other Prussian ports in the Baltic, in order to blockade them. The captain who has the command before Dantzick has informed the pilots that he will suffer all Danish ships to enter, and those laden with corn to come out.

*Hague, May 30.* Our new constitution is now settled by a treaty signed at Paris on the 24th inst.

'Prince Louis to be constitutional king of Holland; the dignity to be hereditary in the male line; and in failure thereof, his successor is to be appointed by the emperor of the French; and such successor to be by blood or birth a Batavian citizen. His income is to be two millions of guilders per annum.



‘All the offices are to be filled by natives of the country, the servants of the royal household excepted.

‘The language, the religion, and the existing laws are to be retained, so far as they do not militate against the new constitution.

‘The regal office will, in a great measure, resemble that of the grand pensionary, but with powers more extensive as to the appointment of officers in the army, the marine, and the colonies.

‘A legislative body of thirty-eight persons, exclusive of a President.

‘A council of state of thirteen persons, without a President, including five members of state. The members of this council to be nominated by the king.

‘The national debt is acknowledged.

‘An advantageous treaty of commerce shall be negotiated between France and Holland.

‘There shall be no appeal to the people as to their approbation of the new constitution.

‘The limits of the new monarchy to be extended to the Weser.’

*St. Petersburg, May 24.* Four thousand of the guards are ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march: their destination is unknown. They will be commanded by the grand duke Constantine.

*Ratisbon, May 30.* All the French troops in the archbishopric of Ratisbon broke up on the 18th of May.

*Prague, May 30.* A Neapolitan, an enterprising, active, courageous, and gallant man, has delivered madame Spencer Smith from her confinement. She had been carried to Brescia, whence she was to be conveyed to Valenciennes, when by his address, and proper application of money no doubt, this Neapolitan succeeded in enabling her to effect her escape. She has arrived safely in this city; and though she was born a subject of the emperor of Germany, it is so much feared that she will be reclaimed, that her relations have advised her to endeavour to reach Polish Russia without delay.

*Banks of the Maine, June 3.* On the 28th of May marshal Augereau received a courier from prince Alexander Berthier, with orders for the army under his command to hold themselves in readiness to march.—Some movements have in fact already been observed in it. It is believed that it will go by the way of Westphalia to Hanover; while marshal Bernadotte will take the same route, passing through Schweinfurth and the country of Fulda.

*Hanover, June 6.* It is said, that in several districts of the electorate the Prussian troops have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march.

Advices received from the country of Lauenburg seem likewise to announce that the Prussians are preparing to evacuate it.

*Hague, June 10.* Yesterday, Messrs. Verhuel and Van Styrum returned hither from Paris. The other deputies will shortly follow; and our new sovereign is also expected in the course of a very few days.

His excellency M. Verhuel, after paying a visit to the acting pensionary, held conferences with the secretaries of state, and opened the special mission entrusted to him by his imperial highness prince Louis Napoleon, as king of Holland, as the result of several resolutions for the organization of the government; and communicating that his majesty the king had appointed M. Verhuel minister of the marine, and M. Gogel minister of the finances, the other secretaries of state being charged to continue in their posts till the king's arrival, which they accepted.

The same gentleman repaired in person to the assembly of their High Mightinesses, where also, in pursuance of his commission, he expressed his majesty's charge, and made the necessary communications; he also repaired to the council of state: after which his excellency assumed the executive power, in name and by authority of his majesty; while the pensionary, who had acted *ad interim*, resigned that post, and resumed that of president of their High Mightinesses.



## HOME NEWS.

*London, May 27.*

AN unfortunate accident happened on Saturday last to Mr. Charles Buxton, the celebrated charioteer, on his return from Epsom to London. Mr. Buxton in his phaeton, drawn by four horses, overtook a friend in a barouche drawn by the same number of horses; and a mutual determination being manifested to try the speed of the animals and the skill of the drivers, a race was the consequence. They proceeded on nearly equal terms until they reached Ewel, where, on turning a corner, Mr. Buxton's phaeton was upset, and he and his companion, Mr. Hugh Atkins, a Russia broker, were thrown from their seats in the carriage with such violence, that each gentleman, singular as it is, had a thigh broken, and three ribs.

*May 30.* Yesterday, about twelve o'clock, seven waggons loaded with casks of specie arrived at the Bank of England, under the escort of an officer, and a party of light horse. The casks contain the 400,000*l.* in dollars, sent some time since from the Bank to Hanover, and which was luckily got away before the Prussians took possession of that place. On their way from Harwich to London they halted at Rumford, when one of the guards, who was placed as centry over the waggons, was detected in breaking open one of the casks: he was secured, and lodged a prisoner in the barracks.

*May 31.* At about half past twelve o'clock yesterday morning an alarming fire broke out in the extensive sugar bake-house of Mr. Gatty, Great Trinity-lane, Cheapside, which threatened

the neighbourhood of Bow-lane with destruction. The flames were first discovered in the lower part of the premises, and the wood being dry, the conflagration spread with astonishing rapidity. The engines of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, were the first that arrived; and a plentiful supply of water being obtained, the flames were prevented from extending to the premises of Mr. Shnyder and Mr. Taylor, skin-merchants, and the Cock Tavern, the whole of which were expected to take fire. By three o'clock the flames were extinguished, with the total destruction of the sugar bake-house, and part of the adjoining dwelling-house. The premises were insured, and the damage done is very considerable.

*Plymouth, June 3.* Last Sunday there was a most dreadful riot in the Spanish prison, owing to a misconception of the Spaniards, that they were going to be trepanned into our service. It happened, just at relieving guard, that the prisoners were very riotous, and tore their beds and bedsteads to pieces; blank cartridges were fired first without effect, when the guard loaded with ball, and fired in amongst them, by which four were desperately wounded. The civil power (at one o'clock p. m.) being now arrived, they were told the consequence of holding out: after some resistance, the ringleaders were secured, and lodged in the Caschiot. One Spaniard suffered amputation close to the shoulder, and three were wounded in the legs and arms. They are now very quiet.

*London, June 5.* At half past three o'clock this morning a dreadful fire



roke out at the celebrated hotel, in Chandos-street, Covent-garden, called the Key. It is said to have broken out on the first floor, and to have been occasioned by the bed curtains taking fire in a room where the candle had been left too close to the bed. Those who were never within the hotel know how many rooms were appropriated to the purposes of sleeping. Indeed the whole house was nearly composed of bed-rooms. It was most superbly furnished—every thing that expence could supply in the furnishing of bed-rooms was to be found in it—the drapery of the beds all festooned and constructed *à l'Egyptienne*—the hanging of the window-curtains, the elegance of the other furniture, the largeness of the glasses, the quantity of plate—every thing was calculated to dazzle the eye, as well as to enchant the senses. In a short time the flames caught every part of the lower rooms. To save the furniture was found to be impossible—little or none was saved. To save the lives of the temporary inhabitants of the hotel was all that could be done, and that, we lament to say, was not entirely effected. There were about sixty persons in the house; an equal number, as our readers may conjecture, of ladies and gentlemen. On the first alarm of fire, the apartments, most of which were locked inside, were forced. Some of the persons had just retired to bed. Judge of their consternation, to be awakened by men forcing the doors. All jumped out of bed, and, without waiting to dress themselves, attempted to hurry out of the house. Few of the ladies or gentlemen had time to get on their clothes, but ran into the streets nearly naked. The houses in the neighbourhood were open to receive them, and we may guess the confusion which some would feel in being obliged to send home for fresh clothes.

The engines arrived in good time, and were well played; but the fire had reached such a height that it could not be stopped till it had consumed the whole of the inside, leaving nothing but the bare walls standing.—One gentleman was burnt to death. About two o'clock in the morning he came into the house, very much intoxicated, with a girl of the town, and was shewn into

this room. His companion went to bed, and was awakened from her sleep by the bed-curtains and room being in flames. She instantly jumped up, and endeavoured to prevail on the gentleman to make his escape; she dragged and pulled him with all her strength, but he was so overcome with sleep and wine, as to be insensible to his danger, or incapable of making any exertion. The flames had now gained rapidly upon her; the unfortunate girl jumped out of the window, and was caught in the street, without having received any material injury. The fire now raged with incredible fury, and in a very short time the whole of that side of the house was in flames. The unfortunate gentleman appears, however, to have been at length roused by his danger, as shortly after the people on the opposite side of the street saw him at the window, with his arms thrown up, in an attitude of despair. In an instant, however, he sunk into the flames, and disappeared. A part of the body was found: the head and limbs were nearly burnt off. It was carried to St. Martin's work-house, where the coroner's inquest will sit upon it.

June 9. A few days since Mr. T. Lloyd, second lieutenant of the Dreadnought man of war, lying at Portsmouth, accompanied some brother officers to Kingston, where, after taking a few glasses of wine, the joke went merrily round, and Mr. Lloyd, in the height of good humour, wished his companions to go with him to the church-yard, as he had a particular desire to fix on a spot where he should like his body to be interred. His wish was complied with, and, after having pointed out a spot of ground, the whole of the officers returned on board; soon after which Mr. Lloyd was taken ill of a complaint in his bowels, and he went to bed, having taken some warm nourishment. The next morning he was found dead in his bed, and the body was interred on Friday, in Kingston church-yard, agreeably to his wishes when alive.

June 10. A meeting of the court of directors of the East India company took place on Friday, to consider the letter of the president of the board of controul, announcing the recal of sir



George Barlow. It is said that a division took place with respect to the appointment of the earl of Lauderdale. The result of it was, as we are informed, that out of the 24 directors, 20 voted against the appointment of his lordship, three supported him, and one, who would have voted in his favour, was absent through indisposition. Previous to the court breaking up, the members, it is added, came to a resolution to present a memorial to government, in which they consent, that the nomination shall proceed from ministers, but upon the condition that the persons so nominated shall possess their full confidence. The memorial, we understand, was sent in on Saturday.

*June 11.* On Sunday afternoon a desperate affray took place between a number of Irish labourers and some American seamen (belonging to ships in the London docks), in the Broadway, adjoining the docks.

The quarrel originated between an American and an Irishman, respecting a woman of the town. A battle ensued, and the Irishman, having got the worst of it, went away, and returned in the course of an hour (about five o'clock) with a strong reinforcement of his countrymen, armed with broom-sticks, bludgeons, pokers, and various other sorts of weapons, which they brandished in the air, and with violent imprecations dared the Yankees, as they termed them, to the fight. The Americans, who were numerous, assembled in a body for their own protection, but did not attempt to commit or provoke any breach of the peace. Their forbearance, however, only tended to render the Irishmen more furious, and they shewed every disposition to commence an immediate attack. Some of the Americans, induced by the threatening aspect of affairs, procured from on board a few weapons, but not sufficient to arm the whole. This was taken by the sons of St. Patrick for a challenge to a trial of skill with the shillela, and they instantly made a ferocious attack on the Americans, who defended themselves stoutly, but were defeated in the end, with broken heads, legs, &c. after a most severe and bloody contest. Upwards of twenty

Americans were wounded more or less; six of them so dangerously, that they were obliged to be carried off the ground. A young man had his skull fractured, and lies without hopes of recovery at the White Hart, Neptune-street; one had both his legs broken, and was taken in a hopeless state to the London hospital; another unfortunate man had one leg broken, and is besides by no means free from danger. An American captain is, we understand, among those most hurt in the affray. The success of the Irish made them quite outrageous; after the result of the battle was known, reinforcements were constantly arriving, who enlisted under the banners of Murtoch Sullivan, the reputed leader.

This serious commotion excited a general alarm in the neighbourhood, and notice of the proceedings were transmitted to the police-office in that district; when sir D. Williams, Mr. Davies, of Lambert-street office, and other magistrates, assembled, together with a large posse of constables, headboroughs, and police officers, and repaired to the spot, where the rioters were still parading in great numbers.—About forty of the most active were apprehended, and lodged in the several watch-houses in the vicinity of Tower-hill. Guards from the volunteer corps of the district were placed over them all night.

On Sunday night there was a fire at the house of a baker, in William-street, near the Westminster infirmary. It consumed the whole of that house; but by the exertions of the men from Mr. Elliot's brewery and the regular firemen, its further extension was prevented. We are extremely sorry to add, that a boy, named Isaac Theis, a relative of the householder's, perished in the flames.

*Sheffield, June 11.* Yesterday, about eight o'clock in the evening, this town and neighbourhood was visited by a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, which hardly abated before midnight, but was renewed with aggravated violence early in the morning, when the lightning struck the house of Mr. George Shepherd, on the Crook's Moor.—He was from home. The flash entered the room where Mrs.



Shepherd, and miss Barber, a visitor, were sleeping, shifted two of the bed-posts, and tore the curtains to rags, without injuring either of the ladies, who in the moment of alarm leapt upon the floor, and the bed instantly broke down. The lightning then passed through several other chambers, and the lower rooms of the house, melted a bell-wire, rent the plaster and paper from the walls, and perforated a lead cistern filled with water, which all ran out. The room in which the servant girls slept was almost the only one in the house that escaped. The power and the providence of God were wonderfully displayed in the preservation of the lives thus exposed to destruction.

### BIRTHS.

*May 24.* At Lillingstone Dayrell, Bucks, the lady of Richard Dayrell, esq. of a son.

25. At Wallington House, near Newbery, the lady of A. F. Nunes, esq. of a daughter.

31. At Ingestre, countess Talbot, of a son.

*June 2.* At his house at Plymouth-Dock, the lady of rear-admiral John Sutton, esq. of a daughter.

8. In St. James's-square, the right hon. lady Grantham, of a daughter.

9. The lady of J. J. Knapp, esq. of Brompton-row, of a daughter.

11. At Beaumont Lodge, Old Windsor, viscountess Asbrook, of a son.

13. At her father's house, at Fulmer, the lady of Henry Samuel Partridge, esq. of a daughter.

14. At Hermanston, in Scotland, the right hon. lady Sinclair, of a daughter.

15. At Hadley, Middlesex, the lady of Francis Church, esq. of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

*May 8.* At Swanscombe, in Kent, by the rev. R. Field, Edward Field, esq. of Great Coram-street, to Miss Burch, of Greenhithe.

15. At Mersham, in the county of Kent, the rev. Charles Hughes, of Bar-

ham, in the same county, to Miss Knatchbull, eldest daughter of sir Ed. Knatchbull, bart.

20. At the earl of Chatham's, in Dover-street, by special license, by the archbishop of Cashel, lieut. colonel Pringle, to miss Eliot.

22. At St. George's, Hanover-square, major Rowles, of the 3d dragoons, on the Madras establishment, to Miss Altham, Weymouth-street, Portland-place.

28. At Stokenham, James Tarring, jun. esq. of High House, Devon, to miss Anna-Maria Forbes, youngest daughter of the late Captain Forbes, of Shrewsbury.

29. At Hackney, John Dunston, esq. of Old Broad-street, to Miss Warburton, eldest daughter of Thomas Warburton, esq.

*June 2.* At St. James's church, Henry Mitturne, esq. of St. James's-street, to miss Honora Calmady Richardson, daughter of John Richardson, esq. Bridge End, Glamorganshire.

3. At Mary-la-bonne church, Charles Cunningham, esq. son of sir William Cunningham, bart. of Robertland, to miss Frances Call, daughter of the late Sir John Call, bart. of Whitford.

Lieutenant-colonel Birch, assistant quarter-master general, to Etheldred Anne, eldest daughter of Jacob Reynardson, of Holywell, Lincolnshire.

5. At Ecclesfield, in the county of York, Wm. Walker, esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, to miss Margaret Walker, of Wincobank, near Sheffield.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Henry Harford, esq. of New Cavendish-street, to miss Esther Rycroft, sister to Sir Nelson Rycroft, bart. of Farnham, Surry.

11. John Baker, esq. of Aldwick-court, in the county of Somerset, to miss Weaver, only daughter of the late Thomas Weaver, esq. of the city of Gloucester.

16. Wm. Fisher Hulge, esq. of Cosington, major of the Leicestershire militia, to miss Dora Alexander Crickitt, one of the daughters of the late Charles Alexander Crickitt, esq. of Smith's Hall, Essex, M. P.

17. At St. Martin's church, vis-



count Fitzharris, eldest son of the earl of Malmesbury, and godson of the late empress of Russia, to the hon. miss Dashwood, niece to the earl of Effingham. Immediately after the ceremony, the new-married pair set off for lord Palmerstons's seat, in Hants.

At Curzon-street chapel, colonel Arthur Vansittart, of Shuttesbrook, Berkshire (M. P. for Windsor), to the Hon. miss Caroline Eden, fourth daughter of Lord Auckland.

19. At Mary-la-bonne church, sir William Pratt Call, bart. of Whitford House, county of Cornwall, to the right hon. lady Louisa Forbes, daughter of the late and sister to the present earl of Granard.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Giles Stibbert, esq. son of General Stibbert, to miss Jane Slatter, daughter of the late rev. Thomas Slatter, rector of Saltford, in Somersetshire.

## DEATHS.

May 15. At her house in Rossshire, lady Munro, widow of sir Harry Munro, of Fowlis, bart.

At Vienna, the Hon. Warren Fitzroy, brother to the present lord Southampton.

21. At Burford, of the gout in the stomach, after a few hours illness, Richard Georges Fettiplace, esq. of Swinbrook, in the county of Oxford.

24. At Inverary castle, his grace John Duke of Argyle, marquis of Lorn, (Lord Sundridge, 1766), a field marshal in the army, colonel of the 3d regiment of foot guards, honourable master of the king's household in Scotland, keeper of Dunstaffnage and Carrick, and governor of the British Society, &c. &c. His grace was born in 1722, and is succeeded by his eldest son, George, marquis of Lorn, now duke of Argyle.

The late duke of Argyle married, March 3, 1759, Elizabeth, daughter of John Gunning, esq. and relict of James duke of Hamilton, father of the late duke; by whom, who died December 20, 1790, he had issue, George John, born Feb. 17, 1766, who died an

infant—George, marquis of Lorn, born Sept. 22, 1768; succeeded to the barony of Hamilton, on the death of his mother—John Douglas Henry Edward, born December 24, 1777—Augusta, born March 31, 1760; married to capt. Clavering, and has issue; and Charlotte Susan Maria, born June 21, 1775, married to captain Campbell.

At Lamb-abbey, Kent, the lady of Dr. Orme.

25. After a tedious illness, at the governor's apartments in Greenwich Hospital, viscountess Hood, in the 78th year of her age.

At Bury St. Edmunds, after a short illness, deeply and universally regretted, Mrs. Blachley, wife of Charles Blachley, esq. of that place.

26. At Bedford, Mrs. Wilson, the lady of M. W. Wilson, esq.

After a short but severe fever, Wm. Dickinson, esq. M. P. for Somersetshire, at his house in Upper Harley-street.

27. Suddenly, at his house at High-bury, the Rev. Dr. John Ford.

At Pimlico, the wife of col. Robinson, of the London recruiting district.

Mrs. French, relict of the late Matthew Deane T. French, esq. of the county of Cork.

At Blackheath, miss Heyden, eldest daughter of Richard Heyden, esq. of Banbury.

June 3. Mr. Edward Shce, of Half-Moon-street, Piccadilly.

8. At his lodgings in Holborn, Mr. John Middleton, of Beverley.

In Pall-Mall, of an apoplectic attack, the lady of sir Walter Stirling, bart.

Mr. Wm. Cooper, of Egham, Surrey.

At Wimbledon, the bishop of Limerick.

9. At Winchester, Mrs. G. Heathcote, wife of the rev. G. Heathcote, fellow of Winchester college.

17. At Hans-house, Chelsea, Henry Holland, esq. one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex, and architect to the East-India company, &c. &c. Independently to the distinguished rank he bore in his profession, he was endowed with general talents and conciliating manners, which procured him early in life the most respectable connections with men of the first consequence and ability in the country.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR  
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For JULY, 1806.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :*

- 1 The SEAT of the late ADMIRAL LORD NELSON, at MERTON, Surry.
- 2 SCÈNE in the ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.
- 3 LONDON FASHIONABLE DRESSES, elegantly coloured.
- 4 An elegant new BORDER for a DRESS, &c.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row ;  
Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE continuation of the *Fair Penitent* in our next.

The continuation of *Family Anecdotes* shall likewise be given in our next.

*Cleanliness* is certainly a good thing for a youth of thirteen both to praise and to practise; but the Essay on that subject by our young correspondent is too trifling, and too incorrect, for insertion.

We would recommend to S. Y. to revise the Lines on *viewing the Village of my Nativity by Moon-light*: there are some verses so defective that they would disgrace his signature. He will perhaps send us a more correct copy.—His *Irregular Lines* are likewise too irregular.

*Adelaide*, a Fragment, is received, and intended for insertion.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For JULY, 1806.

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To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BEING lately in company with some persons who made a number of observations on the consequences of too refined sensibility, after I had left them, I could not but make certain reflections on the subject, which perhaps may not be disagreeable to some of your readers.

There are a number of people who have a certain delicacy of feeling or passion, which renders them extremely sensible to all the accidents of life, and causes them to feel a lively joy on every prosperous event, and a poignant grief at every incident adverse to their hopes. Their friendship is easily obtained by any favours and acts of kindness, and their resentment is at the same time provoked by the smallest injury. Every flattering sign of respect elevates them above measure, and they are as sensibly affected by any mark of contempt. Persons of this character have no doubt much more lively enjoyments, as well as more acute sorrows, than men of a cool and calm disposition; but I believe, when every thing is properly considered, there is no one who would not rather choose to be of the latter character, were it in his power to form

his own temper of mind. Our good or ill fortune is not at our own disposal; and when a person who has this acute sensibility encounters any misfortune, his sorrow or resentment takes entire possession of him, and deprives him of all relish in the common occurrences of life, the right enjoyment of which forms the greatest part of our happiness. Great pleasures are much less frequent than great pains, so that too acute sensibility must be much more exposed to the latter; not to mention that persons of such lively passions are apt to be transported beyond the bounds of prudence and discretion, and to make false steps which are often irretrievable.

There is a delicacy of taste observable in some persons much resembling this delicacy of feeling or passion, and which produces the same sensibility to beauty and deformity of every kind which that does to prosperity and adversity, favours and injuries. When a poem or a picture is presented to such a person, he is sensibly affected with every part of it; nor are the masterly strokes discerned with more exquisite relish and satisfaction than the negligencies or absurdities with disgust. A polite and judicious conversation affords him the highest entertainment, and rudeness or impertinence is as offensive to him. In



short, delicacy of taste has the same effect as delicacy of feeling; it enlarges the sphere both of our happiness and of our sufferings, and renders us sensible both to pains and pleasures unknown to the rest of mankind.

There is, however, probably no one who will not admit, that a delicacy of taste is as much to be desired and cultivated as a delicacy of feeling or passion is to be lamented, and remedied if possible. The good or evil accidents of life are very little at our disposal; but it is in our power what books we shall read, what diversions we shall partake of, and what company we shall keep. Philosophers have endeavoured to render happiness entirely independent of every thing external. This is impossible to be attained; but every wise man will endeavour to place his happiness in such objects as depend most on himself. When a person is capable of this, he becomes more happy by what pleases his taste than by what gratifies his passion, and receives more pleasure from a work of genius than expensive luxury can afford.

How far delicacy of taste and that of passion are connected in the original frame of the mind is difficult to determine. There appears, however, to be a very considerable affinity between them; for we may observe, that women, who have more delicate passions than men, have also a more delicate taste of the ornaments of life, of dress, equipage, and the ordinary decencies of behaviour. Any excellency in these makes impression on their taste much sooner than on that of the other sex; and when their taste is pleased, their affections may soon be gained.

But whatever may be the connection between these dispositions,

nothing, I am persuaded, can be more conducive to curing us of this delicacy of passion than cultivating that higher and more refined taste which enables us to judge of the works of genius and the productions of the fine arts. A greater or less relish of the beauties of these depends on the greater or less sensibility of our frame; but with respect to the sciences and liberal arts, a fine taste is in fact only strong sense, or at least depends so much upon it that they are inseparable. To judge aright of a work of genius, so many things are to be compared, and such a knowledge of human nature is requisite, that no man who is not possessed of the soundest judgment can become a true critic. And this is a new reason for cultivating a taste for the liberal arts: our judgment will strengthen by exercise; we shall form juster ideas of life; many things which please or afflict others will appear to us too frivolous to engage our attention; and we shall lose by degrees that sensibility and delicacy of passion which is so incommodious.

But, perhaps, it may appear too strong an assertion, that a cultivated taste for the polite arts enfeebles and bridles the passions; it may possibly be true that it rather increases our sensibility with respect to all the tender and agreeable passions, while it renders the mind incapable of the rougher and more boisterous emotions: and for this I think there may be assigned a very satisfactory reason. We know by experience, that there is nothing so improving to the disposition as the study of the beauties of either poetry, eloquence, music, or painting. They give a certain elegance of sentiment to which the rest of mankind are entire strangers. The emotions they excite are soft and tender. They



draw the mind off from the hurry of business and interest, cherish reflection, dispose to tranquillity, and produce an agreeable melancholy, which of all the dispositions

of the mind is the best suited to love and friendship.

EUGENIO.

Richmond, June 5, 1806.

*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

THE editor of Charlotte Richardson's Poems, of which some account was given in your Magazine for September last, requests leave through the same medium to state, for the satisfaction of the numerous and liberal subscribers, the following particulars; namely, the sums that have been received; the various purposes to which they have been applied; the cash remaining in hand, and the debts which are yet unpaid.

*Money received.*

	£.	s.	d.
1288 copies of poems by subscribers, at 5s. each, - -	320	10	0
40 ditto to the first subscribers, at 2s. 6d. each *, - -	5	0	0
600 ditto, sold to Messrs. Johnson, Mawman, and Wilson, at 2s. in sheets, - -	60	0	0
Received in presents by the generosity of subscribers, - -	94	0	0

72 copies not yet paid for.

2000 copies.

479 19 0

*Disbursements.*

	£.	s.	d.
Printing two editions of 1000 copies each, putting 1400 in boards, advertising, carriage of parcels, and postage of letters, - -	158	18	6
At her own earnest request, in discharge of debts contracted during the life of Mrs. Richardson's late husband, - -	24	16	0
Money expended for her use during a long and dangerous illness of seven months, including house-rent, - -	17	0	0
Laid out in the purchase of 275l. stock, in the 5 per cents. April 19,	255	15	0
Expences of purchasing stock, power of attorney, &c. - -	2	4	0
Cash in hand, July 6, 1806,	21	5	6
	479	19	0

When the editor receives the money which still remains due, 25l. additional stock will be bought, so as to make the whole amount 300l. for the author's use. She must inevitably have sunk under her many afflictions, had she not been relieved from pecuniary distress by the extraordinary liberality of the subscribers to her poems, aided also by the judicious advice of Dr. Belcombe, and the skilful attention and salutary medicines of Mr. Ma-

ther, surgeon and apothecary of this city, neither of whom would accept of the smallest gratuity. Should she recover so as to be able, it is her wish and design immediately to resume her school, which has now been laid aside many months. Should it be otherwise, she has appointed guardians for her child; and in the event of his not living to attain the age of manhood, after a few small remembrances to particular friends, she has

\* The price originally fixed upon was 2s. 6d.



left the remainder of her little property to the Grey-Coat School of this city—a disposition respecting it which appeared to her just in itself, and which she hoped would be gratifying to her generous benefactors.

CATH. CAPPE.

*York, July 6, 1806.*

#### CHARACTER OF

#### GEORGE FAULKNER,

The celebrated Irish Printer.

*(From Cumberland's Memoirs of his own Life.)*

I HAD more than once the amusement of dining at the house of that most singular being George Faulkner, where I found myself in a company so miscellaneously and whimsically classed, that it looked more like a fortuitous concourse of oddities, jumbled together from all ranks, orders, and descriptions, than the effect of invitation and design. Description must fall short in the attempt to convey any sketch of that eccentric being to those who have not read him in the notes of Jephson, or seen him in the mimicry of Foote, who, in his portraits of Faulkner, found the only sitter whom his extravagant pencil could not caricature; for he had a solemn intrepidity of egotism, and a daring contempt of absurdity, that fairly outfaced imitation, and like Garrick's Ode on Shakespear, which Johnson said 'defied criticism,' so did George, in the original spirit of his own perfect buffoonery, defy caricature. He never deigned to join in the laugh he had raised, nor seemed to have a feeling of the ridicule he had provoked: at the same time that he was pre-eminently the butt and buffoon of the company,

he could find openings and opportunities for hits of retaliation which were such left-handed thrusts as few could parry: nobody could foresee where they would fall, nobody of course was fore-armed; and as there was in his calculation but one supereminent character in the kingdom of Ireland, and he the printer of the Dublin Journal, rank was no shield against George's arrows, which flew where he listed, and fixed or missed as chance directed, he cared not about consequences. He gave good meat and excellent claret in abundance. I sate at his table once from dinner till two in the morning, whilst George swallowed immense potations with one solitary sodden strawberry at the bottom of the glass, which he said was recommended to him by his doctor for its cooling properties. He never lost his recollection or equilibrium the whole time, and was in excellent foolery. It was a singular coincidence that there was a person in company who had received his reprieve at the gallows, and the very judge who had passed sentence of death upon him; but this did not in the least disturb the harmony of the society, nor embarrass any human creature present. All went off perfectly smooth; and George, adverting to an original portrait of Dean Swift which hung in his room, told us abundance of excellent and interesting anecdotes of the dean and himself, with minute precision, and importance irresistibly ludicrous. There was also a portrait of his late lady, Mrs. Faulkner, which either made the painter or George a liar, for it was frightfully ugly; whilst he swore she was the most divine object in the creation. In the meantime, he took credit to himself for a few deviations in point of gal-



lantry, and asserted that he broke his leg in flying from the fury of an enraged husband; whilst Foote constantly maintained that he fell down an area with a tray of meat upon his shoulder, when he was journeyman to a butcher. I believe neither of them spoke the truth. George prosecuted Foote for libelling him on the stage of Dublin: his counsel, the prime serjeant, compared him to Socrates, and his libeller to Aristophanes, and this I believe was all George got by his course of law: but he was told he had the best of the bargain in the comparison, and sate down contented under the shadow of his laurels. In process of time he became an alderman: I paid my court to him in that character, but I thought he was rather marred than mended by his dignity. George was grave and sentimental; and sentiment and gravity sate as ill upon George as a gown and square cap would upon a monkey.

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ACCOUNT of the FIRST NIGHT of  
GOLDSMITH'S COMEDY—'SHE  
STOOPS TO CONQUER.'

(From the Same.)

WE were not over sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to struggle hard for our author: we accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakespear Tavern in a considerable body for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps. The poet took post silently by his side, with the Burkes, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whitefoord, and a phalanx of North British pre-determined applauders, under the banner of major Mills, all

good men and true. Our illustrious president was in inimitable glee, and poor Goldsmith that day took all his raillery as patiently as any friend Boswell would have done any day or every day of his life. In the mean time we did not forget our duty; and though we had a better comedy going in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to our separate and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were preconcerted, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and determined upon in a manner that gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up.

We had amongst us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large—Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and, at the same time, the most contagious laugh, that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hyastapes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenuous friend fairly forewarned us that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He desired, therefore, to have a flapper at his elbow; and I had the honour to be deputed to that office. I planted him in an upper box pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœuvres was complete. All eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in a front row of a sidebox, and when he laughed every body thought themselves warranted



to roar. In the mean time my friend followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic, that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him, that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author; but, alas! it was now too late to rein him in; he had laughed upon my signal where he found no joke, and now, unluckily, he fancied that he found a joke in almost every thing that was said; so that nothing in nature could be more mal-a-propos than some of his bursts every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; but we carried our play through, and triumphed not only over Colman's judgement but our own.

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### LORD NELSON'S SEAT AT MERTON.

(With a View elegantly engraved.)

AS every thing which has reference to the late lord Nelson, our truly gallant and much lamented naval hero, cannot but be acceptable to our readers, we have this month presented them with a view of the country residence of that late noble admiral. It stands in a delightful situation at Merton, in Surry. The house is equally elegant and convenient, and the grounds are laid out with taste. In the garden behind the house there is a serpentine gravel walk, which some persons have fancifully imagined to have an allusion to the windings of the

Nile; but we believe the Nile, however famed for the length of its course, and the uncertainty of the place of its source, is not so remarkable for its sinuosities as many other rivers.

It was at this seat that the gallant admiral, before he sailed on his last expedition, took leave of his friends, among whom were some of the most worthy, and also some of the most illustrious, persons in the kingdom; when he dropped some expressions which have since been forcibly recollected, as they might almost seem to have been ominous of his death—a death truly glorious, but ever to be lamented by his country.—The premises, we understand, now belong to lady Hamilton.

At Merton was once a celebrated abbey, anciently famous for the death of Kinulphus, king of the West Saxons, killed here by Kinchard Clito, in the small hut of an insignificant harlot, of whom he was violently enamoured. Kinchard himself was afterwards slain by the friends of Kinulph, and thus suffered the instant punishment of his treachery. At present, this place shows only the ruins of a monastery, founded by Henry I. at the instigation of Gilbert, sheriff of Surry, and famous for the parliament held at it under Henry III. the day after his coronation, in which were enacted the provisions of Merton, which are the most ancient body of laws after Magna Charta, and consist of eleven articles. In this assembly, upon a motion of the bishops for establishing a constitution of the canon law, by which marriage could legitimate issue previously born, the lay lords made that celebrated answer—*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*. (We will not have the laws of England altered.)



The Part of the late Admiral Lord Nelson, Morton & Curry.









## THE

## ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

(Continued from p. 305.)

## CHAP. LXVIII.

WHEN that time arrived which Conte Vicenza had fixed upon to introduce his supposed son into the world, Garcias, trembling lest Theodore's attachment to his preceptor might, by some unforeseen means, lead the unfortunate Lorenzo at length to liberty, and the whole community, in consequence, to destruction, impressively represented the rashness of leaving the lives of so many brave men at the mercy of a thoughtless youth, who might be won to their destruction by his attachment to individuals in the castle. Conte Vicenza was now in the neighbourhood *incog.*, at the house of a consociate, in the Bay of Roses. His opinion exactly coinciding with that of Garcias, it was determined upon between them, that our hero should be conveyed away in the manner most likely to create a persuasion of his death, so to put a stop to the inquiries of any one after him, and, by their manœuvres, to cut off the possibility of his ever finding his way back to the castle.

Don Manuel was soon won over to their schemes, who undertook to reconcile Francisco to the prudence of their measures. But this was a task much more difficult than they imagined. Sincere esteem for the supposed Sebastian, and affection for his ward Matilda, would not allow him to bear easily the idea of afflicting them; nor could his own attachment to the youth brook the thought of seeing him no more: and in the first impulse of his feel-

ings he had nearly (to destroy the claims of Polydore) confessed the death of Theodore, and the imposition he had practised. But a moment's reflexion convinced him how replete with dangers to his beloved protégé would be such a discovery, and he continued in that path of deception the young man's real guardian, Elfridii, had formerly urged him to persevere in; and now at length, by the persuasive rhetoric of Don Manuel, he was led not to oppose the scheme of Garcias. A band, therefore, of armed ruffians were deputed to act with Garcias in the seizure of the unwary Orlando, whom they dragged to one of the secret prisons, where they bound him, and left him to reflexions of no very pleasant nature.

At midnight Francisco and Don Manuel entered his cell. His apprehensions vanished upon seeing them, but not the wonder which the occurrences of the day had awakened. They each approached him with affection; and Don Manuel, knocking off his fetters, spoke with all that insinuating suavity of manners he was so famed for. He apologised for the treatment Orlando had that day experienced, by candidly confessing the real motive which actuated it. 'Your friends,' he continued, have demanded you, and you have lived too long among us not to be well aware of the precautions necessary for us to take when we permit any but our own community to quit our habitation. Your unpleasant treatment, I am concerned to add, is not yet past. You must, my young friend, submit to being hoodwinked, while you are conducted from this place to the carriage which is waiting to convey you to your uncle at Madrid. Any man but you, conte Theodore, I would bind by solemn



oaths to secrecy before I suffered him to depart; but in your honour and generosity I dare confide my life. Farewel, dear youth! I am conscious I can claim no place in your esteem, but you live in mine; and wherever fate may call you, believe me you will not find a truer friend than I am.'

Orlando was much affected. Affectionately he pressed Don Manuel's hand, while with streaming eyes he addressed Francisco—

'Oh! tell me, holy man,' he cried, 'my father! guardian! friend! who is it that claims me? Who is it who thus cruelly tears me from every tender tie I have been suffered to form upon earth? Who thus drags me, forlorn and destitute, into a world where the bosom of friendship or affection is not for me to rest upon?'

'I,' said Francisco, visibly subdued, 'I shall conduct you to the arms of your uncle, conte Vicenza, a man of honour and consequence, whom in my holy character I formed a friendship with. He has authorised me to inform you, that you are the offspring of his only sister and an English gentleman, who, marrying contrary to the approbation of their respective families, were discarded by both. Your father shortly died—it is supposed, of a broken heart. Your mother did not long survive him. You fell to the care of conte Vicenza, who entrusted you to my care, with earnest entreaties to guard you from the malice of your mother's vindictive family; and although your uncle was unacquainted with my connections here, his agent and most favoured friend, conte Elfridii, was not, and by his advice your uncle gave you to my protection. Your unnatural grandsire is now no more; and as apprehension no longer exists for your safety, conte Vicenza

calls you into the world as his intended heir; and, justly hating the name you bear, has, by his interest in Italy, obtained nobility for you; and henceforth you are to assume, and be known only by, the title of conte di Urbino.'

'These are brilliant prospects, certainly,' returned Orlando, 'alluring to a youthful mind: but gladly, oh, how gladly would I forego them for the society of those I love! The moment I go hence, my communication with this castle is cut off for ever. No more must I behold the friends I love within its walls. What then avails the kindness I have here received from my infancy? Only to awaken affections which, by one fatal stroke, must rend my heart for ever. Oh! holy Francisco, must I then indeed no more behold you, and my beloved young companion,—my poor old nurse,—Diego, Thomas, Don Manuel too, and poor Iago,—and, oh, grief unutterable, my dear preceptor? O merciful God! tear me not from him; for, could I think that I should no more behold Sebastian, my heart would break at once.'

Orlando fell on his face upon the dungeon bed, and sobbed aloud. Don Manuel and his father were both sensibly affected, and a few moments elapsed in silence. Orlando at length raised his head, and in a voice and with a manner of impressive supplication said:—

'By all that compassion you have hitherto evinced for me, by that affection I know you bear me, I entreat, I implore you, dear and holy father, to go alone to conte Vicenza; tell him that I am penetrated by his kindness to me; assure him I have not an ungrateful heart; but that Sebastian, to whom I owe every mental good I possess, is far advanced in life, and is afflicted; that he has not a comfort under heaven but me; and my good



uncle will not let me leave him—surely, surely not! In this dungeon will I remain till you return. Either prevail for Sebastian to accompany me, or for me to remain in the castle with him till death divides us. Sooner would I forego every smiling prospect of my future life than grieve Sebastian.'

There was something in the tone of Orlando's voice, in his look, his manner, at that moment, which found an instant passport into that part of Don Manuel's heart where all his dormant goodness lay. He clasped Orlando with paternal tenderness to his breast, and was about to promise this faithful copy of Viola all he wished for, when the savage Garcias and his myrmidons rushed in. The supplications of Orlando were no more attended to. This ruthless interposition closed the gates of pity in Don Manuel's breast. Orlando was instantly hoodwinked, and, in despite of every effort, was borne from the dungeon into the forest, where a carriage waited, which, with an escort of Don Manuel's troops, conveyed our hero and Francisco as quickly as possible to the metropolis, where conte Vicenza was.

Polydore was at this period on a visit to Don Antonio Henriquez Fernando Gaspardo de Almanzara, a grandee of high reputation, who then bore an honourable employment under the crown: nevertheless, he was a particular friend of conte Vicenza's, and a member of the predacious society. Polydore had cogent reasons for not choosing that our hero should at this time either remain at the Pyrenean castle or remove to France: he therefore arranged for his residing some time at Madrid, under the specious pretence that, as it was to appear he had received his education in Spain,

it was necessary for him to know the manners of polished life in that country; and in the metropolis it was Polydore's intention he should remain some time under the auspices of Don Antonio, from whose house he was to make occasional excursions to Toledo, at the university of which his name had been some time enrolled. Of the polish of a court, however, Orlando wanted nothing. Nature, and one of the most finished gentlemen the continent had ever boasted, made him all the man of real elegance could wish to be: but, as he was to be separated from those he loved, he cared not whether he was exiled to Paris or Madrid.

Conte Vicenza remained only a few days at Madrid after the arrival of Orlando. Francisco departed even sooner, laden with letters, books, trinkets, and a thousand kind remembrances, from the affectionate Orlando to those beloved friends he left in Catalonia, who he knew not were to be led to believe him dead. However, Francisco's affection to Sebastian and Matilda made him undeceive them; and while our hero continued at Madrid, Gassendi regularly made that metropolis a visit every three months, bringing with him intelligence of Orlando's friends—but no letters from Sebastian, who considered corresponding with any person out of the castle an infringement of his oath. But though Orlando received such constant information relative to those he loved, he yet pined in secret for the sorrow his absence must occasion to them: and notwithstanding Don Antonio's utmost exertions to amuse this fascinating young stranger, all was vain; his sadness was invincible; and in the gayest circles the captivity of Sebastian, [the still undecided relationship between him and the clois-



ter-entombed Matilda, would still occupy his tortured mind, and rob him of mirth; of more—of peace.

No man Orlando now conversed with was so wise, so good, so polished, as Sebastian; no woman he saw so lovely, so interesting, as Matilda. But, insensible as Orlando was to the merits of the Madrid belles, they were by no means so little susceptible of his. Many a bright eye ogled and languished in vain; but at length the little blind urchin, enraged at his thus braving every attack of wit and beauty, determined to send him where he should find that Cupid's power was not always to be slighted.

Don Antonio was an unmarried man, and had a ward so beautiful, so accomplished, so amiable, and withal so rich, that he had long determined to make her his wife: and she had never discovered any discouraging symptoms, until some time after the arrival of Orlando at Madrid, when Donna Almeira's heart told her tales the jealous eye of Don Antonio soon developed; who, trembling at the increasing influence of this most formidable young man, at length resolved to remove him far from the too susceptible Almeira; and therefore, pretending business at Paris, requested Orlando to accompany him thither. The brilliant charms of Donna Almeira had only excited common admiration and esteem in the breast of Orlando, and he felt no repugnance in acceding to Don Antonio's request. In little more than a year, then, after Orlando's removal from the Pyrenean castle, he arrived at the château de Vicenza, near Versailles; when Don Antonio candidly confessed to Polydore the reason of his conduct, and Orlando was suffered to remain at the

château, although conte Vicenza had rather at that period have received any other man in existence for his guest.

Our reader is already acquainted with the profligacy of conte Vicenza, and of the daring insult he offered to the purity of our heroine. His scheme of villany against her he had long had in contemplation. The presence of her brother had restrained his licentiousness; and, as he rightly judged he should find Victoria no easy prey, he had some vague idea of making Don Manuel's castle subservient to his diabolical design. The removal of Orlando from it was therefore necessary, since he might prove too dangerous a rival; and at all events, in extricating the innocent from the toils of the wicked, his virtues, courage, and influence over Francisco, were to be apprehended.

At the moment of Orlando's arrival at the château, conte Vicenza and the vile Garcias were deeply scheming against our heroine. Leopold's enmity to Clementina had never been extinguished; and to wreak his dire vengeance and hatred upon her offspring, was a rich banquet his vindictive heart panted to be gorged with. The extravagance of Polydore and Elvira, with all their satellites, swallowed up almost the whole of the immense possessions of Manfredonia: the estates were dismembered, mortgaged, sold; and little was now remaining to pamper prodigality with. The estates of Ariosto were all entailed upon Victoria in case of her brother's dying without issue. Alphonso's long minority had made a considerable accumulation of wealth, and Garcias started the idea of Polydore's marrying Victoria. The duchessa was to be terrified into their schemes, and divorced. In the castle of Don



Manuel, Victoria's fears were to be worked upon to teach her compliance; and Alphonso, by a well-directed shot, was to be slain in the field of battle, where the war with Britain promised soon to call him. This horrible plot was in agitation when Orlando appeared in France, and his presence only hastened its execution.

Elvira, believing Orlando to be her son, soon evinced the utmost maternal fondness for him; while the object of the less pure affections of this licentious woman was comte de Montfort, a remarkably handsome young Frenchman, who was amongst the number of Victoria's discarded suitors; but who, unlike his fellow-sufferers, would take no refusal, although his perseverance inflicted pain upon the object he professed to love, and often taught even the highly polished, amiable, and sweet-tempered Victoria to evince that contempt her bosom cherished for him. Still Elvira encouraged his visits, and fed him with delusive hopes, to induce his attendance upon and attentions to herself; for she doubted not the influence of her blandishments and charms (for still was she beautiful to an astonishing degree) would at length win this volatile and not very sensible young man to herself.

Upon Orlando's arrival at the château de Vicenza, comte de Montfort attached himself almost wholly to him, as, from his extreme dejection, the poor innamorato conceived our hero to be, like himself, an unsuccessful votary of the blind urchin. Sure, therefore, of the sweet sympathy of tender sentimentalists, he unbosomed himself to Orlando, and told him the history of his unsuccessful love, and resolution still to persevere in addressing the flinty-hearted Victoria; when, to his utter amazement, instead of the

soothing commiseration of his sympathising auditor, he received his most severe censure for unmanly and ungenerous conduct.

'You acknowledge,' said Orlando, 'that lady Victoria has never fed, by a single ray of hope, the flame you cherish; but, on the contrary, has taken every pains to convince you that she never will be yours. Why, then, are you so ungenerous, I may say pusillanimous, to persecute her thus for what she cannot grant? You must know, that nothing can be more distressing to an ingenuous mind than supplications for what it must deny; and, believe me, a woman of true delicacy must shrink from the sensualist, who only thinks of his own happiness. You know that your passion cannot be returned: it is therefore now your part to exert the energies of your mind, and no longer torture, by your unmanly persecution, the being you profess to love; and, though you cannot gain her tenderest affections, deserve at least a place in her esteem.'

De Montfort considered both the opinions and advice of Orlando entirely interested, arising from his own views upon lady Victoria; and though half angry, and quite jealous, he could not deny himself the pleasure of talking to him of her whenever he had an opportunity: and Orlando, clearly perceiving the comte's suspicions, would sometimes playfully beguile his own sadness, by alarming the desponding yet persevering lover by declarations of 'speedily asserting his right, as comte Vicenza's nephew, to an introduction to the duchessa's niece.'

Although still heart-whole, no one was a greater admirer of beauty than Orlando, nor could any one long more impatiently than he did to behold Victoria, whose personal graces he had heard so universally admired,



and of whose mental perfections he had been convinced, by having accidentally obtained the knowledge of several beautiful and affecting anecdotes, wherein the virtues of her heart were most strikingly portrayed; yet such an intention as that he bantered comte de Montfort with, was one of the last things upon earth he would have attempted. He felt himself a dependent; and his indignant soul told him the duchessa ought, unsolicited, to introduce Victoria to the nephew of her husband. The thought; therefore, which engaged his mind more than projects to behold Victoria, was how to get into a profession to obtain for himself the blessing of mental liberty, in a state of independence, since he had not made his observations long at the château before his soul recoiled from the idea of dependence upon conte Vicenza, and from the debasement of being a great man's satellite. His heart panted for the army; and he at length so far did violence to his feelings, which taught him to revolt from owing an obligation to his supposed uncle, as to request him to obtain a commission for him, fully resolved, if his request was not most graciously complied with, to enter immediately as a volunteer in the French service: but his wish was too congenial to conte Vicenza's not to be instantly attended to. The commission was directly applied for, and would have been as immediately granted, only for the machinations of Elvira, who could not brook the idea of her son entering into so dangerous a profession; and by her manœuvres both the conte and Orlando were completely deceived, by the secretary of war, with plausible pretences of delay.

Orlando had the duchessa's permission to visit her every morning in her own apartments, but at the hours in which Victoria was en-

gaged with her masters; and one day, as he was hastening to pay his morning compliments to Elvira, he saw Bianca about to close a door through which she had come from Victoria's apartments, and at the same moment the sound of the most melodious voice he had ever heard struck upon his ears. He motioned to Bianca not to shut up the fascinating sounds; when that worldly-minded woman, for once actuated by a laudable motive, wishing to serve her brother-in-law, who was Victoria's singing-master, by gaining Orlando's approbation for him, offered to admit him into the anti-room, where he could distinctly hear the enchanting warbler.

Our reader can easily suppose how readily Orlando acceded to the obliging proposition. He heard Victoria sing to the greatest advantage: he lost not a single tone, and was fascinated. The moment for signora Bernini's departure was at hand. Bianca apprised Orlando of it, but he heard her not: entranced he listened, the sounds still vibrating on his ears, until roused by a rough shake of the arm from the alarmed Bianca.

'Conte di Urbino must immediately depart,' said she; 'for I should be ruined was it discovered that I had brought his lordship hither.'

Orlando instantly moved away, though his soul seemed still to linger there, and he uttered not a syllable until arrived at the door leading to the duchessa's apartments; when, suddenly turning to Bianca,

'Good Bianca,' said he, 'cannot you befriend me, and obtain for me even one glance at lady Victoria?'

'The seclusion lady Victoria now lives in,' replied Bianca, 'utterly destroys the possibility of my having the happiness to oblige conte di Urbino. She even now goes not to church; a priest attends in her



apartments for her religious duties, and her time for taking exercise is when my lord and lady are engaged with their guests at dinner.'

'Heavens!' exclaimed Orlando, 'and can ill health compel such seclusion? Her voice proclaims no indisposition of her frame.'

Bianca shook her head with a mysterious signification, and, opening the door into the duchessa's dressing-room, prevented all further inquiry.

From this moment the voice of Victoria, with her mysterious retirement, mingled with every thought of Orlando: worlds would he have given for an explanation of that mystery, but not for worlds would he question the domestics further, although he believed his own valet Hugo was sufficiently communicative for the purpose.

## CHAP. LXIX.

At length there was to be a splendid ball at the château, given by the duchessa as a compliment to the nephew of her husband: and while this pretended nephew was adonising for the occasion, Montfort entered his dressing-room in terrible dudgeon with Elvira for not insisting upon Victoria's gracing the ball-room with her presence; and so mortified and enraged was he, that he talked himself into a thousand jealous absurdities, finally attributing the duchessa's strange seclusion of her niece entirely to her project for uniting her to conte di Urbino, for whom she evinced so great a degree of partiality.

At first Orlando strove to reason Montfort out of his absurdity; but finding that a vain attempt, he laughed at the angry lover, and amused himself by mock acknowledgments 'for discovering thus

kindly to him the splendid alliance the duchessa was so secretly and generously projecting for him; and that now his eyes were opened to this flattering prospect, he would no longer rein-in his impatience, but instantly set about inventing means to obtain a view of his lovely intended.'

Montfort, in dismay and alarm, flew to Elvira to plead again his cause; while Hugo, believing his master serious, determined to prove himself a prompt and valuable agent, by contriving as speedily as possible to gratify his master with a view of her, whom poor Hugo thought, with comte de Montfort, the paragon of human excellence and beauty.

In the ball-room was a most brilliant assemblage of beauty; and the love-stricken Montfort danced, flirted, ogled, distributed his attentions, and displayed his elegant person with as much spirit and perseverance as any heart-whole man in company.

Orlando danced, conversed, admired, and was himself more than admired: but in the midst of this splendid scene of hilarity, Sebastian in captivity, Matilda immured in a convent's gloom, Victoria in ill-health (for such was the reason still assigned by Elvira for her not appearing), all struck upon his imagination; and his saddening heart now led his melancholy steps to a room far distant from the merry dance. Here he had not long enjoyed his mournful contemplations, when the watchful Hugo whispered to him that he had just learned lady Victoria's intention of walking through the colonnade, when the guests were seated at supper, to view the company and the decorations; and that at the termination of the colonnade was a dark grotto, close to the only window through which the banquetting-room could be advantageously



viewed, in which he might securely conceal himself while lady Victoria remained.

This was an opportunity for gratifying an anxious wish too favourable to be neglected. Orlando returned to the company, and watched an auspicious moment to escape, when the guests were arranging themselves at the banquet. In perfect secrecy Hugo conducted him to the grotto; where he had not long concealed himself when she whom Heaven had formed to reward his virtues, and constitute his happiness, first appeared to him.

Along the colonnade Victoria lightly bounded, Farinelli and Roselia swiftly following. Her movement evinced nothing of an invalid: her light airy step proclaimed more of a sylph or wood-nymph, a darling of Hebe and the Graces. Victoria's impatience brought her first to the window contiguous to Orlando's ambuscade. The light from the banquetting-room gleamed sufficiently upon her face to show it perfectly to her attentive observer. She looked earnestly into the room, and then drew back a few paces to give her companions the same advantage she had enjoyed. After some moments' contemplation of the gay scene, Victoria broke silence in a soft cautious tone, but so articulate that Orlando lost not one word.

'Look, dearest madam, at my insidious uncle; how amiable he looks! how sweetly he now smiles upon that lovely girl! Ah, conte, conte! how man can smile, and smile, and be a villain!—Who could behold his ingenuous countenance, and conceive such a licentious heart had shelter in his bosom!'

She paused—the most interesting pensiveness stole over her animated face. At length she proceeded:—  
'Alas! my friend, and is it surely

possible that he whom from my earliest days I loved and revered with the affection and duty of a child could really have meditated my destruction?'—An unbidden tear strayed down her lovely cheek, which Ursuline with maternal tenderness kissed away; and the venerable Ursuline was at that moment the only being upon earth whom Orlando envied. A sudden sound of mirth called Victoria's attention to another part of the room.

'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'there are the dear D'Harcourts!—Happy girls! But for my naughty uncle I should not be here stealing a peep at them: I should be with them, and one of the gayest of the gay.'

'And yet,' said Ursuline gravely, 'my sweet child must ever surely feel the spot where Virtue has placed her the most attractive.'

Victoria deeply blushed. 'Forgive,' she cried, 'this little flight of levity upon seeing the alluring mirth of my innocent young friends. Assuredly I do not regret the choice my heart has made; nor can your pupil ever find that path gloomy which Virtue guides, or that spot attractive where she is not.'

Ursuline smiled approbation, and Victoria's vivacity returned.

'Roselia,' said she, 'there are several handsome strangers among the men: pray which of them is conte di Urbino?'

'I have been looking for his lordship some time,' replied Roselia, 'but cannot see him anywhere.'

'Look again,' said Victoria, who, standing behind her, playfully threw her fingers across Roselia's eyes in the form of spectacles; 'look again, and through a pair of spectacles you cannot choose but see him.'

'Indeed he is not there,' said Roselia.



‘Come, describe your Adonis to me; and as I am taller than you, perhaps I may be able to find him out.’

‘That lady Victoria could readily do without my description, were he there, since he as much surpasses the rest of mankind in beauty and elegance as she does every——’

Victoria here put her hands upon Roselia’s mouth, and laughing said, ‘Do you not think, madam, that poor Roselia is in love, and has lost with her heart the faculty of seeing? Or is it, Rosa, that you *have been* in love, and now, recovered from that desperate malady, can no where see a being equal to the paragon your infatuated fancy had pourtrayed? But come, let me see if I cannot trace out this nonpareil.’ And now, with smiling, playful archness, Victoria scanned over all the male strangers within her view, rejecting the idea of each, as she criticised him, being the irresistible Urbino, by finding, from her mock investigation, some ludicrous blemish in face or figure ungenial to the deity of Roselia’s idolatry.

‘Alas!’ she at length cried, ‘he too surely is not among them! But where can the teasing truant be? Nothing but the machinations of that odious little Cupid could have played me such a provoking trick! Depend upon it, Roselia, your conte di Paragon is no longer heart-whole; and that, poor languishing drone, he has got into some sly corner out of our sight, either to make love to, or contemplate the perfections of, his adorable. Oh! if it is so, may the blind urchin avenge my bitter disappointment upon them both! May Urbino’s heart be perforated through and through! and may the abominable nymph fall as many fathoms deep in love with him as I am now overwhelmed with mortification at my disappointment! For, to con-

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fess the honest truth, curiosity brought me hither solely to see that interesting though unfortunate young man, whom cruel destiny has thrown upon the protection of conte di Vicenza.’

The heart of Orlando almost bounded from its seat with different emotions; but still he contrived to conceal his feelings and himself from observation, while with pensive eagerness Victoria anxiously looked through the supper-room in search of him.

‘So then, he really is not to be found; and all I have got by this expedition is the horrid mortification of finding that comte de Montfort will not die for me. See how provokingly gay the apostate seems, and what indefatigable pains he takes to look irresistible! Surely, if I longer contemplate his fascinations, I shall at last be vanquished.’ Victoria now throwing into her face a ludicrous expression of admiration, Ursuline, in laughing, strove to suppress a cough; and the speaking countenance of Victoria instantly changed from the burlesque to the most tender solicitude.

‘Ah, Heaven!’ she exclaimed, ‘my more than mother, you have got cold in your kind indulgence to my foolish wish. We will go in immediately.’

‘No,’ said Ursuline; ‘I have not got cold, my sweet apprehensive child! Stay and amuse yourself a little longer.’

‘No, not for worlds, now the idea of your suffering from the night air is awakened. On the wings of affection shall you now be borne to your chamber. Come, dear Roselia, and we will fly away with her from danger.’ And throwing one of her beautiful arms playfully round Ursuline, and Roselia doing the same, they affectionately hurried her along the colonade. Orlando stood gazing after Victoria while she appeared in



view; and when she was no longer to be seen, he softly articulated—

‘Yes, most fascinating Victoria! part of your wish is realised. My heart is perforated through and through; and were the rest to be fulfilled, Heaven could not grant more happiness to mortal!’ Slowly he emerged from his place of concealment, and returned to the company with the image of Victoria fixed for ever in his heart, and with every horror floating in his mind of the principles of him whom he thought Nature commanded him to venerate; but whom the words of our heroine, with his own prior observations, taught him to abhor: and to owe an obligation to this man was henceforth torture to his virtuous mind.

The fascinating Victoria was now almost the unrivalled subject of Orlando’s thoughts. To reside in the same house with her, and not endeavour again to see her, he found impossible. Hugo had in the first instance so successfully managed for him, that he no longer forbore to apply to him for assistance; and innumerable were the stratagems the ingenious valet devised for his master’s obtaining views of Victoria without her being likely to discover him; for, as Orlando was convinced his uncle and the duchessa had some reasons for not choosing to make him known to Victoria, his pride and rectitude forbade his intruding conte di Urbino upon her knowledge or observation.

But while Orlando believed the manœuvres of Hugo were carried on with impenetrable secrecy, by a variety of ways they became known to so many of the domestics, that conte di Urbino’s love for lady Victoria at length became a common topic of conversation among them, and in due time reached the ears of Polydore, who had long seemed, through pre-

sentiment, to anticipate this event; and dreading Orlando as a most formidable rival, he delayed not one instant longer to put his villainous scheme against Victoria in execution. - His arrangements had all been long made with Garcias, unsuspected by Elvira, to whom he first made his dreadful communications, the very day upon which he had determined for Victoria’s departure from the château.

The billet which called Elvira from Ursuline and Victoria, upon that memorable day, was from Vicenza, demanding an immediate interview in a cave at the extremity of the grounds, where all their schemes of villainy were constantly discussed, to avoid the possibility of auricular detection.

Conte Vicenza without much preface or extenuation unfolded to Elvira the full extent of his diabolical schemes to gain possession of Victoria and the estates of Ariosto, and with the utmost coolness issued his orders to her to perform the part in this iniquitous drama which he had assigned to her.

The horrid amazement of Elvira cannot be pourtrayed by our feeble pen. The violence of her passions would have taught her to rebel; but her former crimes obliged her, through fear of temporal punishment, to plunge yet deeper into the stream of guilt. Her murder of her father was not unknown to Polydore; and he threatened her with instant impeachment for that atrocious crime, if she did not fully enter into his projects, and immediately obey his commands. Thus menaced, Elvira was compelled to acquiesce. Farinelli was dismissed, under the appearance of mysterious resentment; Victoria sent from the château, as already stated; and every sly means taken to insinuate ‘that signora Farinelli had been trying to promote an



union between her pupil and an indigent kinsman of her own.'

To save appearances, Octavia and Hero were sent with Victoria. Among the attendants were some men belonging to the predacious society. Garcias with a chosen band was waiting their arrival in the forest, where the drivers, some of the banditti, conveyed the carriage. The innocent few among the attendants were sacrificed without mercy, and the females carried to the castle; where, by Polydore's desire, Garcias was to have the chief management of terrifying Victoria into his villainous purpose, while Don Manuel had only a subordinate part assigned to him in this diabolical drama.

When our poor heroine was borne by the ruffians into the kitchen of the Pyrenean castle, Teresa was employed in scouring away the blood of Iago, which Don Manuel in a paroxysm of phrensied passion had inhumanly shed. The ill-fated Iago had lived to that age when mental debility sinks the adult to second childhood. The worn-out faculties of Iago had for some weeks past proclaimed his approach to that humiliating period of imbecility. A momentary suspension had been observed to steal over his memory sometimes, or his natural taciturnity give way to wild and unaccustomed garrulity. In one of these latter kinds of paroxysms, the unfortunate creature accused Don Manuel of innumerable crimes which he never had committed; and concluded with telling him that he knew his villainous schemes against Matilda, and would apprise Francisco of them. Don Manuel, not in the least aware of the derangement of the poor man's mind, was worked by this supposed insolence and alarming threats into a delirium of the most outrageous and ungovernable fury, in which he cru-

elly terminated this poor old faithful domestic's existence.

The apparently supernatural voice which struck our heroine and Octavia with such trembling awe, was no other than Francisco's. The monk often availed himself of the knowledge of a secret passage which wound round the kitchen, and over its roof, through the mosaic work of which he often from auricular and ocular demonstration learned events which it was intended should never be known to him. In some of these invisible rounds he heard Garcias and Don Manuel talk upon the subject of Victoria's expected arrival: he was therefore upon the watch, and beheld her the moment she was brought into the kitchen. Her youth, beauty, and misfortunes forcibly interested the good properties of his heart; and from the impulse of the moment, when he saw the anguish of mind the apprehensive delicacy of her feelings had awakened, upon hearing the carousals of the banditti at supper, in a kind of hall appropriate to the common men, almost contiguous to the kitchen, he spoke those words, which echo, and the strange agency of sound through the wood-work, caused to produce so extraordinary an effect.

When Don Manuel first beheld Victoria, he was waiting to receive her in full expectation of signalling himself in the character assigned to his performance: but the moment he saw her he repented having undertaken any thing that could distress her; and when he heard her speak, so forcibly did the plaintive sweetness of her voice, with the style and manner of her conversation and deportment, remind him of Viola, that, had he followed the impulse of his heart, he would have folded her with paternal tenderness in his arms, wept over her, and promised to protect her. But the wary eye of Gar-



cias was upon him, and he feared his ridicule and censure for inconsistency. Unwillingly, therefore, he now proceeded in the plot; and, though so famed for dissimulation, his real admiration of our heroine prevented his sustaining the part of her lover with any degree of energy. Almost any other woman would have found his assiduities more alarming; but there was something so sacred in the innocence and purity of Victoria, that even the profligate Manuel would have perished sooner than have allowed a word or look to escape him, which could have given her trembling delicacy a single wound; and, besides the respect Victoria inspired Don Manuel with, he looked upon her as the devoted property of conte Vicenza, and his own heart he fancied pre-occupied by the image of the more dazzlingly beautiful Matilda.

Francisco, from the moment he saw Victoria, and heard the few words of sympathy she uttered to her companions in distress, like his son, became so interested for her, that he at length resolved to disperse the ruffians, to give himself time to learn what exactly was the villainous plot formed for her destruction, that if possible he might subvert it. To the gong therefore he had recourse; and Don Manuel and his adherents, believing from its sound the terrible approach of danger from the Inquisition, betook themselves to their hiding-places, leaving the domestics behind to take care of the captives, and to watch if the apprehended danger was really well founded—but, from the nature of the castle, with means in their power to escape, even were the forces of the Holy Office within the castle.

Diego and Juan, our reader may remember, conducted the three new female captives to the chamber pre-

pared for them. Elfridii had been performing some of his nocturnal inflictions; when the sound of the gong proclaiming danger, he was hastening through that very chamber a short way back to his cell, to secure his important deposit before he should attempt to escape, when the above party reached the door. Believing them to be a troop of officials, he fastened the door against them, to shut them out while he should effect his retreat. And, by striving to accumulate fastenings, he in his terror and confusion drew back the locks and bolts; by which means the entrance of Victoria into the room was no longer impeded; when Elfridii, as much alarmed as herself, precipitately sunk through a trap-door close to the spot where she fell. In his descent, a horn dark lantern which he carried was the scorching heat and smooth surface she felt glide along her arm; while the blood which stained it was some of that flowing from the wounds Elfridii had inflicted upon himself during his evening's penance.

From the moment of Orlando's seizure by Garcias until Francisco's return from Madrid, Lorenzo suffered the most dreadful mental anguish. But although the monk's friendship for the supposed Sebastian induced him to break his faith with his associates, and assure the wretched preceptor of the safety of his beloved pupil, Lorenzo still was miserable. Deprived, as he believed, for ever of him who had reconciled him to existence, life lost every charm. Having now no longer employment to beguile his woe, the misfortunes of his life pressed heavily upon his memory. Sadness and he became again inseparable companions; a settled melancholy stole over his whole aspect; and a prey to the most corroding grief Victoria first beheld him. Don Manuel really esteemed



this still to him unknown captive ; and, wishing to steal from his sorrows as much as possible, had pressed him to come to his table as often as inclination should lead him there. Our reader may suppose that was but seldom, until Victoria allured him thither. From Teresa he learned the arrival of new captives ; and the account she gave him of our heroine induced him through pity to appear at breakfast. Charmed by her exterior, he felt the most lively interest awakened in his breast : but when the sound of her voice struck on his ear, so faithfully did every tone resound Viola's, that his heart's deepest wounds were rent open at once, and the emotions of his bosom were strongly pourtrayed by his intelligent countenance ; and it was with infinite struggle he could command his fortitude to calm his mental anguish. But in the course of that interview so forcibly did her manners and expression of countenance, as well as her voice, pourtray Viola, that all his firmness was at length subdued, and he was compelled to fly to give his anguish utterance.

As the night had passed without the threatened danger being realised, Garcias ventured forth from his fortress to watch and torture the child of Clementina. Don Manuel, glad of an excuse to be spared the disagreeable task of increasing the affliction of his lovely interesting captive, affected still to apprehend danger, and remained in ambush ; and shortly after the pursuit of Matilda called him and his thoughts entirely from the castle.

During the first day of their meeting, the admiration of Lorenzo for Victoria rapidly augmented ; but when in the course of that day's conversation she announced to him her name and family, with the most painful exertions only could he re-

press his emotions and conceal himself. From that moment he looked upon her as his child ; he watched over her with a father's agonised solicitude, and his heart bled, whilst it trembled at the dangers which surrounded her. On the first evening of his introduction to our heroine, the tinkling of a bell (our reader perhaps remembers the circumstance) called him from the parlour. It was the summons of Francisco, to give the supposed Sebastian the transport of again beholding his beloved young pupil.

*(To be continued.)*

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## A VIEW OF THE VINEYARDS IN FRANCE.

*(From Forbes' Letters from France.)*

THE vintage throughout France generally commences with the new year, the first day of Vendemiaire, which takes place on the autumnal equinox, after the supplementary days, which this year amounted to six. An. 12 de la Republique Francaise therefore began on the 24th of September, 1803, and with it the vintage in Touraine, a country every where abounding with vineyards. The extensive plains, the gentle hills, and winding valleys, fertilised by the Loire, the Cher, and the Indre, however they may locally vary in corn and pasture, all produce wines of different quality, price, and flavour : indeed, the whole aspect of this highly favoured district is a perfect garden, or rather a continued succession of villas, farms, and cottages, situated in the centre of a little domain, which extends from two, to fifteen or twenty acres, although the general proportion is, perhaps, from five to ten. These are diversified, according to the nature of the



soil and aspect, into patches of corn, vineyards, gardens, and orchards; but the vine every where predominates. Here no 'desert isle' is to be seen, nor, indeed, a single acre of heath or useless plain; but for miles together you walk from vineyard to vineyard, amidst a profusion of nature's choicest gifts. You may eat as much fruit as you please without interruption. It is even thought a good omen by the owners of the vineyards, when a stranger enters them, and refreshes himself with the fruit. But if the grapes should cloy, every tree you see is an apple, pear, peach, plumb, or almond; these, with walnuts and filberts, are the autumnal regale, after the summer months have presented a succession of strawberries, cherries, apricots, and smaller fruits. In India, during the season, I have seen a profusion of mangos, and known them sold in Guzerat at a rupee for one hundred and forty pounds weight; and in Italy the luxuriant vines display their purple clusters, hanging in rich festoons from tree to tree in a more picturesque manner than is seen in the dwarfy vineyards of Touraine; but never did I behold such abundance and variety as on the banks of the Loire, where we must exclaim,

'Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,  
And spreads a common feast for all that  
live.'

Such is the delightful picture of a country now heightened by the joy of the vintage; a season of pleasure throughout all the south of Europe, but carried to the greatest height in France, from the peculiar propensity of its inhabitants to the enjoyment of music, dancing, and festivity.

The vineyards in France are so extensive as to produce annually about 13,687,500 muids \* of wine,

of various quality and price. The wines most esteemed for the table are from Champagne, Bourgogne, and Bourdeaux. Provence, and the southern provinces, produce Muscat, Hermitage, Frontignac, Lunel, and many other rich wines. From the worst, in various departments, they make brandy and vinegar. A few vineyards, in the vicinity of Tours, sometimes yield five-and-twenty casks of sixty gallons each per acre: but the average of a good vintage is from ten to twelve. The frost, during the two last springs, has so injured the vines, that, this autumn, an acre seldom produces more than three or four of these casks. The valleys and low lands furnish the most grapes, but the wine is of an inferior quality; while the vines on the stony hills, though less abundant, produce a liquor of superior strength and flavour. The best vineyards at Vouvray are valued at a hundred pounds an acre; those in the lower situations only at forty, fifty, or sixty; but there are some vineyards near Bourdeaux estimated at five hundred pounds sterling per acre, from the very superior quality and high price of the wine. The white grapes are all pressed immediately on being gathered, and the juice poured into casks to ferment and refine. The black grapes, for the red wine, are generally kept a week or ten days, in large tubs, to heat and ferment, before the juice is expressed, which in itself is white, but by continuing so long in a state of fermentation with the dark skins acquires its rich colour; and if not red enough, the crimson juice of the tent grape is added, to heighten it. Some of the poor white wines are transformed into red by a mixture of the tent grapes, which, in small patches, are planted in most vineyards for this purpose; and their crimson leaves and black clusters in-

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\* A muid is equal to about 36 gallons.



termingling with the verdant foliage of the other vines, produce a pleasing variety. After the white wines are expressed from the grapes, the remains are given to the vine-dresser; who adds a certain proportion of water, lets them stand for some time, and then extracts a small wine for his family.

The annual produce of the wines and brandies in France is immense. The best oil is produced in Languedoc, the best honey in Narbonne; and while Touraine is so abundant in its excellent fruits, there is no scarcity of them in any part of the republic, according to the variation of soil and climate in so great an extent of country. The southern departments of France are indebted to François Francat for their silks: in 1564, he planted the first mulberry-tree for the food of the silk-worms, which have increased in an almost incredible manner in those provinces.

The weather was too mild, and the country too replete with novelty, to allow us to remain in the house. We were more particularly charmed with the very delightful prospect from the summit of the hills near the river, which in this parish and all the adjacent banks are excavated into cellars, wine-vaults, cottages, and even gentlemen's houses, with the different offices hewn in the rocks, and presenting a very singular spectacle. I took a few sketches in this picturesque district; and particularly of a villa consisting of three stories; each containing a suite of four or five rooms, with recesses, chimney-pieces, and other ornaments, cut in the rock; the front being neatly fitted with doors and glass windows. The ascent to each floor is by a flight of rocky steps without, leading to a terrace in front of the apartment. The stairs and general face of this singular habitation were

softened by vines, trained over the windows, in flaunting festoons of purple grapes, enriched by the autumnal leaves of crimson, green, and gold, in endless variety. The wine-vaults and caverns beneath the house are of great extent, and its rocky surface is covered with vineyards, and orchards of apples, pears, peaches, almonds, walnuts, and mulberries, which actually form the roof of this romantic villa, and the surrounding cottages.

In another part, a huge fragment of rock, detached by a late concussion from an adjacent cliff, descended perpendicularly upon an horizontal part of the hill below, which was occupied by the gardens and vineyards of two peasants. It covered part of the property of each, nor could it be easily decided to whom this unexpected stranger belonged; but the honest rustics, instead of troubling the gentlemen of the long robe with their dispute, wisely resolved to end it, by each party excavating the half of the rock on his own ground, and converting the whole into two useful cottages, with comfortable rooms and cellars for their little stock of wine; and there they now reside with their families.

The revolution, as may be naturally imagined, has caused a very great change in landed property. The large estates of the nobility and gentry, which have not fallen into the hands of generals and bankers, are divided into small lots, from the fourth part of an acre upwards; and many an humble villager, living in these rocky cells, looks down upon his little domain below, comprising vineyard, orchard, garden, and corn-field, within the compass of half an acre; and a continuation of these small estates for many miles together, on the banks of the Loire, gives a singular effect to the landscape.



## FAMILY ANECDOTES.

(FOUNDED ON FACTS.)

By SOPHIA T——.

(Continued from p. 269.)

## CHAP. V.

'Vain's the breath of adulation,  
Vain the tears of tenderest passion,  
While a strong imagination  
Holds the wandering mind away!

Art in vain attempts to borrow  
Notes to soothe a rooted sorrow.  
Fix'd to die—and die to-morrow—  
What can touch her soul to-day?

Mrs. Piozzi.

THE year following the colonel's death, Mrs. Gayton again lay-in of a daughter. During her confinement, her nurse made the discovery that Dorcas, her waiting-maid, was pregnant. Her mind misgave her who was the father, but she prudently confined her suspicions to her own bosom. In a few days the girl demanded her dismissal, on the score of ill health. Mrs. Gayton hinted to her, that she was not unacquainted with the motive of her sudden departure; and presenting her with a sum, considerably above what was due to her for wages, advised her to retire to some obscure village, and conceal her shame from the world, that on her recovery she might return to society, and by her future conduct endeavour to obliterate the stains which lay on her virtue, and regain that peace of mind, without which no station in life could be happy.

Notwithstanding this clemency, she had the mortification to hear that Dorcas was in elegant lodgings, and Gayton her avowed protector.

By the advice of Mrs. Benson, Rebecca gave up the exquisite pleasure of nursing her child, to be ever ready, ever disengaged to attend to her

husband, and his friends. Her soul-thrilling voice was exerted, every soft blandishment, every fascinating accomplishment tried to retain his heart. With pride, with pleasure, Gayton listened to the enthusiastic commendations bestowed on her by his friends. He acknowledged he thought her the first of women: but while he paid her a polite attention, secured her a box at the opera, allowed her her own servants, and prevented her feeling any pecuniary embarrassments, he imagined that he fulfilled every duty of a kind husband. The infidelities he was daily committing he wished her to be as blind to, as he was to the sums he was lavishing in every extravagance—sums which would have ruined a man of double his income.

The ensuing summer, while Mrs. Gayton was paying her annual visit to her first friend (which as usual was without her husband), she one morning, happening to enter the breakfast parlour first, took up the newspaper, which always made part of their tea equipage, and read, under the article of *crim. con.*, that Gayton was cast in ten thousand pounds damages, for criminal conversation with the lady of a noble lord. She instantly thrust the paper into her pocket. On the entrance of Mrs. Benson, she informed her, with as much composure as she could assume, that she had received an express from London, requiring her instant departure: and that she must leave her immediately.

Mrs. Benson observed her pale cheek, and desponding eye, which told a tale of unutterable woe. She kindly pitied the conflicts she witnessed, but delicately forbore enquiring into the cause, conscious that in the conjugal life there were many sorrows which even the sympathising heart of a mother could not alleviate by council, nor lighten by participation. She trust-



ed to the good sense, the uncommon steadiness of soul, which her Rebecca possessed, and suffered her to depart without remonstrance.

Long had this lady been convinced of the insufficiency of all earthly joys and hopes; but the distresses of her *protégé*, which she could not relieve, and in which she saw her depart, awakened every nerve to agony in her heart.

When Mrs. Gayton arrived in Burlington-street, she found her servants in the utmost confusion, and their master in confinement. Shocked and astonished at the information she received, she returned to the post-chaise (which had not been discharged), and with a desponding air desired to be taken to Newgate.

As the chaise rattled through the crowded streets, the agonised Rebecca sat, unconscious of the bustle, with her eyes fixed on vacancy; nor had she once altered her position till the vehicle stopped at that gloomy edifice.

As she had never before been in that part of the town, she started when the door of the chaise was opened, and desired to know where she was. Why, said the man, staring, did not your ladyship bid me drive you to Newgate? But hap you have altered your mind. Oh no, no, cried Rebecca; set me down here, if this is Newgate—this is the place of my destination. The man obeyed, and receiving his fare, with a gratuity besides, drove off with alacrity. Rebecca ascended the steps, and was suffered to enter without question. In an instant she was surrounded by a set of wretches, whose desperate looks and clanking irons appalled the soul of poor Rebecca, whose interesting and beautiful face, joined to the very visible distress her fine eyes evinced, rendered her the object of universal attention; while her being alone augmented

their insolence. ‘Who are you looking for, my dear? Do you want me?’ said a bold-looking fellow, double-ironed. Rebecca eagerly turned her eyes; but started on beholding him, for his appearance was fierce and terrible. ‘Oh Heavens!’ cried she frantically, ‘where—where is my husband?’ ‘Here, my love!’ squeaked an unshaved squalid wretch; but if you have a bigger mind to the captain, you may please yourself; only give a few halfpence to poor Ben, the cobling cuckold!’ This piece of vulgar witticism excited a general laugh, as it had caused Rebecca to cast an anxious look to the spot he stood on, hoping, yet fearing, to find Gayton in such society. At length one approached of more decent appearance, and civilly asked her whom she sought. On her answering Gayton, he informed her she had entered at the wrong side, and was among the felons of Newgate. Poor Rebecca shuddered, and, putting half-a-guinea into his hand, asked him where she must go to find the door he mentioned. He said, if she went again into the street she would see it wrote up a little further down, Debtors’ door; and if she entered there, she would find the gentleman.

The poor man was now obliged to look to his half-guinea, as many of his wretched companions were eager to share the lady’s bounty. Mrs. Gayton turned disgusted from such a scene, and proceeding as directed, soon found, and gained entrance at, the debtors’ door. She enquired for her husband, and was conducted to a room not inelegantly furnished, where in an armed-chair sat the once gay, but then pensive, Gayton. His reverie was so profound, that, his back being to the door, he did not observe her enter. Mrs. Gayton would have spoke, but her emotion prevented her.—An



audible sob caught the ear of Gayton—he turned his head—he beheld his wife pale, and half fainting with terror! The burning blushes of conscious guilt instantly dyed his cheek of a crimson hue. Rebecca rushed to his arms, and exclaiming, My husband! fainted on his bosom.

The tears of the repentant Gayton recalled his wife to life and sense. She gazed on his altered countenance and faded form. The accents of remorse fell from his lips—despair sat in his eye. Her resolution was instantly taken.—She determined to sacrifice the two thousand pounds left her by the colonel to the liberation of her husband. Fatigued as she was by travelling all night, she procured a hackney-coach, and proceeded to the Bank, when she sold out that which she had considered as a dernier-resort for her children; for she had not been blind to the many expences of Gayton, but expected a time to arrive when even that sum would be their all.

(*To be continued.*)

## A NOONTIDE WALK

IN JULY.

By J. M. L.

'The lark on high had soar'd his flight,  
His Maker's praise to prove;  
To greet the source of heat and light  
With wonder, joy, and love.'

*Author's Poems.*

MY favourite bird had mounted high amid the solar beam, when I commenced my customary ramble: invisible to the eye, still his melodious anthem sounded sweetly on the ear. Most of the hay was now carried, and the grass, refreshed by some rain that had fallen at the end of June, after a long series of dry

weather, sprouted with spring-like luxuriance; whilst the frolic lamb cropped the grateful herbage, and the ruminating cow, stretched on the verdant turf, chewed her cud in peace.

'I rove'd with devious step, and heard the rill  
That murmur'd sweet; and listen'd to the  
gale  
That kiss'd the bending thyme, and from its  
wings  
Shook all Arabia's fragrance through the  
air.'

I crossed a large and open field, where the only marks that shewed the different proprietor's grounds were small white posts; but those were now hidden by the wavy treasure, that already nodded in obedience to the passing gales. Here were wheat, barley, rye, pease, beans, and clover, growing in the different strips of land, which, as my path crossed the whole, gave a pleasing diversity to the scene. A boy was employed to drive away the sparrows from one piece of wheat, who was lustily hollowing and shaking his rattle for that purpose. He brought *Giles*, in Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy, to my mind, who has a similar employment assigned him in summer.

'Shut up from broad rank blades that droop  
below,  
The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful  
bow,  
With milky kernels starting full, weigh'd  
down,  
Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with  
brown;  
Whilst thousands in a flock, for ever gay,  
Loud chirping sparrows welcome on the  
day,  
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn  
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.  
*Giles* with a pole assails their close retreats,  
And round the grass-grown dewy border  
beats.  
On either side completely o'erspread,  
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops  
his head.  
Green covert, hail! for through the varying  
year  
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.



Here *wisdom's* placid eye delighted sees  
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,  
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,  
Just kindling there her never-dying fires;  
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,  
And heaven-directed thought his bosom  
warms.

Just where the parting boughs light shadows  
play,

Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching day,  
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,  
Where swarming insects creep around his  
head.

The small dust-colour'd beetle climbs with  
pain

O'er the smooth plantain-leaf, a spacious  
plain!

Thence higher still, by countless steps con-  
vey'd,

He gains the summit of a shiv'ring blade,  
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,  
Exulting in his distance from the ground.

The tender speckled moth here dancing  
seen,

The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,  
And all-prolific *Summer's* sporting train

Their little lives by various pow'rs sustain.'

The field I was crossing was one  
of those that, after a certain day in  
autumn, become *common* to the  
poorer classes of the parish, to turn  
their cattle, &c. out upon: I could  
not but sigh at the deprivation they  
have sustained in most places by  
the envious inclosure of them,  
through which means very many  
rustics are driven into the army, and  
their families forced upon the bounty  
of the parish; add to this, the  
neighbouring markets are deprived  
of a plentiful supply of poultry,  
which used to be reared or fed on  
those commons and common fields,  
which are now to be seen no more;  
the wanderer is deprived of an agree-  
able wild walk, endeared to him  
perhaps from early infancy, and is  
obliged to take his way along the  
dusty road, being completely fenced,  
hedged, and ditched out of his old  
route: and all this has been done  
to aggrandise a *very few* opulent  
farmers, squires, and noblemen, who  
probably did not want the addition  
it will bring them; while poverty's  
suffering throng either seek some  
distant part of England, or perhaps

(worse than all) emigrate to Ame-  
rica; thus depriving a nation of  
its best source of wealth, popula-  
tion! Beautifully does Bloomfield de-  
plore the distance and distinction of  
late years introduced between farm-  
ers and their servants: formerly,  
the same homely board, the same  
homely viands, the same home-brew-  
ed ale, and horn-cup to drink it out  
of, served them indiscriminately.

'Methinks I hear the mourner thus impart  
The stifled murmurs of his wounded heart:  
"Whence comes this change, ungracious,  
irksome, cold?

Whence the new grandeur that mine eyes  
behold?

The widening distance which I daily see?  
Has wealth done this?—Then wealth's a foe  
to me;

Foe to our rights; that leaves a pow'rful few  
The paths of emulation to pursue: . . . .

For emulation stoops to us no more:

The hope of humble industry is o'er;

The blameless hope, the cheering sweet pre-  
sage

Of future comforts for declining age.

Can my sons share from this paternal hand

The profits with the labours of the land?

No; tho' indulgent Heaven its blessing deigns,  
Where's the small farm to suit my scanty  
means?

Content, the poet sings, with us resides;

In lonely cots like mine the damsel hides:

And will he then in raptured visions tell

That sweet *content* with *want* can ever dwell?

A barley loaf, 'tis true, my table crowns,

That fast diminishing in lusty rounds

Stops Nature's cravings; yet her sighs will  
flow

From knowing this,—that once it was not so.  
Our annual feast, when Earth her plenty  
yields,

When crown'd with boughs the last load  
quits the fields,

The aspect still of ancient joy puts on;

The aspect only, with the substance gone.

The self-same horn is still at our command,

But serves none now but the plebeian band:

For *home-brew'd ale*, neglected and debas'd,

Is quite discarded from the realms of taste.

Where unaffected Freedom charm'd the soul,

The *separate* table, and the costly bowl,

Cool as the blast that checks the budding  
Spring,

A mockery of gladness round them fling.

For oft the farmer, ere his heart approves,

Yields up the custom which he dearly loves:

Refinement forces on him like a tide;

Bold innovations down its current ride,

That bear no peace beneath their showy  
dress,

Nor add one tittle to his happiness.



His guests selected; rank's punctilios known;  
 What trouble waits upon a casual frown!  
 Restraint's foul manacles his pleasures maim;  
 Selected guests selected phrases claim:  
 Nor reigns that joy, when hand in hand they  
 join,

That good old master felt in shaking mine.  
 Heaven bless his memory! bless his honour'd  
 name!

(The poor will speak his lasting worthy fame:)  
 To souls fair-purpos'd strength and guidance  
 give;

In pity to us, still let goodness live:  
 Let labour have its due; my cot shall be  
 From chilling want and guilty murmurs free:  
 Let labour have its due; then peace is mine,  
 And never, never shall my heart repine."

Sorry am I to say, there is too  
 much of truth in the foregoing lines;  
 but all human sorrow has its period,  
 and the sufferer must look to 'an-  
 other and a better world' for hap-  
 piness eternal.

'Life soon expires, and though 'tis fancied  
 long,  
 Youth dies a child, and age itself is young:  
 Pass but one cloudy scene, 'tis quickly done;  
 We leave the earth, behold the bursting  
 noon,  
 Mount o'er the skies, reign, triumph, and  
 adore  
 Where grief shall blast and death shall sting  
 no more.'

OGILVIE.

Leaving the open field, I entered  
 a close lane, where the hedge on  
 each side was decorated with wood-  
 bines, whose exquisitely grateful  
 scent spread through the air an  
 odoured sweetness. Nature's har-  
 monists warbled, in notes as various  
 as their plumage, the song of uni-  
 versal joy; but one amongst them,  
 the 'Bird of Spring,' could now  
 scarcely be heard from its hoarse-  
 ness, and only the first syllable of  
 'Cuckoo' could be distinguished:  
 still, though the cuckoo is hailed  
 with all the warmth of rapture when  
 her song is first heard, when sum-  
 mer has advanced in all its golden  
 beauty, we lose her song without  
 regret; and it is not wonderful—for  
 after a dreary winter the cuckoo is  
 the earliest songster who calls our  
 attention to advancing spring.

'Where yonder oaks a noon-day twilight  
 throw,  
 And, hoar with moss, extend their aged  
 arms,  
 Now let me walk, with measur'd step and  
 slow,  
 And woo soft Melancholy's sober charms.

'Sadness I know: oft' have I met the maid  
 At even-tide, along yon' cavern'd steeps;  
 Or by the stream, that thro' the sullen shade,  
 Like me, unheeded, steals along and  
 weeps.'

Thus did I hail a bowered seat,  
 beneath the covert of some moss-  
 clad oaks: here, during my stay in  
 this part of the country, I had often  
 meditated on the beauty of the sur-  
 rounding scenery—had listened to  
 the dulcet murmurs of an adjacent  
 waterfall, mingled with the melody  
 of the feathered choir. Now a pen-  
 sive melancholy stole over my mind:  
 I was about to quit this part for a  
 considerable time; possibly I might  
 never return. I have met with the  
 remark, that there is no one thing,  
 however disagreeable, that we can  
 take a *final farewell* of without feel-  
 ing a pang of emotion: how much  
 greater, then, must be the regret,  
 when we quit a favourite spot, a  
 beloved society, and know not when  
 we shall again behold them? Thus  
 then I apostrophised the bower:

'Dear lovely bower! to-morrow morn  
 From thee I haste away:  
 Say, will the sun with smiles adorn  
 That melancholy day?

'Ah! yes; the sun as bright will shine,  
 The flowers as gaily blow;  
 Nought but this hapless heart of mine  
 Will wear the gloom of woe.

'How quickly am I forc'd to haste  
 From scenes so fair and new!  
 Thy charms I just began to taste;  
 Oh! lovely bower, adieu!

'What though to me more lovely vales  
 And sweeter shades are given;—  
 A pang the parting spirit feels,  
 Though leaving Earth for Heaven!"

I now bent my steps homeward,  
 and set about the preparations for my  
 departure to another scene, but sure-  
 ly not a fairer.



## THE PORTRAIT;

OR,

## INCIDENTS IN MY OWN LIFE.

*(Continued from p. 313.)*

SIR Charles could not doubt that the old man was acquainted with something relative to the portrait which he would not disclose. Racked with suspense and inquietude, he summoned his old and faithful servant Giles, and informed him of the incident: Giles replied, that he had long known farmer Jenkins and his daughter Mary, but believed his old master had never seen her. At this sir Charles was more and more astonished. What if she should prove the original! He could not marry her—But no, it could not be: he desired Giles to prepare for a journey on which he would set forward on the morrow. Giles, who had ever been accustomed to obey, yet could not help thinking—and he looked his thoughts. Sir Charles was both too good a master and too much attached to the old and faithful Giles to pain him, by letting him go away uninformed: he then told him of the vows he had made to trace the original of the portrait. Giles attempted to dissuade him, but in vain; he was resolved, and that silenced the old servant, who only begged permission to attend him, with which sir Charles complied.

The thoughts of the journey had so occupied the mind of sir Charles, he had forgotten the meeting with captain D'Alville till he found his card, when he immediately went in search of him. He found him, 'tis true; but not the haughty defender of an insult, but the humble suppliant for pardon.—Astonished at this change, sir Charles begged he might be favoured with the cause of it.

Captain D'Alville thus addressed him: 'Had I known I was insulting sir Charles Martindale, I had indeed been a villain; but no, sir, I would rather meet a cannon-ball than act thus towards the man to whose father I owe my present situation.' Sir Charles replied, he had never heard his father mention any thing relative to him.

'No, sir; he was above doing any thing in the common way—he saved my life, the honour of my mother. What is it I do not owe to him! but, sir, you shall hear my story.'

Sir Charles insisted upon his accompanying him home, when the captain thus began:

'Many and various are the incidents of my life. To my shame I must confess, that my intent upon the girl you rescued from me was dishonourable. My father was a gentleman of small fortune in the south of France, who, when young, like most of our gentry, exceeded his income in his expences, and was obliged to mortgage his estate. This was a severe mortification to him, and taught him one useful lesson, that of estimating a true friend. He had formed a connection with a young abbé of a neighbouring convent. This abbé was a man who had studied human nature; and he soon found my father's reigning foible was the love of pleasure. He perceived too that he was a man of sense, though he acted contrary to it. Thus Le Clair wound himself into the good opinion of my father: they were almost inseparable; but when my father was led into any extravagant error, Le Clair always left him to feel the full weight of the punishment, while he shared only in the pleasure.

'Le Clair introduced my father to a beautiful young lady, whose fortune, he said, would redeem his estate; and upon his marriage he



was to pay Le Clair two thousand livres. My father soon after married this lady, redeemed his estate, and paid Le Clair the money. Le Clair became almost a constant resident at my father's till I was born. Some years after, an affair of consequence obliged him to visit England, and he consigned my mother and myself to the care of Le Clair. While my father was in England he contracted an acquaintance with the late sir William, who enabled him to 'execute his business, and was the means of his gaining a law-suit he had in hand:' thus commenced their friendship. Sir William accompanied my father to France, where my mother and myself were introduced to him. Your father was then unmarried, but very fond of children: he made me several presents, among which was a sword; in presenting of which he said: "This is but a harmless weapon in the hands of innocence, perhaps I may one day place a more destructive one in your hands; present this to me, and it shall ever be the passport to my protection." As I grew up I was uncommonly fond of my sword; and though I had destroyed almost all my other toys, yet I preserved this token of friendship. Travelling to a relation of my mother's some years after, we were beset by banditti, who carried us to a castle in the midst of a forest in Normandy. I had still my sword with me, which my father in his last moments desired I never would part with, but keep it as an old and dear friend.

'We remained some time without seeing any one but an old female attendant, who was either a mute or desired to be so before us, as we never could get a word from her: she only made signs for us not to talk to her; for it was to no purpose to ask her questions, as she could not answer. One evening, when my

mother and myself were viewing from our prison the nature of the place, endeavouring to judge where we might be, a figure glided by on the other side of the room. I exclaimed, "Mother, what is that?" She had not seen it, therefore replied, "it must be the effect of my imagination." The room where we were confined communicated only to two more, which served as chambers for myself and mother. Not satisfied that my imagination could operate so powerfully as to deceive me, I was determined to watch all night. After my mother had retired I took up a book, thinking to read: but sleep overpowering me, I commended myself to Heaven, and retired to rest. When I arose in the morning, I found some one had been there, as the book was evidently removed from the place where I had left it. I hinted nothing to alarm my mother, but was determined to see that all the doors were fastened within-side on the next night. Our old attendant visited us at breakfast, bringing a large supply of provisions, with a note, the contents of which were as follow: "You must husband the provisions sent you—every one will be absent from the castle a week—your endeavours to escape will be fruitless—an invisible being observes you." Perplexed and uneasy at this note, we had no resource but patience. I laughed at the idea of an invisible being observing us, as I knew of none but God. At night, however, I saw that every place was secure, and retired to rest. I had not lain long ere I heard a noise: I arose, and took my sword with me, which I believed contained talismanic influence, and demanded who was there? "Open the door," was the reply. I again enquired who was there; when a scream of anguish was heard which, for a moment, stupified me. I listened,



but all was silent. In the morning I acquainted my mother: she was alarmed, and entreated that I would not interfere with any thing I might see or hear.

‘On the appointed day our old attendant returned, and brought with her a note containing these words: “Madam, prepare to receive the master of this castle as your husband; this night he claims a husband’s right.” My mother fainted; I read the note, and tore it into a thousand pieces. With some difficulty I recovered my mother, when she declared she would sooner die than submit to such disgrace. I desired her to put her trust in God, and I would sit up all night. After some hesitation, she retired; and I took my station in the outer room, and began to read, when a scream from my mother alarmed me: I flew to her, and found her struggling with—Gracious Heaven! can I name him?—Le Clair. I attempted to seize the villain. He aimed a blow at me, but missed me; when in the moment he was going to strike again the doors flew open, and your father and servants entered. They secured Le Clair, and retired while my mother rose. The villain had entered by means of a private door into the chamber of my mother. I had still my sword in my hand, which caught the eye of your father. “Is not this an old acquaintance,” said he; “surely it is the same I gave to the son of Monsieur D’Alville.”

“True, sir,” I replied; “and that son now claims the protection you then promised.”

“Your father,” said he, “would conduct us to our journey’s end; and informed us, that, in passing through the forest, some of his servants had overheard Le Clair and his followers discoursing about us. He silently followed, and saw them

enter at midnight. He forced his way in after them; and thus arrived in time to save my life, and my mother from dishonour.” I informed sir William, that I had reason to believe some others were confined besides ourselves; when he proposed searching the castle in the morning.

‘Soon as the morning dawned, I accompanied sir William in his search through the castle. In a room nearly adjoining to ours we found a female; who awoke at our entrance, and began to beg for mercy: we assured her that she had nothing to fear, and conducted her to my mother, when she gave us the following particulars.

‘After having thanked us in the most grateful terms, and the most expressive language—“My father, gentlemen,” said she, “is a native of Normandy, and lived not many miles from hence. I was his only child: my mother died while I was young, and he made it the business of his life to instruct my early years in the principles of honour and religion.—‘These, my dear Constantia,’ would he say, ‘will carry you through the world unblemished.’ I used frequently to attend the convent of St. Lucia: happening one day to be taken ill, I was carried into the interior of the convent. My father was only allowed the privilege of enquiring at the grate, for, alas! he was poor. I continued there some time, till they won upon my unsuspecting mind, and prevailed on me to enter on my noviciate, after which I took the veil.” Here observing us to appear surprised—“Well may you look thus,” added she; “but patiently hear my story, and you will find that I was born but to be the dupe of others. Soon after I had taken the veil, that which had blinded my senses fell. I saw the horror to which I was consigned. I was scarcely eighteen years of age,



and I had renounced the world. The nuns, and every thing, now wore a different aspect; their behaviour was changed from kindness and affection towards each other to quarrelling and unhappiness. I became disgusted with my situation: I could not lift my soul with confidence to God, as I had heretofore done, but felt religion becoming a burden to me.

“I was often obliged to confess. My confessor, father Le Clair, one day reprimanded me for my vain thoughts fixed on the world, and told me, that if I was there again I should not be happy. ‘But what would you give to be there?’ said he: I replied, ‘any thing in my power.’—‘Promise me, then,’ said he, ‘that you will grant what may be asked which shall be in your power, and perhaps I may serve you.’ Pleased with the thoughts of regaining my liberty, in the joy of my heart I promised that whatever he demanded should be his; little suspecting that beneath the mask of sanctity was concealed a villainous heart. He then desired I would attend matins,—which, as I had been unwell, I had not lately done—and he would then contrive some method for conveying me out of the convent.

“The next morning I accordingly arose, and went to matins. When the superior saw me, she praised me very much, and hoped that God would turn my heart effectually. Alas! my thoughts were wandering far from him and prayer. Anxious, I watched the looks of Le Clair; and he referred me by his to the superior, signifying, that as she was there he could do nothing. He, however, slipped a note into my hand, containing these words:—‘At evening prayers be ready.’ Overjoyed at the thought that I was so near

escaping from my prison, I had well nigh betrayed myself. How anxious was I for the arrival of evening! I had every thing prepared: I flew at the sound of the first bell. The superior was not present: Le Clair desired some one to fetch her. I seemed most eager to go, but they would not permit me. In the mean time I was conveyed out by Le Clair, and given to the care of some men who were waiting without for me, and who conducted me to the castle; when soon after Le Clair arrived, and claimed my virtue as his reward. I represented to him his sacred character, and the violence he was doing both to himself and me. He raved, and swore I had promised, and must perform: he had not ventured so far to recede now, and gave me a week to reflect on his proposal. I was confined in the room where you found me, but had discovered a secret opening into another chamber, which I once passed through, when I saw, I suppose, you and your mother. Another night I came, and opened a book, which I read a short time. The third time I attempted to enter, I found the door fast; when old Martinet found me, and caused the scream you heard. Heaven has sent you to my relief. I will now see my poor father.”

“I was struck with her beauty; and though her sufferings had made her look less charming, yet they had rendered her more interesting. I proposed accompanying her to her father’s; and we left the castle with Le Clair: but he could not bear the humiliating situation to which he had brought himself, and put an end to his life on the road.”

*(To be continued.)*









*London Fashionable Dresses.*



## LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. A ROBE of purple Italian net, trimmed and ornamented with narrow ribbon of the same colour: sleeves very short, and trimmed with lace: white sarsnet lining and body: head-dress, a rich point veil, spotted and laced with silver: gold or silver lace for bandeaus.

2. Gipsy hat of white chip, tied under the chin with a blue silk handkerchief. A round walking dress of thick muslin, with coloured borders and trimmings. Mantle of lino, lined with silk: puckered collar, and small hood.

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

YELLOW straw hats, *à la Pamela*, increase in number, as do also the oblong capotes of perkale. The former are almost always ornamented with a very large white ribbon. On the white straw-hats are usually worn a small garland of roses. The roses most in fashion are those called the roses of the four seasons, and not large roses; the lilac is the white lilac: besides these are worn ranunculuses, and with straw-coloured ears of corn, poppies, and blue-bells: pinks, and the hortensia, are likewise worn.

Some modists have made an attempt to bring the lapis lazuli into vogue; but ribbons of a pale rose colour, or a dead white, are most generally in request.

Some capotes of perkale are embroidered in colours, and some *Pamelas* of muslin with white cotton.

Many fasionables wear robes which come up to the neck, and have large

ruffs in the Spanish manner: but these robes are of fine muslin, and do not conceal the neck, though they cover it. The robes of silk and cotton are rose and white, or rose upon rose; they are trimmed with crape, interspersed with satin ribands.— The aprons have a corsage and sleeves; but they have no pockets: the corsage goes up to the neck, and has a frisette of dentilated *tulle*.

## AN EVENING WALK

IN SUMMER.

By S. Y.

‘Now swarms the village o’er the joyful meads;

The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
Healthy and strong: full as the summer rose,  
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,  
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
Her kindled graces burning o’er her cheek.’

THOMSON.

A REFRESHING shower had just fallen, which laid the dust, and rendered the evening more agreeable, when I set out on my accustomed walk: the day had been uncommonly hot, and upon referring I found the heat had not been exceeded for many years. The setting sun had a beautiful and pleasing effect on the surrounding landscape; the rich tints of green and gold that arose from an intermixture of woods, of pasture grounds, and fields of corn, together with the beauteous winding stream, afforded a sublime and pleasing prospect. Beneath an old thorn at a small distance lay the watchful shepherd, whilst his bleating innocent flock lolled at rest beneath the shade of the adjoining wood; and the attentive angler loitered along the banks of the sedgy rill. I walked on till at length I reached a little cottage at the end of the wood. A little noisy dog



announced my approach by his barking; which however was soon silenced by the order of its rural humble master, who was tilling his little garden.

‘Oh! blest is he  
Who dwells in scenes like these: blest is the  
man  
Whose habitation rises in the vale,  
Beside the winding streamlet.’

His dear partner sat knitting under an arbour surrounded with wood-bines, while their little one was playing at a distance. Real contentment seemed here to take possession—and here I enjoyed the contemplative thought, that pure tranquillity and happiness are here found, and the beauties of nature can here only be met with in their genuine simplicity.

‘Oft have I pass’d yon cottage door at eve,  
Where sat the swain—his daily labour done—  
Nursing his little children on his knee,  
And kissing them at times; while o’er him  
bent  
His lovely partner, smiling as she view’d  
Her lisping babes.’

Thus lives the happy pair in real felicity, mutual fondness and esteem.—Here let the rich and voluptuous contemplate true happiness; let them here reflect on this incomparable state of genuine tranquillity, and they will find that

‘’Tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perched up in a glitt’ring grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.’

I passed along the wood, meditating on the enjoyments of retirement—while the fragrant wild-flowers perfumed the gentle breeze, the shrill thrush echoed her note through the adjoining grove. My path then led me to a hay-field; and having passed it, I came to a brook. An aged oak overshadowed a hillock, and upon which I sat down, when the following lines occurred to my recollection.

‘——— When the moon,  
Her glories scatter’d o’er the curling clouds,  
Glides on the face of Heav’n; when the stars  
Smile in their golden splendours, and the  
breeze  
Scarce wafts the Summer’s perfume; then  
delights  
The lover, in the dewy grove conceal’d,  
To murmur sweetly in his mistress’ ear,  
To breathe his hopes, to woo her to be kind,  
And tie the mystic knot of holy love.’

Bitter recollection here strongly painted to my mind, this was the spot where I first explained the sufferings of my heart; ’twas here I first acknowledged my pure and faithful passion to that lovely yet capricious maiden: the evening, like the present, was serene and mild; the vale, like the present, was embellished with variegated wild-flowers; the murmur of the distant rill recoiled the same: ’twas round those very meads, with heart elate, I strayed with the dear object of my fondest wishes; for her I would have freely sacrificed my fortune and my life.

‘——— How I lov’d,  
Witness ye days and nights, and all your  
hours,  
That danc’d away with down upon your feet,  
As all your business were to count my passion.’

Thus I lived and loved—but, alas! it was transitory; fate forbade the continuance of those unsullied joys: she was too susceptible—an acquaintance of hers, a paltry sycophant, took an opportunity to defame and slanderously represent me—and she, alas! listened and believed.

‘——— Slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose  
tongue  
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose  
breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world.’

Hope seemed now extinct, and thus seemed to end an attachment honourable in its commencement, yet cruel in its termination. To conceal my feelings, to conquer my grief, was a task hard indeed: yet



it was softened by the reflection, that I had conducted myself with truth and honour.

———— Though not one cheering ray appear,  
My soul, upheld by conscious innocence,  
(Trusting to that imperious defence)  
Rises superior to ignoble fear:  
I still will hope, that soon, the clouds withdrawn,  
A brighter day shall on my prospect dawn.'

I cannot do better than by here quoting an observation of a distinguished author, who says, 'Slight, and almost infinitely slender, are the threads of a spider, or the webs of a silk-worm; but infinitely more slender are the threads by which the fates of mankind are connected and entangled.'

I arose from my seat, and continued my way till the parting sun sunk beneath the distant hill; the nightingale poured forth his doleful strain, and the fleeting bat resumed her nightly round. On a sudden the sound of village-bells accosted mine ear, which added greatly to the rural luxury I enjoyed; the cooling breeze murmured through the grove, and the warbling linnet sung her evening song. I stopped a few minutes to listen to the harmony.

'Sweet distant round of village-bells!  
Soft on the ear thy music swells;  
And with the breeze, at intervals,  
Or rises loud, or faintly falls:  
O simplest harmony! mine ear  
Delights thy measur'd chime to hear.'

Having strayed rather farther than I at first intended, I turned across the fields for the nearest way to my abode. Night stole quick upon me; for the sun had sunk to rest, and the moon substituted her paler ray to light me to my habitation. I shortly reached it, quite fatigued with my ramble, and my mind heavy with recollection. After a little refreshment, I took up 'Zimmerman's Solitude;' and the following passage attracted my notice,

though not completely consonant to my feelings.

'Solitude,' says he, 'however, does not deprive the bosom of the unhappy lover of its usual comforts: he reviews his past pleasures without danger, and laments their transitory nature without regret: he ceases in time to weep and suffer; and when death arrives, exclaims with a tranquil sigh—'Oh lovely object of my soul! if you should learn my fate, a love like mine may well deserve the tribute of a tear, and call one gentle sigh from your relenting heart. Forget my faults, and while my virtues live, let my follies die, within your bosom!'

'If e'er I blot her memory from my mind,  
May all my songs severest censure prove,  
And Fate relentless scatter to the wind  
My hopes of fame, of fortune, and of love!  
No! cruel maid, for still the moon shall see,  
And watchful eve, the tears I shed for thee!'

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY, in three Acts, entitled, 'FIVE MILES OFF; or, THE FINGER-POST;' performed for the first Time at the Theatre Royal, in the Haymarket, on Wednesday, July 9.

THE characters were thus represented:

Edward Frankland,	-	Mr. Rae.
Lawrence Luckless,	-	Mr. Decamp.
Firebrand Flail,	- -	Mr. Chapman.
Sordid,	- - -	Mr. Grove.
Mr. Kalendar,	- - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Solomon Flourish,	-	Mr. Liston.
John Spriggins,	- -	Mr. Mathews.
O'Gimlet,	- - -	Mr. Denman.
Mary,	- - - -	Mrs. Mathews.
Jenny,	- - - -	Mrs. Gibbs.
Laura,	- - - -	Miss Tyrer.
Prudence Flail,	- -	Mrs. Whitmore.

Footpad, Servants, &c.

#### THE FABLE

is whimsical and complex. *Edward Frankland* is defrauded both out of his fortune and his mistress by *Old Sordid*, who had been his father's stew-



ard, and who wishes his illegitimate son *Lawrence Luckless*, whom he had never seen, to marry the daughter of *Firebrand Flail*, formerly betrothed to *Edward*. In his way to Harvest Hall, the residence of *Farmer Flail*, *Old Sordid* loses his way in a forest, where he hides the deeds of the Frankland estate; and being misled by a vertical finger-post, which an Irish carpenter had erected, pursues an opposite route, and is robbed by a footpad, who, to avoid detection, returns, and hangs the great-coat, in which he had committed the theft, upon the eventful finger-post. The unfortunate garb is found by *Lawrence Luckless*, and being recognised by *Sordid*, much equivoque ensues, before the explanation of their affinity is divulged. *Edward Frankland*, in despair at the loss of his mistress, petitions the inexorable *Farmer Flail*; who, knowing the distressed circumstances of the youth, promises him the hand of his daughter *Mary*, if, by the next morning, he can produce a snug freehold house to receive her. In this dilemma, *Kalendar*, a benevolent humourist, devoted to the study of the stars, conceives the odd project of carrying an old billiard-room to the forest, near the memorable finger-post, and converting it into a tenantable mansion: in the course of their operations the deeds of the Frankland estate are found; and *Flail*, allowing the condition he had imposed to be fulfilled, bestows both his daughter and the recovered estate upon the enraptured *Edward*.

This comedy, the production of Mr. T. Dibdin, is plentifully besprinkled with all the peculiarities of that gentleman's whimsical muse, and exhibits a lively and amusing collection of eccentric *puns*, sometimes new, and sometimes old—humorous sentiments—and comic, though improbable, situations.

The principal strength of the piece is exerted in the character of *Kalendar*, who is a sort of *Caleb Quotem*, with his brain stuffed full of almanacks, orreries, telescopes, horoscopes, barometers, thermometers, &c. This diverting humourist gives an account of his mode of amusement throughout the year, in which the following points were most applauded—'In *April*, I play the fool; in *May*, I dance with the chimney-sweeps; and in *June*, I drink the king's health.' When a lady looks at him, he observes—'that she ogles with her *northern lights*;' and complains—'that he cannot cast a *female nativity*, because women never confess their age!' This strange compound was most admirably personated by Mr. Fawcett, to whose exertions the success of the comedy is principally attributable.—Mr. Rae is too stiff and methodical for familiar scenes—Liston, as a rustic quaker, sang a ludicrous air with much drollery—Mathews gave a good portrait of the simple *John Spriggins*—Chapman, in the rough Farmer, was energetic and impressive—Groves, Decamp, and Denman, were highly meritorious—The part of *Mary*, though feebly delineated by the author, was rendered interesting by the delicacy and taste of Mrs. Mathews—Miss Tyrer was only introduced for the purpose of warbling a very pleasing song, composed by Reeve, and well calculated to display the melody and compass of her voice—The excellence of Mrs. Gibbs, in parts of rural simplicity, was clearly exemplified by her bewitching *naïveté* in *Jenny*—Mrs. Powell, in *Miss Prudence*, was a good representative of the antiquated spinster.

The piece was introduced by a Prologue (extremely well delivered by Fawcett), which deprecated the



awkward cutting of the *Butcher* in criticism, but professed a cheerful submission to the *amputation* of the skilful and experienced *Surgeon*.

The Epilogue was distinguished for several laughable points, and was well delivered in character by Fawcett, Liston, Mathews, and Mrs. Gibbs. In the first act, some slight disapprobation was manifested; but, in the progression of the piece, the admirers of risibility were completely triumphant over the votaries of gravity; and the repetition of the comedy, announced by Fawcett, was received with the loud and (in more senses than one) the *warm* acclamations of a numerous auditory.

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THE  
ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

(By the Author of *Emily de Veronne*.)

(Continued from p. 258.)

BURNS then taking a valuable ring from his finger, presented it to Matilda. 'There,' said he, 'whenever your mind is oppressed look on that, and remember one whose sufferings must be equal to your own. Call all your fortitude to your aid: I am sure you will stand much in need of it. You must—however uneasy you may be—you must appear cheerful. Never distress yourself by imagining evils which may befall us:—hope for the best. Trust in an omniscient Power, who can turn every circumstance we have so much to dread to our mutual advantage.

The hall-door that moment opening prevented the reply of Matilda. The menacing countenance of her sister the countess met her eyes, and interrupted their discourse. Burns, thus disappointed, uttered not a syl-

lable; but left the room much disconcerted, fearing that he should not have another opportunity of conversing with Matilda ere their departure, which was settled for the morrow. The time drawing so near for them to enter on so perilous a duty awakened every long dormant spark of affection in the earl's bosom for his son. His conscience reproached him for having acted unkindly. A certain remembrance of his former crimes, which will enter the most obdurate heart at some time or other, preyed upon his soul. With unusual kindness he desired them both to wait in his study for him, as he wished much to give them a little advice previous to their departure.

At the time appointed he met them; and in a long conference—in which he could not conceal his high notions, the native ambition and baseness of his heart—he endeavoured to make them believe that he was much interested in their welfare; particularly exhorting his son to maintain, with his last drop of blood, the ancient dignity of his family. Then praying most fervently for success to their cause, he took his leave, wishing them every good this world could bestow. They in the evening saw Matilda, but accompanied by others; so that not even one look of tenderness could Burns bestow on her, for fear of incurring suspicion. She plainly saw the severe conflict in his bosom to conceal his feelings, and a sad prescience of something which must fatally prevent the attainment of their wishes occupied the minds of them both. Never were two persons at separation more strongly persuaded than they were they should meet no more; yet both Burns and Sydney were equally interested in the cause of their sovereign and country. Their breasts burned with the enthusiastic ardour of brave sol-



diers; and although domestic affairs might for a moment divert their thoughts from their duty, a strong sense of it soon returned; and they were extremely pleased to think that their journey to Scotland had not prevented their being in time to embark, as the king had been unexpectedly detained at Southampton.

Sleep that night never visited the eyelids of Matilda: she arose even before the dawn gleamed over the sky, and hastened to the apartment in the western tower, where once she had been accompanied by one she held so dear. From the window she could see the court where they mounted their horses. Impatiently she waited nearly an hour; when through the thick mists which now began to disperse, she saw the graceful figure of Burns coming out of the armoury, followed by her brother, both arrayed in all their military habiliments—habiliments which she always feared denoted dire disasters; and this fear never more forcibly impressed her heart than at the present moment. Her brother and Burns instantly mounted their impatient chargers, when each involuntarily raised their eyes to that window they knew she frequented: they saw her, and waved their hands in token of adieu. Sydney galloped off with the utmost speed—but Burns lingered behind, as if to testify the reluctance he departed with; when, recollecting his weakness, he hastily put his hand to his heart, shook his head, and followed his invaluable friend. Matilda remained at the window till their beloved forms were enveloped in the grey mists which arose profusely from the valleys, indicating a warm day; when she walked out on the ramparts to hear the last sound of their horses' feet, which soon died away on the gentle breezes which sighed among the lofty trees. When all traces were lost of those

she loved so dear, she could suppress her anguish no longer, but burst into an agony of grief, leaning against the parapet for support. One of her attendants, who had missed her, came and reminded her of her situation; when, conscious of the impropriety she was guilty of, particularly if seen by her father, and the beloved ring which glistened on her finger meeting her eyes, and bringing forcibly to her remembrance the words of the much-regretted donor, when he placed it there, that she was to consider his anguish was equal to her own—she retired to her apartment, and tranquillised her feelings so far as to meet her father and sister at breakfast tolerably composed. The conversation naturally turned on the departed soldiers. Matilda said, with much warmth, that she should invoke Heaven in her orisons to grant them success, and speedily restore them to their friends.

‘No doubt (replied the countess, with a supercilious look) you will; you are actuated by a more tender principle than merely fraternal affection: I rather expect the uncommon interest you entertain in this affair must originate in some other source, as I have before observed, than the safety of your brother. The society you have lately enjoyed has inspired you with strange romantic sentiments.’

‘Hold your tongue, Helen; it is of no use for you to catechise her, little obstinate as she is!’ said the earl in an austere voice: ‘come to me, Matilda; I have something of importance to communicate.’

She trembled, but tacitly obeyed his command; following him to his apartment, where, when seated, after a few preparatory hints, such as ridiculing the vain presumptuous Burns, and extolling the virtues of the earl of Holden, who visited at the castle, and had solicited her hand, he desired



her to consider the latter as her future husband; adding, with a feigned kindness, 'I fear, my girl, you don't know what is conducive to your own good; the kind reception you gave that paltry hypocritical fellow Burns, the easy affability with which you treated him, did not escape my notice. Such behaviour would have been far more becoming had it been exhibited to the noble earl of Holden. Sydney has forfeited all claim to my patronage: I despise him.'

Who can describe the sensations of Matilda? She stood motionless when he had finished his harangue. The delicate sensibility of her bosom could support no more--to think, scarcely were her only friends out of sight of the castle ere they began to torment her! Her frame, tender and fragile as her feelings, was overpowered with excess of anguish: she sank, apparently lifeless, on the floor. She was taken to her apartment; and proper medicines being administered, she soon revived, but only to a fresh sense of her woe. The rosy bloom of health had forsaken her now pale cheek: weak and languid, she scarcely knew how to support the sight of her inhuman sister, who, instead of pouring into her breast the balm of comfort, told her that it was of no use attempting to resist her father's commands, however rigid they might be; she might as well try to turn the billows of the ocean. Matilda burst into tears, and falling on her knees, in the most tender manner implored her to intercede with her father to alter his determination. But all her intreaties were ineffectual; she could not prevail on her to say one word in her favour: she therefore thought the best course she could pursue was to behave in a cool distant manner to the earl of Holden, and when he sued for an explanation, to rely on his honour; and, if he had one spark of generosity left, he could not abuse her

confidence, when she reposed in him candidly the secret of a prior engagement.

The next morning her father entered her room, his features distorted with rage. He had discovered that Burns was not the person he had supposed him to be, that he had assumed a fictitious character on purpose to deceive him--vowing vengeance on him should he again ever fall in his way.--'Cringing, base villain!' exclaimed he, 'how dare he thus insult me, to think of making pretensions to the daughter of Elville! One obstinate girl was so lost to the persuasions of her friends as to desert her country: never shall it be said another shall so act. As to Sydney; were he in my power I think I should send him to confinement for life for thus imposing on me.'

Matilda was at a loss to know by what means he had discovered his real family. She was overpowered by various emotions; and the earl, fearing it might have a fatal effect on her delicate constitution, retired to moderate his anger, leaving her with the countess, another unfeeling persecutor. In the evening a faithful damsel of hers delivered a few hasty written lines from her brother, and an inclosed letter from Burns. Matilda trembled as she broke open the seal.--'Dear fatal name!' she exclaimed, 'much I fear you will cause me an age of sorrow.' She found it had been sent from Southampton a few hours previous to their embarkation. It contained merely a repetition of his former vows, and rapturous expressions of his eternal constancy; begging her by all means to conceal his family from her father.--'Ah!' added she, as she glanced her eye on the line which contained this exhortation, 'all is discovered, and much I fear our wishes are annihilated.' The earl at the same time received a letter from Sydney. Hating



his very name, without perusing the contents, he tore it to atoms, and threw it behind the fire.

Thus time passed, and did not remove the hatred of the earl to Burns; neither was the peace of mind of Matilda in any degree restored. Continually tormented with the disgusting addresses of the earl of Holden, who was sanctioned by her father, she at length determined to reveal all to him, at all events. She told him it was to no purpose to persecute her with his attentions, as she never, for some latent reason, could return them: continuing, with some warmth—‘I never can enter a union for life with any one without mutual affection; for sure I am, when that is the case, where love and harmony ought to reign, there can be only hatred and discord.’ She, without revealing more, did not see him for some time, and was in hopes he had given over all pretensions to her favour. But her father soon renewed his passion, by accusing him with want of assiduity; telling him he was certain perseverance would be the only means of securing her to himself. In the mean time he treated his daughter with the utmost severity; telling her there was no alternative, for if she did not submissively comply with his commands he would soon compel her.’ Such unbounded cruelty sunk deep into the breast of the suffering Matilda. With no friend, no comforter near, how could she proceed? Could she for a moment harbour the idea of marrying the earl of Holden, and so basely deceive the generous, the noble-minded Burns, to whom she had vowed eternal constancy? No; it was impossible: her resolution was firmly fixed to brave all dangers for his sake, and even to lead a life of celibacy, by immuring herself in the gloom of a convent, rather than to submit to such a harsh decree.

One day the sun had just gained

the meridian point, when, to soothe the perturbations of her mind, she sallied out unobserved, by one of the private portals which led to the ramparts where first she met Burns: shaded by the lofty turrets of the castle, she continued pacing backward and forward for some time, absorbed in meditation, when, raising her head, her eyes turned toward a distant court, where she saw a poor old pensioner, borne down with infirmities, waiting for the weekly bounty which she bestowed. She immediately hastened to him, when he presented to her a letter; and ere he had time to inform her from whence it came, the earl looked over the parapet, and, as if always on the watch, demanded what she was doing. She hastily gave the poor man his accustomed gratuity, and requested him never to mention that he had brought her letters. Such a charge was useless: he had before received that caution, and he loved his kind benefactress too much to give her a moment’s uneasiness: he immediately hasted away, nor stopped at the repeated calls of the earl to know his business. After concealing the letter, she met her father with an undaunted aspect; and informed him that she had been relieving a poor old man who asked her charity. He appeared satisfied, ceased all farther enquiries, and left her alone; which opportunity she took of perusing this fresh testimony of Burns’s love. It was as follows:

‘My ever dearest Matilda, whom now such a distance separates from her adoring Burns, yet are you not a moment from his thoughts: amid all the hurry and bustle we are engaged in, I have ever before my eyes the resemblance of her whose image is indelibly engraven on my heart: even the animating presence of our gallant young monarch cannot cause me to forget her for a moment, not-



withstanding he has already so highly distinguished me and my ever-valued friend; but all will not elevate my spirits. God, I hope, will enable me, in the day of battle, to acquit myself with honour to my country and my king. He will, I hope, nerve my arm with vigour, and aid me in conquering our vaunting foe, who, too secure of victory, relies on his formidable host, never once considering in whose hand the decision of battle is to rest; while our brave Henry trusts only in the all-sufficient power of Him who rides in the whirlwind, and directs the heaving billows of the great unmeasurable deep. That power will, I hope and trust, be propitious to our wishes, and give us victory, however dearly purchased. For such a chief, we have encouragement to fight. Worshipped almost by his soldiery, he inspires them with fresh courage wherever he appears. All to a man are anxious for the day of battle, that they may have an opportunity of testifying their loyalty and attachment to him. Yet is my mind already too much occupied to attend to my duty with that zeal I ought: you only are all my care; so much I fear I am never destined to possess such a treasure. Some more powerful suitor, with all the advantages of high birth and fortune, will obliterate that affection you candidly own you feel for me. Why do I suffer the smallest idea of such baseness entering my brain, to intrude on the few minutes of tranquillity I enjoy! A mind like yours, fraught with every endearing qualification, must be incapable of deceit. Will you believe me, when I assert it is not your high rank and fortune I covet? I love you for yourself alone. Even were you the poorest cottager's daughter, my affection would have been equally sincere. Birth and sounding titles have no

influence over me. A pure undisguised heart is to me far more valuable than all the rich inheritance your father can bestow: the vanities of greatness dazzle my eyes, but leave my heart void and unsatisfied. Why was I formed to move in the higher circles of life? In a lower station I had not known the pang which now rends my bosom. Had we been children of peasants, then might my Matilda have avowed her love without restraint, without fear of offending an unfeeling father. Then might we unmolested have tended our flocks together. But why should I murmur, when it is thus ordained by Him whose decrees are the result of wisdom and goodness? Therefore I will not repine, but endeavour to act in conformity to his sovereign will. I must now conclude. My ever dear Matilda! words can ill express what I endure. Orders are this moment arrived for our hasty removal from this place: I have just time to say that your invaluable brother is in good health, and desires his kindest remembrance. What obligations do I not owe to such an inestimable friend, who is ever endeavouring to find some object to cheer my oppressed spirits, and dispel that heavy gloom which my foreboding imagination cherishes? How could I support such uneasiness, were not my spirits at times buoyed up with the hope of future happiness in your society? That alone can compensate for all my troubles, and enables me to bear all the trying vicissitudes of life I am destined to encounter. My blood yesterday congealed within my veins to see the menacing countenance of the earl of Brompton. Much I fear he is one of my bitterest enemies: I dread his malicious aspersions; but Matilda, I know, will not credit them. Her exalted bosom will soar above such baseness;



her penetrating judgment will soon discover his intentions. I must now take a final adieu, at least for the present. God, I hope, will again permit me to address you. I conclude, my dearest girl! with this ardent wish—that, whatever I may be doomed to suffer, Heaven will protect and shield you from all dangers and difficulties, particularly the resentment of your father, who, I am sorry to say, is capable of every thing unfeeling and cruel. Put up your orisons to Heaven for our success, and that I may return crowned with the laurels of victory to lay at your feet.—I have devoted a much longer time to writing this letter than was allowed me by the messenger: yet so incoherent is it written, that I fear it is hardly legible; but I know you will forgive a mind so ill at ease. Once again, farewell!—You cannot conceive the anxiety which at this moment fills the breast of the unhappy, but sincerely devoted, Burns.'

*(To be continued.)*

## ANECDOTES OF DU GUESCHLIN,

HIGH CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.

THIS illustrious champion of the Gothic ages possessed a person by no means favoured by nature. He said of himself when he was very young, 'I am indeed very ugly; I shall never be a favourite with the ladies, but I trust I shall make myself feared by the enemies of my sovereign.' From his earliest youth, he delighted in nothing but battles and feats of activity. 'There never was a more unlucky boy in the world,' said his mother, 'than my son. He is always wounded in some way or other; his face is always full of scars;

he is constantly beating and being beaten.'

In the time in which Du Gueschlin lived, the nobility were often assembled to give fêtes to the ladies. His father and many other gallant and brave Breton gentlemen published a tournament, to which they invited all the accomplished cavaliers in France and England. Young Du Gueschlin observed, with great pleasure, the preparations that were making for the tournament; when his father, in consideration of his tender years, ordered him to stay in his chateau, and on no account whatever to follow him to Rennes. Soon after he had set out, young Du Gueschlin quitted the castle in disguise, and mixed with the spectators of this brilliant ceremony. Observing, however, a relation of his, who had retired from the combat, dismounted, he followed him to the inn, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated him to lend him his horse and his armour. Having with some difficulty obtained his request, he performed such wonders at the tournament, that the prize was adjudged him, which he offered to the knight who had lent him the armour in which he had obtained this honourable distinction.

His successes against the English contributed not a little towards inducing his grateful and discerning sovereign, Charles V., to confide to him the sword of the high constable of France. Du Gueschlin for some time declined accepting this honour, and told his sovereign, that the sword would be much better placed in the hands of the duke of Burgundy, his relation, than in his, who was merely a poor bachelor in the profession of arms.—'Sieur Bertrand,' replied the judicious monarch, 'make no more excuses: there is no brother nor cousin of mine who will not willingly serve under you, as



well as every count and baron in my kingdom ; and if they acted in a contrary manner, they would so grievously offend me, that they would soon feel the effects of my indignation ; so I entreat you take the office quietly and gladly, and continue to serve me as you have done.'

Du Gueschlin had the honour of being appointed godfather to one of the sons of Charles. In the midst of the ceremony he drew his sword, and putting it into the hands of his royal godson, exclaimed—' My lord, I put this sword into your hands, praying to God that he would give you his grace, and give you as bold a heart and as great courage, that you may one day become as loyal and as bold a knight as your father of illustrious memory, who gave me this sword.'

The constable died in the midst of his triumphs, at the siege of Rendon, in 1380. After having made his will he asked for his sword of constable, which he kissed in the most respectful manner, and gave it into the hands of madame Socerne, to deliver to his sovereign : then turning to the companions of his victories, he conjured them by the love of God, and by every thing they held sacred, that in whatever country they made war they would never consider churchmen, women, children, or the poor, as their enemies.

The English who were besieged in the town had promised to Du Gueschlin to surrender it to him in person, if they did not receive succours by a certain day. Though he was then dead, they could not consider themselves as in any manner released from the obligation. The commander of the town of Rendon, followed by all the garrison, went in procession to the tent of the deceased general, and, falling upon their knees before his coffin, placed the keys of the town upon it.

*Advertisement from an American Paper.*

UGLY CLUB.

SATURDAY the 20th instant being their fifth anniversary, the members are desired to attend at Williams's coffee-house, at two o'clock, in order to transact the business of the day—before which time any ugly gentleman who wishes to become a member will lodge his name and qualifications, sealed, at the bar of the said coffee-house. Dinner upon the table at half past three o'clock.

A. TURNBULL, President.

A. TUNNO, Vice-president.

*By Order,*

WILLIAM WHITE, Secretary.

Ugly mortals, thither haste,  
Enjoy our mirth—enjoy our feast ;  
Bring rich red noses—long or crooked,  
The Shandean nose, and noses hooked ;  
Bring wide stretch'd mouths, form'd for  
loud laughter ;

Let lengthy chins come following after ;  
But—each **MUST** bring a well-form'd heart,  
Or bear this sentence—**OFF—DEPART!**

December 15.

MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS.

' NEVER trust,' says Lavater, the ' wisdom or integrity of him who believes that there can be a wise man without folly, or that the best of men can be without defect—or rather, who persuades himself that he believes so ; for, in fact, we can only really believe the truth, as we can only really love what is good.'

' I cannot endure,' said madame de Sevigne, ' to hear people say—I am too old to amend ; I could rather bear this language from a young person. Youth is so amiable, that it must be adored were the qualities of the mind as perfect as the graces of the body. But when we are no longer young, we ought to endeavour to cultivate and improve our intellectual faculties, that we may regain in useful qualifications what we have lost with respect to those which are agreeable.'



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

TO E. B. WEBB,  
AN INFANT.

BETSY, for thee a father's pen  
Performs this pleasing task ;  
Fair babe ! one fascinating smile  
Is all the muse shall ask.

Fair blossom ! may no noxious blast  
Thy op'ning bloom deform !  
Long may my fostering arm be spar'd,  
To shield thee from each storm !

Fair cherub ! may no fell disease  
E'er pale thy lovely face :  
But may Hygeia, goddess bright,  
Impart each rosy grace !

Fair object of thy parent's bliss !  
O may'st thou duteous prove,  
And soothe the cheerless vale of life  
With gratitude and love !

Haverhill, June 12,  
1806.

JOHN WEBB.

ORAN AND ORRA ;

OR,

THE AFRICAN LOVERS.

*A Tale.*

E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western  
shores  
Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish  
roars :

E'en now, in Afric's groves, with hideous yell  
Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell :  
From vale to vale the gath'ring cries rebound,  
And sable nations tremble at the sound !

DARWIN.

RISE, my indignant Muse ! and lend thine aid  
To brand with infamy th' infernal trade  
That tears the Negro from his native soil,  
To pass the residue of life in toil ;  
Robs him of every comfort Heav'n bestows,  
To cheer his passage thro' this vale of woes.

Abominable traffic ! vile disgrace  
And black reproach of Europe's polish'd race !  
Yes ; Europe's polish'd sons approve the plan  
That fetters and enslaves their fellow-man.

Fly, freedom-loving Muse, to Afric's land,  
Where captive thousands crowd the sultry  
strand ;

The weeping, sad, despondent groupe survey,  
And curse the authors of their misery :  
There (blush, my countrymen) for British gold  
The hapless Negroes are like cattle sold.

The wretched captive leaves his native shore,  
Ne'er to behold his much-lov'd country more ;  
To be transported 'cross the Atlantic wave,  
And live enslav'd, till death shall free the  
slave.

O great emancipator, friendly Death !  
How kind thy stroke, that robs the wretch of  
breath !

Thou break'st the chain, and sett'st the pri-  
soner free,  
And tho' a despot, giv'st fair liberty !

Oft has the toilworn slave, with murd'rous  
knife,

Op'd with rash hand the sacred doors of life ;  
Or plung'd amid the waves, in hope to rise  
To blissful bowers in ever-cloudless skies.

Down in a vale, fast by the billowy main,  
There lived a Negro maiden and her swain ;  
Whodid thro' childhood's scenes together rove,  
Till long-try'd friendship ripen'd into love.

No anxious doubts disturb'd young Oran's  
breast :

He knew no grief, with Orra's presence blest ;  
On bliss-tipt pinions flew the happy hours,  
While Cupid o'er their path-way scatter'd  
flow'rs.



Ah, blooming pleasures doom'd to fade so soon!  
 Their morning sun of bliss must set ere noon.  
 Soon will misfortune their bright hopes destroy,  
 And dash with gall the mantling cup of joy!

One tranquil eve, when Sol had sunk to rest,  
 And gilt with splendid tints the glittering west,  
 Their daily task perform'd, this loving pair  
 Walk'd forth to breathe the cool salubrious  
 air:

Thus arm in arm they sought a neighb'ring  
 grove,  
 That oft had heard their vows of faithful love;  
 There on a seat beneath a leafy shade  
 (Which the fond lover for his Orra made)  
 They sat—with mutual transport to impart  
 The tender feelings of each other's heart;  
 When lo! some ruffians from an ambuscade  
 Rush'd furious forth, and seiz'd the youth and  
 maid.

Alas! no rills of joy unmingled flow,  
 No pointless thorns in love's sweet Eden grow;  
 Alas! Hope's rainbow-visions how they fade!  
 How soon the sun-bright landscape sinks in  
 shade!

Mad with despair, fierce Oran dealt a blow  
 Which laid the wretch that held his Orra low.  
 Flush'd with revenge, each miscreant drew his  
 dart,

And plung'd it in the constant Oran's heart.  
 Fast from life's fountain flow'd the crimson  
 tide:

He sigh'd 'Adieu, my Orra!—groan'd and  
 dy'd.

No thought can figure and no tongue express,  
 No pen describe, poor Orra's dire distress:  
 Excess of grief forbade her tears to flow—  
 She stood, a living monument of woe.

No tender friend was near, with kind relief  
 To calm the wild extravagance of grief;  
 No pity could the hapless maiden find,  
 (No scenes of sorrow touch the brutal mind).  
 Th' inhuman villains bore their prize away,  
 And gain'd the harbour where the vessel lay.

Convey'd on board, she join'd a numerous band  
 Of fellow-captives, pinion'd hand to hand.  
 There husbands, torn from all their hearts held  
 dear,

In sullen silence dropt the useless tear;  
 Fond mothers there, to gloomy grief consign'd,  
 Mourn for the tender babes they left behind:  
 Heart-cheering hope forsook the horrid place,  
 And desperation lower'd in every face.

One morn when Phœbus, rising from the main,  
 Richly diversified the wat'ry plain,  
 Orra, whose health requires the captain's care,  
 Walks on the deck to inhale the morning air:  
 Tho' radiant Sol diffuse his cheerful ray;  
 Tho' health-dispensing breezes round her play;  
 Tho' sportive dolphins in a mirthful mood,  
 Cheer'd by the morning, gambol in the flood;  
 Such scenes as these must unavailing prove  
 To soothe the heart that mourns its murder'd  
 love.

' Why, why (exclaim'd the maid), should  
 Orra stay,  
 Since the dear youth I lov'd is snatch'd away?  
 Why pass in slavery here the lingering hours,  
 While Oran dwells in amaranthine bowers?  
 I long to range with him the myrtle groves,  
 When nought shall interrupt our mutual  
 loves:

In bowls of bliss we'll drown intruding care,  
 And (joyous thought!) no white man will  
 be there.

No—the blest Genius of that happy place  
 Excludes from thence the bloody-minded race.

' But lo! on yon bright cloud that gilds the  
 sky,

Transporting sight! my Oran's form I spy:  
 Clad in immortal youth—celestial charms—  
 He beckons Orra to his asking arms.

I come, I come! adieu to groans and pains;  
 A long farewell to fetters, racks and chains!  
 Companions of captivity, adieu!

O speed your flight; we'll rear gay bow'rs for  
 you!

Oran and I, and all the blissful host,  
 Will hail you welcome to th' Elysian coast.

' There rivers of delight for ever flow,  
 And blushing fruit on trees immortal grow;  
 There no rude tempests howl, nor storms  
 arise,

But suns eternal gild those genial skies:  
 Unfading flow'rets deck the verdant plains,  
 For spring in gay profusion ever reigns;  
 There free as air the happy native roves,  
 And each fond lover finds the maid he loves.

' But you, base men! who boast a whiter skin  
 And fairer form, tho' black as guilt within—  
 Incarnate fiends! who, void of fear or shame,  
 Dare to assume the Christian's sacred name—  
 Who, while religion dwells upon your tongues,  
 Your blood-stain'd hands inflict infernal  
 wrongs—

What will you do when health and strength  
 are gone,  
 When fate shall summon you to scenes un-  
 known?

Then, tyrants! then no longer you'll behold  
 The deity you serve,—your blood-ting'd gold;  
 But, stain'd with crimson wickedness, you'll go  
 To meet a dread reward, in shades below.

' Again he beckons,—stay, my Oran! stay;  
 To thy fond arms I soon shall wing my way:  
 This welcome moment frees the shackled  
 slave!

She cry'd, and plung'd into a wat'ry grave.

Ye prosecutors of this murd'rous trade,  
 With horror view the havock it has made;  
 Renounce, relinquish the nefarious plan,  
 Nor 'buy the bones and muscles of a man.'  
 Revere humanity—respect her laws—  
 Ere righteous Heav'n avenge the Negroes  
 cause.

Haverhill,  
 July 4, 1806.

JOHN WEBB.



## JULY.

## A SONNET.

THE distant mower carols loud his lay,  
And sweeps destruction round him as he  
sings;  
Each flower that smil'd on summer's opening  
day,  
Now low in death his scythe unheeding  
flings.

But chief 'tisthine, July, to clothe the plain  
With the best tribute yielding earth can give;  
Thy glowing sun embrowns the bending grain,  
The food kind nature gives that man may  
live.

What though annoying heat with thee is giv'n,  
Still should we praise the Power that guides  
the year:—

Without this first and noblest gift of Heav'n,  
Fierce famine soon would fill the world  
with fear;

Nature would droop in everlasting night,  
Unblest by Sol, great source of heat and light!

J. M. L.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF 'FIVE MILES  
OFF; OR, THE FINGER-POST.'

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

SOME hypercritic cries, in ev'ry age,  
'How rich the past, how poor the present  
stage!'

So undertakers say, on corses fed,  
'Ah! there's no man of value till he's dead!'  
Some self-made ARISTARCHUS ever sits,  
Like a judge JEFFERIES, over modern wits;  
Bullies upon the bench—his upright plan  
First to abuse, then execute the man.

Still thrives our stage!—still seems there  
vigour in't;

For you smile here, while Cynics scowl in  
print.

Plain proof you think, whate'er our stage may  
be,

Such Critics infinitely worse than we!  
Yet far from us one murmur to repeat;  
When liberal censure fills the judgment-seat:  
We thank the hand that points, with gentle  
art,

The wholesome lancet to some morbid part;  
The butcher with his hatchet 'tis we hate,  
Who kills, where able surgeons amputate.  
If we give trash, as some few perthings say,  
Why flocks an audience, nightly, to the play?  
If we be found immoral in our scene,  
What does the law's restraint on Dramas  
mean?

To state the first, they laugh at *you* alone;  
To state the last, is libelling the *Throne*\*.  
Truth is, when impulse can be fairly rous'd,  
Smile, tear, grin,—by *you* our arts espous'd.  
However pedants preach, you'll think those  
fools

Who laugh or cry, by Aristotle's rules.  
And while a laugh, or cry, is to be had,  
Authors and actors can't be very bad.

Oh! may this doctrine be allow'd to-night;  
And be a laugh—broad laugh—your chief  
delight!

Look not with eyes of critical disdain,  
But favour *one* who strives to entertain!

## EPILOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF 'FIVE MILES  
OFF; OR, THE FINGER-POST.'

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

## CHARACTERS.

Kalendar . . . Mr. FAWCETT,  
Flourish . . . Mr. LISTON.  
Spriggins . . . Mr. MATHEWS.  
Jenny . . . Mrs. GIBBS.

Enter KALENDAR (*reading an Almanack.*)

Kal. Almanack says, this day—aye thus it  
goes;

'Ninth of July—Thomas O'Becket—Toes.'  
'The weather overcast.'—That sounds but  
queer;

I hope to find no *cloudy* faces here!

What next?—Oh! to *this market*, no dismay;—

'Fine weather, now, for getting up the hay.'

Box-keeper, *here*, makes hay, when in he  
crams

Arms, shoulders, angles, hips, knees, legs, and  
hams:

But when he stuffs you in all snug and warm,

O! Vox Stellarum!—who can then inform

Whether 'twill turn to *sun-shine*, or a *storm*?

Of this night's cause who shall be undertaker?

Our Poet trembles—

Enter FLOURISH.

Flou. ——— He hath sent a Quaker.

Kal. What is it you predict about our play?

Think you 'twill prosper?

Flou. ——— Peradventure, yea.

Kal. Sometimes they clap, and that betoken  
bliss.

Flou. Sometimes the spirit moveth, and they  
kiss.

Kal. Have you no friends above there?—

(*Pointing to the gallery.*)

\* An act of Parliament has vested the power  
of licensing and suppressing the representation of  
dramas in his majesty's lord chamberlain.



*Flou.* ————— Thou dost scoff.

*Kal.* Why so?

*Flou.* ————— Thou know'st they call out,  
there, 'Hats off!'

*Enter SPRIGGINS and JENNY.*

*Kal.* Spriggins! my man! you're here, I'll  
hold a guinea,

To serve the Play.

*Sprig.* ————— Ise been, and married  
Jenny.

*Jenny.* Beneath which sign, Sir, is my hus-  
band born?

*Kal.* Like many husbands—under *Capricorn*.

*Sprig.* Under what sign, then, do the sky  
make *her* go?

*Kal.* The *Crab*.—

*Sprig.* ————— There, Jane; I know'd it  
wasn't *Virgo*.

I said so.—

*Jenny.* Hold your prate, then, foolish—do;—  
Your measter's wise, and know'd it afore  
you.

*Kal.* Now for the bard:—athwart his telescope,  
May no malignant planet damp his hope!

May no eclipses make his prospect black!

*Sprig.* Nor no bad sign in all his *Zody-zback*.

*Kal.* With mirth, may eyes, like stars, be  
twinkling merrily!

Friend Flourish, don't you join in this?

*Flou.* ————— Yea, verily.

*Sprig.* I wish him right good luck, now, by  
my figgins!

*Jenny.* And happy as a bride, like Jenny  
Spriggins.

*Kal.* Come then—(to the Audience)—You  
*Libra*, or the *Balance*, hold;

Applaud him, and he'll feel like *Leo* bold;

If you condemn—for fortune is precarious—

His eyes must then be govern'd by *Aquarius*.

### JULIA.

HOW lovely is Julia! how charming to view!

What a form, animation and grace!

Her eyes so bewitching, of heav'nly blue,

What expression they give to her face!

Her sweet auburn hair plays in light glossy  
curls

On a bosom that outvies the snow;

Her teeth, when she smiles, are like two rows  
of pearls;

The soft sounds of her voice banish woe.

These beauties so rare that dear Julia adorn  
Can alone equal those of her mind:

She succours the aged and orphan forlorn,  
And to all the afflicted is kind.

Oft by av'rice and pride the great ones are  
led,

But from nature's pure dictates she scorns  
to depart;

Each day from her bounty the hungry are  
fed;

Her generous goodness cheers every heart.

ISABEL R.—,

### LINES to an unhappy seduced FEMALE.

————— She believ'd him.

'He was false, and she undone.'

UNHAPPY fair! by treach'rous man be-  
tray'd,

Must then thy hopes thus all untimely fade?  
O could I give but comfort to thy soul,

Share in thy grief, or ease thee of the whole!  
Despair and shame, which now alternate rise,

Blast ev'ry hope, and rob thee of thy joys:

O let it be the muse's gentle care

To shield from envy's rage the injur'd fair;

To draw a veil o'er faults she can't defend,

And to her troubled heart a soothing solace  
lend.

Or grant, kind Heav'n, she may not long re-  
main

In life like this of wretchedness and pain;

But may those pangs subside within her breast,

And guardian angels bear her soul to rest!

June 28, 1806.

S. Y.

### LINES EXTEMPORE

To Miss P,

On her presenting the author with a watch-  
paper, very curiously worked, with the  
motto—FRIENDSHIP.

FROM thy fair hand I the kind present  
take,

Inscrib'd by thee to friendship's name divine:

To mutual love would you the motto make,

No blissful state could ever equal mine.

June 4, 1806.

S. Y.

### EVENING REFLECTIONS IN A SCHOOL-ROOM.

HOW solemn is the stillness that prevails

In this dark hour! Nature to sweet repose

Resigns herself; in that refreshing power,

The soother of our cares, seems sunk and lost.

The sounding footstep now no more is heard;

And, freed from labour, man retires to rest.

Ah what a change! how alter'd is the scene!

This seat of study with the schoolboy's din

Resounds no longer, for his daily task

Once more completed, by the hand of sleep

His ever busy tongue again is hush'd.—

Without e'en one companion here I sit;

And as around these walls my eyes I cast

Nought meets my view but objects that, de-  
serted,

Appear as solitary as myself.—

At yonder end the embers of a fire,

Sunk to the lowest verge, diffuse a faint

And glimm'ring ray, which makes the scene  
appear



More desolate and cheerless.

Hark how the rising tempest with its gusts  
Disturbs the silent night ; now with rude force  
Against the shaking windows thunders loud,  
Now shrilly whistles thro' the gaping chinks,  
And now in hollow murmurs dies away!  
Oppress'd with various thoughts, and sunk in  
grief,

The friendly pen drops from my hand un-  
heeded;

The candle's flame, now rising high, now low,  
Sinks in its stand, and meets no welcome aid,  
Tho' half extinguish'd. O'er my senses creeps  
Dull melancholy. Thought succeeds to thought,  
And in reflection I am quite absorb'd.

Now on the charms of home I meditate,  
And call to mind its pleasures; but, alas!  
Remembrance serves my sorrows to increase,  
And fill with keener pangs my aching heart;  
Till overwhelm'd at length, see the big tear  
Start in my eye; my troubled bosom heaves,  
And ev'ry breath is loaded with a sigh.  
How foolish! 'tis, alas! of no avail  
Thus to repine, and spend my time in weep-  
ing.

Come, sweet tranquillity! illumine my soul;  
Dispel its shades. There's something whispers  
to me

Not to lament, nor thus to '*play the woman*.'  
Well—I obey it.—Come, forsaken pen,  
Again for those for whom my bosom throbs  
Transcribe the tributes of the willing muse.

W. C—E.

*Anno Ætat. 15 to.*

### LINES ON THE REBUILDING OF CHERTSEY CHURCH.

*By Mrs. G. Sewell, author of two volumes of  
Poems, &c. &c.*

(The first corner-stone was laid by sir Jos.  
Mawbey, bart. on the 4th of June 1806.)

R. ELSOM, architect.

O THOU that hear'st the prayer devoutly  
giv'n

Beneath the holy canopy of Heav'n,  
That hear'st the pray'r in faith sequester'd  
home,

And that which fills the consecrated dome!

O Thou whose sov'reign light with ardent  
glow

Shall pierce the sepulchre that lies below!  
Vouchsafe to bless, from Thy transcendent  
height,

This fabrick, rais'd by man's dependant might,  
For his blest sake who conquer'd! Truth must  
own

The Christian's rock the hallow'd corner stone.

When Chertsey shall behold with eager eyes,  
Some future day, her noblest structure rise;  
May that respect which piety should yield  
Its sacred form from rude disorder shield!  
May Mercy gild it with celestial rays,  
And may it speak, O Lord, thy glorious praise!  
*Chertsey, July 16, 1806.*

### A FIELD FLOWER.

LINES ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM  
ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,  
With silver crest and golden eye,  
That welcomes every changing hour,  
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field  
In gay but quick succession shine,  
Race after race their honours yield;  
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,  
While moons and stars their courses run,  
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,  
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
To sultry August spreads its charms;  
Lights pale October on its way,  
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,  
On moory mountains catch the gale;  
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
The violet in the vale.

But this bold flower climbs the hill,  
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,  
Plays on the margin of the rill,  
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultur'd round,  
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;  
And blooms on consecrated ground,  
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,  
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,  
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,  
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis FLORA's page:—in every place,  
In every season, fresh and fair,  
It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise.  
The rose has but a summer reign,  
The daisy never dies.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Constantinople, May 25.*

THE count Italinsky, envoy of Russia, has announced to the Porte, that his court had resolved to send two ships of war, with fresh troops, from Sabastopol to Corfu; and that these ships would arrive within a few days at the entrance of the canal at Constantinople. The reis effendi replied, that the Porte, under the present circumstances, could not grant a passage for these troops without drawing upon itself the reproaches of another great power.

The count Italinsky then reminded the Porte of the treaties of amity which existed, and which had recently been renewed, between it and Russia; and that in virtue of these treaties the passage could not be refused to the troops of his imperial majesty; but if the Porte should persist in opposing this passage, the Russian ships would see themselves under the necessity of opening by force a road to their destination. In consequence of this declaration, the Porte has determined upon sending a squadron into the Black Sea, in order to maintain its neutrality. Of the fleet destined for the Mediterranean, there were only twelve ships of different rates sailed for the Archipelago, but within these three days it has been reinforced by four frigates, and six ships of the line of the first rate. Five frigates, several brigs and galleys, under orders of the Captain Pacha and vice-admiral Scheremet Bég, are to cruize in the Ionian sea, the Morea, and the Archipelago.

*Italy, May 30.* Tranquillity by no means prevails in the kingdom of Naples, the coasts of which are threatened by the Russians and English. At the

time when the French occupied Reggio, and the town was illuminated for a rejoicing, the English bombarded it on the sea side, and did some damage. The garrison of Gaeta, on the 16th, made a sally, which was supported by the English, who went up the Garigliano in their boats. The insurgents commit great ravages. A party of these belonged to the garrison of Gaeta, having been cut off from the place in the last sortie, retired to the mountains of Ihi, whence the insurrection has spread still further into the province of Abrezzo. The French could not penetrate into this province; it is defended by passes and defiles, and the greater part of the villages are situate on inaccessible heights.

Fresh French troops are continually on the march for the kingdom of Naples.

*Rome, May 31.* We have just learnt that the ports of Senigaglia, Fano, Pesaro, and others, have been occupied by the French troops. It appears that this measure has been taken in order to protect those ports from any attack on the part of the English. There have also been made preparations on different points of the coast. We expect here shortly the regiment of Latour d'Auvergne. Cardinal Ruffo, with the whole of his family, have been banished from the kingdom of Naples.

*Trieste, June 2.* The day before yesterday in the evening three Russian ships of the line and a frigate arrived in our road, expecting to find French troops here, according to a false account which the commander of this squadron had received. In consequence of the imperial manifesto published here some



days since, this squadron could not be admitted into the harbour. The commander, therefore, on notice of this being communicated to him by the governor, requested to be permitted to drop his anchor before the port, and promised to sail with the first fair wind.

The report that the French troops will come hither has now ceased.

*June 4.* Three days ago a merchant ship freighted for Ragusa sailed from this port; but the next day was brought back by a Russian ship of war, the captain of which declared, that as Ragusa had been taken possession of by the French on the 27th of May, he could suffer no ship to sail for that port.

*Bavaria, June 2.* The prolonged stay of the French army in Bavaria, and the great expences it has occasioned, have rendered it necessary to defer the festival of the coronation, which was to have taken place in October, till the 26th of May in the ensuing year.

*Alt-Otting in Lower Bavaria, June 3.* Yesterday morning every thing was in the same state at Brannau, which is seven leagues from hence.

The town of Burghausen has been obliged for some days to deliver all the wood demanded for the barracks, for Austria furnishes none. It is believed that Bavaria will be indemnified for all the deliveries it has been obliged to make for these three months to the town of Brannau.

Something extraordinary is supposed to be passing in the army of marshal Soult, as he yesterday summoned all the generals to his head-quarters at Passau. General St. Hilaire, the commandant at Brannau, likewise went thither.

*Vienna, June 4.* We are to-day positively assured, though not officially, that M. D'Oubril has brought a formal order for the evacuation of Albania.

It is now determined that count Razionouski shall not quit his mission at Vienna.

The court of Vienna has at length determined to send a minister to the new kingdom of Naples; Baron de Giusti, a man of ability, and already known by several political missions, is, it is said, to go. Count Kaunitz continues to reside at the court of the late king, in quality of ambassador.

*Munich, June 4.* We are assured that the arch-chancellor of the Germanic empire will receive an augmentation of territory on the side of Ratisbon; and that our sovereign will receive in exchange considerable indemnifications in the circle of Franconia.

*Augsburg, June 5.* According to letters received from Brannau, the French do not appear as yet to be making any preparations to deliver up that place to the Austrians. It is certain that the French troops are making some movements; but it is impossible to determine with what view.

Several commercial houses at Basle have entirely given up trade.

*Ratisbon, June 9.* We expect to learn, on the arrival of the cardinal Fesch, what will be the new constitution of Germany. It is said that some of the great states of the empire, united to the petty territories of some neighbouring princes, will form a federative state.

*Vienna, June 11.* The process of the marquis Ghisilieri, who, as imperial commissary, gave up the fortress of Cattaro to the Russians, contrary to his instructions, ended on the 1st instant: he is condemned to be cashiered of his dignity and banished; but it is expected that his sentence will be mitigated.

His imperial majesty has admitted the new Dutch envoy M. Span Van Vorstrude to his audience of entry.

The new English envoy, Mr. Adair, is arrived.

The counsellor of state M. D'Oubril is still here.

It is reported that Austria will pay the king of Bavaria an indemnification of thirty millions for the prolonged stay which the French armies have been obliged to make in that kingdom, on account of Cattaro, which could not be given up to France at the time stipulated by the treaty of Presburg. It is added, that till the complete payment of this sum, Austria will give up in pledge to Bavaria, Salzbouurg, and the Inyerthiel or quarter of the Inn.

*Madrid, June 12.* All the foreign envoys have been informed, that his majesty has judged proper to shut the ports of his states against all Swedish vessels, merchants and ships of war.



*Hanau, June 17.* It is said that the corps of marshal Augereau will leave Frankfort on the 23d of this month, and will be replaced by other troops.

A report is circulated to-day by no means astonishing, considering the times we live in, as it also agrees with preceding events; that the elector of Baden is about to abdicate his government, and that the electoral prince, who is expected from Paris in the month of July, will succeed him, and will reside at Manheim; a counsellor of state, who came to Carlsruhe at the latter end of May, it is said, has already made some propositions on the subject. A little time after prince Louis of Baden, son of the elector, was dismissed from all his employments, great changes were made in the ministry, when the most distinguished persons were pensioned. It is said again, that the pope will resign the chair of St. Peter to a cardinal, and that the states of the holy see will be added to the kingdom of Italy; the French empire will then take a new title, and a considerable number of new dukes will be created. It is also added, that great alterations will take place in Switzerland, in favour of the duke of Neufchatel.

*Rotterdam, June 20.* On Wednesday last, at five o'clock in the afternoon, his majesty Louis Napoleon, king of Holland, his royal consort, children, and retinue, arrived from Breda at the ferry of Cattendrecht, opposite Rotterdam, where they were received and presented with refreshments by his excellency vice-admiral Verheull, minister of the marine, conducted by a deputation from the council, by the mayor and schepens of that city. On the signals being given by the yachts of the marine stationed there, the guns on the bulwark were fired, the flags hoisted on the great church and other public buildings, on the mills, and by all the vessels in the several havens. Their majesties and family crossed the Meuse in a yacht of the marine; and, on approaching the shore, were saluted by the repeated ac-

clamations of the spectators. Being arrived within the jurisdiction of Rotterdam, their majesties were welcomed by the city deputation, and his majesty was presented, in an appropriate speech, with the keys of the city, but which his majesty left in the hands of the president. The reverend Thomas Van Beekom, Roman Catholic priest of Schiedam, at the head of the priests of the same religion at Rotterdam, also congratulated his majesty on his accession and arrival.

About nine o'clock the same evening the royal party arrived at the Hague, where their majesties were received by a deputation of the magistrates of that place. On presenting his majesty with the wine called the wine of honour, used on such occasions, the mayor made an appropriate speech; and on receiving the wine, his majesty expressed his sense of the reception given him. Accompanied by the deputation, the train now set forward to the palace in the wood, where their majesties were received by a commission from their high mightinesses, another from the council of state, the general secretary of state and other ministers, the French ambassador, and the general in chief Michaud, and other generals and superior officers.

Through the whole of the wood along which their majesties had to pass, beautifully illuminated arches were erected.

*Hamburg, June 20.* Yesterday evening it was reported here that the fate of Germany was decided. There is no longer an emperor of Germany; but instead, three great powers, Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria. The remainder of Germany, Saxony, Hesse, the Hanseatic towns, &c. will form a confederated state under the protection of the emperor of the Romans, which title Bonaparte will assume. He will be represented in Germany by the arch-cardinal Fesch. I cannot vouch with absolute certainty for the truth of this arrangement, though I believe it cannot be doubted that it will take place.



## HOME NEWS.

*Andover, July 1.*

THE inhabitants of this town were much alarmed on Thursday se'nnight by a whirlwind, which, from the description, nearly resembled a West India tornado. It carried up three haystacks, in a field near the town belonging to Mr. Thomas Heath, to an height past calculation, as a great portion of the hay was literally carried beyond the reach of the human eye. When seen again, the estimated height was upwards of 800 feet. It fell in different parts of the town and neighbourhood, a portion of it full half a mile from the spot whence it was carried up. The consternation of the labourers in the fields was very great, but can easier be conceived than described.

*London, July 2.* A few days ago as a young man of the name of Williams, who is engaged with Mr. Brown, plumber and glazier, at Endfield, was examining the pipe of a pump, one of the stages on which he had placed a ladder to stand on gave way, and precipitated him to the bottom of the well, being about 40 feet deep. Fortunately there was about 12 feet of water, or he must inevitably have been dashed to pieces; however, on his coming to the top of the water, he had the presence of mind to catch hold of a pipe, by which means he bore himself above water till a rope was let down, which he fastened round his thigh, and was drawn up almost senseless; luckily, however, no bones were broken, but he received several bruises.

*July 2.* Early on Sunday morning a party of friends, consisting of Mrs. Van Butchel, the wife of Dr. Martin Van Butchel, of Mount-street; the second son, Mr. Isaac Van Butchel; three

Miss Astons, daughters of Mr. Aston, an eminent gunlock-smith, of Robinson's-lane, Chelsea; and nine others, went up the river in a four-oared cutter, belonging to Godfrey, of Lambeth, to Richmond, where they dined and spent the day. On their return in the evening they hoisted a sail. About half-past nine o'clock they were sailing through Fulham gut, a short distance on the lower side Putney bridge. Mr. Van Butchel was then at the helm, and he unfortunately being an inexperienced helmsman, neglected the rudder; the shocking consequence was, the boat ran athwart a sailing barge which was lying at anchor about 40 yards off sir Philip Stephens's house; in the collision the side of the boat was stove in, and she upset; in consequence of which the whole company was plunged into the river. Some of them clung to the cable of the barge, and some to the sides. Mr. Van Butchel observing his mother sink, dived after her, and brought her up: but unfortunately striking his head against the barge, he sunk never to rise again. The three Miss Astons held by the side of the barge for a considerable time. Two of them, Ann and Hannah, sunk, their strength being exhausted; the ebb-tide sucked them under the barge; they rose no more.

Sir Philip Stephens being in his garden, and observing the shocking catastrophe, exerted himself, with his servants, in sending off boats; they reached the barge in time to relieve Miss Aston, who was still clinging to the barge, from her perilous situation; with the assistance of persons who were passing at the time in boats, they also recovered Mrs. Van Butchel, and the



rest of the company, and carried them to shore.

The bodies of those who did not rise again were dragged for by some watermen, without delay, and in about ten minutes Mr. Van Butchel was found. He was taken immediately to the Swan public house, at Fulham, when the means recommended by the Humane Society were tried for several hours, by some medical gentlemen in that neighbourhood, but we are sorry to say without effect. It is supposed his striking his head against the barge, on rising with his mother, proved fatal. The survivors were all taken on shore, and dry clothes being procured, they were conveyed home in carriages. The watermen continued dragging for the bodies of the Miss Astons till the return of the flood-tide, which prevented them from proceeding. Early yesterday morning they resumed their search, when Richard Tindall, a waterman, found the body of Ann Aston, a young lady eighteen years of age, a short distance from the fatal spot.

In the evening George Hodgson, esq. the coroner for the county, held an inquest upon the bodies, at the Swan public-house, when John Chilcot, a cheesemonger, who was one of the company, gave evidence to the above effect; and upon which the jury, without hesitation, brought in their verdict—*Accidental death*.

July 3. At seven o'clock last evening, the remains of that unfortunate gentleman, who was drowned last Sunday, were interred in Grosvenor chapel, South Audley-street. The great interest which that fatal accident excited in the public mind, attracted a vast concourse of people. By four o'clock in the afternoon upwards of 300 persons had assembled in the neighbourhood of Mount-street, and South Audley-street.—When the procession began to move from the house of Mr. Van Butchel, in Mount-street, the pressure of the crowd was so great it was with difficulty the procession could move on. The coffin was covered with grey cloth and white furniture, and upon the top of the coffin was placed a plume of black feathers, intermixed with white ribbons. The inconsolable father, Mr. Martin

Van Butchel, followed the corpse, then his eldest son, and Mrs. Van Butchel, step-mother to the deceased, and next his youngest brother and sister. The procession was closed by a number of other relatives. Vast crowds of people were collected for the remainder of the evening in Mount-street and its vicinity.

Deal, July 3. An English messenger (Mr. Curvoisier) has just landed here from Boulogne. He came out of that harbour in a flag of truce, and after being put on board the Clyde was sent by commodore Owen in a light vessel to the Downs, and immediately landed on our beach. He is at this moment taking his departure from Cross's hotel, in a post-chaise and four, for London. His arrival is variously accounted for, but the general belief is, that it relates merely to an exchange of prisoners.

July 3. Letters by the Lisbon mail brought advice that Jerome Bonaparte arrived in the Bay of All Saints, on the coast of Brasil, on the 4th of April, and remained there watering and repairing till the 21st, when he put to sea again. An embargo was laid upon all ships in the bay for three days after he sailed. It is said that he has shaped his course to the Spanish Main.

July 5. Yesterday a beautiful lady, a miss Holbeck, of Sloane-street, with her servant, and another lady, riding in the park, the horse took fright, and ran furiously through Cumberland gate, along Oxford-street, galloping up the Edgware road. The lady kept her seat with courage, not asking the aid of any persons until the animal rather slackened his pace opposite King-street, when being exhausted she lost her fortitude, fainted, and unfortunately fell on her head, and was taken up by one of the men at the wheeler's shop speechless, bleeding at the ears, temples, and nose. Mr. Ggle, surgeon, of Russell-street, being present, afforded every assistance, and took her home in a coach in a most alarming and dangerous state.

July 11. Wednesday evening, at half-past six o'clock, as the marquis of Douglas was in his carriage, on his way to Sir Windsor Hunloke's to dinner, opposite Dover-street, in Piccadilly, the two forewheels of the carriage flew off;



the coachman was in consequence thrown off the box, and the horses ran away with the body of the carriage, a distance of near 500 yards. The noble marquis being inside, the greatest apprehension was entertained by the spectators for his lordship's safety. A man succeeded in stopping the horses, but the carriage was broken to pieces. We are happy to announce, that his lordship received no personal injury, except a few slight bruises, which, on his leaving the carriage he did not feel; his coat was torn in two places in the back; his lordship walked from the middle of Albemarle-street, to sir Windsor Hunloke's house. The coachman was not hurt.

*Dover, July 12.* Mr. Basilico, the messenger, was landed at Deal last night, at half past six o'clock.

A great firing was heard the night before last off Boulogne, which continued very late, but we are unable to tell the cause, as it was too thick to see much from our hills. Some think it was a rejoicing, but others suppose that some of our cruisers were becalmed near the French batteries.

*P. S.* The Prussians are just packing up their baggage to go to prison, out of all the vessels here.

*Deal, July 13.* Another messenger arrived here on Friday, after post, from Boulogne, and immediately took post-chaise for London. He came off in a flag of truce from the French coast, and was put on board the Clyde, commodore Owen, who immediately sent him in a tender for the Downs.

We are still uninformed of the cause of the firing mentioned in my former letter.

On Friday last we experienced one of the most severe storms of thunder and lightning that has been known on our coast for some years. The iron-spindle which bore the pendant of the Prospero bomb, was struck by the lightning. The foretop-mast and foretop-gallant-mast were shivered to pieces, and one private marine killed on the spot. About twelve or fourteen more of the crew were struck down by the shock, but none of them dangerously hurt. The flag-staff at the naval yard was considerably shivered by the force of

the electric fluid; but fortunately no other damage was experienced there. A man coming with a brewer's dray from Canterbury to Deal, was struck dead near Eastry. The store-house of a potatoe merchant, between Deal and Walmer, though a very low edifice, received considerable damage by the lightning. Fortunately a very heavy shower of rain and hail succeeded the thunder, or the effects might have been much more severe—A Portuguese brig has been just brought into the Downs, laden with wine, picked up at the back of the Goodwin Sands, by our boatmen, without a soul on board.

*Hull, July 18.* Between three and four o'clock in the morning of Friday last, a violent storm came on at this place, and continued with very little intermission until seven o'clock in the evening. The lightning was very vivid and frequent, and the rain fell at times in such torrents as we do not remember ever to have witnessed. We are sorry to have to detail some shocking accidents which occurred in the neighbourhood. Lieutenant Fox, of the Sheerness tender, stationed at this port, had, on the preceding day, gone with Mrs. Fox, and Mr. Jenkins, the surgeon, upon a visit to Sunk Island; and the tender's cutter, went down on Friday morning, according to orders, to take them on board that vessel, lying in Hull Roads. About eight o'clock, the day being then more promising, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, and Mr. Jenkins, set out for the cutter, which they reached about a quarter before ten; and with six of the cutter's crew, were in the act of putting off from the shore, when a flash of lightning struck the boat, killed William Mazzarella, the cockswain, carrying him from the stern to the larboard bow, in all about 18 feet, into the water. Mr. and Mrs. Fox, the surgeon, and the rest of the crew, with the exception of one man, who happened to be stooping, were all struck down. Mr. and Mrs. Fox were obliged to be carried to a cottage about 400 yards distant; the latter in a state of insensibility, from which she did not recover for three hours after; in all which time she was incapable of swallowing. Her



life was not pronounced out of danger until Tuesday, and she is yet very ill. Lieutenant Fox lost the use of his legs for five or six hours; his uniform coat was in several places burnt black. Mrs. Fox's hat was burnt to a cinder; her habit singed, and her arm underneath much scorched. A part of Mr. Jenkins' coat sleeve was carried away. The lightning struck the stem of the cutter, where it had made a hole as if by a grape shot, and scorched the side of the boat quite black; the sail and colours were torn to ribbons; and a piece carried out of the mizen-mast. What is very singular, a piece of flint, about twice the size of a musket flint, was afterwards found in the boat, which it is asserted by the crew could not have been there before this accident happened; as the boat had been painting, and no stone of that kind was to be found in the neighbourhood of the place where she had been, or then was. The unhappy sufferer belonged to this town, and was about nineteen years of age. A part of his skull was forced in, his hat torn in pieces, part of which was driven into his head, and only two small fragments of the remainder could be found. His silver watch case and part of the works melted in his pocket, and the watch-key and a seal cut off. His body was brought to this town, and interred at Drypool on Monday last, attended by the officers and crew of the Sheerness, and a large concourse of spectators. The Old Blockhouse mill was struck by the lightning, and one of the main timbers split; some persons on the Holderness road are said to have been thrown down.

### BIRTHS.

*June 26.* At Ipswich, the hon. Mrs. Leighton, wife of major Leighton, of the Shropshire militia, of a son.

At his house in Peterhead, Scotland, the lady of captain William Anderson, of the 96th regiment, of a daughter.

*July 5.* At Sutton, Bedfordshire, the lady of lieutenant Richard Dale, of the 84th regiment, of a daughter.

8. In Clifford-street, the lady of George Bolton Mainwaring, esq. of a son.

9. At Maldon, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Phillips, of the royal Pembroke militia, of a daughter.

15. At Bishop's Court, Exeter, the hon. Mrs. Paget, of a son.

Mrs. Cleveland, wife of captain Cleveland of the royal artillery, of a son.

The lady of John Hill, esq. of Hardwick, Shropshire, of a son.

At Paisley, Mrs. Fraser, wife of Mr. J. Fraser, manager of the theatre there, of a daughter, being her eighteenth child.

In South Audley-street, the countess of Albemarle, of a daughter.

At sir Laurence Palk's, in Bruton-street, lady Elizabeth Palk, of a son.

20. At her house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, the hon. Mrs. John Vaughan, of a daughter.

The lady of Mr. Horatio Robson, Piccadilly, of a daughter, being the seventh in succession.

### MARRIAGES.

*June 26.* At St. George's church, Hanover-square, T. Parry, esq. to Mrs. Berington, widow of the late William Berington, esq. of Moat-hall, in the county of Salop.

At Hillingdon, Mr. Daniel Stable, of Basinghall-street, to miss Jane Norton, of Uxbridge.

At St. Margaret's church, Westminster, Richard King, esq. of the Navy-office, to miss Martha Litchfield, youngest daughter of Vincent Litchfield, esq. of the council-office, Whitehall.

*July 2.* At Atresford, the seat of lord Spencer Chichester, by the hon. and rev. Charles Stewart, the hon. W. Bligh, brother to the earl of Darnley, to lady Sophia Stewart, daughter to the earl of Galloway.

At Bloomsbury church, Mr. Charles Kemble to miss De Camp. Mr. John Kemble gave the bride away. They set off for Plymouth immediately after the ceremony.

6. At St. James's church, captain Egan, royal regiment of artillery, to miss De Blaquiere, daughter of the late colonel James De Blaquiere, and niece of lord De Blaquiere.

12. At St. Pancras church, Mr. Jo-



siah Down, of King-street, Covent-Garden, to miss Rowles, of Hampstead-road.

At Mary-la-bonne church, captain Macgregor of the 88th regiment, to miss Parry Jones, daughter of Thomas Parry Jones, esq. of Madrin, Carnarvonshire.

16. At Southampton, by the rev. Sumner Smith, John Ballie, esq. of Sherwood park, county of Carlow, to miss Ann Wilson, youngest daughter of the late Richard Wilson, esq. of the island of St. Christopher.

At Capel, Surry, Mr. Charles Bell, jun. of Albury, in the same county, to miss Jane Elwood, of Strood, Kent.

17. At Hendon church, by the rev. John Johnson, lieut. col. P. Cary, of the 28th regiment, to miss Hewett, eldest daughter of lieut. general Hewett.

At St. Mary-la-bonne church, the hon. William Henry Hare, son of lord Ennismore, to miss Baugh, the only daughter of Isaac Baugh, esq. of Upper Wimpole-street.

At Merton, Surry, Robert Christie, esq. of Mark-lane, to miss J. A. Newton, daughter of John Newton, esq. of Merton-abbey.

At St. James's church, Benjamin Broomhead, esq. eldest son of colonel Broomhead, of Lincoln, to miss Hunt, of Pall Mall.

20. At Lewisham, Kent, M. F. Hommey, esq. of Charlton, to miss Henry, of Sydenham, daughter of the late David Henry, esq.

22. By special license, by the bishop of London, in his lordship's chapel at Fulham, the right honourable Nicholas Vansittart, secretary of the treasury, to the hon. miss Catherine Eden, second daughter of lord Auckland.

The rev. Thomas Bowdler, A. M. to miss Phœbe Cotton, second daughter of Joseph Cotton, esq. one of the directors of the East India company.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, the hon. Mr. Bagot to miss Pole. R. Campbell, esq. to miss H. Wynne.

23. At Lambeth church, col. Thornton, of Thornville Royal, to miss E. Cawston, of Munden, Essex.

At St. James's church, H. Plunkett, esq. of the 50th regiment, to miss New-

combe, daughter of the late H. R. Newcombe, esq. of Stratton, in the county of Gloucester.

## DEATHS.

June 27. At Mersham Hatch, in the county of Kent, miss Eliza C. Knatchbull, second daughter of sir Edward Knatchbull, bart.

July 2. Suddenly, at her house in Kensington Gore, the hon. Mrs. Lee. About three o'clock she rung the bell, and ordered the cook to bring up the bill of fare, and while in the act of examining the same, and informing the cook some private friends were coming to dine with her, he observed a manifest change in the whole of her countenance, when she retired to her chair, and in a few minutes expired without a groan.

4. Samuel Bosanquet, esq. deputy governor of the Levant company, and a director of the bank of England, at his country-seat, Forrest-house, Laytonstone, Essex, in the 63d year of his age. He was a man of high honour and great liberality, and is deeply regretted by his family and friends.

At Wimbledon-house, Mrs. Basil Montague, eldest daughter of sir Wm. Rush.

6. At Clifton, Mrs. Carnegie Fuler-town.

12. Suddenly, at Wakefield-house, near North Shields, George Wakefield, esq. banker.

15. After a lingering and painful illness, Mr. Robert Forman, attorney, of Bath.

16. In Welbeck-street, the only daughter of Edward Grove, esq. of Shenstone-park, Staffordshire.

At Scarborough, aged 76, Mr. Michael Pearson, of Spital-square.

In Lincoln's-inn-fields, the daughter of Mr. serjeant Shepherd.

At his seat at Thames Ditton, Surry, sir Richard Joseph Sullivan, bart. M. P. for Seaford.

In Devonshire-place, the lady of general Bertie.

At his mother's house on Wandsworth-common, Stephen Cattley, esq. eldest son of the late Robert Cattley, esq.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR AUGUST, 1806.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :*

- 1 BOTANY, Plate X.
- 2 ORLANDO and SERAFINA.
- 3 LONDON FASHIONABLE WALKING and FULL DRESS, elegantly coloured.
- 4 An elegant new BORDER for a SHAWL.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received,



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE continuation of the *Fair Penitent* with certainty in our next.

The *Elville Family Secrets* are likewise intended for our next.

We are sorry that we have not yet heard again from our ingenious correspondent A. P.

MALVOLIO's Essay is too flippant, and in other respects exceptionable.

R. M's. Rebus—Stanzas by J. L.—and Lines on the late Storms—are received, and under consideration.







*a*



*b*



*c*



*e*



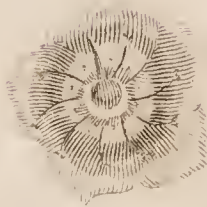
*d*



*f*



*g*



*h*





THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For AUGUST, 1806.

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BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

SEVENTH LESSON.

WE are arrived now at a more interesting part of the flower, those delicate expansions, usually composed of a variety of colours, which constitute the inner covering of a flower.

This part is called by botanists the *corolla*, which is a Latin word, diminutive of *corona*, Latin, a crown.

We have an English word, *coronet*, which means a little crown; but in botany the Latin term *corolla* is only used.

The *corolla* is formed of one or more pieces, termed *petals*.

The word *petal* is from the Greek word *petalon*, a leaf.

When the *corolla* has but one leaf, it is called a *monopetalous corolla*.

This first is a compound of two words, the Greek word *monos* meaning one.

The *monopetalous corollas* are of several different kinds:

1. *Globular* or *globose*, in Latin *globosus*, round, from *globus*, a globe, or any round body, being nearly round, as in the *andromeda*. *a.*

2. *Campanulate*, or bell-shaped, from the Latin word *campana*, a bell, having the appearance of a bell

inverted, whose bore or aperture is nearly of the same width throughout, as the *campanula*. *b.*

3. *Infundibuliform*, or funnel-shaped, from the Latin *infundibulum*, a funnel, and *forma*, likeness, a cone or hollow, situated upon a tube, as in *convolvulus*. *c.*

4. *Personate*, or masked, from the Latin word *persona*, a mask, having some resemblance to the snout of an animal, which was the common mask of the ancients.

The *limb*, from the Latin word *limbus*, edge or border, is the upper part of a *monopetalous corolla*, and is here formed of two lips, the upper and under, closed together, as the snap-dragon, named so from these lips snapping together when pulled asunder. *d.*

5. *Ringent*, or gaping, from *ringere*, to gape, or grin, is a flower of the same kind as the last, and consists of two lips, placed upon a tube. But these are separate, resembling an head in the act of gaping. The upper lip is sometimes called the helmet, which it is supposed also to resemble, and the aperture betwixt the two lips, the gape, or throat, as in the calamint, *melissa*. *e.*

The personate and ringent flow-



ers are called also both *labiate*, or *lipped*, from the Latin word *labium*, a lip.

6. *Hypocrateriform*, or salver-shaped, from the Greek word *hupo*, under, and *kruter*, a bowl; here the limb stands upon a short tube, as in the *veronica. d.*

7. *Rotate*, or wheel-shaped, from the Latin word *rota*, is when the limb has no tube at all upon which to rest, as in the *kalmia. f.*

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To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THERE is a peculiar phrase which the generality of people use as a description of what would certainly establish their happiness; that is, to have the necessaries of life.

If we examine this expression, *the necessaries of life*, it certainly seems exceedingly plain; yet how undetermined is its meaning! few annexing the same ideas to these very plain words. The ancient philosophers restrained the meaning of this phrase within a very narrow compass; for with them it signified only coarse victuals, and a plain dress. What was sufficient to support life, they thought was alone necessary to it. Diogenes, in particular, comprised all his necessaries in a scrip to hold his meat, and a wooden bowl to drink out of. Yet even in these he found a superfluity; for seeing a boy one day on a river's side sucking up water out of the hollow of his hand, he with great indignation threw away his bowl, as an unnecessary burthen.

When Rome was in its infancy, its heroes and consuls were of this philosophical way of thinking. They tilled their lands with their own hands, and on public occasions they

were often taken from the plough to command armies; nor when the war was finished had they any esteem for pomp, but laid down the purple, and took up the spade and plough again. But though they reckoned the conveniencies of life to be only such as were necessary for nature, yet their posterity, as they grew more polite, began to find their necessaries grow more extensive: that is, they began to conceive other ideas of what was or was not necessary; and, under the title of conveniencies of life, they understood all that art could invent, and luxury introduce.

The different idea of necessaries at different times was not peculiar to the Roman people; it is the same with our modern nations: and the people of this island have even in a century or two greatly enlarged in this respect, for many articles which in queen Bess's days were unknown are now placed in the list of the necessaries of life.

When we hear persons thus express themselves about the use of any thing—'O I should die without it!'—it shews that they think it absolutely necessary to support their being; and that without which life and soul could not be kept together. It cannot therefore but make any one smile to observe what a whimsical list of necessaries a modern conversation would furnish. Splenetta cannot live without her tea, though it gives her the colic, which she is obliged to cure by a tolerable large glass of brandy.—Bellaria would infallibly die were she deprived of her snuff, though it gives her a continual head-ach. The country squire could not live without his fox-hounds; and Billy Butterfly would as soon be out of the world as out of the pink of the mode. But as fantastical as these necessaries may seem, a great part of the world have so habituated







*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*Orlando and Serafina.*



themselves to these or others as ridiculous, that it would be next to an impossibility for them to discontinue indulging in them.

Wrong ideas being annexed to words, though always leading to introduce error, are never of worse consequence than when they are instilled into children. It is with some concern I have observed, that in this polite age children are, by the example of their parents, taught to consider the superfluities of life as things necessary, and, indeed, what it is impossible for them to live without. Hence arises a number of evils which are but too evident, and the chief causes of that extravagance which has for some years been complained of so universally.

In this examination into the false meaning of the necessities of life, I would not be understood to advise all mankind to turn Stoics, and not allow themselves such indulgencies as are necessary to soothe the cares and fatigues of life. So far from it, that I think a wise man may enjoy the elegancies of life; nor does he offend against decency, so long as he avoids running into luxury and extravagance.

But having found fault with the mistakes which mankind fall into by the misconstruction of this phrase, it may seem proper to shew what I think the natural construction of these words.

Nature absolutely requires but few things; it would be prudent therefore not to raise imaginary wants. If we view the vices and follies of those who have a more affluent fortune than ourselves, we should make them, notwithstanding their estates and equipages, teach us to moderate our ambitious desires; since we see that wealth and splendor, instead of being neces-

sary to contentment, are too often attended with misery and disquietude. We should change the prospect; and then we should immediately behold thousands and ten thousands of unhappy fellow-creatures among whom the necessities of life are really wanting. The moderation of our desires can alone give a true idea of what is necessary or superfluous; and he is more rich whose wishes are bounded by his fortune than he who, possessing empires, still desires something more.

‘That something unpossess’d  
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.’

Of all wishes as to fortune, ‘Give me neither poverty nor riches’ seems the best calculated to obtain true happiness.

C. D.

*Richmond, August 5.*

## ORLANDO AND SERAFINA;

OR,

### INNOCENCE PROTECTED.

A TALE.

(*With an elegant Engraving.*)

‘DO you not see, amiable Serafina? You are in danger. Depend on it, those ill-looking bravoes you may perceive yonder have some design on you. Fly with me! I will protect your innocence. I am sure that I shall be able. Heaven will be propitious to my sincere and virtuous intentions.’

Thus said Orlando, hastily advancing to the beautiful Serafina, who, in a retired part of the gardens of the count of Lira, with whom she lived as a humble dependent, recollecting her beloved sister, late-



ly deceased, had sunk on her knees to put up a prayer—according to the prejudices of the religion in which she had been educated—for the happiness of her departed spirit.

Orlando was the son of a Spanish nobleman, who though not abounding in wealth, but, in fact, greatly embarrassed in the circumstances of his estate, yet possessed all the pride of the nobility of his country. Orlando Henriquez, his son, had a heart actuated by more generous and truly noble sentiments. He had frequently seen Serafina at the residence of the count de Lira, with whose lady she lived; and he had been charmed with her beauty and unaffected innocence and simplicity. He had avowed his passion for her with the most honourable declaration, and had been received with equal humility and delicacy, and with a very evident return of affection; with such proofs of returned affection as doubly inflamed his heart, and rivetted fast the gentle fetters in which he was enchained.

The duke of Montevideo, a Spanish grandee of the first rank, had likewise seen Serafina, and felt the effect of her charms on his passions; but his pride of birth had prevented him from viewing a person of her inferior degree in any other light than as an object of that baser kind of attachment which, however dishonourable it might be to his equals, he conceived, when tendered by him to her, conferred on her the highest honour. He had made her the most splendid offers to obtain her compliance to be his mistress; and, piqued at her spirited and indignant refusals, had at last determined to carry her off by force: with which view he had employed the ruffians whom Orlando, who, having a know-

ledge of his wretched designs, was continually on the watch, had observed lurking near the gardens of the count de Lira, in order to seize their innocent and unsuspecting prey.

Serafina, thus warned by Orlando, and knowing that she was in the greatest danger, was indescribably embarrassed. To fly with her lover seemed to be the height of imprudence; yet was her danger in every respect great. ‘Come!’ said Orlando, ‘hesitate not a moment. Fly with me this moment to your friend and mine; to my aunt donna Juliana! You know the virtues of donna Juliana: you know her affectionate regard for us both. I cannot trust you to the protection of the count of Lira: he fears the great power and influence at court of the duke of Montevideo, his artful intrigues, and his vindictive disposition. He may sacrifice you to his views. But with donna Juliana you may remain in secrecy and safety, till more fortunate events shall unite us. I swear—but I need not swear to you—that I will act towards you with the purest honour. Now is the time, or we may be for ever separated.’

It was now absolutely necessary for Serafina to determine, and love and confidence in the integrity of Orlando overcame her timidity. She consented; and they fled together to donna Juliana’s, who received them both with the utmost sympathy and tenderness. The duke of Montevideo was disappointed of his prey; and for a considerable time it was not known what was become of Serafina.

In the mean time, a lady of the court, of great affluence and noble connections, but no longer in the bloom of youth, or at any time pos-



sessing many charms or the most amiable of dispositions, having frequently met with Orlando, took it into her head to become violently enamoured of him. She soon found means to intimate to him her desires to obtain him for a husband, in a manner that he could not mistake; and he, at length, began to shun her. This, however, only served to irritate and increase her passion; which soon became so notorious, that the marquis de Vieyra (such was the title of the father of Orlando) became apprized of it, and he seriously addressed his son on the subject, telling him, that from his expectations, considering the shattered state of the affairs of the family, even if he had not other brothers to divide with him an embarrassed inheritance, he could not act more prudently than gratefully to comply with the wishes of the enamoured lady. Orlando was thunder-struck, and at first evaded an answer, treating the whole affair as a joke. But his father insisted, being very certain that the information he had received on the subject came from sources not to be suspected; and he assumed at length so peremptory a tone, that he forced his son to a positive declaration of utter aversion to the offers thus made him.

The marquis, a man of great cunning and intrigue, though his intrigues had never yet been so advantageous to his interest as he could have wished, now suspected that his son entertained a predilection for some other person with whom he was unacquainted; and from the very circumstance that he was not acquainted with her, mistrusted that she must be some woman of low birth. Immediately he employed all his emissaries and all the means in his power to discover

whether this was the truth; and what was his surprise when he found that this person hitherto unknown lived now under the protection, though extremely secretly, of his own sister, donna Juliana, and that she had lately lived as an orphan, dependent in the family of the count of Lira. He industriously proceeded in his inquiries, which were favoured by some apposite accidents; till he obtained information of the attempts made by the duke of Montevideo to obtain her, and of her elopement from the family of the count de Lira, to avoid his pursuit.

He now conceived that if he could contrive to deliver her into the hands of the duke, who did not even know the place of her retirement, he should not only break a connection which had rendered his son blind to the advancement of his future fortune, but so gratify his excellency that he might obtain promotion to some place of equal honour and profit. Well versed in the nice management of such intrigues, he took his measures so well, that the duke was soon informed by those he had employed to make researches after Serafina, that the marquis of Vieyra could give him some information with respect to his lost beauty. The duke immediately began to notice him; and, after a few interviews, the marquis frankly told him the place of her concealment. Both now employed all their intrigues and artifices, in which neither of them were deficient, in order to decoy her from the place of her retreat, that she might be seized by the emissaries of the duke; but all their attempts were unsuccessful. Impatient at length of delay, the duke proposed to the marquis to accompany him to the house of donna Juliana, to see



what might be effected by a personal interview with that lady. The marquis, after some hesitation—for he had always been cautious of speaking much on the subject to his sister, whose character he knew—assented, and they went together.

On their arrival and introduction to donna Juliana, the marquis began at first to mention the subject rather tenderly; but in consequence of her answers he grew warm, and at length violently upbraided her with encouraging the senseless attachment of her nephew to a low creature, who would not only prevent all his future success in life, but disgrace the whole family by the meanness of her birth.—‘Believe me, brother,’ replied Juliana, with a half-indignant smile and an honest firmness, ‘I have never supposed, nor never shall be induced to admit, that pride can secure happiness. That cannot be bestowed either by haughty ostentation or by wealth. But even if birth be of the inestimable advantage you seem to suppose, the best and most honourable blood of the country flows in the veins of Serafina. Her father was named Vincenzo Rodriguez, one of the bravest officers in the country; and, though not so rich as he was generous, of a truly noble descent, and allied to several of the most ancient families in Spain.

At the name of Vincenzo Rodriguez the duke of Montevideo suddenly started, and hastily exclaimed, ‘You say true: I knew Vincenzo well; he was of honourable birth, and most honourable manners. His gallantry and true courage when in the field were unrivalled; but he fell a premature victim to them. We fought together against the French in Catalonia; and by his bravery I am convinced that he

preserved my life, though he lost his own. I have been much to blame that I have enquired so little after the fate of his family: but now that I have in this extraordinary manner found his daughter, I will endeavour to repair my error by protecting and providing for her; and if she marries the youth on whom she seems to have fixed her affections, I will present her with a handsome portion of my estate, and have no doubt but, by my influence at court, I shall be able to procure her husband a situation suitable to his merit and the respectability of his family. How say you, Vieyra; will you consent? You must be convinced there is nothing dishonourable in this; and as to the fortune of the young couple, leave it to me.’

The marquis was not a little embarrassed and astonished at the extraordinary turn the affair had taken; but as he knew the great power and wealth of the duke, and that he was a most honourable performer of his promises, he did not long hesitate to give his consent. The good Juliana shed tears of delight.—‘Will your excellency,’ said she, ‘permit me to introduce to you the fortunate pair on whom your princely munificence is to bestow happiness? They are now in the house.’ The duke assented. Orlando and Serafina were introduced, and most gratefully embraced the knees of their generous benefactor. The duke punctually fulfilled his promises; and by his means Orlando, who possessed no common abilities, was soon promoted to an office of considerable trust and emolument in the state, and, what was much more to him, enjoyed transcendent happiness in the possession of his Serafina.



THE  
ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

(Continued from p. 361.)

CHAP. LXX.

WHEN Orlando returned from the chase, and heard from his faithful Hugo of the mysterious departure of lady Victoria, the few impressive words he had heard her speak in reprehension of conte Vicenza arose to his imagination as dreadful phantoms of alarm. Half frantic with horrid apprehensions and vague conjectures, he flew to the duchessa; when his agonised emotions, while earnestly supplicating to learn from her the fate and destination of Victoria, betrayed the ardent passion he entertained for her.

The duchessa was dreadfully affected at the prospect of misery her crimes had aided to entail upon this beloved youth, whom she firmly believed her child; yet the fear of condign punishment prevented her betraying the secrets of the guilty Polydore. But from the apparent conflict of her mind Orlando gathered sufficient to be convinced that conte Vicenza was a villain. Under this conviction he hastened to him, regardless of interest, propriety, or indeed any consideration but Victoria's safety, and demanded to know whither he had sent her. High words of course ensued: and Orlando gained nothing by his youthful temerity and impetuosity, but a confirmation of every agonising fear for Victoria's safety.

To the wood Orlando now bent his way, his thoughts full of agonising grief, and anxiously wishing to save, if possible, the fascinating Victoria from some dreadful scheme of villainy. But totally unacquainted

with the scheme itself, he knew not what measure to adopt to counteract it; and while he lay by the lake side, ruminating in deep despair and anguish, a puppy dog training by Polydore, and a great favourite with him, ran away with a letter his master had dropped from a packet which he was about to burn.

Florio, directed by Providence, scampered close to where Orlando lay, playfully tossing from him, snapping up and worrying the paper he had by this time crumpled into a ball. Conte Vicenza pursuing him with vehement execrations and threats, Orlando instantly conjectured that some importance was attached to Florio's play-thing; and, hoping it might prove a clue to his present perplexities, resolved if possible to gain possession of it. Florio still, as if guided by that Power who guards the just, in scampering round Orlando dropped the paper so close to him, that by changing his position he effectually hid it from the inquiring eyes of Polydore; and Florio, plunging into the lake, swam to the opposite shore; when conte Vicenza, believing the dog had lost the paper while in the water, and that all was therefore safe, returned quite satisfied into the house; when Orlando, in perusing a letter from Garcias to Polydore, discovered whither Victoria was to be conveyed, and every horrid conjecture relative to her intended fate he now found surpassed by the reality—so well knowing Garcias, and the transactions of the Pyrenean castle, that, almost phrensed by horror and apprehension, he summoned Hugo, and set off instantly for Spain.

With almost incredible speed he reached Roussillon, where he left Hugo, still mindful of his faith to Don Manuel, and, providing him-



self with a guide, safely crossed the Pyrenees, and reached Cadaques the evening after Victoria had entered the castle. Immediately he inquired his way to the Observantine monastery, to which his letters for Francisco had always been directed; and as he was about to leave a billet for him there, the voice of his venerable friend bidding the porter good evening struck joyfully upon his ear. He instantly retired from the gate, and, though painfully impatient, waited until they had cleared the town before he accosted Francisco. The joy and surprise of the monk nearly subdued his faculties. However, supported by his young friend, he quickly reached his dwelling; where Orlando hastened to relieve Francisco's anxious curiosity, by making a faithful narrative of what had drawn him to that interdicted spot.

The distress and consternation of Francisco were extreme: at length, however, his love for Orlando and interest for Victoria conquered, and he promised to run every risk, and attempt every thing that could not implicate the safety of Don Manuel, to rescue her from destruction. To attempt immediately to convey her away, or without due deliberation, would be rashness in the extreme, as every danger would be to be apprehended from a pursuit; and, added to the necessary prudence of caution, Francisco wished for some pretence to detain his beloved protégé some time near him.

At length Lorenzo was summoned.—Francisco revealed gently to him the pleasure which awaited him: yet it is impossible for us to describe the joy of the unconscious father and son at once more meeting. Lorenzo was soon informed what magnet drew his pupil into such danger. The mutual love of this beloved pupil and Victoria, un-

der happier circumstances, would have been a source of real satisfaction to him: but under such inauspicious influence he dreaded every misfortune for them; and his own miseries from disappointed love taught him to anticipate every evil, and to tremble for his darling's future happiness.

Almost the whole of this night they dedicated to consultation; and after innumerable schemes were discussed and rejected, it was at length determined, that as Hippolyto Orlando should enter the castle; a disguise so secure that no danger of detection could possibly be apprehended. Francisco knew how to prepare a perfectly innocent lotion that would dye the complexion to the exact tint necessary. Hippolyto had quitted the castle at such an age that much personal alteration must be expected in him: and all that could be remembered of him was the symmetry of his figure, the harmony and intelligence of his features, and the sound of his voice, from having learned all their mental improvement from the same instructor, being often thought analogous to the supposititious Theodore's. Nothing therefore from personal detection was to be feared. Iago was no more; a clever domestic was wanted in his department. Francisco informed Don Manuel that Hippolyto was returned from the service of the Inquisition, and recommended him to supply Iago's place. The wishes of Francisco were as laws, neither was he to be questioned; and without any apprehension Orlando assumed that character, which gave him the power of being near, speaking to, and protecting the idol of his affections.

As Garcias had assigned to himself the part of terrifying our poor heroine by every means, our reader



can readily suppose he could not adopt a more effectual method than by feigning love for her. A heart like his could not admit the tender passion: but his pretence of it was meant to increase the horrors of her situation. Her shriek reached the ears of Elfridii, who was passing through the vaults beneath the library. Attracted by the sound of distress, he instantly arose through a trap door. For a length of time this miserable penitent had shunned the sight of Garcias; and in that time of fasting, stripes, with horror of mind, and every species of contrition, had so emaciated, so changed him, that his once prime counsellor knew him not: and the crimes of Garcias made him so very a coward where any idea of the supernatural existed, that he trembled at being alone in the library, or any part of the castle which tradition reported to be haunted. This trap door he was unacquainted with; and he hesitated not to believe that Elfridii was the apparition of some person whom he himself had murdered, and in this belief retreated in dismay; while Elfridii, in looking upon Victoria, traced in her countenance a strong resemblance to the family from which she sprung. His crimes, in dreadful array, were instantly and direfully recalled to his remembrance; reason seemed to fly before them; and in horror he sunk through the trap door with every appearance of mental derangement.

Garcias, alarmed at the singular interruption his persecution of Victoria had experienced, feared just then to return, but sent Alonzo to watch and to torment her. But that subtle wretch, enamoured of Victoria's beauty, resolved to turn the golden opportunity to his own advantage, and, pretending love for Hero, allured that weak and un-

steady creature into his toils. His real design was to carry off our heroine during the absence of Don Manuel and Garcias, and, by seeming to act from their order, to deceive Diego, and elude immediate pursuit; to convey his prize to a convent in Murcia, where his sister, as profligate as himself, was domina; there to use every means to compel Victoria to become his wife; and to secure himself from the vengeance of his iniquitous brotherhood, by sacrificing them through his sister's means to the Inquisition. To Hero his plausible story was, that he meant to marry her the moment they should reach a place of safety; and that he purposed confining lady Victoria in a convent until she settled a handsome fortune upon them, and purchased nobility for him. Hero, elated by such a brilliant prospect, overlooked the injustice which must lead her to it, and soon, inebriated by vanity and love, forgot the very few good properties her heart had ever known.

The evening Victoria was chased by alarm from the piazza, the interment of the unfortunate Iago took place; and his was the coffin she saw through the chasm deposited in a vault beneath her feet. A signal from the artillery, announcing an engagement between one of their piratical brigantines and some other ship, drew Alonzo and the sepulchral ruffians to the ramparts to learn the issue. Victoria, in flying from them, found her way into a private garden Elfridii had in his first arrangements with Don Manuel appropriated to his own sole use. In some of his wanderings he had forgotten to secure the door from the cloister by which Victoria entered; and it is now scarcely necessary to inform our reader, the figure which



so alarmed her was no other than Elfridii performing some of his dreadful self-inflictions.

Notwithstanding that Garcias did not reside now in the castle, he was near enough to manage many of the operations in it; and his agents effected the removal of Octavia during a short absence of Diego, when Juan could securely infuse laudanum sufficient into the food of the female captives to make them sleep profoundly. The mysterious disappearance of signora Bernini was to terrify Victoria, while her absence was to render the situation of this devoted victim more comfortless and forlorn.

The man whom Victoria providentially beheld enter the chamber of Neptune, as she went to seek assistance for the worthless Hero, was an assassin going to terminate the sublunary sufferings of a captive who had been long the hapless inhabitant of that prison from which our heroine, under Heaven, liberated Matilda; and at the library door she was found by Orlando, as he was going from the chamber which as a domestic he occupied, to hold an early conference with Sebastian.

In one of Francisco's visits to Orlando at Madrid, he conveyed a request from Matilda for a portrait of Orlando. A remarkably fine likeness was therefore taken of him when he went to France, and sent to her by Francisco's means; which portrait was purloined from the pocket of Matilda, with her purse and some valuable trinkets, in the church of Santa Maria, by one of the officiating fathers, who was no other than one of the ruffians employed in the conveyance of Octavia from Victoria's chamber. In examination of his prize, he was struck by the strong resemblance the picture portrayed, and determined upon giving it to Don Manuel; by whom he

thought such a discovery as it indicated would be considered of importance, and much more likely to redound to his advantage than the concealment of the brilliants could possibly do. The moment he had made this determination, he was summoned upon his mission to Victoria's chamber; and anxious to secrete the picture from all but Don Manuel, he thrust it into his bosom—from whence its own weight forced it in his exertions to lift Octavia's bed from off the platform on which it sunk, and upon which the portrait of Orlando arose. Its being in a black shagreen case prevented Victoria's observing it, until, in the bustle occasioned by Hero's illness, the case had been burst open by being trod upon, when the brilliancy of the gems arrested her attention.

Although Lorenzo believed it would be almost an impossibility for Victoria to behold his fascinating pupil with indifference, he yet was anxious for the moment to arrive when she should see him in his proper person, that he then might judge if this attachment was likely to become reciprocal. When therefore she discovered the portrait to him with such artless and evident marks of admiration, charmed and delighted, Lorenzo resolved by evasive answers to appear ignorant of the original, and leave the picture in her possession for further contemplation—which he doubted not must prove to his beloved pupil's advantage; and through these means he was not long left to tremble for the happiness of Orlando from inauspicious love.

By means also of this portrait Francisco learned that, in promoting the schemes of his *protégé*, he was likely in every way to advance the happiness of the interesting young captive; since it was his shadow



which so distressed and alarmed her as he opened a private passage, intending to take a short way across the library to his own apartments; when, unobserved for some moments, he surprised Victoria weeping over this to him well known miniature, and heard the few desponding words she unconsciously articulated: and from that moment he became more anxious than even before to effect her rescue from the villainous leagues formed against her.

## CHAP. LXXI.

WE must now beg leave to return with our reader to take a view of Matilda. She had been spared the pang of believing Orlando had been assassinated, as from the moment of his seizure, until Francisco's return from Madrid, she heard nothing of the transactions at the castle. But when the monk told her the sad intelligence of her beloved young friend's having been taken from his protection, and the probability there existed of her never seeing him more, her distress was so poignant, that, fearing its inroads upon her health, Francisco was induced to grant permission for her accompanying Donna Hortensia (an amiable and uncommonly lovely young woman, whose friendship she had gained in the convent of Santa Maria), on a short visit to the parents of that young lady residing at La Carolina, but with positive injunctions to appear no where unveiled, and not to go to any public entertainment whatever during her stay in Andalusia.

As their journey drew close to its termination, the carriage they travelled in was stopped in a lonely part of the Sierra Morena, through which the road to La Carolina lay, by a party of Don Manuel's ban-

ditti. Their attendants were too few to attempt contention; and these two beautiful girls, with an old duenna, were upon the point of becoming a prey to these desperate ruffians, when Providence sent two valiant cavaliers, with their guides and other attendants, to their rescue. The brigands fled discomfited, and the gallant champions safely conducted the rescued damsels to the house of Don Olivarez Piero Ferdinando St. Estrevan.

Donna Rodolpha, the mother of Hortensia, was truly a woman of the world, and knew full keenly how to twine every incident she met with to her family's advantage. Her Don was of the Hidalgo: but few were the pistoles he had to bestow upon his children; and quickly this politic woman found out that the two cavaliers were well worth the attention of her speculative genius, since one was the French marquis de Liancourt, the other the Italian conte di Ariosto; both come from France to join the regiment of the latter, which was then halting a few days at La Carolina on its way to Cadiz.

Donna Rodolpha's eldest daughter, Seraphina, was fully equal to Hortensia in mental and personal attractions; but lovely as they were, and partial as their mother was to their perfections, she was compelled to acknowledge to herself that Donna Matilda was more strikingly beautiful than either of them, and therefore a most dangerous and unwelcome competitor. The injunctions, therefore, of Francisco were most rigidly adhered to, and poor Matilda confined with the old governante and the younger girls to a sequestered apartment, during the visits of Alphonso and his friend, except when it was possible without singularity to appear veiled before them.



Veiled or unveiled Matilda might have appeared before Alphonso without injury to the politics of Donna Rodolpha, since glory was then the idol of his homage, and Pallas usurped the entire dominion over his mind, and the fascinating St. Estre-vans he beheld unmoved. Not so the marquis de Liancourt, who in six months after his introduction to her led the lovely Seraphina to the hymeneal altar.

Matilda beheld Alphonso equal in figure to the supposed Theodore, in face more to her fancy, and in manners too captivating for her repose. She was young, unknowing of the world, highly romantic, and long pent up in a cloister, where that romance had been encouraged by ignorance and inaction. Alphonso had rescued her from destruction, and every rule of romance demanded her heart, whether solicited or not, in recompense; and she returned from her first visit to the world, to Santa Maria, with the image of Alphonso as indelibly stamp'd upon her heart as Victoria's was imprest upon Orlando's. And when he suddenly entered Victoria's chamber (although aware of his being in the castle, and that to see him was a thing she might naturally expect), Matilda was so overpowered by the emotions of her heart that she fainted, while Alphonso imagined the words he had spoken relative to Urbino's union had so affected her. The unsubdued tenderness Matilda's bosom cherished for conte Ariosto occasioned all the subsequent changes in her countenance from time to time, and which were attributed by her observers to another cause. Alphonso's scrutinising gaze confused her; his unkindness, bordering upon ill-concealed disgust, wounded her to the very soul; and, by blighting her peace, was rapidly spreading its baneful influence to her health;

while Alphonso never once supposed the being, whom affection to his sister taught him to dislike, was the animated and grateful veiled incognita whom he had rescued from destruction in Andalusia.

About the period of Matilda's return from her excursion to La Carolina, Guzman, a profligate monk, and one of the predacious brotherhood, gained free access to the convent of Santa Maria, as one of the father confessors. At Santa Maria he often encountered Francisco; of whose power there, and in the castle, he was so jealous, that he eagerly panted for an opportunity of doing something secretly to afflict or injure him. Long he did not wait for means to gratify his malicious wish. He soon learned the great interest Francisco took in the welfare of Matilda. This led him to observation; and, subtile and keen, he quickly conjectured all that was fact concerning her. The costly rosary she wore, which he well remembered to have seen with Viola, and many other circumstances, combined to lead him to conceive that this was no other than Viola's child, whom report had taught him to believe no longer in existence: and, by watching Francisco, he found that he sometimes took her to his habitation, but only in the certain absences of Don Manuel; from which conjecturing Francisco had some powerful motive for concealing her from Don Manuel (whose attachment to Viola his phrensy upon her death revealed to all the inhabitants of the castle), Guzman resolved at once to disclose to his commandant all he knew and conjectured relative to this beautiful girl.

Don Manuel, highly incensed at his father's duplicity, and concealment of Viola's child from him, to whose protection her mother in her



last moments so impressively consigned her, instantly resolved to claim his right, and take her, even by force, from her present guardian. But Guzman, anxious as he was to subvert the wishes of Francisco, also dreaded his vengeance, and strongly advised Don Manuel to adopt the subtle plans of art, for gaining possession of a ward so decidedly consigned to his care, so unjustifiably concealed from him.

‘Violence will never succeed with father Francisco,’ said Guzman. ‘Be subtle as he is wary, and have retribution and vengeance at the same moment, by the triumph of effectually over-reaching him. Let us reflect before we act; and surely we shall be able to adopt some plan, in which, by avoiding his suspicions, we shall escape his vengeance.’

Don Manuel now subscribed to the prudence of Guzman’s advice: they consulted together, and took their measures accordingly. Don Manuel departed from the castle, after taking an affectionate leave of his father, whom he amused with a specious tale of a tedious expedition he was going upon, which would inevitably detain him some time from home. Deceived by this story, Francisco (as the confederates expected), shortly after he believed Don Manuel gone, brought Matilda to the castle to visit Lorenzo; and while they were all three comfortably conversing, secure in imagination from any interruption, Don Manuel unexpectedly entered, plausibly accounting to Francisco for his speedy return.

All were terribly disconcerted by his appearance, but the consternation, nay dismay, of Francisco was pitiable. He expected instantly to be convicted of imposing upon the credulity of his son, and dreaded every evil consequence to Matilda from this untoward meeting. But

Don Manuel, fully equal to the part he meant to play, although forcibly struck by her dazzling beauty, and the resemblance his fancy traced in her to her adored mother, yet had such command over his feelings, that he at once totally put to flight the fears and suspicions of Francisco. Matilda’s appearance seemed to create in him no degree of admiration whatever, and only that portion of surprise which seeing a young female stranger in such a place might naturally awaken: and when he afterwards took an opportunity of inquiring, from Francisco, who this young stranger was, his questions appeared more as if inspired by prudence relative to the general safety, than by any curiosity respecting herself.

Completely lured into security by the dissimulation of Don Manuel, and every apprehension hushed, Francisco slackened in his former circumspection; and, believing that Don Manuel gave credit to the story he fabricated of Matilda’s being the child of Elfridii committed to his care, no longer attended to the absences of his son, but incautiously indulged Matilda in visiting him and Lorenzo whenever she desired it; by which means Don Manuel had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with her, and soon, in addition to his wish of outwitting Francisco, had a stronger inducement. Matilda was the child of Viola, was therefore dearer to him than any thing now in existence; and he believed himself violently in love with this beautiful girl. The ardent affection he had borne her mother he fancied now transferred to Matilda, but with it not that veneration, that fear of offending, that wish of making happy. Could Viola have been recalled from the grave, his heart would have refused the admission of any other object: as



it was, he determined that no power on earth should prevent Matilda from becoming his.

Francisco had apprised Matilda of the arrival of Orlando at the castle, when he returned thither to save Victoria from destruction, and promised her an interview with him as soon as prudence (upon Orlando's account) would permit. The time for her visiting her guardian's habitation was appointed. The artless Matilda, in transport at the idea of so soon beholding her beloved Theodore, whom she had long believed she was doomed no more to see, by some unguarded expression announced to her companions 'her guardian's intention of taking her that evening to his cave, to see a dear friend of hers.'

The wary Guzman, who learned all this, contrived to have Francisco detained at his cell in the forest by a troop of pilgrims, while he himself went to Santa Maria, completely disguised as a venerable lay brother of the Observantine monastery, and delivered an order to the domina, apparently written by Francisco, to deliver Matilda to his care; who, unsuspecting of treachery, cheerfully accompanied him, until his taking a different path in the forest to that which led to Francisco's cell taught her apprehension. Instantly she stopped, and refused to proceed.

Guzman, disdaining entreaty, rudely seized her arm to pull her onwards; and Matilda shrieking vehemently as he dragged her with him, her cries were heard by Francisco, who was then proceeding to Cadques. The voice he thought resembled Matilda's; yet hers it could not be. However, it was certainly some female in distress; and he pursued the sound a considerable way, often shouting loudly, to alarm the ruffians, and give notice to the distress that succour was at hand.

The subtle Guzman, recognising Francisco's voice, instantly determined upon a change of plan. By this time he had been joined by two brother ruffians, who were in wait for him; and instead of conveying Matilda to that part of the castle particularly sacred to Don Manuel, which was the original intention, they hurried her to one of those secret caverns with which the forest abounded, and, placing her in one of the interior cavities, from whence no sound could issue, guarded her until midnight; when they dragged her thence, and through some of the surrounding subterraneous passages at length conducted her to that very chamber in the castle occupied by Victoria, a chamber long unused, and still believed to be so by Guzman.

In the intermediate time Francisco, after wandering about the forest in vain for near an hour, at length no longer hearing the cries, gave up the pursuit. Upon his arrival at Santa Maria, dreadful were his dismay and consternation upon hearing of the treachery which had been practised by some one to gain possession of Matilda; and now no longer in doubt as to whose shrieks he had heard and followed, he returned almost frantic to the forest; and after wandering there again, unsuccessfully, for above two hours, he proceeded, overwhelmed with grief and despair, to his own apartments, where Lorenzo and Orlando had long been anxiously waiting the arrival of Matilda.

The intelligence Francisco brought of her filled them both with despair and anguish. Orlando instantly determined upon going in quest of her; but in the character of Hippolyto Francisco would not hear of it. At length he determined upon Orlando's sallying forth as a Spanish cavalier, a prisoner to the Holy Office. From the castle wardrobe Orlando was



equipped with a dress appropriate to the Hidalgo, and a mask, to be worn both as a prisoner, and to conceal his face from the recognition of Don Manuel's people.

Orlando, thus disguised, issued forth with Francisco to the Holy Office at Cadaques, from whence the latter sent him in pursuit of Matilda, with a squadron of soldiers and officials to guard and to assist him; and when at midnight Francisco was returning from Cadaques, after the departure of Orlando and his troop, the cries of Matilda, who was then removing from the cavern, again assailed his ears. He pursued the sound, and, more fortunate than before, traced her to the apartment where the ruffians left her; and being acquainted with the secret passage from the church to it, he quickly availed himself of that important knowledge, and effected her rescue.

Matilda's return to Santa Maria he now considered too replete with danger to be attempted. The circumstance of finding her in the castle opened at once his eyes upon his son's dissimulation. Many incidents now recurred to his remembrance of Don Manuel's profound dissimulation relative to Matilda; and now the eye of suspicion was opened he saw through them all, and trembled at the magnitude of those surrounding dangers he had inadvertently involved her in. To Elfridii he hastened to relate his embarrassments, and all that had occurred; who revealed to him the secret of two small apartments contiguous to Sebastian's and to the church; where he advised Matilda's taking refuge until a more proper asylum could be discovered for her. These apartments now Francisco made as comfortable for her reception as time would admit of, and Matilda took immediate possession of them.

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Orlando, with his attendants, wandered unsuccessfully through the night in search of Matilda; and at the hour in which Francisco generally returned from his official business at Cadaques, he parted with his guards at the entrance of Francisco's cell, and proceeded to his friend's apartment; who, after having announced to Orlando the present safety of Matilda, and whose machinations they had now to apprehend relative to her, conducted him to the church, for fear of observation, until he could have an opportunity to change his dress and his complexion, and desired him there to remain until his return, after he should dismiss the inquisitorial troop, and the levee of devotees, who each day thronged to his cell about that hour to receive the benediction of the holy hermit.

But though Orlando's mind was relieved by Francisco relative to Matilda's immediate safety; yet so much did he apprehend upon her account from the machinations of Don Manuel, so uncertain was his own fate, and so replete with horrors was the situation of her whose happiness was infinitely dearer to him than his own, that he was completely lost in profound and melancholy musing, when he was roused from his reverie by her who formed the most painfully interesting part of his meditation.

Nothing could equal his amazement at beholding his adored Victoria in the church, except his pleasure at the unexpected interview. But though powerful was the tumult his feelings were awakened to, he still possessed sufficient command over his prudence and honour not to break his solemn promise to Francisco, by discovering himself to her; for the wary monk, fearing that if Victoria was entrusted with the se-



eret of who Hippolyto was, and the motive of his disguise, she might, in some unguarded moment of terror or distress, reveal it, and overwhelm both him and herself in total and inevitable destruction, therefore bound him, by his most sacred word, never to disclose to her his real situation, until they both should be effectually emancipated from the power of the predacious society, and completely out of the reach of Garcias. But though Orlando was interdicted from telling Victoria that he loved her, he could not resist the pleasure of speaking of his passion, in terms which she could not, believing him a perfect stranger, think pointed to her, and which led her to imagine he was attached to some one who returned his passion: and circumstances afterwards presented Matilda to her as that happy object; and that misleading and misconception aided to form the source of much subsequent misery to them both. The tolling of the bell, which that morning urged Orlando to entreat the immediate departure of Victoria from the church, he knew to be his mysterious guardian's constant summon to Francisco to meet him in the church when he had any business to discuss with him; and Orlando dreaded any danger that might accrue to this idol of his heart, should Elfridii see her in a place he had made Francisco swear never to reveal to any of the captives.

During the period of Victoria's first adventures in the church, Diego had learned from Guzman an account of the new captive he had taken to such a chamber the preceding night, and her mysterious escape from thence; when, much chagrined and distressed at Victoria's having been so disturbed, after all his promises to her, and alarmed

about all the probable consequences of a captive's escape, Diego had spent some time in quest of our heroine, to learn, if possible, some particulars of this escape from her, before he found her in the library, immediately after that eventful excursion which Guzman and his companions had forced her to take, when they entered her chamber with a view of removing Matilda to the apartment appointed by Don Manuel for her concealment.

*(To be continued.)*

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## ADELAIDE.

(A FRAGMENT.)

'MY grandfather, sirs,' added the youth whose simplicity had so much charmed and appearance interested us, 'was a gentleman of small fortune: he was much respected and beloved in the village where he resided. His wife was endeared to him by every tie of tenderness and social affection. They had lived long and happily together; and one only daughter, the offspring of their mutual love, constituted their chief delight. Adelaide was young, gay, and lovely, about the age of seventeen, when an officer came to their village upon a visit to one of his relations; at whose house Adelaide spent as much of her time as the tenderness of her parents would allow her from them.

'The colonel, for by that title he was distinguished, soon became enamoured with her person and manners. She was tall, and elegantly formed: her complexion was dark; but her features so truly interesting and expressive, as to make a deep impression upon the hearts of every one who beheld her, and which could



only be increased by the gentleness of her manners, and the natural goodness of her heart. The colonel (Montfort started) was seldom absent from her. He was a man who to a handsome person joined an elegance of manners, a soft persuasive eloquence, capable of inspiring any female heart with the tender passion. Adelaide was not insensible to his charms, and she received his addresses without disguise.

‘The parents beheld with secret satisfaction their growing attachment; for the colonel was a man of family, and considerable fortune. But, alas! they knew not the dangers that hung impending over their heads. They knew not that a blow was aiming at their happiness; that a villain, base, ignoble, unworthy the name of man, sought, vilely sought, to destroy their repose, by aiming his envenomed dart at the virtuous bosom of their daughter.—

‘Oh, Heavens!’ he exclaimed, ‘horror and confusion almost overpower me when truth obliges me to confess, that this unfeeling, monstrous brute was’—he paused for utterance—‘my father! Pardon me, sirs, these wild effusions of my woe; but the painful sensations of my soul when I reflect upon my unhappy birth render me no longer master of my reason.’—He proceeded:—

‘Adelaide was invited to spend a few days at the house of a friend, to commemorate a birth-day. It was about a mile distant from her father’s residence; and it was proposed, as the weather was more than usually hot and sultry, that the colonel should walk with her in the cool of the evening. The deluded parents saw them with gladdened hearts depart, and with a smile of approbation embraced their daughter and intended son. Ah, hapless, ill-placed confidence! Their minds were then tranquil as the evening,

and unsuspecting the dreadful future storm.

‘The sun was just setting when they set out, and they walked for some time slowly on, contemplating its beauties, and the rising moon, who appeared in all her splendor. The sky was cloudless and serene; but suddenly the wind changed, the moon became obscured, darkness overtook them, some heavy drops of rain fell, and every thing around seemed to indicate an approaching storm. Adelaide was alarmed; she wished to return: but as they had already gone half-way, and she was anxious to reach the house of her friend, she yielded to the solicitations of her lover, and proceeded.

‘The storm increased: the thunder burst over their heads with a tremendous crash, the lightning gleamed swift and vivid through the trees; and they were obliged to seek shelter in a small cottage, which was situate just at the close of a very large wood. Here they remained some time in hopes that the storm would abate, but it grew more violent: it was impossible for them to proceed on their journey. The humble inmates of the house had not a spare bed to offer to the strangers for their repose; but their hospitable hearts, ever willing to assist a sufferer, offered their own to Adelaide, and, with the greatest kindness, entreated her to accept it. Adelaide declined the invitation, for she was unwilling to interrupt the repose of the aged pair; and she felt herself too much alarmed for rest. The colonel, however, joining his entreaties to theirs, she consented. The cottagers had spread some clean straw upon the kitchen floor, there to pass the night; the colonel was to watch the abating of the storm, and to guard the chamber of Adelaide.

Sleep visited not the eyes of



the terrified Adelaide: her fears every moment increased when she thought upon the situation she was in; the anxiety of her parents would be every moment expecting the return of the colonel, and alarmed for her safety. She arose, and, in the agitation of her mind, passed backwards and forwards across the room. In vain the colonel entreated her to be composed; he promised to set off with all speed the instant the storm abated; but at this moment it raged with redoubled violence. The wind whistled through the shattered windows, and burst suddenly open the shutter, whose feeble barrier (a small bolt) was unable longer to withstand its fury. At the same instant a tremendous clap of thunder shook the room, and a flash of lightning darted full upon the face of Adelaide.—She shrieked aloud, and shrunk, scarcely alive, upon the bosom of her lover.—His blood raged high; his love was boisterous as the elements. He pressed her eagerly to his heart; and in his bosom, hapless ill-fated moment! Adelaide forgot her fears.

‘It was some hours after the rising of the sun when they reached the house of their friends. She spent the day in mirth and festivity, though her heart was sad; and often would a tear start forth when she reflected upon the possible consequences of her imprudence. Yet still did she place the utmost confidence in her betrayer. She suspected not his perfidy; and, as the nuptials had been agreed upon to be celebrated in a fortnight, she fondly anticipated that time as the end of her anxiety.

About a week after her return, a letter was received by post, from a town at the distance of twelve miles, to say, that the colonel was unexpectedly, by the sudden death of an

uncle, called away, and that his return was uncertain; but as soon as he arrived at the end of his journey he would write.

‘Days, weeks, and months passed away, and no letters, no news of the colonel. Judge of the agitated state of Adelaide’s mind during this distressing period!—The parents saw, with agonising hearts, her visibly declining health: they knew not in what way to administer to her comfort. She refused every thing, and kept the great cause of her distress a secret.

‘Adelaide judging that the colonel was indeed at his uncle’s, wrote to him several letters. She, in language the most pathetic, told him her situation, and entreated him to spare her the pain of bringing his child into the world, while she remained unmarried. These letters were constantly forwarded to him, though he had long left the house of his deceased uncle. He, barbarian as he was, turned a deaf ear to her entreaties and to her complaints. In vain she stated to him the probable anguish of her parents, the scornful reflections of the world, when her situation should be made known; a time she looked forward to with inconceivable horror: but she felt it would be impossible for her much longer to conceal her situation. She made a confidant of that friend at whose house she had so often met with her betrayer; who undertook the painful task of communicating the distressing intelligence to her parents. It is not possible for me to convey to you an idea of her parents’ feelings. Judge what must be their sensations, who, placing all their hopes of happiness in an only daughter, beheld, in one instant, all their fond hopes frustrated; their child lost, ruined, and betrayed, subject



to the scoffings of the world—to some an object of pity and compassion, to others of contempt and scorn. Long had they fondly anticipated the pleasure and the content they should enjoy in seeing their child united to a man whom they in every way regarded as worthy their confidence and esteem. They already felt for him a parental affection; but, alas! cruelly, basely, and unmanly were all their expectations blasted; all hopes of comfort lost, content was for ever gone.

‘It was some time before anything could be determined upon; for so great was the affliction of the parents, that they could fix upon no settled plan. Often had they met in silence: sighs only spoke the anguish of their hearts, and each dreaded to name the afflicted object of their distress. At length, when reason had somewhat alleviated the poignancy of their woe, it was agreed that the father should go to the colonel, and endeavour to bring about a hasty marriage: but all was vain and useless. The colonel at that time paid his addresses to a lady, a rich heiress, in the west of England, and their union was a thing generally talked of as likely to be speedily consummated. So dazzled was he with the splendour of his hopes, that he forgot, or rather neglected, the unhappy Adelaide. You may imagine that in such a state of affairs the father’s visits availed him little; and in a short time he had the mortification of seeing the intended husband of Adelaide united to another: and a short time after, I became an unfortunate inhabitant of the world. Though every precaution was taken to keep the affair secret, rumour was industrious, and the imprudence of my mother soon became a public

talk, and often were her father’s ears insulted with the heart-piercing sounds of his daughter’s shame.

‘From this time a settled melancholy took possession of his soul; and he, unable longer to bear the insulting scoffings of the world, put a period to that existence which had been long bereft of joy. My mother, unable to support so severe a shock, sunk into a desponding state. At times she raved, and became frantic. She would often, when in those fits, cast me from her arms: “I will give him you,” she would exclaim, “if you will restore my father!” She grew worse; neither her mother’s unwearied care and attention, nor the skill of the physicians, could afford her relief.’

He paused. The eyes of Montford were bewildered; he gaped with agony. Albert observed it; not so absorbed was he in his own internal sufferings.

‘My grandmother,’ he continued, ‘watched over me with a parental eye; but nature, unable longer to support its burden of accumulated miseries, resigned itself to death, without her ever telling me the name of him to whom I owe my birth, though she told me she believed he had suffered in his domestic concerns for his perfidy. But my mother, my wretched suffering mother, now raves in Bedlam, a miserable object of despair.’

Scarcely had Albert uttered these last words, when Montford shrieked aloud. He could contain no longer: a convulsive agony shook his frame; his eyes glared, his lips quivered: he could scarcely articulate—‘My son! my son!’ and fell breathless at his feet.

JULIA.

*Worcester, July 23.*



## FAMILY ANECDOTES.

(FOUNDED ON FACTS.)

By SOPHIA T——.

*(Continued from p. 366.)*

## CHAP. V.

ON her return she found a gentleman with her husband, who, he informed her, was his attorney—a man of honour, and his friend.

This gentleman had procured the loan of four thousand pounds from a Jew, and had tendered it to lord —— as a compromise, but the indignant nobleman had refused it with contempt. Punishment, not money, he was told, was the object in view when the prosecution commenced: if Gayton was unable to pay the forfeiture awarded by the law of his country, so much the better; by his confinement, the peace of many families would be secured.

With extreme reluctance Gayton received the two thousand pounds from his wife, though it enabled him once more to walk abroad. He admired her generosity, but he felt himself unworthy both of that and of her. His better genius presided, and he determined to become a new man. On his return to his own house, he called in all his debts, examined his affairs, went out but little, yet appeared happy and content at home. His behaviour had ever been attentive and polite to his amiable wife; but now it was that of a fond, a happy husband.

Mrs. Gayton hailed the change with transport; she no longer regretted the sacrifice she had made, nor the occasion for it, since it had been attended with such salutary, such hope-inspiring effects.

There was no further need of concealment from her dear Mrs. Benson, and with pleasure Rebecca developed the cause of her hasty and mysterious flight. She continued to trace with her delighted pen the events which had since occurred, and concluded by saying, that the last three months were the happiest she had ever experienced in her nuptial life.

On an investigation of his affairs, Gayton, after clearing his debts, found himself possessed of but one thousand pounds. His parental estate, which had descended clear to him, was deeply mortgaged, and two hundred a year was all he could receive from that for many years. Still he did not despair: he would retrench his expences, discharge the superfluous domestics, lay down his equipage, and retire with his Rebecca to some pleasant little villa, where, with his children and a couple of servants, he would be wholly a family man; watch the dawning of his infants' reason, and 'teach their young ideas how to shoot.' His Rebecca merited all his tenderness; nor did he doubt her cheerful acquiescence with his plan, for he knew her taste for the beauties of nature. His children were young; his estate in a few years would work itself clear; and by the time his daughters were marriageable he hoped to be able to give them fortunes equal to their birth.

He sought his wife, and acquainted her with his intentions: while rapture sparkled in his eye, he exclaimed, with an animated voice and graceful action, taking Rebecca by the hand, and gazing fondly on her—

'Ah, sooth thy partner in his waking dream!  
In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,  
Where Thames, thro' meadows, rolls his  
mazy train—  
Or where high Windsor, thick with greens  
array'd,  
Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample  
shade—



Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat :  
 Already round the visionary seat  
 Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to  
 spring,  
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.'

Never had Rebecca listened to him with so much pleasure; she heard the proposal with transport, and they sat together some hours conversing on the pleasing subject, forming plans for their future conduct. Gayton mentioned Richmond as a place he should prefer, and proposed their taking a ride, on the following morning, to reconnoitre, as he phrased it. Rebecca was agreeable, and thus the affair was settled.

Gayton observed, that as it was probable this would be the only disengaged evening he should have, he thought he might as well spend a few hours at the Thatched-house, and take a final leave of his gay companions, in whose company he had trifled so many hours away, which might have been so much better employed; but that he would return to supper with her, to whom his future evenings, as well as mornings, should be wholly devoted. The unbidden tear started to Rebecca's eye on hearing his intention; but, as he promised to return to supper, she did not object to his proposal.

When Gayton rose to quit the room, he presented her with five hundred pounds in small notes. 'You, my Rebecca,' said he, 'gave up your all for my liberty, and, perhaps, I act with illiberality in not following your generous example. Those notes I beg you to consider wholly at your own disposal: appropriate them to what purposes you think proper.—Nay, do not mortify me by a refusal (for she looked a denial), but accept them as a small, a very small, mark of my gratitude. The gold mines of Golconda, were they mine, would be an offering too poor to ex-

press my sense of your tender love and affectionate duty. But deeds, not words, my best, my lovely friend! shall for the future speak my gratitude for all your unmerited care and attention; and my future life shall be passed in imploring Heaven to render me worthy of *such* a wife.'

Rebecca took the notes so kindly, so gracefully, presented. She pressed the hand of Gayton to her lips, and a tear glistening on her cheek, said, 'I persuade myself, my dear Charles, our hearts are united, and where that is the case, it matters little which is banker; but (continued she, smiling through her tears) you shall find me a faithful steward.' Gayton kissed the tear from her cheek, which looked like 'morning roses newly washed with dew.' He thought he had never seen her appear so interesting as at that moment; and stood irresolute, whether to pursue his intention of seeing his companions, or to spend the evening with a woman, who, forgetting the little petulancies and jealousies common to the sex, had nobly stood forth his friend when those very gay companions had looked shy, and appeared to have remembered him no more than if he had not been in existence. A single word from her would have detained him; but Rebecca, fearing he would think her selfish if she objected to his departure for a few hours, was silent. She could not analyse her feelings, she thought she had cause for joy; yet a weight—a presentiment of she knew not what—depressed her spirits. When Gayton saluted her at parting, her eyes grew dim, her head sunk on his shoulder, and an involuntary sob gave ease to her almost bursting heart. Her husband was alarmed.—'You are ill, my love!' said he: 'I will not leave you.'—'Oh, no! I am better,' answered Rebecca, ashamed of the



weakness she had discovered, and her agony at she knew not what. 'I am now very well. Do not deprive yourself of the pleasure of your friends' company—this may be the last opportunity you may have.—Go then, my dear Charles! but return as soon as you please.' He staid till she appeared quite composed; when, again kissing her cheek, he bade her expect him by eleven, as nothing should detain him after that hour.

Rebecca watched the receding shadow of her husband as he descended the stairs, and then flew to the window to see him once more. Sighs of anguish agitated her bosom as her anxious eye followed him up the street. Alas! little did she think her eye beheld his elegant manly form for the last time, or that he had departed never to return.

When he turned the corner of the street, she withdrew from the window, and went to her children. The innocent prattle of the eldest beguiled the tardy-footed time, till the little cherub fairly fell asleep on her kindly bosom. Mrs. Gayton then returned to the sitting-room, to await the arrival of her husband. The table-clock had chimed a quarter past ten, when a violent ringing of the bell assailed her ears. She flew down to the hall, fearing some accident had befallen Gayton. The porter opened the door. A man entered covered with dust: he approached, and presented a letter. Mrs. Gayton immediately recognised the features of Mrs. Benson's old butler. With breathless impatience, she caught his hand. 'Oh! Cuthbert,' cried she, 'what brings you here at this hour, and in this condition? How does my dear benefactress?' 'Ah! madam—but let me conduct you to this parlour, ere I answer you.' Mrs. Gayton gave her trembling hand to the faithful do-

mestic, who had been one of her first friends, and by whom she was almost idolised. She threw herself on the window seat, and tore open the fatal paper. It was traced by the dying hand of her more than mother; it conjured her to come instantly to Berkshire—to bring her children, that she might once more see and bless them before she died. 'Oh! yes,' exclaimed Rebecca, kissing the paper, and putting it in her bosom: 'yes, I will fulfil her every injunction. Gayton will arrive in a few minutes, and we will instantly depart together.—But will you be able, my dear old friend, to commence your journey without rest?' Cuthbert assured her the agitation of his mind prevented his feeling corporal lassitude. She then withdrew to prepare for her sudden and mournful journey.

On her return to the parlour, she was informed that it was past twelve, and that the supper, which had been ordered for eleven, would be quite spoiled unless served up. Mrs. Gayton, imagining Charles might be detained an hour longer than he expected, or even prevailed on to sup with his friends, ordered it to be sent in. She insisted, as she was alone, that Cuthbert should sit down with her. The good old man complied with reluctance. During their repast, he said that Mrs. Benson's disorder had been undermining her constitution ever since her last departure, but that, for several weeks past, death had been advancing with hasty strides, and her delicate frame was fast sinking to dissolution. His recital drew many tears from his afflicted auditor, and interested her feelings so deeply, that she heeded not the passing moments till her repeater struck one! She started.—Where was Gayton?

The emergency of the case she thought would excuse her sending a



servant to enquire for him. Accordingly, a footman was sent with a note; and in less than an hour the man returned, and informed her that the waiter had heard the party in whose company Mr. Gayton had spent the evening talk of going somewhere for a frolic. He had not heard the place mentioned; but three post-chaises had taken them from thence about twelve. This intelligence overwhelmed with despair the before-agonised bosom of poor Rebecca. She knew not where to send for Charles. There was no time for deliberation; her dying friend demanded her care. She determined, however painful the task to her affectionate heart, to perform the pious office of closing the eyes of her adored benefactress.

She told the servants to send her instantly any letter or message, should any arrive from their master; and presenting her hand to Cuthbert, stepped into her travelling coach, attended by the nurse with the sleeping infant.

On her arrival in Berkshire, she found Mrs. Benson fast approaching 'that bourn from which no traveller returns.' A faint smile animated her dying features on beholding her beloved *protégé* and her children. She eagerly enquired for Gayton. Poor Rebecca would fain have evaded the question; but she found it impossible to deceive the keen penetrating eye of her friend, and was compelled to confess she knew not where he was. Her benefactress made no remark, but requested her to retire, and endeavour to take a little rest. Rebecca withdrew—not to rest, that was out of the question, but to give indulgence to the sorrows of her heart.

Mrs. Benson in the mean time sent for her attorney, and made some alteration in her will.

On the fourth day of Rebecca's

residence in Berkshire, she received the following note from her husband.

'My beloved will, I fear, think me unkind, in leaving her at a moment I had promised to devote the whole of my time and attention to her; who so well merits all my tenderness: but I flatter myself she will approve my motive of attending the duke of B—— to the continent, as he has nobly promised to procure me a place at court on our return, which will be in about six months; by which means I shall be enabled to provide for my Rebecca and her dear children in a manner more worthy of her and of them than by the foolish cottage scheme I was so weak as to mention, and so very ridiculous as to expect you would honour with your approbation. But adieu, my sweet love! I hope soon to see you in the high station you was born to adorn—to again see you sparkling in the circle the fairest of the fair, and smiling on your adoring

CHARLES GAYTON.'

Rebecca went down to communicate this news to her friend, but found her in a strong fit. Exceedingly alarmed, she hung over her benefactress, in agonies little short of those she witnessed. When Mrs. Benson recovered her recollection, she pressed the hand of her daughter to her pale lips, and with a feeble, dying tone, said, 'Rebecca, I charge you to fulfil my last request. I once intended to have left a sum of money for the joint use of you and Charles, but I have altered my will. He is every way unworthy of my remembrance; I have therefore sunk it as a life annuity for you, and command you never to be prevailed on to sell it. It may one day be your only dependence. I would to



Heaven it was in my power to enlarge the sum: but, small as it is, it will secure you from absolute want; though it would be but as the drop to the ocean in the hand of the libertine. Adieu, my child!—The hand of death is on me—the friendly messenger is come at last. I go to eternal rest, and everlasting happiness. And oh! may the Almighty avert those evils I fear you are doomed to suffer, or give you fortitude to bear your inevitable destiny with resignation! This, my dear Rebecca! shall be my last prayer to Heaven.’—And it was her last; for on her ceasing to speak, she fell back on the pillow, and expired without a struggle or a groan.

Poor Rebecca stood amazed: all the tenderest feelings of humanity were awakened in her bosom; but, as it is impossible to paint the anguish of her heart, we will draw a veil over her pious sorrow, and return to the infatuated, the misguided, and misjudging Gayton.

## CHAP. VI.

‘Fair, but specious, are the paths of delusive vice. There every object tends to subvert the mind, sully its purity, weaken its noble energies, and destroy its peace. There lies, in dread concealment, the barbed arrow of insatiate death; and many, in the hour of false security, fall its victims.’

BELLAMY.

WHEN Gayton quitted his home, to meet his friends in St. James’s-street, his mind was wholly occupied by the many excellencies his Rebecca possessed; so much so, that he would perhaps have passed the door of the tavern, had he not been observed from a window, where sir Harry Bradford was galloping a maggot. When the race was decided, sir Harry flew down, and, saluting him with a smart slap on the shoulder, swore he was happy to see him at liberty once more; and rather dragged than led him to the room

where he had left the duke of B——, and several others of Gayton’s former gay acquaintance. Sir Harry was a horse-racer—a cock-fighter—a patron of live cat-eaters; in short, a *bon vivant* of the first order. He introduced Gayton, with a loud huzza, to those sons of pleasure; who testified their satisfaction at seeing him at large by the most boisterous mirth and noisy sallies of merriment, while all declared him a lucky fellow; a lovely woman had been the means of his captivity, and a perfect angel of his enlargement. Sir Harry declared, with an oath, he would be content to end his days in Newgate, provided he could enjoy the entire love of a Rebecca. He filled a half-pint glass with Burgundy, and standing gave her health, which was drank with enthusiasm.

Gayton, though flattered by the encomiums bestowed on his adored wife, felt mortified at the turn the conversation was likely to take; especially as several inuendos from sir Harry insinuated he must, for the future, be considered as under petticoat government, and expressing his fears that he would find the fetters on the free will more intolerable than the bondage he had been so lately emancipated from.

Gayton felt disgusted with his companions, and wondered at the many hours he had lost in their society, and at the fascination which had enchained his faculties. The wit he once thought so brilliant he now saw was but a drunken frolic. How different to the innocent gaiety, the rational conversation, of his Rebecca! He took out his watch:—the hand pointed to eleven. His time was elapsed: he rose to depart; but the confident eye of sir Harry was full on him, and he re-seated himself. He filled his glass; he swallowed a second, which was succeed-



ed by a third, and so on. Thus giving way to a vice in which he had no pleasure, merely to be thought independent by men he despised, and whose opinion he held in contempt; nor remembered it was more manly to brave a pernicious example than follow it; more heroic to stem the torrent of vice than sail with the stream. But many are the victims to false shame: they commit crimes for which they have no relish; they break the laws of their country; they brave the vengeance of their Creator; not because they receive pleasure from so doing, but because they dread the world's laugh. Deluded mortals! if you find it so mortifying to bear the derision of your own species (and that of the worst part of them), how will you endure the just displeasure of an offended God? who, for the sin committed against better knowledge, will laugh you to scorn, and mock when your fear cometh.

The wine Gayton drank in such large quantities began to have an effect on his reason; he laughed and sung, like a bacchanalian. When the mirth and folly of the party were at the height, a proposal was started by sir Harry, and instantly acceded to by the rest, which was to send for post-chaises to carry them to Dover, and there to embark for France on a frolic. At twelve they set off in high spirits, and at Dover found a packet ready to sail: they embarked, and the senses of the whole party were soon locked in the soundest sleep, from which they were awakened by the captain informing them they were arrived at Calais.

When Gayton awoke from his feverish slumbers, never was man more astonished; nor could he conceal his sorrow and regret from his companions. He determined to return instantly to his expecting, his

agonised, Rebecca: but the duke of B—— prevailed on him to proceed with them, observing, that the same whim which brought them there so suddenly would take them back as quickly, and he might as well, as he was there, see the amusements of Paris. He feared Mrs. Gayton had suffered much from their mad frolic, and advised him to write, and inform her of his safety; promising, on the word of a gentleman and man of honour, to procure him a lucrative situation under government on their return. He took this advice, and it has been seen at what a distressful moment his letter arrived.

At Paris, Gayton formed a connexion with an Italian countess, more celebrated for the beauty of her person, and the fascination of her manners, than either her virtue or morality. This lady was the idol of all the young men of gallantry—her house the centre of attraction to the wits of the French court. The men of letters courted her patronage; for her approbation gave importance to trifles, and her voice led the many. She was the undisputed arbitress of taste and fashion: while her example was followed by the *bon ton*, and all who wished to appear above the *canaille*, with avidity. Gayton made his first bow to this lady in company with the duke of B——, whose heart panted to be distinguished by the elegant countess. But she, equally regardless of the honour his grace intended her as of the solemn engagements which ought to have bound Gayton, gave a visible preference to the latter. He was her partner at the midnight ball, her constant attendant in the morning lounge. The duke was disgusted, and urged Gayton to return to England and his young and amiable wife; offering to give him letters of recommendation to the minister (who



was his brother), which should procure him instantly a permanent situation. But the syren invitations of pleasure had more influence on the infatuated mind of Gayton than the soft whispers of conscience, the voice of friendship, the demands of honour, or the calls of ambition. The remonstrances of the duke were therefore disregarded, who embarked for England; as he found it impossible to witness the depravity of a woman his heart had once esteemed. From the departure of his grace Gayton acted without restraint, and plunged into every scene of folly and vice with an eagerness truly astonishing. He sent to England for an elegant carriage, and four beautiful ponies to draw it, for a present to his charming countess. A costly service of double-gilt plate from his silversmith, and a brilliant set of jewels from his jeweller, as he had them on credit, gave him no concern, and he esteemed them trifles; but when the last guinea was expended, for which he had mortgaged the remainder of his estate, despair took possession of his mind.—His wife—his children—were beggars; innocent victims of his desertion.—The recollection was insupportable; the grave alone promised him rest.—The fatal pistol was loaded—the daring hand was ready to dismiss the reluctant spirit from its warm tenement of humanity, when tender recollections crowded to his heart! His Rebecca—his tender, his worthy, his still beloved Rebecca!—Should he quit the world for ever without bidding her one adieu! No, 'twas impossible! He would bear his hated existence a few moments, while, on his knees, he implored the pardon of the wife of his youth, the mother of his children, and invoked blessings on them with his dying breath. The paper was before him; the ready pistol lay close

to his hand; his face was flushed by the strong emotions of his soul, when the door opened (for in his agitation he had forgot to lock it), and his beautiful countess entered, dressed for a concert, sparkling as an angel of light, beautiful as the daughter of the morning. She entered with that air of calm dignity, that bewitching gaiety, which ought to belong only to innocence and virtue. Surprise took possession of her fine features on beholding Gayton (for she too well understood the scene before her): she approached the table, and tenderly taking his hands, pressed them to her bosom; and, with an air of earnestness he found impossible to withstand, besought him to inform her what had occasioned the preparation she witnessed. Gayton, with much embarrassment, owned he was worse than nothing by many thousands—that, being unable to live as he had been used, he was determined to die. His communications were interrupted by a loud laugh from his companion, who told him there were many, very many, gentlemen who made a great appearance at the French court, and astonished the world by their splendour and magnificence, who, like him, were perfectly unincumbered with dirty acres; yet kept their girls, sported their horses, and betted their thousands with the first nobility. ‘And those gentlemen are Utopians!’ said Gayton with an incredulous air. ‘Not so, my good friend!’ cried the countess, throwing one of her white arms round his neck; and drawing his face close to her own damask cheek. ‘You shall become one of those happy men. I fear, chevalier, I have perhaps helped to derange your affairs; your presents to me have been numerous and splendid. Had I known the state of your fortune sooner, I certainly should have declined accepting any



thing but your heart. But a truce to those reflections now! You shall dress, and accompany, me to the concert. To-morrow we will devote to the mysteries of Pharo and his host; when I will introduce you to a gentleman, who will think it an honour to initiate you in the science. My best instructions, and one thousand pounds, are at your service for a *début*.' Gayton, delighted, pressed the specious tempter to his bosom, and swore to devote the rest of his days to her pleasure, and resign the future of his life to her guidance. From that day his utter ruin was completed. His amiable wife, his innocent children, were remembered no more; or if their idea did occur to his mind, it was instantly drowned in wine.

Three months flew rapidly away, in which time he and his rapacious companions completely pillaged several young noblemen who were travellers from England, and who had unsuspectingly attached themselves to Gayton, because he was their countryman. With this ill-gotten spoil he launched into every extreme of fashionable luxuriance, and became a perfect voluptuary in every species of vice and folly. The *fêtes* given by the elegant countess vied with those of royalty itself: her *petit-soupers* were the rage, and attended by persons of the first consideration in Paris; in short, every thing went on with the greatest *éclat*, till one unfortunatenight Gayton won a sum of a Scotch lord, which though a very trifle compared with the immense winnings from another gentleman present—who sat in a corner of the room, the statue of mute despair—the North Briton was tenacious of his money: he even doubted the honour of his opponent. Gayton, flushed with wine, passed some satirical remarks on the poverty of

his country. The North Briton replied with much passion—'If poor, they were honest, and neither black-legs nor swindlers!' Gayton took fire at the word swindler, and instantly drew his sword, with which he made a furious pass at the Scot, who was not backward in returning the favour. All immediately became anarchy and confusion: the countess, in the utmost alarm, secured the bank, and besought Gayton to depart. He heard her not. The tables were overturned, the tapers extinguished, and trampled under foot; when the police (which at that time was exceedingly vigilant in France) burst the doors. Several of the company made their escape in the confusion, among whom was the terrified countess: but Gayton and his antagonist, who had continued fighting, were secured and conveyed to the Temple, where Gayton, who had resisted and was wounded, was thrust into a dungeon: the massy bolts were drawn, the strong iron doors closed on him, and in darkness and solitude he was left to ruminate on the sudden reverse of fortune, and the short triumph of guilty pleasures. The fate of his beautiful countess unknown, himself a prisoner, without a single louis-d'or in his possession, or an instrument of death to take that existence which his vices had rendered insupportable. He threw himself on the damp ground, and imprecated curses on his own head as the retrospection of the past rushed on his memory. His mental agony rose so high that the seat of reason was shook: he raved on his Rebecca—on his children—until nature, unable to bear the conflict, steeped his senses in forgetfulness, and left his agitated frame inanimate on the cold ground.

(To be continued.)



## A NOONTIDE WALK

IN AUGUST.

By J. M. L.

' Here, midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,

NATURE herself invites the REAPERS forth;  
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,

And gives that ardour, which in ev'ry breast  
From infancy to age alike appears,

When the first sheaf its plummy top uprears.'  
BLOOMFIELD.

I HAD been staying some time at Portsmouth, and my noontide trip in August was taken from thence. Its situation, indeed, never charmed me for its pleasantness; as the whole town, and the island it is situated in, is one unvaried flat. Such a country must ever be incompatible with beautiful scenery. Still it is rich in its produce of grain; and, that I might witness the forward state of harvest, I bent my way towards the village of Kingston: but, to reach this, I had to toil a considerable way on the dusty road, without either pleasure or instruction, and gladly did I hail the path that turns from it to Kingston church. I now quickly entered a spacious field, where a considerable part of the corn had been carried (for the island of Portsea is rather remarkable for early harvests), and the lowly gleaner, bending to the earth, sought the scattered ears, to form the wintry loaf for her hungry little ones.

' No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows:

Children of want, for you the bounty flows!  
And ev'ry cottage, from the plenteous store,  
Receives a burden nightly at its door.'

BLOOMFIELD.

As I went on, I perceived a field by my path side, where the wheat was standing in sheaves in one part; in another just cut, and lying on the ground; and in the farther part

still standing: the day was warm and bright, and the contented offspring of hardy labour were jocundly enjoying their noontide repast under a shady hedge. I entered the field, and examined the corn as it stood in sheaf: the ears were full, plump, large, and clear, quite free from blight, and would evidently prove a very good crop. How grateful did I feel to the God of all good, for this bounteous extension of mercy to us! Except that it was not 'round my home,' I could have exclaimed, with Bloomfield,

' Eternal Power! from whom these blessings flow,

Teach me still more to wonder, more to know:

*Seed-time* and *Harvest* let me see again,  
Wander the *leaf-strewn* wood, the *frozen* plain:

Let the first flower, corn-waving field, plain, tree,

Here, round my home, still lift my soul to Thee;

And let me ever, midst thy bounties, raise  
An humble note of thankfulness and praise!

As I reached the village of Kingston, in passing a neat house, the voice of a female, singing most melodiously, arrested my attention; it seemed—

' Such whispers of angelic breath  
As quicken spirits chained in death;

and I lingeringly quitted the place when the enchanting air was ended.

Entering the church-yard, I almost involuntarily sought the common grave of the numerous seamen who were lost many years back in the *Royal George* at Spithead, and who came on shore at Southsea beach, in this parish. 'Poor fellows!' I exclaimed, as I read the stone erected to their memory; 'ye perished at home in calm weather, when such an event was totally unlooked-for and unexpected; ye met not death in the awful sea-fight, or the more awful storm, as many of your honoured profession have done;



but fell victims to carelessness and inattention!' The recollection was painful, and I turned away from the melancholy spot; but, alas! it was to contemplate one still more so—the house of an old friend, who, since last I travelled this way, had sunk to the tomb. Here a sigh to the memory of departed friendship was due, and I leaned over the garden gate as I paid that final tribute to its memory. Recollection painfully pointed out the past hours of pleasure I had spent in that mansion, when peace was its inmate, and friendship presided at the board of hospitality. Again I sighed, as I ejaculated—

'Oh! never, Friendship, in thy place  
May Hatred come, with pallid face;  
With forked tongue, and snaky hair,  
And viper breath, that taints the air.  
Ne'er may these spectres of the night  
Dance round thy tomb with wild affright:  
A tender thought, a mournful sigh,  
Be given to FRIENDSHIP's memory:  
And let oblivion spread a veil,  
To hide the woe she cannot heal.'

If faults were his—and where, let me ask, is the human being without them—let them be obliviously forgotten; for now

'Th' exulting spirit, purified by pain,  
Releas'd from thralldom of its mortal chain,  
Congenial spirits seeks, and kindred skies,  
Where tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes.'

From hence I turned my steps towards Southsea Common, and the sea side; and, as I gained the common, my sight was charmed with a delightful combination of objects. Before me lay a fair expanse of water, gently ruffled only by the tiffing breeze; the ships at Spithead appeared to form the body of the picture—for the clearness of the day really made it one—and the fair hills and dales of the beautiful Isle of Wight filled up the back-ground exquisitely. Here I could have gazed the whole day without one

feeling of disgust. Glancing my eyes to the right, I beheld, between the embattled walls of Portsmouth and the battery on Blockhouse Point, a noble ship of war, with every sail set, coming out of the harbour to Spithead. The sight was truly glorious. The seamen, clinging like cats to the yards and shrouds, were busily employed; the band of the vessel was playing 'Rule, Britannia,' as she passed the platform in majestic grandeur. But this was not all: the variety of circumstances connected with such a sight, and conjured up by the witchcraft of fancy, all conspired to make it still more pleasing. The matchless deeds of British bravery, in lightning-like succession, glancing across the brain; the thought of what a Howe, a Jervis, a Duncan, and last, of what the IMMORTAL NELSON did, worked my mind to enthusiasm! Methought the present-passing ship was destined to achieve some great action: her tiers of terrifying guns spoke her equal to any conflict; and the hearty huzzas of the men, which that instant echoed to my ear, more than told my heart they were so too. Fancy led me to the battle, where silent horror seemed to wait the fight!

'Sudden, the flashing guns like lightning  
glare,  
And Britain's thunders bellow through the  
air:

The enemy, if vain their hopes to fly,  
Return a broadside echoing to the sky.  
And now the dreadful scene of death appears—

Death, that to British seamen shews no fears.  
The thickening smoke obscures the beam of  
day;

The foaming surges pause, to view the fray;  
While shuddering sea-birds, screaming, soar  
afar,

And shun the carnag'd scene of cruel war.  
Now are the decks with dead and dying  
spread:

Sinking, they fall in glory's honour'd bed:  
Still, raging fierce, the battle hotter grows,  
And war's dire demon furious pleasure  
knows;



Flaps the broad wings that bear her horrid  
 form,  
 High on the bosom of the blackening storm!  
 But lo! the foe's tall masts now tott'ring  
 sweep,  
 And threaten ruin as they seek the deep;  
 Crashing, they tumble o'er the vessel's side,  
 And, as they fall, sink deep into the tide.  
 Ere this sad panic quits the trembling foe,  
 A closer conflict they are doom'd to know:  
 The British boarders, arm'd with swords, ap-  
 pear,  
 And spread before them death, and pallid  
 fear;  
 Resistless as the mountain's torrent-stream,  
 High in the air their brandish'd weapons  
 gleam.  
 Vain all the power the enemy oppose;  
 Each breast for England's honour warmly  
 glows:  
 Quickly the colours fall, and in their place  
 The flag of Britain gives victorious grace!

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

Yet what, alas! is victory to the  
 friends of the death-struck heroes?  
 'Tis nothing, 'tis worse than nothing!  
 the shouts of a rejoicing nation are  
 horrid to their ears—they sound to  
 them like the yelling of savages over  
 a fallen enemy.

'E'en all the joy that Vict'ry brings,  
 Her bellowing guns, and flaming pride,  
 No momentary comfort flings  
 Around where weeping friends reside.'

BLOOMFIELD.

Pensively now I strolled along the  
 beach, and soon met with an object  
 there more calculated to excite than  
 suppress a sorrowful emotion:—it  
 was a West Indiaman that had been  
 wrecked, which, after the cargo had  
 been taken out of her, had been  
 hauled as near shore as possible, to  
 be broken up. Here excursive fancy  
 again grasped my imagination: she  
 pictured horrid fiends riding on  
 the wings of the destructive storm,  
 and howling an infernal song of joy.

'Sad contemplation 'tis, to minds that feel,  
 To picture vessels driving on the keel,  
 When storms, loud-howling, sweep along the  
 air,

And fill the stoutest heart with sad despair.  
 No nightly slumber waits the seaman's eyes,  
 When tempest-driven o'er the deep he flies;  
 No sail can be unfurl'd, the ship to guide;  
 The wind in rage would spread it on the tide.

The helm, quite useless, now has lost its  
 pow'r,  
 And silently they wait life's closing hour.  
 All effort vain, they speed to Heav'n a  
 pray'r,

To that great God who makes mankind his  
 care!

His mighty arm can stay the loudest storm,  
 Can snatch from death the sailor's weary  
 form.

Should his omniscient mandate be to *save*,  
 No more the ocean opes the watery grave;  
 The tempest gradual dies along the air;  
 No more the seaman yields to dumb despair;  
 The placid sea a glassy mirror seems,  
 And home awaits the sailor in his dreams.  
 But should his fiat bid the storm increase,  
 The seaman's bosom knows no ray of peace;  
 The mountain surges seem to touch the sky,  
 And gloomy anguish swells the bursting sigh.  
 Darkness triumphant reigns o'er this sad  
 scene,

Save when the lightning's vivid flash is seen,  
 Which but a moment lights the horrid gloom,  
 And only shows the seaman's op'ning tomb;  
 Or comes but to display the dreary coast,  
 Where their frail bark on reefy rocks is lost:  
 Soon the torn sides admit the billowy foam,  
 And death appears, to lead the spirit home!  
 Happy indeed is he who's doom'd to gain  
 Some sharp rock's top, though clasp'd in  
 bleeding pain;

There, as he hangs, he hears, amid the blast,  
 Some drowning shipmate, screaming, breathe  
 his last;

And, if his strength permits him yet to stay  
 Till morning pours around her pleasing ray,  
 Spread on the beach in pallid death's embrace,  
 He, weeping, sees full many a well-known  
 face;

Then, nature prompting, he regains the shore,  
 And to the God of grace, whom all adore,  
 In grateful accents wafts his thankful pray'r,  
 That Heav'n has made him its peculiar care:  
 Then, sorrowing, turns away from horror's  
 scene,

And pensive seeks his native village green;  
 While soft humanity relieves his way,  
 And almost bids his heart once more be gay.'

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

All these horrors has a seaman to  
 encounter and expect, and with  
 scarcely one consoling idea to bear  
 him through them. Happy for them  
 is it, that they are so habitually un-  
 thinking. Still have they one friend—  
 Hope, the last supporter of human  
 misery! I cannot here resist the  
 pleasure of copying some stanzas  
 to Hope, written by an Irish gen-  
 tleman, Charles Graydon, esq. and  
 published in a collection of poetry,



entirely the production of Irishmen, printed at Dublin, in 1801.

' In the gloomy dungeon cave,  
Dark and dismal as the grave,  
See the wretched culprit there:  
All around is black despair.

Cheering Hope admits a ray,  
And it brightens into day.

' Floating on the waters wide,  
View the shipwreck'd seaman ride,  
Midst the boist'rous billows' roar.  
All in vain he looks for shore.

Gentle Hope extends her hand:  
Buoy'd by her, he reaches land.

' Stretch'd upon the fev'rish bed,  
Pale disease reclines his head:  
Griev'd the soul, this earth to part,  
Lingers still within the heart:

Hope on airy pinion flies,  
And conducts it to the skies.

' Chill'd with scorn, the hapless swain  
Sees a favour'd rival reign;  
Asks his mistress for the last,  
Hears his sentence plainly past.

Flatt'ring Hope still whispers love,  
And the fair may kinder prove.

' Far, the exile leaves his home,  
Doom'd in foreign climes to roam;  
Nor are friends or kindred near.  
Torn from all his heart holds dear,  
Fairy Hope with smiles attends,  
Gives him kindred, home, and friends.

' Hope, that lends the wretch relief,  
When 'tis false, but heightens grief:  
Hope the mind's close order breaks,  
And a breach for phrenzy makes.

Never mock me, Hope, I pray:  
Tell me truth, or keep away.'

After watching the vessel to her anchorage at Spithead, I turned homewards, and, crossing the moats by two bridges, entered the town of Portsmouth under the winding sallyport in its wall.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. A DRESS robe of pale blue muslin, or Italian net, with lace front and hanging sleeves, trimmed with rich white silk lace, and

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pearl broaches: the hair dressed plain, and ornamented with rich gold or silver net tassels: white kid gloves, and grey shoes.

2. A short walking round dress and petticoat of cambric or thick muslin, trimmed with a coloured border: a scarf of coloured silk, bordered: a shepherdess hat, tied under the chin with a silk handkerchief, to match the scarf: yellow gloves, and russet shoes.

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

BESIDES the small crape toquets, and yellow straw hats, we have seen within these few days white straw hats, *à la provençale*, worn on a demi-cap; but the yellow straw hats with a broad brim, and advanced capotes, are much the most numerous. The new ribands are called *boiteaux*: they are rose and white, or deep yellow and white. The flowers worn in front of a hat, particularly the ears of corn, have their points inclined. White roses and acacia are still the fashion: but the newest taste is roses of two colours; one half of them being white, and the other lilac, or lilac and rose. Some white capotes are worn with coloured trimming; the flowers being of cotton, and the leaves of wool. The capotes of perkale are almost all trimmed with a festooned tulle, of a moderate size, plaited in round plaits, or a small lace sewed flat, but very fine.

Crape robes are now much in vogue, and serve to give a variety to the dress of our fashionable ladies. The favourite colour for these robes is a grey, approaching to the lilac.

The aprons, embroidered *au plumetis*, have for their trimming a lace sewed so as to remain flat.

3 K



The pelerines are still plaited with long plaits. This fashion is the folly of the day: there are two or three rows of these plaits, without including the collar.

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To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

As you thought the lines I sent you, some time since, on *Female Education*, worthy of a place in your valuable Miscellany, you may perhaps deem the following deserving of the same.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

T. A.

## ON THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Pudore et liberalitate liberas retinere satius esse credo quam metu\*.

TERENCE.

WHEN the traveller showed the lion the figure of a hero conquering one of his fellow creatures, the beast aptly observed, that if lions were carvers we should find twenty figures of their conquests for one of their defeat. Just thus it fares with the generality of the world, in regard to many of the moral duties. Those who write upon them are all interested and biassed in favour of one side, and consequently shew us that side in all its strength and beauty, but cunningly conceal the other in shades. We have multitudes of treatises among us, on the duty of children to their parents; but as it unluckily happens that the persons who write them are usually parents themselves, and not children, we

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\* I think it preferable to govern children by mildness and kindness than by fear.

have the reciprocal duty of a parent to the child commonly but very softly touched upon. I am apt to believe, were children to write books on this subject we should see the case set in a very different light. And, for my own part, being, if I may so express it, neither son nor father, that is, being past the age of dependence upon parents, and never having been the father of a child, I cannot but think myself a sort of indifferent person, and qualified to examine both sides of the question. As to the duties of the son, we have already had so many fathers to point them out in their writings, that they have probably not missed one of them, nor left any necessity for an advocate on their side the question; but, as there has been so little observed on the reciprocal part, I cannot acquit myself of the office I have undertaken without standing up in so honest and worthy a cause. I am afraid I shall draw upon myself the censure of almost every parent among my readers at the first outset, by observing, that though the duty of the child is a very necessary one, yet that of the father is greatly more so; and is infinitely of more consequence, as it regards not only himself, but the world in general. The ingratitude of a child to a parent may make a single heart ach; but the carelessness of a parent in the education and in the forming the morals of a child reaches even to posterity, as it lays the basis of a depravity in a whole succeeding age. The Lacedæmonians, famous through the world for the wisdom of their government, laid a penalty on the father when the child committed a fault; judging, that in general children are what their parents please to make them, and that he deserved as much punishment who furnished the commonwealth with a bad member as he who was of



a vicious disposition in himself. It is as old an observation as of Plato's time, that there was no action so virtuous as the bringing up a worthy son, nor any one so universally neglected; and Crates, when he observed his countrymen so busy in getting estates, and so careless of the persons who were to inherit them, rallied them, by telling them they took great care of their shoes, but left their feet full of sores. It is an unhappy thing, that while we cannot but acknowledge the training up of youth to be the most important of all concerns, we agree to leave it to the most improper of all people. How great a reproach is it to the world in general, that the Spartans and Cretans were the only people in it who ever made laws for the discipline of their youth, while we leave them to persons always prejudiced in their favour; and this without considering that they are often also the most worthless of men. Does not that government deserve the severest reproach which leaves the education of that youth who is perhaps one day to be its greatest support to the tutelage of a debauched and vicious father? And who is to answer to the world the leaving a tender and innocent daughter to learn her principles of life from a mother separated from her husband for adultery? What are we to expect from this, but that the children will act up to the vicious example of their parents; and, as imitation seldom fails of improvement, that a wicked age will be thus succeeded by a more wicked progeny.

No time of a man's life is of such consequence to the whole future part of it as that when he is just entering into a knowledge of the world; yet no part of it is amongst us so little regarded. Xenophon could send his sons at fourteen to Sparta,

that they might know the whole business of their life in learning to command and to obey; two things, which, as all our youth are left to themselves about that time, we find they never know how to do either of them afterwards; and the people of whom these distinguished youths were to learn their future conduct knew themselves so well the value of instruction at that time, that when Antipater demanded once of them, as hostages, fifty of their children, they begged leave to send him twice the number of grown people. How opposite to this, and to all sense and reason, is our method of winking at the first vices of children, and thus leading them without difficulties into what we in vain think they will afterwards be cloyed of. Ill habits are not so soon shook off; and the prudent Jew who left his boy his full desire of money at sixteen, that he might be tired of extravagancy by twenty, only taught him the way to run through that by five-and-twenty which he could not well otherwise have got rid of in the whole time his polite course of vices would have let him live. We are wrong even in the principles of which we are most tenacious in regard to children. When we think at all about their state, we judge it of all things the most necessary to see the natural bent of their desires, to know what sort of life they had best be brought up to; not considering that these desires are but the result of the conversation of those they spend their time among, who, to our own shame be it remembered, are frequently people very unfit for them to converse with. If we would be at the pains to form their minds, while young and tender, to honesty and virtue, this would be a ground colour equally fit to receive all others; and they would



themselves turn their desires and inclinations to that which we found most convenient for them.

Young minds are so soft and tender, that they take any bent, and so empty, that they receive all impressions; and neither the one nor the other are ever to be shook off thoroughly afterwards. Shall then the youth who is hereafter to command an army receive his first principles from a conversation with servants, persons inured to a slavish subjection, or from books of idle stories, every one of which he is to know, in a year or two afterwards, are senseless forgeries? No; let him converse from the beginning with those who can instil into his tender thoughts the principles of honour, magnanimity, and true greatness: let these be the first marks his mind receives; these, which are impressions he is never to forget. Let him take pains to read, not what he must be taught hereafter to despise, but what it will be his duty and interest ever to remember. Let him learn early to know himself, and others: by these means he will know what he ought to fear, what to desire, what is passion, and what virtue; that he may, in his succeeding years, distinguish between avarice and ambition, between liberty and licentiousness, and between servitude and slavery. That parent errs who supposes there is more strength of mind required to read the ancient Greek and Roman histories, the noblest and most pleasing subject in the world, as we have them translated into our language, than the idlest romance. The same genius will serve to reverence truth as well as fiction, and the same mind that will retain how many wonders there are in the life of a knight-errant will not fail to remember the real virtues of a Roman general.

The few of our modern parents who think to govern and educate their children all seem to lay it down as a fundamental rule, that this is to be done by an austere severity. They would have their children impressed with an awe of them; but they unhappily mistake between reverence and terror. Fear is the principle they would inculcate; but they do not distinguish between fear with love, and fear with hatred. A mild and cheerful deportment would never diminish the respect of a child, but would learn him at once to love the lesson and the teacher; and he would be in love with virtue and wisdom, while they courted him under so amiable an appearance: instead of which, as it is now managed, the manner of inculcating what is good breeds in the child a horror and aversion for it; and it is unquestionable, that the frequent severities of our public schools are the cause that renders so many of our gentlemen block-heads, while they detest that which it costs them so dear to learn. First, let a child be taught what is right and what is wrong; what he is to be commended for, what ashamed of; and the natural love of praise, and fear of shame, will be more powerful incentives to good, and checks from evil, than all that can be given him from the rod. The mind once broken by severity, once taught to bear with patience blows and insolent language, is ruined for the whole time to come: it never can recover its native greatness; and if it pass through the course of life afterwards without the reproach of cowardly servility, it is owing to constraint: the courage is merely mechanical; and powerful custom for a few necessary moments only gets the better of all that was imprinted in the genius.



**GRETNA-GREEN MARRIAGE.**

AN ACCOUNT of the TRIAL of ELEANOR WHITFORD, for BIGAMY, before the Lord Chief Baron, at the Assizes at Guildford, on Saturday, August 9.

ELEANOR Whitford was indicted for that she, at Gretna, in Scotland, intermarried with John Whitford, on the 26th November, 1801, and afterwards at the parish of St. Mary, Lambeth, in the county of Surrey, on the 19th May, 1806, feloniously intermarried with Robert Jaques James, her former husband being still living.

This was a case which excited a considerable degree of interest, as it was understood to involve the legality of a Gretna-Green marriage. The defendant was a young lady of handsome person and elegant manners; and her appearance at the bar excited considerable sympathy on her behalf in the spectators and the court.

After she was arraigned, and had faintly uttered her plea of not guilty,

Mr. Curwood rose to address the jury. He began by stating that the melancholy duty devolved upon him, which he assured the jury he executed with most painful sensations, to conduct the prosecution against the prisoner at the bar, for a crime which, if substantiated against her, degraded her from her rank in life, which the law had declared a felony, and which might subject her to be transported from her native country, an associate of the vilest and most profligate of mankind. The case which he had to lay before the jury was of a most extraordinary nature, and differed very far from this class of cases which usually presented themselves for the consideration of a jury. In general, those who were arraigned for this crime were of the

lowest orders of society, who had no knowledge of the extent of their moral duties, or of the consequences of deviating from them. Not such was the case of the prisoner at the bar: she had been well educated, and ought to have been refined to a better sense of her duties, and impressed with the importance of their observance. She was the daughter of a man of respectability, and of some importance in the town of Basingstoke; and in the year 1801 she was addressed by her husband, who solicited her hand in marriage. For what reason, the learned counsel said, he was not informed, but her father at that time was averse to the match, and refused his consent. The addresses of the young man were not, however, disagreeable to her mother, and other parts of the lady's family; but it being found that no intreaty would soften the obduracy of her father, the young couple eloped to Scotland, and were there married according to the forms and ceremonies of the Scottish law. Upon their return they were reconciled to her father, and the husband commenced business as a linen-draper, at Southampton; at that time he was about twenty-five years of age, and the prisoner scarcely eighteen. They continued at Southampton until the year 1805, when, business not succeeding, he was obliged to relinquish his situation, and come to London. Here he certainly was obliged to live on a reduced scale. He obtained a situation as managing man at a wholesale linen warehouse in the city, and took a small house for his wife at Kennington. They resided together in apparent comfort and happiness; he going out early to his business in the morning, and retiring home about eight in the evening. They continued this course till about March last, when one evening, returning as usual, he found



that another bed was putting up in a spare room, and, upon inquiry, his wife told him that she had let this room to a most respectable old gentleman, who had taken the room to lodge with them. In the evening the new lodger made his appearance: he seemed above sixty years of age, and of most gentlemanly manners, and was therefore gladly received by the husband, as a welcome inmate. From such a man he could suspect no injury, and none but the most suspicious could have thought his wife in danger in such society. However, so it was, that after a very short time he found his wife strangely altered in her behaviour towards him. She appeared disgusted with him, and miserable in herself. He intreated her to reveal the cause of her uneasiness; and then, no doubt to conceal her guilt, she affected to say his behaviour was unkind, and she had reason to suspect his fidelity. He endeavoured, by every soothing attention, and by increased kindness, to convince her of her forming an erroneous opinion, and had apparently succeeded; for on the morning of the eighteenth of April, when he left home they parted with marks of usual kindness; but it so happened, that, being taken ill that day, he returned home much earlier than was customary. He found his wife from home, and on the mantle-piece was a letter addressed to him, in her hand-writing, to the following purport: 'Sir, I have taken my own name of miss Howard, and shall ever after disown that of Whitford, which I am now fully satisfied I never was entitled to. I thank God for it, for I hold it in utter abhorrence.' She did not return home that night; but the next morning her husband received a message that she was at a neighbour's house, and desired to see him. He accordingly attended, and then

she exhibited a gleam of remorse for her misconduct. When she saw her husband, she exclaimed, 'Whitford, you cannot, will not, forgive me!' At that time he did not know the extent of his injury, but she immediately confessed that she had dishonoured his bed, and complained that James, their lodger, had seduced her from her duty. All she requested was, that her husband would restore her to her parents; which, notwithstanding his injuries, he promised he would do. Of short duration, however, was her better resolves; for in a few weeks after this event she publicly married her hoary seducer, and for that act she now stood arraigned as a criminal at the bar of justice, to answer for the crime. With respect to the nature of this crime and its evil tendency, the learned counsel said, he trusted he need not enlarge. Although in the mixed companies of life marriage was a frequent subject of ridicule with the gay and thoughtless, yet our morals were still so uncontaminated, that it was never mentioned in our courts of justice but with the respect and reverence it merited. It was the most important of all civil contracts, and guarded by the most sacred of religious obligations, the sanction of an oath, administered at the altar itself of God. From it sprung up the greatest of our moral and civil duties, and the dearest charities of our nature. Any deed which of itself or by its influence tended to break down this boundary merited the severest punishment of the law; and when it was considered how much the purity of women mixed itself in the security of the state, their morals could not be too strictly guarded. It was not in the country or in these times only that these sentiments prevailed; for a sacred writer had declared, 'that a virtuous woman was the ornament



of her husband, and her price was far above rubies.' Such once was the value of the prisoner at the bar, while innocence was in her heart; now she was shamed, polluted, and degraded, an object of contempt and disgust. The jury might, perhaps, feel pity for her present situation; her appearance might work upon the softer emotions of their hearts; but let them remember the situation of another person: let them remember the agonised feelings of the injured husband, whose hopes and happiness were all destroyed by her dreadful misconduct. Indeed, no wretchedness could be more complete than a man so injured. In other calamities, we receive some consolation in the pity of mankind; but so perversely was the mind of man constructed on this occasion, that the injury to which he alluded not only made a man wretched, but also ridiculous. So complete was his misery, that our immortal countryman, who was deeply read in human nature and the human passions, had made a man in a like situation declare, that 'he would rather be a toad, and live upon the vapour of a dungeon,' than an object of such scorn. The learned counsel concluded, by stating, that he should call his witnesses to prove his case. The punishment, if she was found guilty, would be apportioned by the superior wisdom of his lordship; but there remained yet this consolation for the unhappy woman at the bar, that she was tried before a judge who always tempered judgment with mercy.

David Laing, the Gretna Green parson, was first called. He stated that he performed the ceremony over the prisoner and her husband in his way; that was, he read nothing, but he said something off the tongue, and authorised them to cohabit together.

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The lord chief baron said he would not admit this as a marriage. He asked him what he was? He replied, a tobacconist. His lordship observed, that a fellow or two, like the witness, did these sort of things; but both himself and the parties were liable to punishment.

Mr. Curwood said the marriage was irregular; but that did not vitiate it, though it subjected the parties to punishment. He understood, by the Scotch law, there were two species of marriages.

Lord chief baron. 'I cannot take your understanding of the law of Scotland; I must have it certified by the lord advocate, or one of the judges of the court. There is no doubt but a valid marriage in Scotland, or in China, is valid any where; but the law of every foreign country must be certified. If you have any advocate of character I will receive his testimony.'

Counsel.—'Will your lordship permit the witness to give evidence of the law?'

Lord chief baron.—'No; certainly not. I will not receive the law of Scotland from a tobacconist.'

The prisoner was accordingly acquitted, for want of evidence.

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## THE PORTRAIT;

OR,

INCIDENTS IN MY OWN LIFE.

(Concluded from p. 372.)

'WHEN we arrived at the village where the father of Constantia lived, we were informed that he had been dead some time. I then requested her to put herself under my protection, and promised to marry her as soon as I arrived in England, for which we set off with your father,

3 L



Upon our arrival I married Constantia, and settled my small fortune upon my wife and mother; your father having procured me a commission in the army. After living two years in peace and comfort, in which time my wife presented me with a daughter as beautiful as herself, shortly after I had joined my regiment my mother died. I frequently heard from sir William and my wife; and in one of the letters from sir William the most afflicting intelligence reached me. He informed me that he feared my wife was false. Almost distracted, I knew not what to do. I could not quit my post. At length I obtained leave, and arrived in time to witness what I cannot now describe.

‘I immediately drew my sword, and sent both the unhappy wretches to one grave, even in the arms of each other. My passion got the better of my reason. Often have I repented the act, and accused myself of having sent two souls to their last account with all their crimes upon their heads. Revenge, that demon which is actuated by passion, was not satisfied with what I had done; but vowed to make the innocent suffer for the guilty, and to revenge myself upon every woman I could gain or force to my wishes. Too often have I succeeded. I heard of the death of your father; and though I was not known to you, yet I thought to have introduced myself. Good Heaven! by what an unworthy action was it done! Pardon, sir Charles, a man whose passions reason has never been able to subdue’——Sir Charles thanked the captain for the candour and frankness which had done honour to the memory of his father, and requested him to view the gallery. The captain immediately pointed out the portrait of his wife, which was the one so much admired by sir Charles;

and, with a sigh, exclaimed, Never again shall I behold thee! But what can have become of my child? she was the very likeness of her mother.—Oh that I could find her! she would be a wife worthy the son of my friend.

They both agreed to search England over, to try if they could possibly learn any thing of her—when, in their route, they had called on my father. Leaving them now to pursue their way, I returned again to my aunt’s. When I arrived, miss Wellers again began the subject of the letters, together with another she had received in consequence of one we sent. The first was as follows:

‘Amiable Eliza!

‘It is equally impossible for me to exist without seeing as without being near you: the first I often do, and contemplate those charms in silent admiration. What is life without a friend? Without a being in whom we can place sweet confidence, this world appears a void. Pardon, amiable Eliza! these obtrusive lines; and place a note at the foot of the venerable oak in the park.

‘CLOUDLY.’

Prudence dictates silence with respect to our reply. But we pass to the gentleman’s second letter.

‘You charge me, Eliza, with wishing to deceive, and blame me for talking of love. But,

‘How can that passion be a crime  
Which gave Eliza birth?

How can those joys not be divine  
Which make a heaven on earth?’

No, my dear girl! scorn those foolish fears of rigid old maids, and the more wise sayings of old aunts. What can we wish for more than each other? Taste that pleasure, without which life is but a tiresome journey. Haste then to love;



'tis like a haven to the sea-beat mariner: he gains it, and there finds repose from all his cares. So shall yours be hushed; so shall it be my business to render more delightful even that which in itself is heaven.'

Thoughtless as we were, yet we could fathom the depth of this sophisticated epistle; and knew too well the sentiments of Betsy to be unconscious how dangerous it would be to let her imbibe principles of this nature. She was fond of the romantic, and would have joined her lover in any scheme of this nature.

When I arose the next morning the house was in the utmost confusion: miss Wellers was nowhere to be found. I was interrogated pretty sharply by my aunt: but I was as ignorant as the rest; nor could I for a moment suppose what was become of her. My aunt and uncle, expecting her father home every day, were almost out of their senses.—'Oh dear!' says my uncle, 'what will the captain say? he will murder us, I'm sure. You know, my dear, I always strove to please her.'

'Yes,' replied my aunt, 'always teasing and worrying the poor thing!' Are you stupid? she hallooed out. 'Why don't you search the ponds, and woods, and places?'

This seemed like an electric shock to poor uncle, who was off in a minute. Ponds were dragged, woods searched, all to no purpose. We gave up all hopes of finding her, when in comes an Irishman: 'Arrah, my jewels, and is it here you are? Here's my master, the colonel, going after.' Up jumps my aunt—'Hey, Mr. Teddy, what are you come home! where is the captain?' 'Who do you mean? my master, a colonel? But I had almost forgot to inform you—no, that isn't it either, to ask you for miss:—master was talk-

ing off her all the way home.' 'Indeed, Mr. Teddy,' said my aunt, 'we don't know where she is.' 'Why what is it you would be at now with a poor Irishman? but my master will make you find her; so I'm off to tell him!' Away goes Mr. Teddy: my aunt fell a crying, my cousins a sulking; while poor uncle looked like the picture of stupidity. Before we had recovered ourselves, in came colonel Wellers. He seemed struck: no one rose to welcome him; no one spoke. At last, I, being the least embarrassed of the party, said I hoped he would not take it ill that he met with this reception; but an unpleasant circumstance had occurred, which operated so powerfully on us as to cause this confusion. He approached my aunt, and took her hand, enquiring for Charlotte. My aunt could not reply: I was therefore again obliged to inform him, that miss Wellers had unaccountably absented herself that morning, as I was in company with her the preceding evening, since when she could not be found. The colonel swore she should be found, drew his sword, and collared poor uncle, who trembled like a leaf. I begged him not to be so hasty, as he must be convinced it was not owing to either my uncle or aunt that miss Wellers was missing; she was too old to be treated like a child. The colonel released my uncle, and sat down, desiring to know every particular.

Here again I was ordered home to attend the wedding of sir Charles, therefore must leave them to pacify the angry colonel as they can: but I was detained by my mother with preparations for my appearance; so that when I arrived the ceremony had been performed some days, it taking place sooner than was proposed.

I was now favoured with the re-



maining part of sir Charles's history. After having travelled a long way on their intended search, they met with an old woman, who informed them she had a child brought to her some time ago, and a sum of money given to her to conceal the child: she thought she was the very picture of the miniature. They flew immediately to the cottage, and saw Rosina at work. Struck with the resemblance, the captain owned her for his daughter. They gave the old woman some money, and brought Rosina home to sir Charles. After a short time, he proposed marriage to her and the captain, which was assented to by both; so much did she bear resemblance to the portrait, and so much did they think her the child they sought.

Every thing was prepared for a splendid wedding. The day arrived: sir Charles, accompanied by the fair Rosina, the captain, and friends, entered the church: a roseat hue tinged the beautiful countenance of the lovely maid. They approached the altar: the ceremony began, when a cry of 'Stop the marriage!' was heard. Old farmer Jenkins entered, supporting on one hand Mary, and on the other a sickly emaciated woman, looking almost like a spectre. Every one was astonished. Sir Charles desired to know the meaning of this. The old man replied, 'that in his search for the daughter of captain D'Alville he had overlooked poor Mary, who was the true daughter.' Start not up, fair reader, nor throw away the book: though nature may yield to wrong impulses at times, yet when she appears in the form we wish to find her you can but acknowledge her; for though Rosina was not the daughter of captain D'Alville, yet the resemblance of her to the mother of Mary made the impression. 'Look, captain,' said the farmer, 'can you, in this skeleton, behold

your once-loved wife?' 'Impossible!' said the captain. 'Not so impossible as you may think,' said the farmer: 'the wound was not mortal. Fifteen long years has this penitent been an inmate at my cottage. I informed her of the resemblance I thought she bore to the portrait in the gallery; when she placed a confidence in me, and made me swear never to reveal her secret till a time like the present arrived. Although the poor unhappy creature has erred, yet think from what a crime sir Charles saved you: pure as that of an angel for these fifteen years has been her life.'

The captain stood irresolute: Rosina blushed, and knew not what to do. Mary was supporting her mother; who, in that attitude, seemed an angel, waiting to convoy a spirit to the realms of bliss. Sir Charles at length broke silence. 'Come, captain,' said he, 'receive a penitent to your arms, and let your mutual embrace seal your forgivings.' The captain felt sentiments of pity reviving in his bosom; he folded his wife in his arms, and acknowledged her.

The ceremony was, for the present, put a stop to. At a loss how to act, sir Charles knew not what to do. As a man of honour, it became him to marry Rosina; as a man of honour, it became him not to marry her. He had promised to trace the original of the painting, and marry her. He had, by unforeseen events, met with the original, but he could not marry her. Still, there was the daughter of that original, and that daughter the child of her father's friend. While sir Charles was revolving this in his mind, the beautiful and simple cottage maid Mary entered, and determined him at once to marry her—which he did a few days before I arrived: but what struck me more than all was to find in Rosina



my old friend, miss Wellers ; who candidly informed me, that upon the reception of the last letter from the admirer of miss Betsy [she was determined to meet him ; which she did, and paid that forfeit which every woman deserves to pay who acts upon the same principles. After a short time, her lover left her ; and hearing sir Charles was in search of a lady resembling a miniature, she thought if she threw herself in his way she probably might be like it. She was, indeed, so much so, that sir Charles had nearly been deceived.

I advised her immediately to return to her father, who was at my uncle's. I promised to keep the secret. We soon arrived, to the joy of all the family. An excuse was invented : the joy of finding her prevented a nicer scrutiny. By her good conduct in future, she obtained the hand of a very worthy gentleman ; while I am still a maid.

J. J.

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*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

If you think the inclosed receipt deserving a place in your agreeable Miscellany, you will much oblige a constant reader by your early insertion of it, as it is in September the wine should be made.

RECEIPT—TO MAKE WINE RE-  
SEMBLING RED PORT.

TO make an eighteen gallon cask, take two bushels of damsons, half a bushel of elderberries, and half a bushel of sloes ; put three pounds and a quarter of West India

sugar to each gallon of water. Heat your water as hot as you can bear your hand in it, and put it over the elders, having previously put them into a tub, stalks and all : then bruise them well while the water is hot, cover them close for five hours, and after that time strain them through a hair sieve, squeezing them tight. Put the juice, damsons, sloes, and sugar, altogether into a copper, and let them boil an hour ; then take them out, straining them through a sieve as before, and squeeze them tight. Separate the stones from the skins, and break them in a mortar, and put the stones and kernels into the barrel, after having worked in a tub for four days. When in the tub, toast a piece of bread quite hard, spread it over with yeast, and put it into the wine just warm. Put a quart of brandy into your cask when you put the wine in, and lay something over the bung-hole till you are sure it has done working : for if you bung it too soon, the cask will burst. It is to be made with soft water, and stand close corked for twelve months at least : the longer it stands, the better.

N. B. Fourteen gallons of water is sufficient to make eighteen of wine.

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ANECDOTE.

AT the unfortunate battle of Chiari, Catinat, though severely wounded, endeavoured to rally his troops.—‘Whither would you have us go?’—said one of the officers to him. ‘Death is before us.’—‘And shame behind you!’ replied Catinat.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## ODE

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HIS ROYAL HIGH-  
NESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, 1806.

THOUGH many an earth-born vapour  
seems to rest  
Upon the tow'ring mountain's mighty  
brow,  
To hide the blooming uplands' flow'ry  
breast,  
Yet light not on the simple vale below—  
The shadowy mountain still remains the  
same;  
Unveil'd the lofty honours of its name:—  
A brighter glory plays around its head  
Than the soft beam that gilds the humble  
shed.

Shall clouds that flit before his glowing ray  
Impair the splendour of the ORB of DAY?  
—O'er the base mass he soars, the transient  
gloom  
Dispels: and added fires the sky relume!  
As thus new glories mark his destin'd way,  
While harmony makes on every spray;  
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE, we hail thy NATAL  
DAY!

To THEE we raise the choral song,  
To whom sublimer strains belong;  
For whom unnumber'd bards shall  
swell  
The music of the vocal shell;  
While Science fair, with laurels crown'd,  
Shall spread her various toils around;  
And Learning here, her fav'rite home,  
(Fraught with the stores of Greece  
and Rome)  
Shall fix, enamour'd of the charms  
Of BRITISH ARTS and BRITISH  
ARMS;  
Where Freedom, to their bright  
career  
Propitious, owns her native sphere;

And Order fair, with dimpled smiles,  
Arrays her beauteous sister-isles.  
While all to distant worlds proclaim  
Their GEORGE—their PATRIOT BRUNS-  
WICK's—lasting fame!

For thee to whom the tented field  
Unwillingly her charms did yield;  
Whom Splendour long in vain hath  
woo'd  
To quit the charms of Solitude:  
See Peace, with all her rural train,  
Health, Plenty, Joy, return again;  
And sweet Philanthropy, to bind  
The bleeding wounds of human kind—  
She comes, with Truth (a gen'rous  
band)  
And gentle Honour, hand in hand.  
Immortal as thy country; thou  
Shalt claim a People's grateful vow;  
While emulous of Britain's steady light,  
Gaul's streaming meteor wastes itself in  
night.

—But cease, such themes to prouder  
bards belong—  
Augustus' praise demands a future day—  
What time Mæcenus shall inspire the song,  
And other Maro's yield as pure a lay.  
Yet e'er the lark proclaims her matin  
flight,  
If haply from some weaker throat a strain  
Break on the silence of departing night,  
Seeking no praise, it shall not meet  
disdain.

S.

## ON TIME.

TIME! empty form, by fancy wrought,  
Thin, subtle, flying, airy thought,  
What shall we think of thee?  
No sooner come, but fled and gone;  
One flying instant quickly blown,  
What can thy essence be?



Once thou art past, we call in vain;  
 No tears can bring thee back again,  
 Nor stay thy wing'd career:  
 Still flirting, changing; cutting short  
 Our joy, in spite of all effort,  
 While we are pilgrims here!

What past time is let sophists tell,  
 But let us use the present well;  
 And, in another sphere;  
 Without dispute we'll gladly find,  
 That present, future, past, are join'd  
 To make us happy there.

## AUGUST.

## A SONNET.

AUGUST! the healthy harvest train is  
 thine,  
 Thy ripen'd treasure falls beneath their  
 hands;  
 'Season of bliss! none now can dare repine,  
 Since God has bless'd with plenty all your  
 lands.

The humble gleaner gathers now her store,  
 Then hastens home well pleas'd to her  
 lone shed;

Bends low to heaven, nor mourns it is not  
 more,  
 And hoards her little heap for winter's  
 bread.

But when the pleasing task of labour's done,  
 The rustic throng soon seek their master's  
 dome,  
 And there, with rural jollity and fun,  
 Gaily enjoy the happy Harvest-Home!  
 August! such charms are thine; and pleasure  
 near,  
 Whispers 'this month is loveliest of the year.'  
 J. M. L.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL  
SWAMP.

*Written at Norfolk, Virginia, by  
 T. Moore, Esq.*

## ARGUMENT.

They tell of a young man, who lost his mind,  
 upon the death of the girl he loved, and  
 who, suddenly disappearing from his friends,  
 was never afterwards heard of.—As he had  
 frequently said in his ravings, that the girl  
 was not dead, but gone to the Dismal  
 Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered  
 into that dreary wilderness, and had died of  
 hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful

morasses.—N. B. The Great Dismal  
 Swamp is 10 or 12 miles distant from Nor-  
 folk, and the Lake in the middle of it  
 (about 7 miles long) is called Drummond's  
 Pond.

## BALLAD.

'THEY made her a grave too cold and damp  
 For a soul so warm and true;  
 And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal  
 Swamp;  
 Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,  
 She paddles her white canoe.

'And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,  
 And her paddle I soon shall hear;  
 Long and loving our life shall be,  
 And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,  
 When the footstep of death is near!'

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—  
 His path was rugged and sore,  
 Through tangled juniper beds of reeds,  
 Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,  
 And man ne'er trod before!

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,  
 If slumber his eye-lids knew,  
 He lay, where the deadly vines do weep  
 Their venomous tears—and nightly steep  
 The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,  
 And the rattlesnake breath'd in his ear,  
 Till he starting cried—from his dream awake--  
 'Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,  
 And the white canoe of my dear?'

He saw the Lake—and a meteor bright,  
 Quick o'er the surface play'd—  
 'Welcome,' he said, 'my dear one's light!'  
 And the dim shore echoed for many a night  
 The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he form'd a boat of the birchen bark,  
 Which carried him off from the shore;  
 Far he followed the meteor spark;  
 The winds were high, and the clouds were  
 dark,  
 And the boat return'd no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,  
 This lover and maid so true  
 Are seen at the hour of midnight damp  
 To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,  
 And paddle their white canoe!

TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST ODE  
OF HORACE:

DESCENDED from a royal line,  
 What virtues in Mæcenas shine!  
 In thee a patron to defend  
 I find in thee a tender friend.



There are who love, with loosen'd rein,  
To lash the courser o'er the plain,  
To turn with nice unerring skill  
Close round the goal the fervid wheel;  
While nobler palms of conquest crown  
The godlike victor with renown.

Him whom th' inconstant crowd adore,  
And raise to highest wealth and power;  
And him who in his granary stores  
The produce of the Lybian shores;  
Content the plough or spade to wield,  
And till the fields his fathers till'd;  
Attalic wealth would tempt in vain.  
Fearful, to brave the Algean main.

The merchant, trembling when the deep  
Swells high, and wild the whirlwinds sweep,  
Sighs for his rural seat once more;  
Yet when the tempest's rage is o'er,  
(So great the lust of gold prevails)  
Refits his bark, unfurls his sails.

Beneath embowering shades supine,  
One loves to drown his cares in wine;  
Or listening to the murmuring stream,  
His hours away unconscious dream.

Some love the clash of hostile arms,  
The trumpet's jar, the camp's alarms;  
Detested war! with streaming eye,  
The widow'd mother pours the sigh  
O'er her lov'd sons and husband slain,  
And curses oft thy cruel reign.

The hunter, at the dawn of day,  
From pleading beauty breaks away;  
His steed impatient spurns the ground,  
The full-toned horns harmonious sound,  
His faithful dogs flock all around;—  
Swift they pursue the tainted gales,  
And chase their prey o'er hills and dales.

The ivy wreath, the highest meed  
Of excellence, adorns thy head;  
Confers an ever-during name,  
Exalts thee to immortal fame.

I love the shady wood's retreat,  
Th' umbrageous walk, the mossy seat;  
To sylvan choirs I tune my lays,  
And me the nymphs and satyrs praise,  
(If nor Euterpe, lovely maid!  
Force from my hand the soothing reed,  
Nor Polyhymnia disdain  
Her aid to strike the Lesbian strain;) }  
But if thy judgment should assign  
My muse with lyric bands to shine,  
Far from the crowd I'll soar away,  
And share with gods eternal day.

T. W.

## TRUE BEAUTY.

WHAT is the blooming tincture of the skin,  
To peace of mind, and harmony within?  
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,  
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?

Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,  
With comeliness of words and deeds com-  
pare?

No; those at first th' unwary heart may gain,  
But these, these only, can that heart retain.

TO A LILY FLOWERING BY  
MOONLIGHT.

OH! why, thou Lily pale,  
Lov'st thou to blossom in the wan moonlight,  
And shed thy rich perfume upon the night,  
When all thy sisterhood,  
In silken cowl and hood,  
Screen their soft faces from the sickly gale?  
Fair horned Cynthia woos thy modest  
flower,  
And with her beaming lips  
Thy kisses cold she sips,  
For thou art aye her only paramour;  
What time she nightly quits her starry  
bow'r,  
Trick'd in celestial light  
And silver crescent bright.  
Oh! ask thy vestal queen  
If she will thee advise,  
Where in the blessed skies  
That maiden may be seen,  
Who hung like thee her pale head thro'  
the day,  
Love-sick and pining for the evening ray;  
And lived a virgin chaste, amid the folly  
Of this bad world, and died of melancholy?  
Oh tell me where she dwells;  
So on thy mournful bells  
Shall Dian nightly fling  
Her tender sighs to give thee fresh perfume,  
Her pale night-lustre to enhance thy  
bloom,  
And find thee tears to feed thy sorrow-  
ing.

## TO FRIENDSHIP.

SWEET friendship! solace of mankind,  
Come, with thy solace warm the heart;  
And when a kindred soul I find,  
O never, never, let us part.

Men call thee changing, sordid, vain,  
On earth scarce known, and rare to see;  
And when they feel base treachery's pain,  
They lay the heavy blame on thee.

'Tis true there are whom interest blinds,  
That prostitute the sacred name;  
Their souls to narrow views confin'd,  
They never felt thy noble flame.

But, charmer! when thou fliest to cheer  
The heart that's generous, virtuous, true,  
As precious life he holds thee dear,  
And never dost thou bid adieu.

M.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Zara, in Dalmatia, June 26.*

INTELLIGENCE has been received here within these nine days, that the territory of Ragusa and the town of that name have been entirely ruined by the Montenegrins and Russians, bombarded on the sea side, and surrounded and blockaded by land: the mills have been destroyed, and the canals cut. The French garrison, amounting to about six thousand men, has made several sallies, but have every time been repulsed. All retreat, and the means of receiving reinforcements, are likewise cut off; for the Montenegrins, whose number increases every day, have already advanced to Stagno and Sabiomello; and the inhabitants of Old Ragusa and Canale having joined the French, the Montenegrins destroy every thing before them with fire and sword, and respect neither age nor sex.

*Paris, July 10.* A numerous force is collecting at Bayonne, but the object is not known. Six thousand men from the camp at Boulogne are mentioned among the troops now on their march for that point, and of these a part consists of Italian regiments.

*Ratisbon, July 11.* The envoy for the archduchy of Austria, baron Farnenberg, has given in a rescript to the diet, relative to the election of the coadjutor to the arch-chancellor, in which his imperial majesty signifies that this event was to him most unexpected and extraordinary; and though the elector arch-chancellor of the empire presupposed the imperial consent as certain, his majesty was bound by the capitularies of election to maintain inviolate the

rights of the chapter of Mentz, on which account he could not immediately and absolutely decide, but must maturely consider all the circumstances of the affair, according to his duty and office, as head of the empire.

*July 14.* The chevalier Varicourt, who arrived here from Paris on the 9th, brings advice that the fate of the German empire has been determined by the French emperor, and that the declaration on that subject has been expedited. We therefore hourly expect the courier who will bring the communication which was already prepared at the time of the departure of M. de Varicourt.

*Banks of the Rhine, July 15.* According to accounts contained in several private letters, the courts of Munich, Stutgard, and Carlsruhe will soon deliver into the diet at Ratisbon a very important common declaration relative to their future connection and relation with the German empire.

*Vienna, July 16.* The French army in Dalmatia is continually increasing, and will soon amount to between 50 and 60,000 men. It is supposed that this army will assist the Turks to subdue the Servians, in recompence for which service the Porte will make certain concessions. It is said that Butrinto and the neighbouring country will be ceded to France.

*Ratisbon, July 18.* It is now confidently asserted that Austria will not give her consent to the election of the coadjutor of the arch-chancellor till cardinal Fesch shall have been regularly elected by the chapter of Mentz, or by another legally constituted. It is said that this court has besides made



some observations relative to the indigenat. The pope has refused to confirm the coadjutor; but he is ready to give a brief eligibility as soon as the emperor and the empire shall have agreed on the indigenat. But in the first place the election will be made by a chapter and constituted with the consent of the electors. This, it is said, will be the first operation of the nuncio Genga. We are assured that Prussia has made a declaration conformable to that of Austria.

*Hague, July 19.* The conference which took place last week between a committee of their high mightinesses and a deputation of a council of state, is understood to have had relation to the enlargement of territory which our kingdom is to receive.

An interview is expected to take place at Wisbaden, between several members of the French imperial family, viz. our new sovereign the cardinal coadjutor Fesch, and the duke of Cleves.

*Vienna, July 20.* Russian couriers have brought to the ambassador residing at our court, orders which he is charged to transmit as speedily as possible to the commanders of troops and vessels employed in the Adriatic, that they abstain from every kind of hostility towards the French and Italians.

*Paris, July 22.* We are assured that the principal points of the treaty of peace with Russia have been agreed upon between M. D'Oubril and his excellency the minister for foreign affairs; and that a courier was forthwith dispatched to St. Petersburg to carry thither the intelligence. This news, circulated yesterday on the exchange, had the effect of raising the public funds; in consequence of its confirmation they have this day experienced a new rise.

A courier from the British cabinet followed shortly after the passage of the secretary of the Russian ambassador by Calais. This courier was landed on the 19th at that port, and immediately set out for Paris. The smallest appearance of accommodation between the two nations awakens the desires and hopes of the friends of peace and of humanity.

*July 23.* We are assured that peace

is signed between France and Russia. It is also said that this separate treaty, which secures the peace of the continent, has found no opposition in the British cabinet, a circumstance which will be a presage of a maritime peace. We cannot vouch for the authenticity of this intelligence, which has had a great effect upon the funds; but we know for certain that the secretary to the Russian ambassador landed at Calais on the 18th with dispatches for M. D'Oubril.

*Munich, July 23.* It is now understood that the French troops in Bavaria are in full march to take possession of the Innvierthel and Salzburg, two Austrian provinces, for the purpose of occupying these two territories, provided a certain power should longer refuse to make up the indemnification of 24 millions of francs for the long stay of the French in Bavaria.

*Paris, Aug. 1.* From a view of the fortunate issue of the negotiations between France and Russia, some circumstances have been from time to time perceived. It is observed, that M. D'Oubril came here on the 6th of July, and that only fourteen days expired before the conclusion of peace. Besides, it is understood that lord Yarmouth was constantly present at the conferences between MM. Clarke and D'Oubril, from which it is not doubted that the British cabinet consented to it. Six hours after the signing of the treaty it was ratified by the emperor on the 20th of July, and M. D'Oubril immediately departed with it for St. Petersburg, while a copy of it was carried to London by an English courier.

A report prevails that a treaty of alliance has been signed with the Ottoman Porte, by which France binds herself to aid in suppressing the Servian insurgents.

*Aug. 3.* The news of the signing of peace between France and Russia did not reach Germany till the end of July. It produced a sensation the more agreeable, since the movements which the troops began to make rather announced preparations for war, than an approaching return of the troops into the interior.

Letters from Rome speak of an



approaching election of five cardinals.

The following is the circular note addressed by the minister of the marine to the maritime prefects, and other officers, commanding in the ports, on the occasion of the peace concluded with Russia :

*Paris, July 22.* Conformably to the orders of his majesty the emperor and king, I have to inform you, sir, that peace between France and Russia was signed on the 20th instant; that from that date, hostilities should cease between the two powers; and that all prizes made posterior to the signing of the treaty shall be immediately restored. In consequence of these dispositions, his majesty orders his maritime prefects, the commandants of his squadrons and ships, to consider as friends the Russian ships, to receive and treat them as such on every occasion, whether in his ports and roads, or upon their meeting at sea. You will be pleased, sir, to give to these arrangements that publicity which they require, and to take without delay every measure necessary to ensure their execution.

(Signed) 'DECREES'

*Aug. 4.* We are assured that a deputation from Dalmatia had arrived in Paris.

It is remarkable enough, that the opening of the Hebrew synod took place precisely on their sabbath. The Jewish law forbids every kind of employment on this day; and, notwithstanding, the members of the assembly took a part, without repugnance, in every thing which the circumstance demanded of them. Distinguished by their wealth, their intelligence, and their probity, they wished to give to their brethren an example, which, doubtless, will not be lost. This single trait will enable us to judge how much they are disposed to enter into those views which have occasioned their convocation.

*Hamburg, Aug. 5.* In the act of confederation of the new Rhenish alliance, there is an article, according to

which all the neighbouring princes who in future shall wish to accede to this confederation shall be received into it. Instead of the regal dignity, the elector of Baden and landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt will receive that of grand duke, with the title of royal highness. Baden receives the sovereignty of the possessions of the princes of Leiningen and Furstenberg. Bavaria and Wurtemberg divide Suabia and Franconia. Darmstadt obtains Friedberg; prince Joachim four-fifths of the territory of Nassau, the rest of which goes to the prince of Nassau Weilburg alone.

The deputies of the new states will assemble at Frankfort on the Maine on the 1st of September. Napoleon will be present in person.

Since the conclusion of peace between Russia and France, all fears of a new rupture between the latter power and Austria have entirely vanished. The consequences of it will likewise appear in the altered motions of the troops as soon as the peace with Russia shall have been ratified, when it is expected that Austria will give her consent to the new Rhenish federation.

The Prussians are said to be marching to the Ems. A Prussian army of 40,000 men is assembling in Munster. On the 2d instant the Prussian garrison marched out of Osnaburgh, and troops have broken up from other parts of Westphalia.

The French have entered the district of Wurtzburgh in great force—with what intention is not stated. Other detachments of French troops are said also to be in motion to advance on the side of the Innvierrhel and of Salzburg, to take possession of those two provinces in case Austria should persist in refusing the payment of 24 millions, by way of indemnification for the long continuance of the French troops in Bavaria.

A Russian army of 100,000 men is said to be encamped along the river Bog.



## HOME NEWS.

*Tullamore, July 23.*

A QUARREL of a disagreeable nature happened in this town yesterday evening, about eight o'clock; a part of the light brigade, quartered for some time in Birr, marched in here yesterday, on their way to join their respective regiments, consisting of the Derry, Monaghan, Limerick, and Sligo light companies. At the above-mentioned hour a difference rose between some of them and the German infantry quartered here, and a scuffle ensued: both parties having fired from 50 to 60 rounds of ball cartridges, the sword and bayonet were then used. By the exertions of general Linsengen and the officers the affray was at length put a stop to; but not until a great deal of blood was spilt; two men only have been shot dead, but about twenty are wounded, some very badly; two officers of the Germans are among the latter, one desperately, the ball having entered his side, and passed out through his back; the other received a ball through his arm. Every precaution was used to prevent a renewal of the business; the cavalry paraded the streets, and the infantry rested on their arms all night. Every thing has remained quiet since. General Dunn arrived from Birr this morning, at two o'clock, and has prevented the arrival of the rest of the companies here; he met them on the road, and sent them by another route. It is impossible to describe the terror and confusion here; all the shops and houses are shut up. A few of the horses of the cavalry were wounded. This moment one of the Sligo militia is going to be interred; several we fear will soon follow him, who are desperately wounded.

No town's person but one is hurt, who is in a dangerous way.

*Dublin, July 26.* By a letter from Mullingar we learn that the late melancholy dispute at Tullamore originated in the following trivial circumstance: a boy of the town passing with a stick or switch which struck the fancy of one of the German soldiers, and the boy refusing to indulge him with it, some violence was resorted to by the soldier. This conduct induced the interference of one of the militia quartered there, and the contention between those individuals brought forward others of both regiments. The militiaman being made prisoner, his companions determined on his rescue, and matters took so serious a turn, that an express was sent off to general Dunn, at Birr, when the contest was with difficulty suppressed. The consequences, however, of this unlucky event have been fatal in the loss of some lives, and several desperately wounded; among the latter are, we are informed, two of the German officers, one of whom is said to be mortally injured.

*London, July 26.* The following bulletin was transmitted to the lord mayor:

*Admiralty Office, July 26*—A message, by telegraph, from Plymouth, states the arrival of a French squadron at Martinique. Neither the date nor any other particulars mentioned.

Another and more particular communication was made yesterday:

*Admiralty Office, July 27.*—Since I had the honour of writing to your lordship this morning, sir Edward Berry is arrived with dispatches from rear-admiral sir Alexander Cochrane, and I



have the honour of inclosing the substance of the intelligence which he has brought.—I have the honour to be, my lord, with great respect, your lordship's humble servant,

‘HOWICK.

‘To the right hon. the lord mayor.’

‘Admiralty Office, July 27.—Captain sir Edward Berry arrived this day, at noon, with dispatches from rear-admiral sir Alexander Cochrane, dated from Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes, the 20th June, 1806, stating that the following ships had arrived at Martinique on four different days, viz.

First arrival—Veteran, 74 guns, Jerome Bonaparte.

Second arrival—L'Eole, 74, Impetueux, 74.

Third arrival—Foudroyant, 80 guns, admiral Villeaumex, Valeureux, 44.

Fourth arrival—Cæsar, 74, Patriote, 74.

‘When sir Edward Berry left sir Alexander Cochrane, he had with him the Northumberland, 74; Elephant, 74; Canada, 74; Agamemnon, 64; and the Ethalion, 36. And sir J. B. Warren sailed from Spithead on the 4th of June, with orders to proceed immediately, and without deviation, to Barbadoes, with the Foudroyant of 80 guns; Namur, 74; Hero, 74; Courageux, 74; Ramillies, 74; Fame, 74; and Amazon, 36.

‘Sir Edward Berry brings farther information, that the Elephant's convoy had arrived in safety, as well as all the ships escorted by the Santa Margarita; and that the sailing of the homeward-bound convoy had been stopped in consequence of admiral Villeaumex's squadron.

(True copy) ‘JAMES SHAW, mayor.

‘Mansion house, 4 p. m.’

We have the pleasure to announce the capture of one of the seven frigates, the Guerriere, that sailed from L'Orient early in April against our shipping in Davis's Straits and Greenland. The following bulletin was sent yesterday to the lord mayor.

‘Admiralty, half-past one o'clock.—My lord—I have the honour to inform you, that the Guerriere, a French frigate, mounting 50 guns, was taken off the Faro Islands on the 10th inst. by

his majesty's ship Blanche, after an action of 45 minutes; in which time the Guerriere had twenty men killed and thirty wounded; and the Blanche only one lieutenant and three marines wounded. The French squadron arrived at Martinique on the 4th June.—I have the honour, &c.

‘HOWICK.

‘July 27, 1806.’

July 29. On Thursday last the wife of a labouring man in Hampstead stepped out for some trifling articles, leaving a fine child, about three months old, in the cradle. On her return (which was not more than three minutes), she found a ferret, which her husband kept, in the cradle, fastened to the child's throat, glutting itself with its blood. In her frenzy she seized the ferret by the middle, and, with force, dragged him from his hold, and dashed him against the floor; then she took up her bleeding babe in her arms, when the ferret made at her to seize the child again. For her own preservation, she was forced to run out, being followed by the ferret. Her screams brought some of her neighbours to her assistance, who killed the ferret. The child died in a very few minutes after, having bled to death!

Wakefield, Aug. 2. A few days since the mansion of G. W. Wentworth, esq. of Woolley, near Wakefield, was discovered to be on fire in the newly erected part, which burnt with great fury till near six o'clock. The damage is estimated at 3000*l.*; the family were at York at the time, Mr. W. being on the grand jury. We are sorry to add that a large stone fell on three men who were assisting, two of whom are so much bruised that their lives are in danger.

London, Aug. 2. This day the new East India docks at Blackwall were opened. At twelve o'clock the company's military band went on board the Admiral Gardner. At ten minutes before two a royal salute was fired from the guns on the wharf; the principal officers of state landed from the treasury barge, and walked up to the above-mentioned ship. Another signal was then hoisted, the vessels got in motion, and entered the great dock, in the most majestic style, in the following order;



1. The Trinity yacht. 2. The Admiral Gardner. 3. The City of London. 4. The Lady Castlereagh. 5. The Surry.—The Trinity yacht, and the two first of the company's ships were dressed as usual; these two belonging to the company had alternately a red or St. George's ensign at the fore or mizen, and the hon. company's ensign at the other, according to the other's situation, and the imperial united standard at the main. The Trinity yacht was also dressed as usual; the flag of the corporation below the great national standard, those of friendly nations in succession, on every brace and stay, and the colours of our enemies below. While the headmost of the ships were under way, the approach of the lord mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, &c. was announced also by a discharge of cannon; they landed from the city barge, walked up the docks, and went on board the Admiral Gardner. The treasurer of the navy, and Mr. Scott, the paymaster, with two others, landed and joined company nearly about the same time. The bands played *Rule Britannia, God Save the King, &c. &c.*; when the whole had entered the great dock a royal salute was again fired from the wharf, and the company's regiments discharged three rounds of street firing, which ran as evenly from right to left as if it was the clacking of a mill, or some other limited piece of machinery. The ships then came to anchor up the dock, the company had some refreshment, and went away highly delighted with the richness of the spectacle, and the correctness of every movement.

*Weymouth, Aug. 3.* An incident which excited much curiosity, occurred last Thursday at Weymouth.—Mrs Bennet, of Cadbury, in Somersetshire, accompanied Mr. Brathwayte in his diving machine, and remained under water with him forty minutes. Previous to her trip she evinced great courage, and was greeted on her ascent by the cheering plaudits of a very numerous concourse of people. Mrs. Bennet is now generally known by the name of the *diving belle*.

*London, Aug. 4.* The earl of Lauderdale left town for Paris at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Basilio

the messenger preceded him to order relays of horses. He arrived at Deal early yesterday morning, and immediately embarked on board the Clyde frigate, which landed him at Calais about ten o'clock yesterday morning.

A cabinet council was held on Friday night, at which the final instructions to the earl of Lauderdale was settled. On Friday morning his lordship had a long interview with lord Grenville. Mr. Goddard, the gentleman who brought the last dispatches from the earl of Yarmouth, accompanied lord Lauderdale as his private secretary. Professor Stuart of Edinburgh is also said to have accompanied his lordship.

*Liverpool, Aug. 6.* On Sunday night last, the daughter of a respectable baronet in this town eloped from her father's house on a trip to Gretna Green, with lieutenant R. an officer in the South Devon militia, now quartered there. So very unexpected was this event to the family, that not the smallest suspicion seems to have existed of the young lady's intention. The gentleman was seen loitering near her father's house at a late hour on Sunday night, and soon as the family had retired to bed, the happy pair found means to take their departure, unperceived, in a chaise and four.

*London, Aug. 12.* At four o'clock yesterday afternoon baron de Jacobi Klost, the Prussian minister at our court, the baroness Jacobi, baron Constance Jacobi, their son, and a few attendants, left town for Berlin in a post chaise and two, and a coach and four. They were to sleep at Rumford, and proceed from thence this day to Harwich. His excellency will then go on, by way of Hamburg, to Berlin.

*Aug. 12.* Late on Sunday night, Carpmeal, the officer in waiting at the office, received information that a duel was to be fought early yesterday morning near Chalk Farm.—At six o'clock, yesterday morning, Carpmeal, accompanied by Croker and Wilkinson, the patroles, went to the spot described. They discovered the parties in a field, to the right of Chalk Farm; and as they were about to enter the field the seconds had withdrawn, the parties had taken their sights, and they were just



in the act of pulling the trigger, and had one of them being discharged, Carpmeal must have been shot, as he was exactly in the direction. Young Croker seeing the danger of his brother officer jumped over a hedge, ran behind the gentleman, and knocked the pistol out of his hand. Carpmeal, at the same time, desired them to desist, shewing his staff, and said they were Bow-street officers. Having taken the pistols from the parties, they secured them and their seconds. They were all brought to the office, and underwent an examination before J. Read, esq. They proved to be Francis Jeffries, esq. of the city of Edinburgh, and T. Moore, esq. of Bury-street, St. James's. They were admitted to bail to keep the peace, themselves in 400l. each, and two sureties each in 200l.; and as a check to the present ridiculous and dangerous rage for duelling, the magistrate very properly considering the seconds' conduct a breach of the peace, held them to bail in 200l. each. Mr. Moore is the author of a translation of Anacreon, as also of a volume of poems, lately published, which had been harshly criticised in the Edinburgh Review, of which criticism Mr. Jeffries avowed himself the author; this occasioned the challenge.

*Aug. 15.* Yesterday afternoon as Mr. Bolton, haberdasher, of Stanhope-street, Clare-market, was travelling with his son, a fine boy four years old, inside the Bath and Taunton double-bodied coach, in Piccadilly, the door flew open, and the child fell out; the hinder wheels of the vehicle, which was loaded with from fourteen to twenty passengers, went over both the legs of the child above the ankle, and broke the bones into splinters. It was a spectacle too shocking to give a full description of; the blood flowed copiously from the wounds, and the legs seemed only to be held together by the sinews.—The poor child was taken to the shop of Mr. Hambridge, Piccadilly, where every assistance was afforded to alleviate its sufferings.

## BIRTHS.

*July 28.* At lord Boston's, Grosve-

nor-street, the hon. Mrs. Frederick Irby, of a son and heir.

30. At his house in Lamb's Conduit Place, Guildford-street, the lady of T. W. Plummer, esq. of a daughter.

*Aug. 3.* At his house in Clarges-street, the lady of the hon. sir Edward Crofton, of a son and heir.

Last night, at his house in Lincoln's Inn-fields, the lady of John Disney, esq. of a daughter.

At Chingford, the lady of Jacob H. Busk, esq. of a daughter.

5. At his house in Harley-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of sir W. Beechey, of a son.

6. At Dalhousie Castle, the right hon. the countess of Dalhousie, of a son and heir.

At Bromley, Middlesex, the lady of John Milward, esq. of a daughter.

In Barnard-street, Russel-square, the lady of Henry Ross Lewin, esq. of a daughter.

8. In Upper Grosvenor-street, the hon. Mrs. Fergusson, of a son.

At Edinburgh, Frances, daughter of the earl of Romney, and lady of sir John B. Riddell, bart, of a daughter.

12. In Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of Robert Joseph Chambers, esq. of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

*July 26.* At St George's, Bloomsbury, Mr. T. S. Flude, of Mincing-lane, to miss E. M. Adams, daughter of the late Mrs. Joseph Adams, of Ware.

28. At his grace the duke of Devonshire's house, by special licence, lord Viscount Ossulston, to mademoiselle de Grammont, eldest daughter to the duc de Grammont, and grand daughter to the duc de Polignac. The duc de Grammont being with Louis the 18th, at Mittau, the fair bride was given away by the duke of Devonshire, and immediately after the ceremony the happy couple set off for Roehampton, the seat of the earl of Besborough.

31. At Camberwell, Wm. Loftus, esq. captain in the 16th regiment of foot, to miss Macqueen, of Wyndham Place, Surry.

*August 1.* At Haverfordwest, in South Wales, George Silk, esq. of Dec-



tors Commons, to miss Mary Fortune, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Fortune, esq. of the above place.

5. William Sidney, esq. of Gloucester-terrace, New-road, to miss Anastasia Berger, daughter of John Berger, esq. of St. George's East.

At Mary-bonne church, colonel de la Gondie, to miss Traille, daughter to the late major-general Traille, of the royal artillery.

At Clapham, J. A. Shuter, esq. of Horslydown, to miss Pigeon, eldest daughter of Henry Pigeon, esq. of the Borough.

At Bewdley, Mr. Haslewood, attorney, of Bridgenorth, to Mrs. Zouch, of Stratford-upon-Avon.

At Limerick, Alexander Graydon, esq. staff surgeon of the district, to miss O'Callaghan, sister of — O'Callaghan, esq. M. D. of that city.

The rev. H. Davis, vicar of Somerton, to miss Ann Barrett, of Charlton Adam, Somersetshire.

7. At Cholsey, Berks, William Butler, esq. sole heir of William Butler, of Ashbury, Berks, to miss Bacon, of Henley, Oxfordshire.

9. William Batson, esq. of Maidstone, to miss Vallance, daughter of Thomas Vallance, esq. of Cheapside.

12. At St. Clement's church, in the Strand, the rev. Pinkstan Arundel French, rector of Odcombe, in the county of Somerset, to miss Smith, of Sydenham, in Kent.

14. The rev. G. Malcolm, of Trinity college, Cambridge, to miss Helen Little, of South-street, Finsbury-square.

19. By special licence, at her grace's house in Portman-square, John Manners, esq. M. P. for Ilchester, and second son of the right hon. lady L. Manners, to her grace the duchess of Roxburgh. Immediately after the ceremony was performed, the happy pair left town in their post carriage for her grace's seat, where they intend passing a few days.

## DEATHS.

July 18. At Oundle, aged 87 years, W. Walcot, M. D. who acted for many years as a magistrate and deputy lieutenant for Northamptonshire. He was

formerly of Jesus college, Cambridge, M. B. 1742, M. D. 1747.

23. At Leith Fort, colonel W. P. Smith, commanding the royal artillery in Scotland.

25. At Cheltenham, in the 55th year of her age, Mrs. Sophia Williams, foundress of the new school at the above place, under the patronage of her majesty.

26. At Tunbridge Wells, Mrs. Page, widow of John Page, esq. of Great St. Helens.

27. The rev. Henry R. Drummond, rector of Fawley, Hants.

31. At her house at Stratford Green, Mrs. Elizabeth West, relict of the late Mr. Charles West, of Bucklersbury.

At Bristol, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Boardman, relict of the late colonel Boardman, royal Scotch greys.

Aug. 2. At Dover, Mrs. Blackwood, widow and relict of W. Blackwood, esq. late captain in his majesty's 18th regiment of foot.

At her mother's house, in York Place, miss Emma Farhill.

3. At Blackheath, after a severe and painful illness, Mrs. Aylwyn, the wife of George A. Aylwyn, esq. of Lower Thames-street.

In Portland-place, lady Ridley, wife of sir M. W. Ridley, bart. M. P. for Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

At Durham, Mrs. Pitchford, wife of the rev. Mr. Pitchford, minor canon of that cathedral.

At her father's house, in Cambridge-street, St. James's; Mrs. Bell, aged 23, wife of John Bell, esq. of Brook Green, Hammersmith.

5. In Gray's Inn, Lewis Clifford, esq.

At Park-hill, near Doncaster, in the 60th year of his age, Samuel Buck, esq. recorder of Leeds.

16. At Tunbridge Wells, Sophia, countess of Mount Edgcumbe, third daughter and coheir of John earl of Buckinghamshire. Her ladyship was born the 26th of March, 1768, and married the 25th of Feb. 1789, Richard earl of Mount Edgcumbe, who, with five amiable children, three sons and two daughters, have suffered by her death an irreparable loss.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR  
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1806.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :*

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LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row ;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE continuation of *Family Anecdotes* in our next.

We would recommend the *Thoughts on Female Education* to the writer's revision.

S. Y. is respectfully informed, that we fear the communication he mentions has been mislaid.

The *Lines to a Robin* shall appear, as desired.

T. M.'s Letter is too incorrect for insertion.







*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*The Expostulation.*



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For SEPTEMBER, 1806.

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THE EXPOSTULATION.

A TALE.

*(With an elegant Engraving.)*

THROUGH the years of early youth, and even from tender infancy, a most intimate connexion had subsisted between young George Melcombe and miss Letitia Brandon. Their parents resided in the same neighbourhood, and entertained the greatest friendship for each other. George and Letitia were thus almost continually together, and joined in the same innocent sports and youthful amusements. They became as it were necessary to each other, and it seemed as if neither could exist alone. When they were separated for considerable intervals, as their education or other causes might require, they always met again with redoubled pleasure. At length, when swiftly revolving years had brought to maturity their expanding passions, they perceived that what they felt for each other was not merely friendship; and George breathed into the ear of the blushing Letitia the most ardent and tender vows of eternal love and constancy. He was, as may be supposed, a thriving wooer. The proposed match was approved of by the parents on both sides, and their union was only delayed from motives of prudence; because, as the fortunes

of both were small, it was necessary that Mr. Melcombe should first obtain such an establishment in life as would support them in a manner suitable to the rank in which they and their parents had always lived; and this he was in hopes of obtaining through the influence of an uncle, who had promised to use his exertions (in which he had no doubt of being successful) to procure him an appointment to a lucrative and respectable public employment.

Their days now passed on in serene and pleasurable expectation: George lived for his Letitia, and his Letitia for him. But, as unmixed and continually undisturbed happiness is not the lot of mortal man, some little incidents occurred which, for a time, entirely destroyed the tranquillity of their minds.

It chanced that a fashionable lady, named Mrs. Hastings, came to reside not far from the house of Mr. Melcombe's father, to whom she was a distant relation. She was more than forty years of age, but was still a fine woman. She had been left a widow at five-and-twenty, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds; and since that time had lived a very gay life, though not such as to im-



pair her character with respect to her virtue. She possessed understanding and a great deal of wit, but mingled too much with satire; and all her discourse and manners had too much of levity, advancing frequently to the very utmost bounds prescribed by decency.

This lady came frequently into the company of young Mr. Melcombe, in consequence of her repeated visits at his father's house; and soon appeared to direct her discourse in a somewhat particular manner to him. She frequently ridiculed, in his presence, what she termed the sublime sentimentality of love and constancy; and the whole of her behaviour was such, that it was evident she would not be unwilling to present herself and her fortune to the youth of whom it was manifest she had formed a most favourable opinion, could he but wean himself from his Letitia.

George, on his part, felt himself not a little flattered by the obvious attentions and partiality of this lady. There is no youthful heart so entirely free from vanity as not to take some credit to itself, and feel a secret ebullition of joy, at having obtained such a preference. George not only found his vanity flattered by the behaviour of Mrs. Hastings, but her personal appearance pleased him; he admired her wit and vivacity, and he did not fail to recollect the amount of her fortune, and the independence in which the possession of it would place him. Every day, therefore, rendered the intimacy between them greater: he attended her every where, and in her company forgot his so long loved Letitia, whom he saw now much less frequently, and to whom, when he did see her, he behaved with an evident coldness and constraint.

Letitia at length perceived this alteration in his conduct; but though

she perceived it, and very sensibly felt it, she disdained to take any notice of it, except by behaving towards him in the same cold and distant manner that he did to her. George now found the company of Letitia insipid, and even irksome to him; and he shortened his formal visits to her as much as possible, that he might return to Mrs. Hastings, who he knew would receive him with complacency and vivacity.

About the same time, it happened that Mr. Brandon, Letitia's father, having had an opportunity of rendering some considerable service to sir Charles Dalton, who resided at the distance of a few miles from him a kind of intimacy ensued between them, which brought sir Charles frequently to Mr. Brandon's. Sir Charles saw Letitia; and her beauty and delicacy of manners made a very forcible impression on him, and rendered his visits to Mr. Brandon much more frequent than they otherwise would have been. Sir Charles was a gentleman approaching to the age of fifty, but of a healthy constitution, unimpaired by any habitual excesses. His countenance was open and manly, his understanding good, and his disposition generous: he besides possessed an estate of about three thousand a year.

Sir Charles found his admiration of Letitia increase every time he came into her company; and he contrived to visit her, at least her father, almost every day. By repeated enquiries from all who had acquaintance with the family, he learned the history of the long-subsisting connexion between young George Melcombe and Letitia; but as he, at the same time, likewise learned the lately-formed intimacy between George and Mrs. Hastings, he considered it as a connexion which possibly was on the point of being dissolved. Letitia too, on her



part, piqued at the conduct of her lover, was less shy than she otherwise would have been of receiving his attentions. She sometimes accompanied him, with her father, in his carriage for an airing. Nor is it to be dissembled that she felt that exultation at the conquest her charms appeared to have made, which is natural to her sex and age; for though sir Charles had not as yet made any formal proposals of marriage, he had given such hints of his wishes on that subject as could not be mistaken.

It chanced one day, that Letitia, while walking out with sir Charles and her father, accepted the offer of the former to support herself on his arm; when, almost immediately afterwards, they were met by young Mr. Melcombe, who was evidently not a little disconcerted at seeing Letitia in a situation of such familiarity with sir Charles. He, however, soon recovered himself; but after a few formal compliments left them, pretending that urgent business prevented him from accompanying them in their walk, as they had politely invited him.

This sudden meeting with Letitia and him whom he could not but consider as her new and possibly accepted lover, struck into the heart of George a spark of jealousy, which soon increased into a violent flame. Letitia had never appeared to him so lovely as now that he imagined he was on the point of losing her for ever. His conscience told him too, that she was not to be blamed for accepting the addresses of a man so much his superior in rank and estate, when he had first treated her with slight, and so repeatedly left her to bestow his attention on Mrs. Hastings. 'No,' said he to himself, 'she has been too hasty; she has acted like a coquette, like a jilt. I will think of her no more. Mrs.

Hastings will recompence me for her perfidious inconstancy with her person, and, what to me is still more, her fortune.' But it was impossible now for him to think of Mrs. Hastings; she had lost all her charms: and it was impossible not to think of Letitia, and not to recollect that her conduct must be fully justified by the coldness and neglect she had lately experienced from him. He passed, therefore, a sleepless night, in the utmost agitation of mind.

The next morning he found it impossible to refrain from visiting his Letitia, though he scarcely knew for what purpose, or in what manner he intended to address her. He went; but to his mortification again found her in company with sir Charles and her father, with whom she remained during his stay, seeming studiously to avoid any private conference with him. He endured the painful situation in which he found himself with as much firmness as he was able, but withdrew from it as soon as he could with any propriety.

His jealousy was now wrought up to the most violent extreme, and he passed the remainder of the day and the succeeding night in a state of mind not easily to be described.

The following morning he again sought an interview with Letitia, and at an earlier hour than he had done before. He now fortunately found her alone, and procured himself to be introduced to her with so little ceremony, that if she had wished to have avoided him, it was not in her power. The situation of the two lovers was embarrassing in the extreme. George was conscious that his conduct had been so wrong, as entirely to forfeit all pretensions to the favour of her whom he felt that he still ardently loved; and Letitia's heart told her, that it was doubtful whether her behaviour to



sir Charles, principally with a view to revenge herself on George, was acting with propriety. Both hesitated; both stammered out a formal salutation. At length, when they had somewhat recovered, George began to say something by way of introduction to the business on which he came, and which oppressed his heart.

‘I hope, miss Brandon,’ said he, ‘I am not guilty of any disagreeable intrusion: perhaps you expect company—company—miss—which you may possibly prefer to mine.’

‘I do not understand you, Mr. Melcombe.’

‘I think I speak very intelligibly, miss Brandon: if you apply to your conscience, I am very certain it will furnish you with the explanation.—I hope sir Charles Dalton is well.’

‘I hope Mrs. Hastings is well.’

‘It is an easy matter to find an excuse for any conduct, if all the idle tittle-tattle of a tea-table is to be taken for truth.’

‘I think your conduct has been sufficiently notorious to the whole neighbourhood, and much more so to me. My knowledge of the coldness and disregard with which you have lately treated me cannot certainly depend on tea-table reports.’

‘It is easy alleging this when the heart is alienated by vanity and ambition, and a lady is determined on a separation from her former lover.’

‘And it is easy to talk thus when the expectation of a fortune induces a gentleman to wish to break off a prior engagement, which has become a burthen to him.’

‘Talk not of fortune, of pecuniary advantage,’ said George, hastily, ‘since it must be admitted by every one acquainted with the real state of this affair, of this separation, if such it must be, that you have made the best bargain.’

‘Bargain, sir!’ exclaimed Letitia,

indignantly; ‘could I suppose that you really think me capable of making a bargain, of deliberately calculating the amount of profit or loss in disposing of my hand, I would tear you from my heart, whatever affection I might once have entertained for you, whatever affection I may still, too unfortunately, entertain; though I knew that heart must burst in a very short time afterwards.’

Her feelings overpowered her, and she hastily turned herself from him to conceal the tears which gushed into her eyes.

This was too much for George: he threw himself on his knees—‘Oh! generous and most amiable innocent!’ exclaimed he, ‘do you, can you, still feel any thing resembling affection for me? Can you grant me a pardon? Can you listen to and accept my vows of eternal fidelity in future? for I now feel that it is from such divine goodness alone that I can expect happiness.’

The scene which followed is not to be described: they sank into each other’s arms, and vowed eternal constancy; which vow was never afterwards broken.

Thus ended this anxious *expostulation*; which, had they not both been of good and ingenuous minds, might have terminated in finally separating them from each other, and uniting them to those who, in bestowing on them wealth, would too probably only have bestowed splendid misery.

After this interview and affecting reconciliation, Letitia shunned, as much as possible, any familiarity and even conversation with sir Charles; and George became as distant in his behaviour to Mrs. Hastings.

Both sir Charles and the lady presently perceived the alteration, and were not long in discovering the true reason of it; for George and Letitia seemed now to be inseparable, and



their whole attention was devoted to each other.

Sir Charles soon after happened to meet with Mrs. Hastings at a place of public entertainment, and being much pleased with her wit and vivacity, cultivated an acquaintance with her; and finding her a woman of real sense and goodness of heart, offered her his hand; observing, 'We have both, I believe, of late been inclined to be foolish, but I hope we are now recovered. Our ages, our circumstances, and our habits of life, render us suitable to each other; and let us leave our young acquaintances to be happy, as they ought to be, in their own way.'

Mrs. Hastings, without affectation or prudery, accepted his offer; and they were soon after married, and found themselves perfectly satisfied with and happy in each other.

'But what shall we do for our two young friends?' said Sir Charles; one day. 'Our fortune amply supplies us with the means of adding to their happiness, and facilitating their union. Let me consider: I have a handsome and convenient house and garden without a tenant. I will, with your approbation, present this to Mr. Melcombe as a token of friendship. It is in a situation perfectly suitable for the employment he expects; and he may thus enter upon housekeeping at less expence.'

'And still further to diminish that expence,' said Mrs. Hastings, 'I will furnish that house for Letitia in a fashionable and elegant manner; and may they enjoy in it all the happiness they expect!'

This plan was immediately carried into effect; and Mr. Melcombe's uncle soon after obtaining for him the place he had solicited, George and Letitia were happily united, equally to their own satisfaction and that of all parties.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I found the following letter, on the death of a friend, among the manuscript collections of a deceased relative; if you will give it a place in your interesting Miscellany, you will much oblige your constant reader,

MARIA C——.

*Nottingham, June 29, 1806.*

THE visits of a friend, like those of the sun at this season, are extremely enlivening. I am sure, at least, they would both be particularly acceptable to me at present, when my mind is as much overcast as the heavens. I hope, therefore, you will not drop the design your letter intimates, of spending a few days with me in your way to ———. Your company will greatly contribute to disperse those clouds of melancholy which the loss of a very valuable friend has hung over me. There is something, indeed, in the first moments of separation from those whom a daily commerce and long habitude of friendship has grafted upon the heart that disorders our whole frame of thought, and discolours all our enjoyments. Let philosophy assist with the utmost of her vaunted strength, the mind cannot immediately recover the firmness of its posture, when those amicable props upon which it used to rest are totally removed. Even the most indifferent objects with which we have long been familiar take some kind of root in our hearts: and 'I should care,' as a celebrated author has with great good nature observed—'to have an old post pulled up, which I remembered ever since I was a child.'



To know how to receive the full satisfaction of a present enjoyment with a disposition prepared at the same time to yield it up without reluctance, is hardly, I doubt, reconcilable to humanity. Pain in being disunited from those we love is a tax we must be contented to pay, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the social affections. One would not wish, indeed, to be wholly insensible to disquietudes of this kind; and we must renounce the most refined relish of our being if we would, upon all occasions, possess our souls in a *stoical* tranquillity.

That ancient philosopher whose precept it was to converse with our friends as if they might one day prove our enemies, has been justly censured as advancing a very ungenerous maxim. To remember, however, that we must one day most certainly be divided from them, is a reflection, methinks, that should enter with us into all our tender connections of every kind.

I am, &c.

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## ON MODERATION.

MODERATION, at the first hearing of the word, conveys the idea of something opposite to a blind, precipitate, furious zeal; and yet, on the other hand, it is by no means to be confounded, nor indeed hath it the least affinity with a languid, undistinguishing, unthinking indifference. True moderation is equally distant from both these, or any extremes; for one of its principal characteristics is to proportion its esteem of things to their real worth; to be more or less concerned for them, as they are more or less valuable; to yield a weaker or stronger

assent, as there is weaker or stronger evidence; to be indifferent about indifferent things, and to be zealous about things wherein 'it is good,' as the apostle says, 'to be zealously affected.' But though it be zealous for some things, yet it has no more zeal than knowledge; no more warmth than discretion; attends not to one side of a question only, but to both; examines without prejudice; argues without passion; differs from others with civility and good manners; though mistaken is never obstinate; though sure is never dogmatical; would rather win by persuasion, than prevail by compulsion; preserves a medium and measure of things; avoids every sort of excess and extravagance; is not even righteous over-much, as Solomon advises; is not over-wise; is more for promoting what is equitable than for adhering to the strictness of the law; tempers justice with mercy; softens severity with candour; is rigid to crimes, but tender of persons; punishes the offence, but pities the offender; and under the worst of provocations and sufferings behaves with meekness, patience, and gentleness towards all men.

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## MISCELLANEOUS REFLEXIONS.

GENIUS, like a great name, imposes great obligations.

The more we sow in desire, the less we reap in happiness.

Flattery is a dish which, in whatever manner it may be seasoned, suits the palate of every one.

He who has once lost the thread of honour, can never extricate himself from the labyrinth of shame.

Every one praises a middling state of fortune, but no person is contented with it.

The poor in merit are never the richest in modesty.



## THE

## ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

*(Continued from p. 414.)*

## CHAP. LXXII.

THE night of Alonzo's daring attempt to carry off our heroine, Orlando, in passing to his chamber, heard her shriek. That to him was an invincible attractor, and she was encircled by his protecting arm almost in the same instant: and next morning, after she had visited him in his dungeon (where she first was startled by the tender yet ardent expression of his countenance, which strongly reminded her of the stranger she had that day met in the church), he evinced so much distress, nay anguish, at the idea of failing in his appointment, which he confessed to Francisco he had made with her, that the indulgent monk was subdued by compassion, and relieved him from his afflictions. He took Orlando from his cell, through a private passage from the dungeons, to his own apartments, where he allowed him to reassume his own complexion, and the cavalier's dress, and then admitted him into the church to fulfil his appointment with Victoria.

During their imprisonment in the same dungeon, it was impossible to conceal from Thomas that the supposed Hippolyto was no other than his tenderly deplored young champion: but that grateful and affectionate creature was easily sworn to secrecy; and even in the time of unbounded joy at the discovery, and in the trying moments of danger and distress, he proved faithful to his promise.

The despair and anguish of Orlando, during the time of Victoria's

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serious illness, were indeed pitiable. Francisco, for form sake, had him still confined to the dungeon. But the affectionate old man took care to convey intelligence respecting her, almost as frequently as the anxious impatience of his young friend required it; and at length, when Victoria was sufficiently recovered to leave her chamber, he earnestly supplicated for permission to see her. But Francisco, who had witnessed his anguish about her, feared the tenderness of his emotions, in the joy of once more beholding her, might lead to the discovery of more than was then consistent with prudence to reveal to her; and as the moment for her escape was not yet arrived, he commissioned Lorenzo to prevent her having any opportunity to wander into the church, where, fearing the effect of close confinement upon Orlando's health, he suffered him to walk two hours each day.

Our reader is already acquainted with conte di Vicenza's plans relative to Victoria; and when the moment arrived in which, according to his arrangements, he was to follow her into the Pyrenean castle, he judged it expedient to take with him an unfortunate young man, whose morals he had ably assisted in corrupting, and who was now entirely dependent upon him for patronage and support. Polydore well knew that Victoria was totally unacquainted with the person of conte di Urbino, but by no means so with the amiable character he bore. All his undertakings were honourable and just; and to impress our heroine with a belief that his own intentions relative to her were equally so, he ordered Masaniello, his handsome dependent and satellite, to assume the name of conte di Urbino: and joining Don Manuel and Garcias, with



whom he then kept up a constant correspondence, they all entered the castle together, resolved, by accumulating every horror, to terrify Victoria into conte Vicenza's diabolical measures; and when Hero was liberated from the prison Francisco had sentenced her to, she was found a most willing auxiliary.

Our sagacious readers can scarcely want our aid to inform them that Polydore, to appear amiable in Victoria's eyes, affected no knowledge of, or connection with, the Pyrenean brigands, and meant that she should believe affection for her had led him to brave all the horrors and perils with which captivity in that castle abounded. But whatever part Massaniello had assigned to him, he soon became a languid performer. The beauty and distress of Victoria first taught him that he had a heart capable of admitting love and humanity, and his patron's favour he would gladly have forfeited to effect her rescue from destruction; but the wary Garcias saw and prevented every effort of poor Massaniello's to befriend her.

To wound and alarm her delicacy, conte Vicenza had commissioned Don Manuel to appear her innamorato; but he soon became her sincere admirer and friend: yet fearing to injure her cause by provoking Garcias and Vicenza, and not choosing to break a promise which he had given before he saw her, he forbore to evince the real regard her similitude in mind and manners to Viola had taught him to feel for her, and under the appearance of a fictitious one for some time dreadfully augmented her distress. The imprisonment of Teresa and Pedro, with the removal of Diego, and her own confinement, were all the policy of the malicious Garcias to drive her into their snares; and to her dungeon an auxiliary

found its way which Garcias little thought of.

A captive whom Garcias had taken on board a West Indiaman had dragged on a miserable existence for eleven years in that castle, the last four of which he languished in a dungeon, suffering every species of cruelty from the displeasure of Garcias. When taken, this man had with him a remarkably fine parrot, which he had meant to make money by in Europe; and this parrot Garcias ordered should attend his master to his dungeon, with a barbarous hope that his astounding noise and shrill squalling would disturb the miserable captive, who suffered dreadfully from a nervous malady in his head.

Death had released this wretched captive from his calamities a few days only before Victoria occupied his place in the dungeon. The parrot was taken by Gonzalvo to his own apartments. The bird had, unknown to the stern dungeon-keeper, followed him into his late habitation; and the words and accents he had caught from his deranged master most direfully increased Victoria's terrors. The flapping of the bird's wings, as he heavily flew across the cell to look for food, extinguished her expiring lamp, and left her a prey to the most awful enervating fears: but in despite of every horror her firm reliance upon Heaven supported her along the path of rectitude, and every plan of the vile associates against her was foiled by the decree of Him in whom she trusted.

In that moment when our persecuted heroine had fainted in the library, after having refused to sign the contract, and that her villanous tormentors were only waiting her recovery to compel her to it, Heaven



ordained that the duca di Manfredonia and Francisco, in returning from visiting Orlando, in his prison, and not knowing that any person was in the library—for it was unusual after night-fall—were about to avail themselves (for expedition's sake) of that passage already mentioned in explaining the appearance of the shadow. Vicenza leaned against the very pannel, and feeling it move beneath his hand naturally looked to see the cause; when his astonished eyes beheld the countenance of the duca di Manfredonia, which, though so changed by years of misery, Polydore instantly recognised to be the face of him, he firmly believed, he had so long since consigned to the murderer's hand. Appalled by this dreadful preternatural visitation, which he conceived it to be, his senses instantly forsook him; and Lorenzo quickly closed the pannel, unobserved by any other person: and now for the first time this unfortunate man presumed to solicit Francisco to expedite the escape of Victoria and his beloved pupil.

From all which Victoria (little knowing whom she was addressing) had told Lorenzo from time to time of her aunt and conte Vicenza, and all the direful histories of both, full fraught with which Orlando returned from France, Lorenzo little doubted but to the villany of Polydore he owed his own captivity. Seeing this wretch now in the castle gave conviction to suspicion, and explained the reason why Garcias had ordered him to remain a close prisoner in his own apartments. All he had himself suffered from the villany of Vicenza taught him to apprehend the direst horrors for Victoria, unless she was instantly snatched from the fangs of the fiends who were determined upon her destruction; and so powerfully he

pleaded, that Francisco resolved to sacrifice every selfish feeling, and immediately to provide for her escape.

The brigantine which Alonzo had prepared for his attempt still lay in readiness; and Francisco immediately set about selecting a sufficient number of hands to work it—of men whom he dared to trust with such an important commission without fearing their betraying him to Garcias. The fugitives once out of the reach of pursuit, he feared not the wrath of Garcias. He was an Inquisitor! and that terrible word settled all his accounts with the predacious brotherhood: and to those men to whom he now confided this enterprise he gave the most efficacious charge for the safety of Victoria, and for their protection of her; since he told them, 'that, if pursued, and they allowed the lady Victoria to fall into the hands of the pursuers, their lives should answer it before the tribunal of the Inquisition.' This was an arduous, difficult, and delicate matter to arrange; yet, in the course of that night he selected a sufficient number of men in whom he could confide. Orlando he forbore to apprise of his intentions until all was warily settled for escape the succeeding night.

In the intermediate time, Alonzo, sufficiently recovered from his wounds, again thought of putting his rash project into execution. He was in the secret of conte Vicenza's schemes, and knew therefore not a moment must now be lost. While imprisoned by Francisco in the western tower, he had insidiously corrupted the fidelity of his sentinel; who, in passing to or from Alonzo's prison, encountered Elfridii upon one of his penitential rambles. This man watched him, and saw him enter our heroine's chamber through



a secret way which no other person in the castle knew of. This important discovery he hastened with to his new friend Alonzo, who resolved to avail himself of such precious information; and, when he judged it expedient, sent his minion Carlos to this private door to make his observations, and find out the best way of carrying off our heroine in the dead of the succeeding night. Alonzo perceived not that Carlos was inebriated: but that wretch had just drunk enough to stupefy his senses, yet thought himself wondrous wise. Arrived at this secret pass, and availing himself of some cracks in the tapestry, he saw how deeply Victoria was engaged in prayer; and it struck his brilliant imagination that it would be a very clever exploit to lead Hero to Alonzo, for them all to consult together. Unseen by Victoria he now could do it, but thought not once of how Hero could return unobserved. Not, however, in a mood for reflecting upon consequences, he presented himself to Hero's view. Surprise transfixed her for a moment, and prevented any exclamation; and upon Carlos cautiously motioning for her to follow him in silence, she unhesitatingly complied—her still unsubdued attachment to Alonzo leading her to hope, from this unexpected summons, all her fond deluded heart taught her to wish realised.

They departed unseen, unheard by Victoria, then completely absorpt in her employment: and on their way to the chamber of Alonzo they were met by Francisco, who was then roving about arranging for our heroine's escape, and who, suspecting treachery from their appearance at such an hour commanded them to follow him in silence. They dared not disobey; and he led them

on to his cell, where two officials of the Holy Office were then waiting for his orders relative to some other business; into whose hands he instantly delivered Hero and Carlos, with directions to confine them in the prisons of the Holy Office at Cadaques until further orders. Francisco had no intention of destroying them; but believing they had been watching him, and had discovered his plans, he thought this the most effectual method of preventing their malicious purposes: and no trace remaining in the castle of Hero or Carlos occasioned much amazement and consternation to Garcias and his associates.

The enraptured Orlando, when informed the following morning that all was ready for escape at night, hastened, on the glad wings of hope and joy, to the monument in the church, contiguous to the library; where anxiously watching for his adored Victoria, Heaven at length permitted him to inform her, that the happy moment of her emancipation was at hand. This short but joyful interview past, Orlando dedicated the remaining moments of his stay to his beloved Sebastian, Francisco, and Matilda. A day of dreadful agitation it was to him: the saddening fear of no more beholding those friends so dear to him rent again his heart with anguish; but love was arbitrary, and tore him from every other tender tie. But at length Francisco, overcome by the sorrow he felt and witnessed, promised that whilst he lived they should all sometimes meet. This was consolation—a cordial that inspirited all: and when Orlando conducted Matilda back to her solitary apartments at an early hour (he and Francisco having much to arrange before the time of departure), Victoria heard those words of ardent



friendship uttered by Matilda which conveyed so much and such lengthened anguish to her heart.

In vain had Orlando importuned Francisco to allow Matilda (who he could scarcely believe was not his sister, though no earthly testimony had appeared to convince him that she was so) to accompany Victoria; but the monk pleaded, in excuse for his denial, the agony of mind 'that he should suffer, were both the children of his care at once to leave him. Matilda must comfort him and Sebastian for the loss they were about to sustain: but at a future period he would provide a safe and honourable asylum for her, even perhaps with him and lady Victoria.'

All this was plausible; but Francisco had a more forcible, yet untold, motive for her stay lurking in his mind. This strange, this versatile old man, tenderly attached to his lately discovered son, fondly hoped to see the hour of his reformation. He knew there were some seeds of good propensities in Don Manuel's heart; and he flattered himself that, though late, they would some time flourish, and exterminate all those noxious weeds which had so long poisoned the soil, and blighted each bud of virtue; and the young, beautiful, and amiable Matilda should be the rich reward of that anxiously wished-for time; until when he was resolved not only to conceal her from the world, but if possible from Don Manuel himself; upon whom, in his present profligate state, he would not for kingdoms bestow what he considered such an inestimable treasure.

As the evening of the intended escape advanced, Francisco became restless and suspicious, and so apprehensive of treachery and discovery, that he wandered from passage to passage, round the kitchen,

library, parlour, listening to every sound, and attentive to every transaction; by which means he became acquainted with the plan of changing Victoria's chamber, which was occasioned by Hero's mysterious disappearance the preceding night. It was now necessary to apprise Orlando of this unexpected event. He hastened therefore to the church, where our hero and Pedro (whom, with Thomas, Francisco had stolen out of prison, as men in whom he might safely confide) were in waiting. Their consternation and Orlando's anguish were dreadful, until Francisco assured them he could (although through a tedious way) even conduct them to her new apartment; and now, for the first time, he objected to Orlando's appearing in his own person as the deliverer of Victoria.

'I have been maturely deliberating over this matter,' said he, 'and now think that as Hippolyto you will appear as my agent, and one devoted to the interest and service of the Inquisition; and the men will have no incentive to betray you, or to operate against their fears of me and the Holy Office. But if you go as Theodore, they know the enmity of Garcias to you; and therefore, if pursued and overpowered, that his immediate vengeance would fall upon them for assisting you, and that they would be sacrificed before they could claim the inquisitorial protection: you, therefore, they would instantly deliver to your pursuers, even should they attempt to contend for the possession of lady Victoria.'

There was too much reason in what Francisco urged for Orlando to make any objection. Beside, he considered that although as Hippolyto his views upon Victoria's heart had no chance of being advanced, yet it would be more congenial to



the delicacy of her feelings, he was well aware, to be thrown upon the protection of a man whose apparent situation placed him at such an humble distance, than on that of a young unmarried man, her equal in rank, and almost a stranger to her : he therefore unhesitatingly hastened to change his dress and his complexion, and solemnly pledged himself to Francisco not to reassume his own natural appearance, or avow himself to her, until every fear of the villanous confederates was removed.

At length, after a tedious and troublesome route, Francisco providentially conducted Orlando to the chamber of our heroine, just in time to rescue her from the villanous machinations of conte Vicenza ; who, the moment he found himself wounded, and that Victoria was snatched from him, made such a tumult, that Garcias and some of his myrmidons, who were waiting at no great distance, ready at call, to force Victoria by further cruelties to sign the contract, appeared. A surgeon was summoned to dress the wound, and a search throughout the castle immediately set on foot.

A length of time was necessarily taken up in examining all the known passages, and in questioning Gonzalvo as to Hippolyto's liberation from prison ; which he was totally ignorant of, as Francisco had effected it : for, by Polydore's description of Victoria's champion, Hippolyto at once was known to be the miscreant. An alarm was given to the outposts ; so that for a length of time the final escape of the fugitives was thought impossible. But at last, after minute investigation, and general consternation from some sounds one of the sentinels had heard off shore, they were led to suppose they had put to sea : and a quick sailing caravel, with Garcias and his own crew, as speedily as

possible got under weigh in pursuit of them. And as it was concluded that France would be the destination of the fugitives, Garcias stood off for that coast.

## CHAP. LXXIII.

AFTER the daring achievement of Diego had rescued himself and friends from the diabolical power of Garcias, the helmsman, whom he had strongly fettered, guessing the nature of Diego's plan, made every effort to liberate himself, and to be heard by his messmates—but in vain—until, as night advanced, the portentous appearances of the clouds creating his most serious alarm, he was at length worked into a perfect phrensy of apprehension, and, by the strength of desperation, broke from his bonds, and with much difficulty and labour roused almost all the ship's company to a sense of their imminent danger. All idea of revenge or pursuit was now lost in that of personal apprehension. Every nerve was strained ; and their exertions, aided by the excellent condition of the caravel, Providence allowed to steer them in safety back to the Pyrenees, having a greater punishment in store for those who had long braved, but well deserved, its vengeance.

We recollect no circumstance from this time, until the duchessa di Manfredonia arrived at the château, where our heroine had taken refuge after the shipwreck, that requires explanation to our patient reader. The perplexity and consternation of that diabolical woman were excessive, when she found Victoria was in the château where she so shortly expected to be joined by comte de Montfort ; who, though entrapped by her artful blandishments, still sighed for and idolized Victoria. The sight of her,



therefore, Elvira well knew threatened destruction to all her own schemes relative to that weak and volatile young man, who was now the dearest object in the world to her, of whose credulity she had taken every advantage; and, by deceiving him with a plausible story of Victoria's having retired for life into a convent, destroyed every hope of his obtaining her, and at length lured him into her own toils.

Our heroine's name was no secret to the domestics of the château; and even could Elvira remove her from Montfort's sight, she could not hope to conceal from his knowledge her having been there: thus her deceptions would be discovered, his hopes renewed, and her own forever blasted. Love and jealousy, in arms, led her to resolve upon some desperate enterprise to crush his hopes at once, and save herself from the bitter pangs of disappointment; determining that not even the fame or happiness of Victoria should be spared in the attempt: and so rashly did the impetuosity of her passions urge her on, that, in striving to secure her young favourite to herself, she braved the vengeance of conte Vicenza, nor seemed once to reflect how totally her crimes had placed her in his power, or how unrelentingly he would pursue her to destruction, should she prove the means of foiling his schemes and annihilating his hopes of obtaining Victoria.

With no other counsellor then, than her own invention, she arranged her plans, and only called in her familiars, Bianca and Maratti, to assist in the execution of them. Determined to work upon the feelings of her susceptible niece, to terrify her into a marriage that must at once destroy all Montfort's hopes, she first strove to conciliate the too justly estranged affection of Victo-

ria; then fabricated the story of Polydore's death, and Hippolyto's attainder. Maratti procured the men to personate assassins, who were artfully thrown, with every every alarming circumstance, in the way of the timid Roselia, whom Maratti not once lost sight of, and who, as Elvira well conjectured, would, though unintentionally, prove a valuable auxiliary: and fearing the power and interference of the monks Anselmo and Pierre, should Victoria apply to them for advice or protection, Elvira thought it judicious to win them over to her interest, often having derived ready assistance from the venial brothers of the convent. But with all her art she was not equal to a combat with the inflexible virtue of father Pierre; while with the placid Anselmo she seemed to succeed beyond her most sanguine expectations. But Anselmo not less firm in virtue than his brother Pierre, only seemed to enter into her plans to subvert them.

Anselmo knew the duchessa di Manfredonia well; although the lapse of many years, his change of name, of country, language, his overshadowing cowl, secured the good, the just, the pious, venerable Rinaldo from the recognition of his sworn implacable enemy. Trembling for the fate of conte Ariosto's child, the good man affected the sanctified villain; and promising to aid her in all her vile machinations, he was sent to win Hippolyto to her purpose.

The holy man, strongly prepossessed in favour of that gallant young man, candidly unbosomed himself to him; and Orlando, equally pleased with the good monk, as frankly disclosed his supposed name and situation to him, his views upon Victoria's heart, and all the dangers she had escaped, with those that still threatened her; when, after much



deliberation, it was mutually agreed, that could Victoria, even by stratagem, be led into the intended marriage, it would be the safest asylum from destruction which circumstances now left open for her; since from the protection of a husband, upon whom her guardian had bestowed her, the machinations of enemies could not withdraw her; while at the same time, as it must in some degree be a compulsory union upon lady Victoria's side, it would be still in her power to cancel it at some future day, when her brother returned to guard her.

Anselmo conveying to Elvira Hippolyto's ready assent to the proposed marriage, he was allowed to return, though privately, with the monk to St. Lewis; and when Victoria's reluctant compliance was obtained, Anselmo was summoned to the duchessa, to arrange with her every thing relative to the marriage; and upon his return to the convent he contrived to send that billet in the label to lull Victoria's fears, and give her courage to proceed.

It would be too bold an attempt for us to pourtray the feelings of Orlando upon that eventful morning when the hand of Victoria was united to his. The tumult of his mind was too powerful for our description; and the tortures of uncertainty, although lessened by the soft insinuations of flattering hope, were almost too violent to be concealed from observation. But when he beheld the affecting trepidation of the lovely victim which perfidy bestowed upon him; when he saw her amiable and delicate efforts to spare him the pangs of mortification; with difficulty could he restrain the impetuous impulse which would have thrown him at her feet, there to acknowledge all of deception which circumstances had led him to practise towards her; to avow

his name, and plead for her pity and forgiveness. But prudence prevailed over the tenderness even of his feelings. He thought the moment not arrived that could release him from his sacred promise to Francisco. He felt himself not out of the power of his enemies, while his dearer self was encompassed by their toils; and not until she was safely lodged at St. Marguerite's he had predetermined upon making the important discovery to Victoria. However, the unexpected arrival of comte de Montfort changed at once his intentions. He knew full well the impetuosity and insolence of that young man's temper, with the ardency of his adoration of Victoria; and from all united he apprehended some unpleasant occurrences, ungenial to the delicacy of Victoria's feelings, degrading to her dignity, were she suffered to appear to him as the wife of the obscure Hippolyto, and with no other protection than such a friendless unknown alien could afford her.

The moment, therefore, that the wily Elvira closed the door upon him and the good Rinaldo, he hastened (finding the apartment he had retired to was a dressing-room, and suited to his purpose) to reassume his own complexion; and when, as conte di Urbino, he answered the envenomed summons of the duchessa 'to the husband of Victoria di Modena,' to appear, no pen can (at least ours cannot) pourtray the dismay and consternation of the diabolical Elvira. The infatuation of jealousy and passion was chased at once by the terror of conviction; for well she knew the fatal blow she had thus given to Polydore's views upon Victoria, by uniting her to him she believed his own son, was the inevitable fiat for her destruction. Immediately, therefore, she fled with her two associates in guilt,



Maratti and Bianca, to England, taking with her, for subsistence, the jewels, and a few other valuables she had with her in Provence. But in England she found not the tranquil asylum she sought for: appalled by conscious guilt, her crimes transformed every individual she met with, every thing she encountered, into objects to shrink from; even her own vile creatures were soon arrayed by her trembling fears in the terrible garb of perfidy. She roved from place to place, vainly striving to fly from justice, which still followed her in the miseries inflicted by her agonising apprehension; and, in the course of a very few years, the accumulated horrors of her mind, aided by a continually broken rest, brought on a complication of almost every direful malady to which the human frame is incident. By piece-meal, she at length expired in tortures so extreme, that, but for the magnitude of her crimes, the eye of pity must have wept for her; since, added to her bodily anguish, the catholic priest, to whom in her last moments she made her genuine confession, recoiling from the black catalogue, and under the influence of horror and indignation, which the dreadful recital but too justly inspired, even in the most direful terms refused her absolution, and sent her tortured and dismayed spirit shrieking to another world, there to meet from an unerring judge its final doom.

(To be continued.)

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ACCOUNT of the TIRANNA, a celebrated SPANISH ACTRESS.

(From Cumberland's *Memoirs of his own Life*.)

COUNT Pietra Santa, lieutenant-colonel of the Italian band of body  
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guards, was my most dear and intimate friend: by that name, in its truest and most appropriate sense, I must ever remember him (for he is now no more); and though the days that I passed with him in Spain did not out-number those of a single year, yet in every one of these I had the happiness to enjoy so many hours of his society, that in his case, as in that of the good old abbé Curtis, whilst we were but young in acquaintance, we might be fairly said to be old in friendship. It is ever matter of delight to me, when I can see the world disposed to pay tribute to those modest unassuming characters who exact no tribute, but in plain and pure simplicity of heart recommend themselves to our affections, and borrowing nothing from the charms of wit, or the display of genius, exhibit virtue—in itself how lovely. Such was my deceased friend, a man whom every body, with unanimous assent, denominated the good Pietra Santa; whom every body loved, for he that ran could read him; and who together with the truest courage of a soldier, and the highest principles of honour, combined such moral virtues with such gentle manners, and so sweet a temper, that he seemed destined to give the rare example of a human creature in whom no fault could be discovered.

In this society, I could not fail to pass my hours of relaxation very much to my satisfaction without resorting to public places or assemblies, in which species of amusement Madrid was very scantily provided; for there was but one theatre for plays, no opera, and a most unsocial gloomy style of living seemed to characterise the whole body of the nobles and grandees. I was not often tempted to the theatre, which was small, dark, ill-furnished, and ill-attended; yet when the celebrated tragic actress, known by the



title of the Tiranna, played, it was a treat, which I should suppose no other stage then in Europe could compare with. That extraordinary woman, whose real name I do not remember, and whose real origin cannot be traced, till it is settled from what particular nation or people we are to derive the outcast race of gipsies, was not less formed to strike beholders with the beauty and commanding majesty of her person, than to astonish all that heard her by the powers that nature and art had combined to give her. My friend count Pietra Santa, who had honourable access to this great stage heroine, intimated to her the very high expectation I had formed of her performances, and the eager desire I had to see her in one of her capital characters, telling her, at the same time, that I had been a writer for the stage in my own country. In consequence of this intimation, she sent me word that I should have notice from her when she wished me to come to the theatre; till when, she desired I would not present myself in my box upon any night, though her name might be in the bill; for it was only when she liked her part, and was in the humour to play well, that she wished me to be present.

In obedience to her message, I waited several days, and at last received the looked-for summons. I had not been many minutes in the theatre before she sent a mandate to me to go home, for that she was in no disposition that evening for playing well, and should neither do justice to her own talents nor to my expectations. I instantly obeyed this whimsical injunction, knowing it to be so perfectly in character with the capricious humour of her tribe.—When something more than a week had passed, I was again invited to the theatre, and permitted to sit out

the whole representation. I had not then enough of the language to understand much more than the incidents and action of the play, which was of the deepest cast of tragedy; for in the course of the plot she murdered her infant children, and exhibited them dead on the stage lying on each side of her; whilst she, sitting on the bare floor between them (her attitude, action, features, tones, defying all description), presented such a high-wrought picture of hysteric phrenzy, '*laughing wild amidst severest woe*,' as placed her in my judgment at the very summit of her art: in fact, I have no conception that the powers of acting can be carried higher; and such was the effect upon the audience, that whilst the spectators in the pit, having caught a kind of sympathetic phrensy, were rising up in a tumultuous manner, the word was given out by authority for letting fall the curtain, and a catastrophe probably too strong for exhibition was not allowed to be completed.

A few minutes had passed, when this wonderful creature, led in by Pietra Santa, entered my box. The artificial paleness of her cheeks, her eyes, which she had dyed of a bright vermilion round the edges of the lids, her fine arms bare to the shoulders, the wild magnificence of her attire, and the profusion of her dishevelled locks, glossy black as the plumage of the raven, gave her the appearance of something so much more than human, such a Sybil, such an imaginary being, so awful, so impressive, that my blood chilled as she approached me, not to ask, but to claim my applause; demanding of me if I had ever seen any actress that could be compared with her in my own, or any other country. 'I was determined,' she said, 'to exert myself for you this night; and if the sensibility of the audience would



have suffered me to have concluded the scene, I should have convinced you that I do not boast of my own performances without reason.'

The allowances which the Spanish theatre could afford to make to its performers were so very moderate, that I should doubt if the whole year's salary of the Tiranna would have more than paid for her magnificent dress; but this, and all other charges appertaining to her establishment, were defrayed from the coffers of the duke of Osuna, a grandee of the first class, and commander of the Spanish guards. This noble person found it indispensably necessary to be acquainted with her; and at the very time of which I am now speaking, Pietra Santa seriously assured me, that his excellency had indeed paid large sums to her order, but had never once visited, or even seen her. He told me, at the same time, that he had very lately taken upon himself to remonstrate upon this want of curiosity; and having suggested to his excellency how possible it was for him to order his equipage to the door, and permit him to introduce him to this fair creature, whom he knew only by report, and the bills she had drawn upon his treasurer, the duke graciously consented to my friend's proposal, and actually set out with him for the gallant purpose of taking a cup of chocolate with his hitherto invisible mistress, who had notice given her of the intended visit. The distance from the house of the grandee to the apartments of the gipsy was not great; but the lulling motion of the huge state coach, and the softness of the velvet cushions, had rocked his excellency into so sound a nap, that when his equipage stopped at the lady's door there was not one of his retinue bold enough to undertake the invidious task of troubling his repose. The consequence was, that after a proper

time was passed upon the halt for this brave commander to have waked, had nature so ordained it, the coach wheeled round, and his excellency, having slept away his curiosity, had not, at the time when I left Madrid, ever cast his eyes upon the person of the incomparable Tiranna. I take for granted my friend Pietra Santa drank the chocolate, and his excellency enjoyed the nap. I will only add in confirmation of my anecdote, that the good abbé Curtis, who had the honour of having educated this illustrious sleeper, verified the fact.

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CHARACTERS of DR. GOLDSMITH  
and DR. JOHNSON.

*(From the Same.)*

AT this time I did not know Oliver Goldsmith even by person. I think our first meeting chanced to be at the British Coffee-house. When we came together we very speedily coalesced, and I believe he forgave me for all the little fame I had got by the success of my *West-Indian*, which had put him to some trouble, for it was not his nature to be unkind; and I had soon an opportunity of convincing him how incapable I was of harbouring resentment, and how zealously I took my share in what concerned his interest and reputation. That he was fantastically and whimsically vain all the world knows; but there was no settled and inherent malice in his heart. He was tenacious to a ridiculous extreme of certain pretensions, that did not, and by nature could not, belong to him; and at the same time inexcusably careless of the fame which he had powers to command. His table-talk was, as Garrick aptly compared it, like that of a parrot; whilst he wrote



like Apollo. He had gleams of eloquence, and at times a majesty of thought; but in general his tongue and his pen had two very different styles of talking. What foibles he had he took no pains to conceal: the good qualities of his heart were too frequently obscured by the carelessness of his conduct, and the frivolity of his manners. Sir Joshua Reynolds was very good to him, and would have drilled him into better trim and order for society, if he would have been amenable; for Reynolds was a perfect gentleman, had good sense and propriety, with all the social attributes, and all the graces of hospitality equal to any man. He well knew how to appreciate men of talents, and how near a-kin the muse of poetry was to that art of which he was so eminent a master. From Goldsmith he caught the subject of his famous *Ugolino*; what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed, and happily applied.

There is something in Goldsmith's prose, that, to my ear, is uncommonly sweet and harmonious: it is clear, simple, easy to be understood: we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows; obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet, there is no doubt; but the paucity of his versés does not allow us to rank him in that station where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, variety, and grandeur of design, to constitute a first-rate poet. The *Deserted Village*, *Traveller*, and *Hermit*, are all specimens beautiful as such; but they are only bird's eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent whole must be accomplished before we can pronounce the *maker* to be a poet. Pope himself never earned this title by a work of any magni-

tude but the *Homer*, and that being a translation only constitutes him an accomplished versifier. Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies nor worthy of his talents. I remember him when, in his chamber in the Temple, he shewed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature*: it was with a sigh, such as genius draws when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds, and beasts, and creeping things, which Pidcock's showman could have done as well. Poor fellow! he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table. But publishers hate poetry, and Paternoster-row is not Parnassus. Even the mighty Doctor Hill, who was not a very delicate feeder, could not make a dinner out of the press, till, by a happy transformation into Hannah Glass, he turned himself into a cook, and sold receipts for made dishes to all the savoury readers in the kingdom. Then, indeed, the press acknowledged him second in fame only to John Bunyan; his feasts kept pace in sale with Nelson's fasts; and when his own name was fairly written out of credit, he wrote himself into immortality under an alias. Now, though necessity, or, I should rather say, the desire of finding money for a masquerade, drove Oliver Goldsmith upon abridging histories, and turning Buffon into English, yet I much doubt if without that spur he would ever have put his Pegasus into action: no; if he had been rich the world would have been poorer than it is, by the loss of all the treasures of his genius and the contributions of his pen.

Who will say that Johnson himself would have been such a champion in literature, such a front-rank soldier in the fields of fame, if he



had not been pressed into the service, and driven on to glory with the bayonet of sharp necessity pointed at his back? If fortune had turned him into a field of clover, he would have laid down and rolled in it. The mere manual labour of writing would not have allowed his lassitude and love of ease to have taken the pen out of the ink-horn, unless the cravings of hunger had reminded him that he must fill the sheet before he saw the table-cloth. He might, indeed, have knocked down Osbourne for a blockhead, but he would not have knocked him down with a folio of his own writing. He would perhaps have been the dictator of a club, and wherever he sate down to conversation there must have been that splash of strong bold thought about him, that we might still have had a collectanea after his death; but of prose I guess not much; of works of labour none; of fancy, perhaps something more; especially of poetry, which under favour I conceive was not his tower of strength. I think we should have had his *Rasselas* at all events; for he was likely enough to have written at Voltaire, and brought the question to the test, if infidelity is any aid to wit. An orator he must have been; not improbably a parliamentarian; and if such, certainly an oppositionist; for he preferred to talk against the tide. He would indubitably have been no member of the Whig club, no partisan of Wilkes, no friend of Hume, no believer in Macpherson. He would have put up prayers for early rising, and laid in bed all day, and, with the most active resolutions possible, been the most indolent mortal living. He was a good man by nature, a great man by genius; we are now to enquire what he was by compulsion.

Johnson's first style was naturally

energetic; his middle style was turgid to a fault; his latter style was softened down and harmonised into periods, more tuneful and more intelligible. His execution was rapid, yet his mind was not easily provoked into exertion. The variety we find in his writings was not the variety of choice arising from the impulse of his proper genius, but tasks imposed upon him by the dealers in ink, and contracts on his part submitted to in satisfaction of the pressing calls of hungry want; for, painful as it is to relate, I have heard that illustrious scholar assert (and he never varied from the truth of fact), that he subsisted himself for a considerable space of time upon the scanty pittance of fourpence-halfpenny per day. How melancholy to reflect, that his vast trunk and stimulating appetite were to be supported by what will barely feed the weaned infant! Less, much less than master Betty has earned in one night would have cheered the mighty mind and maintained the athletic body of Samuel Johnson, in comfort and abundance, for a twelvemonth. Alas! I am not fit to paint his character; nor is there need of it. *Etiam mortuus loquitur*: every man who can buy a book has bought a *Boswell*. Johnson is known in all the reading world. I also knew him well, respected him highly, loved him sincerely. It was never my chance to see him in those moments of moroseness and ill-humour which are imputed to him, perhaps with truth; for who would slander him? But I am not warranted by any experience of these humours to speak of him otherwise than of a friend, who always met me with kindness, and from whom I never separated without regret. When I sought his company he had no capricious excuses for withholding it; but lent himself to every invitation with cor-



diality, and brought good-humour with him that gave life to the circle he was in. He presented himself always in his fashion of apparel: a brown coat with metal buttons, black waistcoat and worsted stockings, with a flowing bob wig, was the style of his wardrobe; but they were in perfectly good trim, and with the ladies whom he generally met he had nothing of the slovenly philosopher about him. He fed heartily, but not voraciously; and was extremely courteous in his commendations of any dish that pleased his palate. He suffered his next neighbour to squeeze the China oranges into his wine-glass after dinner, which else perchance had gone aside and trickled into his shoes; for the good man had neither straight sight nor steady nerves.

At the tea-table he had considerable demands upon his favourite beverage; and I remember when sir Joshua Reynolds, at my house, reminded him that he had drank eleven cups, he replied, 'Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine; why should you number up my cups of tea?' And then, laughing in perfect good humour, he added—'Sir, I should have released the lady from any further trouble if it had not been for your remark; but you have reminded me that I want one of the dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my number.'—When he saw the readiness and complacency with which my wife obeyed his call, he turned a kind and cheerful look upon her, and said—'Madam, I must tell you for your comfort, you have escaped much better than a certain lady did a while ago, upon whose patience I intruded greatly more than I have done on yours; but the lady asked me for no other purpose but to make a zany of me, and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew no-

thing of: so, madam, I had my revenge of her; for I swallowed five-and-twenty cups of her tea, and did not treat her with as many words.' I can only say, my wife would have made tea for him as long as the New-river could have supplied her with water.

It was on such occasions he was to be seen in his happiest moments, when, animated by the cheering attention of friends whom he liked, he would give full scope to those talents for narration in which I verily think he was unrivalled both in the brilliancy of his wit, the flow of his humour, and the energy of his language. Anecdotes of times past, scenes of his own life, and characters of humourists, enthusiasts, crack-brained projectors, and a variety of strange beings, that he had chanced upon, when detailed by him at length, and garnished with those episodical remarks, sometimes comic, sometimes grave, which he would throw in with infinite fertility of fancy, were a treat, which, though not always to be purchased by five-and-twenty cups of tea, I have often had the happiness to enjoy for less than half the number. He was easily led into topics; it was not easy to turn him from them: but who would wish it? If a man wanted to shew himself off by getting up and riding upon him, he was sure to run restive and kick him off: you might as safely have backed Bucephalus before Alexander had lunged him. Neither did he always like to be over fondled. When a certain gentleman out-acted his part in this way, he is said to have demanded of him—'What provokes your risibility, sir? Have I said any thing that you understand? Then I ask pardon of the rest of the company.' But this is Henderson's anecdote of him, and I won't swear he did not make it himself. The following apology,



however, I myself drew from him. When speaking of his tour, I observed to him upon some passages as rather too sharp upon a country and people who had entertained him so handsomely. 'Do you think so, Cumbe?' he replied: 'Then I give you leave to say, and you may quote me for it, that there are more gentlemen in Scotland than there are shoes.'

But I don't relish these sayings, and I am to blame for retailing them. We can no more judge of men from these droppings from their lips, than we can guess at the contents of the river Nile by a pitcher of its water. If we were to estimate the wise men of Greece by Laertius's scraps of their writings, what a parcel of old women should we account them to have been!

The expanse of matter which Johnson had found room for in his intellectual storehouse, the correctness with which he had assorted it, and the readiness with which he could turn to any article that he wanted to make present use of, were the properties in him which I contemplated with the most admiration. Some have called him a savage: they were only so far right in the resemblance, as that, like the savage, he never came into suspicious company without his spear in his hand, and his bow and quiver at his back. In quickness of intellect, few ever equalled him; in profundity of erudition, many have surpassed him. I do not think he had a pure and classical taste, nor was he apt to be best pleased with the best authors; but as a general scholar he ranks very high. When I would have consulted him on certain points of literature, whilst I was making my collections from the Greek dramatists for my essays in the *Observer*, he candidly acknowledged that his studies had lain amongst them;

and certain it is, there is very little show of literature in his *Rambler*; and in the passage where he quotes Aristotle he has not correctly given the meaning of the original. But this was merely the result of haste and inattention. Neither is he so to be measured; for he had so many parts and properties of scholarship about him, that you can only fairly review him as a man of general knowledge. As a poet his translations of Juvenal gave him a name in the world, and gained him the applause of Pope. He was a writer of tragedy, but his *Irene* gives him no conspicuous rank in that department. As an essayist he merits more consideration: his *Ramblers* are in every body's hands: about them opinions vary, and I rather believe the style of these essays is not now considered as a good model. This he corrected in his more advanced age, as may be seen in his *Lives of the Poets*; where his diction, though occasionally elaborate, and highly metaphorical, is not nearly so inflated and ponderous as in the *Ramblers*. He was an acute and able critic. The enthusiastic admirers of Milton, and the friends of Gray, will have something to complain of; but criticism is a task which no man executes to all men's satisfaction. His selection of a certain passage in the *Mourning Bride* of Congreve, which he extols so rapturously, is certainly a most unfortunate sample; but unless the oversights of a critic are less pardonable than those of other men, we may pass this over in a work of merit which abounds in beauties far more prominent than its defects, and much more pleasing to contemplate. In works professedly of fancy, he is not very copious; yet in his *Rasselas* we have much to admire, and enough to make us wish for more. It is the work of an illu-



minated mind, and offers many wise and deep reflections clothed in beautiful and harmonious diction. We are not indeed familiar with such personages as Johnson has imagined for the characters of his fable; but if we are exceedingly interested in their story; we are infinitely gratified with their conversation and remarks. In conclusion, Johnson's æra was not wanting in men to be distinguished for their talents; yet if one was to be selected out as the first great literary character of the time, I believe all voices would concur in naming him.

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THE  
ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

(By the Author of *Emily de Veronne*.)

(Continued from p. 382.)

MATILDA returned a suitable answer to this letter, begging Burns not quite to give himself over to despondency; but to acquit himself as a faithful zealous follower of the gallant Henry, and by no means to suffer his affection for her to prevent his doing his country justice. Although not a real English subject, he had enlisted under the banners of England's sovereign merely to accompany Sydney, and to signalise himself by some valorous exploit, to render himself by that means the more worthy the hand of Matilda, whom he at some future period must demand, or clandestinely take possession of it. His mother, although married to a Scot, always retained her affection for her native land; which affection had, in some degree, descended to her children,

particularly the one we are speaking of. He was, from the first hour he became acquainted with Sydney Elville, as if instinctively attached to England, and no entreaties of his friends could prevail on him to return to Scotland: he therefore soon (as we have before observed) joined Henry's standard, and with many a brave intrepid soldier we will leave them, and return to Matilda, who was terribly persecuted by the earl of Holden, who failed, in all his interviews, to interest her: his cold indifference, blended with a haughty austerity, could not be supposed to make any impression on a heart like hers, alive to every soft emotion, delicate and susceptible to the highest degree; how then can it be supposed, even had her affections been disengaged, that she could bestow them on so worthless a character? Yet great allowance was to be made for the earl, who, early bereft of both father and mother, was left entirely to his own government, having no one to controul him, his vicious inclinations gained ascendancy over the small spark of virtue nature had bestowed on him. He became early initiated into circles where infamy was thought a necessary qualification. Possessed of a handsome face and fine form, he soon found easy access among females, associating with the most abandoned of the sex: having riches to bestow as much as the most exorbitant could require, his licentiousness knew no bounds. He therefore pursued uncontrouled this wicked career, till his estates became embarrassed, his constitution ruined, and his body emaciated. Yet his title, his high birth, remained; and that, in the opinion of Matilda's father, was sufficient to constitute a husband for his amiable daughter; considering his attractions irresistible to a mere child, as her age bespoke her; little considering that she pos-



possessed sufficient discernment to despise his effrontery, a refined understanding and penetrating judgment, which were not easily to be imposed on. This she soon convinced Holden of: he was astonished at the impressive energy she displayed when arguing with him on the folly of thus persecuting one whose heart was dead to all his endearments. 'After,' she would say, 'being accustomed to such a different reception, for I suppose you are generally very successful in your amours, at least so it is represented, those who have fallen victims to your credulity are notorious for their baseness; they became an easy prey.' On hearing her thus accuse him, mortification usurped the place of feigned affection: he behaved extremely ill to her, using the most opprobrious language, conscious that he was authorised by a parent to act just as his vicious inclination dictated;—so great a recommendation is wealth and power. She was compelled in her father's presence to treat him with civility, though any one might plainly see how ill it accorded with the sensations of her bosom. Sometimes she would, in a moment of girlish thoughtlessness, converse with him, as if he had actually made some slight impression on her heart. She knew no guile herself: young and inexperienced, she could scarce imagine any one could be guilty of an unjust action; a few more suns rolled over her head, and she could scarce find a person who would do a just one: so much self-interestedness and deception she met with, that she could find few, very few indeed, to be depended on.

As I have before observed, she sometimes, for a short time, thought the earl could not be so culpable as he was represented: he must, imagined she, be charged with vices he is innocent of; for every bad action

he is notorious for in the eyes of the world he particularly exclaims against. Generous and unsuspecting, ever willing to view the failings of her fellow-creatures in the most favourable light, and knowing too many delighted in being censorious, she thought he must have been wronged: thus her more than common civility was construed into a change in favour of himself. He related his success to her father, with some little addition; and he consequently was much pleased, thinking his daughter would go voluntarily to the altar instead of being compelled, which he was determined she should be if she attempted to make any resistance.

Daily did the poor persecuted Matilda meet with fresh objects of mortification, yet she supported all their indignities with a calmness and humility peculiar to herself alone. One day, in particular, the conversation was turned on the army in France, purposely to see what effect it would have on her; but she was fortunately prepared for their attacks, and kept her countenance invariably the whole time they were satirically exercising their talkative talents to mortify her. She had a hard struggle to conceal her emotion; but the beloved ring which glistened on her finger acted as a silent monitor, and performed wonders; and a yet greater comforter in her own breast told her she had done no wrong, and therefore had nought to fear: one thing only caused her uneasiness, and that was acting contrary to her parent's wishes in one respect only; but had not that parent forfeited all claim on the duty of a child, by endeavouring to unite her to a man of the most abandoned principles, one she must be miserable with? Did he then study his child's peace of mind? and when that was no longer his



consideration, could he be justly termed a father? By no means. Matilda was justified in the conduct she pursued: she saw plainly the worth, the natural goodness of heart, of Burns. With a man of that disposition, whatever difficulties she might have to encounter with such a companion, I again repeat, to participate her destiny, she must, in spite of all the malice of a censorious wicked world, be comfortable. There is but one situation in life where pure happiness can be expected, and that is in a union of two hearts in mutual affection, who are totally deaf to the tongue of slander and malice, and place unbounded confidence in each other. If happiness is to be found on this side the grave, it is with two persons so blest. Thus was it with Matilda. She entertained the highest opinion of such a union: she knew her own disposition, and was confident Burns was the only person she had ever met with that could make her comfortable: why then sacrifice herself to a man she could never love; who possessed no one good quality—nought but the idle glare of wealth, a very inconsiderable thing in her eyes, and not to be placed in competition with peace of mind?

She soon discovered they had invented another mode of erasing him from her bosom. Her father behaved in the kindest manner possible, but took care always to introduce some subject which might lessen Burns in her esteem; it was even mentioned by a perfect stranger to Matilda, who no doubt was in the secret, that Burns was a licentious, base young man, quite unworthy the friendship of such a person as Sydney Elville. All this Matilda saw in its true light: she paid no attention to it, not even endeavouring to exculpate him; and had she, it

would have availed nothing. When alone, she took out the last tender epistle she had received from Burns, examined afresh every word and every line, to see if she had overlooked the slightest appearance of indifference. The more she perused it, the more affection she thought it expressed. Can the writer of such tenderness, thought she, be guilty of those vices laid to his charge? Even had he been culpable, this letter must have removed all doubts, and again reinstated him in my favour. This they were by some means aware of; and soon had her letters intercepted, and others, which answered their diabolical purposes, substituted in their stead. This circumstance rendered Matilda very uneasy: she saw the handwriting of her beloved Burns (at least so well copied no one could discover any difference), that handwriting which once expressed the utmost tenderness, now indifferent; and that indifference conveyed in so few lines that promised at last entire disregard. All Matilda had before felt was nothing in comparison to her present uneasiness. That the man for whom she could have forfeited her existence should slight her was more than she could endure. She became thoughtful, and almost reduced to a state of melancholy. She would see no company; but, indulging her sad and serious reflections, passed most of her time alone. One evening she was more than usually uneasy, and to calm the perturbations of her breast she strolled down a solitary walk to a retired rustic seat, rendered dear to her from being the frequent haunt of the absent Burns. She was sitting quietly viewing the ravages autumn had made in the distant woods, which now assumed their various fading tints, presenting a calm languor and



sickly hue, more pleasing to a mind of sensibility than all the beautiful verdure of spring.

In the midst of contemplations gratifying to her troubled breast, the countess surprised her, and sarcastically exclaimed, 'Oh, what Matilda here alone! Is it thus that, under pretence of illness, you evade me? You'll repent being so very reserved; you had better candidly reveal the secrets of your bosom to me: the time is not far distant when you'll be convinced that I know more than you expect.' Thus involved in doubt and anxiety, she left the inoffensive girl, apprehensive that she had discovered something she wished to conceal. Her fears were but too soon realised, for her father that day informed her he had made an important discovery—that the villain who thus imposed on his goodness was no other than Burns, the inveterate enemy of his house. With difficulty his anger was appeased: he even said he would go instantly and bring his son, and confine him in the dungeons of Morden. To Matilda he was more moderate, saying the whole blame rested on her brother; well knowing gentle means would sooner accelerate the great design in agitation than harshness. The countess came to Matilda one morning, and very kindly intreated her to accompany her father and herself in a walk along the beach. As it was rather an unusual request, she complied with it. They had not proceeded far, when a woman, in much apparent distress both mental and bodily, crossed a part of the cliff which projected far into the ocean, as if with an intent of leaping down, often surveying the precipice. The earl, fearful the woman was about taking violent means to deprive herself of existence, called to her to desist. She stood still, as

if thunderstruck, till they came up with her. An object of compassion she truly appeared. The countess, without interrogating her, offered her pecuniary assistance; which she refused, and, with anguish depicted in a countenance tolerably handsome, said, in a low voice, 'My dear ladies! I cannot accept any bounty from my sex after the frailties I have been guilty of: although criminal, if you knew all you could scarcely term them so.' The countess anxiously expressed a wish to become acquainted with the sad vicissitudes of life which had reduced her to the miserable state they then saw her in. She replied, with the most well-feigned woe—'My dear good lady! how can I repeat my sad tale, replete with anguish? But I will: it may benefit that sweet young lady by your side; serve to make her cautious how she is betrayed by the wiles of deceitful men.'

This admonition struck forcibly on the wounded breast of Matilda. Ah! thought she, if Burns be deceitful, I can never trust another. The distressed woman, with apparent difficulty, proceeded in the following manner:—

'I was sitting one evening at my father's cottage door, that house shaded by the trees over yon green (at the same time pointing to a neat white dwelling embowered in trees, at a short distance), when a handsome gentleman in the dress of a soldier, with a rich mantle of chequered silk thrown over his shoulders, and a kind of cap loaded with feathers, on a fine prancing horse, passed our door. Seeing me, he stopped, and asked the way to the castle. A little vanity that moment fluttered in my bosom, on being spoke to by so fine a man, I jumped up with great eagerness, and ran over the green to direct him: then I was about to return, but he



called me to him, and, taking my hand in the most gentleman-like manner possible, asked my name, and whether that humble cot was my dwelling—pointing to my father's house: at the same time saying:—‘Should you not like to go with me? I will find you a fine house, rich apparel, and every thing your heart can wish.’ My heart jumped for joy. I did not refuse. This he construed into consent, and continued conversing with me near an hour. Do not blame me too much, ladies; for had you seen him, you would have made allowance. Every one must love him—so handsome, so mild and engaging in his manners: those with more resolution than myself could not have resisted him,’ continued she, at the same time casting a significant glance on Matilda. ‘He took his leave so unwillingly, he kissed me so affectionately, how could I refuse to see him again? Even if I had it would have been useless, he was so much taken up with me. He swore he would find me, go where I would. Many fine presents he sent me, which quite bewildered my unthinking brain. Used only to the artless discourse of our village swains, I thought this charming man something more than mortal. My parents, alas! knew nothing of it, or they might have cautioned me against him: but even if they had, all their caution would have been useless. I was so enraptured with his attention, that I regarded nothing else that was said to me; his bewitching tongue had so enchanted my very soul. He came very often to meet me, at places we appointed. I very easily eluded the eyes of my parents: he took advantage of the confidence I reposed in him, and so far prevailed over my easy faith as to persuade me to accompany him a few miles distant, where we might be

privately married, till he returned from abroad, whither he was going, when he would publicly acknowledge me as his wife. The idea of being wife to so fine a gentleman—the thought of what a source of triumph I should have over the other girls on the green—prevailed over every other consideration. I most willingly complied; bade adieu to my rustic cot, and with it my innocence. He placed me in elegant apartments, and soon left me. My parents thought me gone to visit an aunt at a short distance, as I led them to believe.’

Here the countess interrupted her, to ask her betrayer's name, residence, and the time he came to the castle; when she so exactly described Burns, together with every minute circumstance, that even Matilda was convinced it could be no other. The countess, who saw by her countenance this scheme would have the desired effect, clasped her hands together in the most well-feigned anguish imaginable, exclaiming at the same time—‘Oh the depravity of human nature!’ casting her eyes on her distressed sister, who in the sorrow of her heart uttered, ‘Is it possible?’ he whom I thought the very model of perfection! There can be now no stability in any one. Ah! Sydney! you was reprehensible in not undeceiving me, when I formed so high an opinion of him.’—The countess, delighted beyond measure, endeavoured to console her in such a manner as might entirely alienate her affection from Burns. With difficulty she reached home, leaning on her father for support. He talked so feelingly to her, that she began to be sorry she had ever deviated from the paths dictated by him. Her sister flew immediately to the earl of Holden, to inform him of the success of her stratagem—for she was possessed of a very fertile



brain, and bribed this young creature to meet them on that spot and relate her sad tale; which she did in such a pathetic manner, that poor Matilda never once thought it was fictitious. It worked so powerfully on her feelings, that she retired to her apartment in a state bordering on despair.

*(To be continued.)*

## A NOONTIDE WALK

IN SEPTEMBER.

*By J. M. L.*

'I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd  
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;  
And I said—If there's peace to be found in the world,  
A heart that is humble might hope for it here!'

THUS I exclaimed as I strolled along the skirts of a wood in the pleasantest part of Berkshire, my favourite county. A friend had welcomed me to his hospitable mansion; and every delight that a pleasant society and a charming country could afford were eminently mine.

'I love the shady wood's retreat,  
Th' umbrageous walk, the mossy seat.'

And here the almost impervious wood-walk, the turf-clad lane, the grassy meadow and luxuriant corn-field, were spread in perpetual succession before me; or, if I preferred the haunts of men, almost every mile presented a rural hamlet to my sight, where, from the ancient tower of the humble house of God,

'The grey-cap'd daws in saucy legions fly.'

This noontide walk led me to contemplate the fields where late a

harvest smiled, now no longer to be seen but in the ricks and barns of the happy farmer; for surely so he must be in the reflection, that an almighty Power had permitted him to see his labours blessed by an abundant increase to the seeds he had sown; and that the same omnipresent Being had so guided the season as to allow him to get it in safely and well. Now it is his to look

'Beyond bleak *Winter's* rage, beyond the *Spring*  
That rolling earth's unvarying course will bring;  
And even now, whilst Nature's beauty dies,  
Deposit SEED, and bid new harvests rise;  
Seed well prepar'd, and warm'd with glowing lime,  
'Gainst earth-bred grubs, and cold, and lapse of time:  
For searching frosts and various ills invade,  
Whilst wintry months depress the springing blade.  
The plough moves heavily, and strong the soil,  
And clogging harrows with augmented toil  
Dive deep: and clinging, mixes with the mould  
A fatt'ning treasure from the nightly fold,  
And all the cow-yard's highly valued store,  
That late bestrew'd the blacken'd surface o'er.

BLOOMFIELD.

Diverging from the fields, I entered a small village, and presently discovered, from the numerous gay countenances led by the sprightly violin in a country-dance, and a few gingerbread and toy-booths, that it was the anniversary of its simple fair. Here was none of the disgraceful riot and obscenity so common in larger fairs: there was not even a single show-booth; and but for the fiddle, the holiday dress and holiday smiles of the rustics, I should not have found out that it was one. Great appeared to be the pleasure occasioned by the meeting of friends, relatives, and lovers; the sincere smile of pure content graced their sun-burnt brows, as they heartily pledged each other in 'home-brew'd ale,' or grasped the extended hand of friendship.



'Scarce can an angel feel a purer flame  
 Than thine, sweet Friendship! when it is  
 sincere;  
 Nor an infernal beast a harsher name  
 Than he deserves, who holds *no friendship*  
 dear.  
*With thee, 'tis bliss midst snows to trace the*  
*way;*  
*'Without thee, vain the sweets of blooming*  
*May!*

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

On the green sat an aged man  
 and woman, evidently surrounded  
 by their children and grandchildren:  
 the smile of honest simplicity and  
 truth beamed and irradiated their  
 countenances. I would attempt to  
 describe their parting; but Bloom-  
 field has beautifully pictured a scene  
 so similar in his tale of Richard and  
 Kate, that I cannot avoid transcrib-  
 ing it.

'Their farewell quart, beneath a tree  
 That droop'd its branches from above,  
 Awak'd the pure felicity  
 That waits upon PARENTAL LOVE.

'KATE view'd her blooming daughters  
 round,  
 And sons, who shook her wither'd hand:  
 Her features spoke what joy she found;  
 But utterance had made a stand.

'The children toppled on the green,  
 And bow'd their *fairings* down the hill:  
 RICHARD, with pride, beheld the scene,  
 Nor could he for his life sit still.

'A father's uncheck'd feelings gave  
 A tenderness to all he said;—  
 My boys, how proud am I to have  
 My name thus round the country spread!

'Through all my days I've labour'd hard,  
 And could of pains and crosses tell;  
 But this is labour's great reward,  
 To meet ye thus, and see ye well.

'My good old partner, when at home,  
 Sometimes with wishes mingles tears;  
 Goody, says I, let what wool come,  
 We've nothing for them but our pray'rs.

'May you be all as old as I,  
 And see your sons to manhood grow;  
 And many a time before you die  
 Be just as pleas'd as I am now!

'Then (raising still his mug, and voice),  
 An old man's weakness don't despise!  
 I love you well, my girls and boys;  
 'God bless you all! —so said his eyes—

'For as he spoke, a big round drop  
 Fell, bounding on his ample sleeve;  
 A witness which he could not stop,  
 A witness which all hearts believe.

'Thou, FILIAL PIETY! wert there;  
 And round the ring, benignly bright,  
 Dwelt in the luscious half-shed tear,  
 And in the parting word—*Good night!*'

I left the village, and entering a  
 path that led over a long range of  
 stubble, I saw at different times se-  
 veral sportsmen pursuing their work  
 of death. I could not but admire  
 the amazing sagacity of their dogs  
 in beating for their game, quarter-  
 ing the fields with the greatest ex-  
 actness, and when once the scent was  
 discovered pointing with the great-  
 est fidelity and immoveable firm-  
 ness. A few weeks ago, and not  
 a gun was to be heard, save what  
 some peasant-boy fired to alarm the  
 plundering sparrows; now scarcely  
 any thing else was to be heard, and  
 the reapers and mowers had re-  
 signed their places to the sportsman  
 and huntsman; for soon will the  
 noisy pack spread terror before their  
 footsteps, as the timid hare, or wily  
 fox, seek safety in flight.

'In earliest hours of dark and hooded morn,  
 Ere yet one rosy cloud bespeaks the dawn,  
 Whilst far abroad the fox pursues his prey  
 He's doom'd to risk the perils of the day,  
 From his strong hold block'd out; perhaps  
 to bleed,

Or owe his life to fortune, or to speed.  
 For now the pack, impatient rushing on,  
 Range thro' the darkest covers one by one;  
 Trace ev'ry spot; whilst down each noble  
 glade

That guides the eye beneath a changeful  
 shade,

The loit'ring sportsman feels th' instructive  
 flame,

And checks his steed to mark the springing  
 game.

Midst intersecting cuts and winding ways,  
 The huntsman cheers his dogs, and anxious  
 strays

Where ev'ry narrow riding, even shorn,  
 Gives back the echo of his mellow horn:  
 Til' fresh and lightsome, ev'ry power untried,  
 The starting fugitive leaps by his side;  
 His lifted finger to his ear he plies,  
 And the view halloo bids a chorus rise  
 Of dogs quick-mouth'd, and shouts that  
 mingle loud,

As bursting thunder rolls from cloud to cloud.  
 With ears erect, and chest of vig'rous mould,  
 O'er ditch, o'er fence, unconquerably bold,  
 The shining courser lengthens ev'ry bound,  
 And his strong foot-locks suck the moisten'd  
 ground,



As from the confines of the wood they pour,  
And joyous villages partake the roar.  
O'er heath far stretch'd, or down, or valley  
low,  
The stiff-limb'd peasant, glorying in the show,  
Pursues in vain; where youth itself soon  
tires,  
Spite of the transports that the chase in-  
spires;  
For who unmounted long can charm the eye,  
Or hear the music of the leading cry?

BLOOMFIELD.

I left the open field I had been  
traversing, and entered another wood;  
by crossing which I came a nearer  
way home: some trees had been  
fallen at the outer edge of it, and I  
sat down on the trunk of an oak, as  
well to rest as to contemplate the  
beautiful scenery around me.

'Now, at the dark wood's stately side,  
Well pleas'd I met the sun again;  
Here fleeting fancy travell'd wide!  
My seat was destin'd to the main:  
For many an oak lay stretch'd at length,  
Whose trunks (with bark no longer  
sheath'd)  
Had reach'd their full meridian strength  
Before my father's father breath'd!

'Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave,  
And many a dreadful storm defy;  
Then groaning o'er the adverse wave,  
Bring home the flag of victory.  
Go, then, proud Oaks; we meet no more!  
Go, grace the scenes to me denied,  
The white cliffs round my native shore,  
And the loud ocean's swelling tide.'

BLOOMFIELD.

Refreshed and delighted, I arose  
from my lowly seat. My path now  
led by the side of a swift stream,  
that turned the wheels of a paper-  
mill just by me: I had not time to  
enter it, or I could have wished to  
see the curious process of making  
paper; but at the door, and in an  
outer room that was open, lay vast  
heaps of various sorts of linen and  
woollen rags, but chiefly such very  
small scraps, and so excessively  
dirty, particularly the woollen ones,  
as to excite wonder at the in-  
dustry of the persons who could  
gather such refuse, and at the art  
that could form them into so useful

a commodity as paper. Oh In-  
dustry! wonder-working power! 'tis  
thine, from materials which the  
thoughtless son of pride, or the ex-  
travagant child of mediocrity, spurn  
from, as useless and disgraceful,  
to form them the articles that those  
very beings, in a variety of instances,  
stand most in need of. All hail!  
then: still be thy abode in the happy  
vales of my loved country, England!  
still be thy fostering influence spread  
over its inhabitants! And whilst thy  
renovating sway shall keep the har-  
py luxury from our doors, we have  
nothing to fear: plenty shall be our  
own, and the bitter pang of want  
unfelt by us. Enemies may threaten  
to exterminate us; but while indus-  
try smiles, while we are united  
amongst ourselves, and the God of  
all goodness blesses our endeavours,  
we are safe as the island we inhabit  
is firmly rooted in the ocean; and  
the world combined will threaten us  
in vain.

As I slowly bent my steps toward  
the habitation of my friend, memory  
whispered that a year had now fled  
since, with delineative pen, I had  
marked my sensations in a noontide  
walk for every month. The recol-  
lection was blended with joy and  
pain, for it had been an eventful  
year: pain at this moment prepon-  
derated. Alas! Death had been  
busy!—with unrelenting hand he  
had torn from me acquaintances,  
friends, and my only remaining pa-  
rent! Looking into my pocket-  
book, I saw a memorandum in the  
hand-writing of that revered being.  
I felt a tear struggling from my eye,  
and I checked not its pensive pro-  
gress; such sorrow rather ennobles  
the mind than degrades it. I sighed  
as I inwardly ejaculated—

'But well this small remembrance brings  
His dear-lov'd image to my mind;  
Again that placid form I view,  
Which spoke a heart compos'd and kind;



‘ And oft, while musing on his worth,  
Soft stealing on my list’ning ear,  
In accents such as angels breathe  
His well-known voice I seem to hear.’

CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

It had been an eventful year to the world at large. Nations and empires had risen and fallen; changes had taken place which the wildest imagination could hardly deem possible. Of this country, two of the greatest men that ever graced its annals had been swept away by the all-subduing hand of death: NELSON died fighting his country’s battles, and PITT lamenting its fate. To the last, whatever might be his errors, I have been induced to offer, as a tribute to departed greatness, the following lines:

‘ When late the world’s best champion  
sunk in death,  
Yielding on vict’ry’s honour’d bed his breath,  
No pen, however humble in its powers,  
From poets mean to academic bowers,  
But strove, with fair and emulative fame,  
To wreath the palm of praise round NELSON’S name.

Scarce was the hero shrin’d within his tomb,  
Ere Chatham’s son, great PITT, met nature’s doom;

In manhood droop’d, the sacrifice of care,  
And left a world to mourn his talents rare:  
Yet scarce one plaintive bard essay’d to prove  
The vastness of his patriotic love.

Trembling I come to pour the pensive strain,  
The last and least of all the tuneful train.

But how shall I attempt to give the meed  
Due to the mem’ry of each matchless deed?  
Thy mind, oh PITT! was vast; by Heaven  
’twas fir’d:

The foes of England fear’d thee, and admir’d!

What eloquence was his! when yet quite young,

A wond’ring senate on each accent hung:  
Still for his country’s honour ’twas he strove,  
With noble daring, and with loyal love.  
On this intent, with bold, undaunted mind,  
Opposing discord he was doom’d to find;  
But yet unshaken he pursued his course,  
Unaw’d by babblers, fearless of their force:  
Advanc’d his nation’s glory and its name,  
High on the scroll of European fame;  
Scorn’d all the greedy arts of lucre’s pow’r,  
And gave to honour’s ways his ev’ry hour.  
Fair gratitude in him conspicuous shone,  
And each endearing virtue was his own.  
His beamy track the eye of envy saw,  
Lur’d at his power, but beat with trembling awe;

Whilst viper’d malice grinn’d a ghastly frown,  
And strove to pull the noble fabric down!  
Still, to each art superior, bold he rose,  
And for his country sacrific’d repose;  
Nor only that—for health soon lost its pow’r,  
And pale disease destroy’d each happier hour:  
But when the pulse of life, with feeble throes,  
Shew’d that he sunk to nature’s final close,  
While yet one ray of reason mark’d his mind,  
Long as articulation he could find,  
On BRITAIN turn’d each life-departing thought;  
With this his latests accents too were fraught,  
For, ‘ Oh! my Country!’ faintly then he cried,  
Cast an imploring eye to Heav’n, and died.’

I quickly reached my friend’s house, and thus concluded my twelve noontide trips; and I trust that, in tracing them, my pen has

Form’d [no base word ‘to wound the female mind,

Where virtue dwells, and ev’ry grace refin’d:  
For ever has it been my greatest pride  
That truth should prompt, and honour be its guide.

Its efforts humble still were to amuse,  
Or bid pale Pity’s tear the eye suffuse:  
Alternately to mark some suff’rer’s doom,  
And lead the mind to sorrow’s closing tomb;  
Or gayer scenes of rural life compare  
With pleasures that the sons of grandeur share.

And if *one* fair-one smile, its hopes to crown,  
With sweet content I’ll lay *the* feather down;  
Happy to think its feeble power could raise  
A single smile that seem’d to give it praise!

[N.B. This *Walk* completes the series for the year.]

## ANECDOTE OF LEWIS IX. KING OF FRANCE.

JOINVILLE, who was contemporary with this monarch, says,

‘ The good king would often take a walk in the wood of Vincennes, and, placing himself under an oak, make us sit down by him; and thus he would patiently give audience to all who wanted to speak to him. Several times has he been known to come to the royal garden at Paris, and ordering carpets to be laid, has sat down on them with his counsel-



lors, and diligently dispatched his people. Twice a week he gave public audiences in his chamber, and with business mingled instruction.—A lady of quality, very old, and at the same time in a very ornamented dress, asked to speak a word with him in private. He led her into his closet; and after hearing her as long as she pleased—‘Madam,’ said he, ‘I shall be mindful of your affair, if, on your side, you will be mindful of your salvation. I have been told that you were once very handsome. That time, you know, is past and gone. The beauty of the body fades away, like the flowers of the field. Do what we will, it is not to be renewed: we should think on the beauty of the soul, which will last for ever.’—How different this serious truth from the usual language of courts!

white kid shoes, with gold rosettes.

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE number of hats, which are high and flat, like those of the men, and with a large cockade in front, increases. There are also incomparably more striped capotes both of straw and ribands, and of crape and ribands, than there were a short time since: sometimes the stripes of these capotes are straight, and sometimes waving.

The rose colour is restored to favour; it is not, however, so common as the white.

Though the capotes of perkale are not of late date, they are still much worn by our *elegantes*; and every day new ones are introduced, having some slight variations.

Long and regular plaits are so much the mode, that, besides plaited pelerines, plaited sleeves, and plaited colerettes, we have also plaited shapes; there are robes of which the whole bodies are plaited.

The fans most in vogue are of *tulle*, embroidered in plates; the most elegant bags or *ridicules* are of taffety embroidered with steel.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. A HALF-DRESS jacket, and train: petticoat of fine India muslin, with a Vandyke border; the bosom and front of the jacket ornamented with rich work, and closed with buttons and tassels: a high collar, trimmed with muslin rolleau, and fastened with a gold broach: straw hat, tied under the chin with a white figured silk handkerchief, and a sprig of geranium in the front of the hair. Black lace shawl, and brown or grey velvet shoes.

2. Plain white muslin robe, with gold ornaments, over a white sarsnet lining and petticoat: a rich lace cap, turned up in front with a diamond crescent: scarf or mantle of crimson silk, with a rich border:

## AN EVENING WALK

IN AUTUMN.

By S. Y.

‘Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank;  
Where down yon dale the wildly winding  
brook  
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close  
array,  
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,  
Ye virgins come. For you their latest song  
The woodlands raise: the clustering nuts  
for you  
The lover finds amid the secret shade.’

THOMSON.



WITH a determination for a long walk, I took my stick in my hand and a book in my pocket, together with two or three small biscuits. It was at nearly the finishing of harvest: the weather was lowering and rather tempestuous; the rolling thunder was heard at a distance; and the vivid flash had not subsided, though the atmosphere was fast clearing of the heavy clouds, and the rays of the drooping sun revived the scene. The little songsters, whose notes had been silenced by the storm, soon resumed their melody to the departing day: the drops of rain which fell were, by the heat, soon rendered invisible; the rough sons of labour again returned to work; and the industrious gleaners again strayed forth, to gather up the scattered ears.

‘Lo! Ceres here, with all her jovial train  
Of healthy rustics: free from pain and care,  
They view with pleasure fields of shining grain,  
And bless their Maker for the prospect fair.  
And now, their sickles glist’ning in the sun,  
The jolly reapers sung their rustic notes;  
Till ev’ning mild the hour of rest brings on,  
That stills the feather’d songsters’ warbling throats.’

I stopped at the gate of the field, and, turning to the industrious group, I made a pause to contemplate how wonderful are the works of the good Omnipotent. It was pleasing, yet wonderful, to think, that, matured by vital heat, those comparatively scanty grains deposited in the earth should spring forth and produce the swelling ear, waving with every breath of air—a gracious earnest of abundant increase, of which the reaper shall fill his arms, and he that bindeth the sheaves his bosom. The promise of the spring (I could not help exclaiming) is now fulfilled! the hopes of the husbandman are now realised!

‘The honest farmer smiles with joy elate,  
Whilst walking ’mongst the many golden sheaves:  
He envies not your happiness, ye great;  
With gratitude his gen’rous bosom heaves.’

I could not but reflect on the changed landscape. Since I took my summer’s walk, the fields had nearly lost their verdure; the wild-flowers were gone; the many notes of the feathered tribe, which charmed my ear, were no more. The innocent friendly redbreast’s shrill tone, from a naked bough, seemed to foretel the approach of winter. Many of the trees had begun to shed their rural beauty, and the withered leaf began to gild the autumnal landscape.

‘Emblem of man’s short life! He views the scene,  
And feasts his hopes upon to-morrow’s joys;  
But while he views the promis’d bliss, he’s gone,

Alas! for ever gone!—The cheering spring  
Again shall blossom at th’ appointed time;  
But life its beauties here shall ne’er resume:  
Spring never dawns upon the lonely tomb.’

I bent my way towards the village of my nativity, where I had not been for a considerable length of time. The anticipation of again viewing the spot where I had passed the most innocent of my days hastened my steps, and in a little time I reached it; and, entering the close at the back of the house, was gratified with the reflection, that here in spring I arose to search the early violet, here I culled the primrose and the cowslip. Then no thoughts disturbed my young bosom. Here remained the sycamore, under whose shade I have sat and learnt my task.—While I was thus pleasing myself with those trifling reflections, recollection forcibly pressed on my mind the maid, the then little maid, who partook of those innocent pleasures: we were as one—lived and played together, and divided what we most esteemed between us.—‘Where,’ exclaimed I, ‘is she now? What has become of this partner of my infancy?’—Direful recollection answered—‘She is wretched—she has, alas! fallen a victim to seduction—by one distinguished by a ———, (emblem of



honour, but too oft the cloak of a designing, and a worthless heart).’

‘O Anna! Anna! how wilt thou endure,  
Gentle and timid as thy soul is form’d,  
To peace, honour, and to virtue born,  
Guilt, shame, contempt, and wretchedness,  
like this!’

I could not forbear shedding tears for the sad fate of her whom I esteemed, and held dear as a friend.—I hastened from the spot, and, turning the road, entered the lone churchyard, and amused myself with reading the inscriptions on the tombs. Many, alas! I found laid in the dust, who, a few years ago, were strong and healthy. I visited the grave of an infant brother. ‘Here, (I said to myself) I must shortly lie; ere long the hand that indites this will be no more!’ As I was moving amongst the silent graves, the lines of Gray occurred to my recollection.

‘Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree’s shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould’ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.  
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her ev’ning care;  
No children run to lisp their sire’s return,  
Or climb his knees, the envy’d kiss to share.’

With a sigh I left the ‘lone mansions of the dead,’ with a hope to be prepared when I shall be summoned hence.—The hours were fast stealing on me; so I took the road through the village, being the nearest way home. As I passed along, no one seemed to notice me; in fact, scarcely any one knew me. Many of the inhabitants were no more; some left, and strangers filled their stations. I passed the spot where when a boy, with others, we held our evening gambols.

‘The church, the yard, the neighb’ring yew,  
All join to warm my heat anew,  
And pastimes past recall!  
’Twas here I lash’d the murmur’ing top,  
Here drove the tile with eager hop,  
There struck the bounding ball.’

I passed on till I reached about the middle of the village, when I recollected a house where an old woman lived when I was a child; and of whom myself and my brothers and sisters used to buy oranges. I was anxious to know whether the old woman was yet alive.—In a few minutes I espied

‘——the cobweb’d cottage,  
With rugged wall of mould’ring mud;’

and the poor old woman at the door. I approached her, and asked how she fared.—‘Very poorly, love!—but I do not know you,’ she replied.—I made myself known to her, and, putting a small pittance into her hand,

‘She breath’d her prayer,—Long may such  
goodness live!  
’Twas all she gave, ’twas all she had to give.’

I wished the old woman a good night, and pursued my way home. The bright orb of night arose from behind the distant hill, and shortly afforded me sufficient light to make my journey truly pleasing. Nought was heard save the wind, which gently breathed amongst the neighbouring trees, and the bleat of the distant folds. As I journeyed on, I reflected, with regret, how dreadful a havoc and ruin the inclosure had occasioned; on which subject the following lines, from ‘Bachelor’s Progress of Agriculture,’ arose to my recollection; and with which I conclude my evening walk in Autumn:—

——‘Sweet-smiling vale! [that nurs’d my  
infant years,  
Whose scenes enchanted, and whose name  
endears!

Still glow thy fields in summer’s fruitful ray!  
Thy harvests flourish, all thy meads are gay:

\* \* \* \* \*

‘Ye blissful hours! which once this breast  
has known,

When half the village sow’d and reap’d  
their own;

When social feelings glow’d in ev’ry breast,  
Each master gen’rous, and each servant blest;

When competence, and peace, and rural joy,  
Smil’d in each cottage, cheer’d each day’s  
employ;



Alas! your beams are vanish'd from the  
plain,  
As with'ring flow'rets fade in winter's iron  
reign.

\* \* \* \* \*

' Yet still I turn with anxious eye to view  
Where youth's calm joys to ripen'd man-  
hood grew ;  
Still with delight behold that ancient vine,  
Whose tendrils round the well-known case-  
ment twine ;  
And those tall lilacs flow'ring near the door,  
Where oft I trod, but enter there no more !'



### ACCOUNT of the PORT and TOWN of [MONTE VIDEO, in PARAGUAY.

(*With a View, elegantly engraved.*)

(*From 'Letters from Paraguay,' by John  
Constanse Davie, Esq.*)

[The late glorious success of the British arms, in the conquest of Buenos Ayres, the capital of Paraguay, by the forces under the command of general Beresford and sir Home Popham, has induced us to give some further extracts from Mr. Davie's judicious letters, which are the latest account of travels in that country.—For a description of *Buenos Ayres*, the character of the inhabitants, &c. from the same work, see our Magazine for February.]

*Monte Video, on the banks of  
La Plata, Jan. 1797.*

IF I surprised you in my last with the intelligence of my new occupation, how shall I astonish you when you perceive from whence this is dated! but it will serve to confirm the old proverb, 'What man appoints, God disappoints.' When I closed my last I was fully persuaded my next letter would be dated from the coast of New South Wales; but I was fated to return to America, though not that part of it I had last inhabited. I shall most assuredly

commence fatalist; for many events of my life, and this not the least, have induced me at times to think that a superior power guides and directs every action and design of man: or in default of this position I shall believe in the power of inferior agents, who are permitted, for some great and wise purpose, to counteract and subvert the intentions of individuals. This latter hypothesis seems most agreeable to my ideas of the Divinity, but I doubt whether it will appear so to you.

The morning after my last communication to you I went on board the *Anne* and *Sarah*, bound to Port Jackson, with a determined resolution to remain there for some months, in order to examine into the climate, soil, produce, and colonial improvements, of the island of New Holland, if island it may be called. But instead of completing my design—not to mention my commencing trader, which might of itself have engrossed a great part of my time, and perhaps even turned my ideas into a new channel—my whole arrangement was defeated by a violent hurricane, which succeeded a tedious calm of six-and-thirty hours. It overtook us about six weeks after our departure from New York, a short distance beyond the latitude of Rio Janeiro in Brazil. I had been for several days much indisposed, and during the calm particularly uneasy; but the fury of the wind soon created ideas more disagreeable even than sickness. I have been in many storms at sea, but never in one so alarming as this: we were borne over the surface of the water with a dreadful rapidity; now elevated as if to pierce the clouds that lowered on our heads, and now again precipitated into an abyss that seemed to threaten instant annihilation. My illness prevented my being of any essential service, but every man





Mergot scalp.







on board was obliged to exert himself for the general safety. For two days we ran as the wind directed us: on the evening of the second the vessel sprung her bowsprit, and in less than an hour carried away her foretopmast, and to add to our distress, great part of our water casks had been staved. In this emergency captain H—— called a council of all the people on board, which consisted, besides himself, of a supercargo, three passengers, a mate, five seamen, and two boys; when, after a short deliberation respecting the latitude we were in, it was determined to make the best of our way for the isle of St. Catherine's. Thither we accordingly attempted to steer our course; but the wind still continuing to rage with unabating violence, we were soon, in spite of every exertion, driven too far south to hope to gain that hospitable asylum: a second council was therefore summoned, the result of which was, that, as it was impossible in our shattered state to think of reaching the Cape, we had no alternative but to proceed immediately for the great river La Plata, and endeavour, if possible, to gain Buenos Ayres, there to repair our damage, and recruit our stock of water and provisions, the greater part of which had been materially injured.

This was no sooner decided on than put in practice. The wind, happily for us, a little subsided; and we steered for the largest river in the world, which we were fortunate enough to reach without any fresh disaster.

The accounts which we read of the Plata, so far from being exaggerated, barely convey an adequate idea of its immensity; though I now find that its depth is by no means proportioned to its length and breadth. When we arrived at the mouth of the river—of which if I had not been told I should never

have imagined it—I began to thank God that our perils were over; but I soon found that new ones awaited us, owing to the vast banks of sand dispersed in every direction. At our entrance, under something more than a brisk gale, it was as much as all hands could do to steer the vessel clear of a most dangerous shoal called the English bank, a place as much dreaded in those parts as the rocks of Scilly or the Goodwin Sands in our vicinity; and we had scarcely passed it in safety when we struck upon a smaller one, and thus we continued, for want of a pilot, to run off one sand and on another, shaking, jumbling, working and cursing, for near thirty leagues, with boats a-head sounding the whole of the course which we had to traverse before we could reach a place where we could hope for any assistance: however, by the help of a fresh breeze and constant watching, we made shift in four days to anchor in this harbour. Monte Video is the first port of safety in this wonderful river: it is situated at the foot of a conical mountain of a stupendous height, which serves as a land-mark, for another mountain there is not in a vast tract of country, many hundred miles in extent; and the river, even here, is so wide as to appear to an inexperienced person more in the resemblance of a sea.

We found in this port two Portuguese merchant vessels, three French, and two privateers; which last had, like ourselves, been forced in by stress of weather. On a signal being made by our captain, the commander of the fort sent off a boat with three Spaniards in her to examine our papers; with which being satisfied, we were permitted to enter the harbour, and we immediately received every necessary assistance. It was evening when we arrived; and the next morning captain H—— and we



three passengers went ashore. Myself being an Englishman, and presently known as such, I observed an eye of suspicion glance on me which way soever I turned myself. But this I cared not for; being resolved, since my destiny had landed me in Spanish America, to see as much of their town as I possibly could: though, God knows, besides the river and the mountain there is but little to excite a traveller's curiosity. The fort seems to be the only object on which any attention has been bestowed; it is large, handsomely built, and consists of four bastions, on which are apparently very good brass cannon. Another bastion is begun on the land-side, and when that is finished the fosse is to be extended a much longer way than at present on terra firma. I have not much opinion of the strength of this fort, or the force that might be collected to withstand any determined attack of the British arms. It may, and I doubt not would, resist any effort of the Portuguese or native Indians; but they would not find it so easy a matter to repulse a select body of English soldiers and sailors, determined upon conquest.

The church is the next principal building; it is large and clean, but has nothing remarkable about it: the houses, many of which lie scattered about in a very irregular manner, with very pleasing gardens and little plantations attached to them, are all low and meanly built, very few being higher than the ground floor; but their tiled tops, with the green trees waving over them, have, taken altogether, rather a pretty effect.

The country round has nothing interesting; being, I am told, one continued plain every way for many hundreds of miles; and must, therefore, appear with peculiar disadvantage to me, who have been so

long accustomed to the rising hills and majestic mountains of the northern continent: and for Monte Video itself, I can compare it to nothing but a solitary rock in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. In native woods, too, they are greatly deficient; almost every tree and shrub is of artificial culture: and though the prospect on every side is luxuriantly beautiful in the humble walks and vegetation, yet the eye seeks in vain for the thick, dark, waving forests, which in North America are regarded but as natural evils to obstruct the labour of the industrious agriculturist, but which here would be valued alike for their novelty and beauty, and what is more for their utility, without being subject to the destroying axe, or more destructive firebrand. The Spaniards are not fond enough of agriculture to deprive themselves of shade; on the contrary, they have laboured to the best of their abilities to supply this great natural defect: nor have they laboured in vain, so favourable is this soil to the hand of cultivation; and groves of almost every kind of tree or shrub that could be imported now nod at one another in a very pleasing, though not very picturesque, manner; at least it appears so to my prejudiced taste. Another traveller might think and write widely different; but what others think of a scene or a subject never has nor ever will influence my pen.

I am no draftsman; but I have taken a view of Monte Video from the most favourable spot I could select, and remit it for your edification. I am only sorry the subject is not more engaging.

Captain H—— requested permission to lodge us in the house of a wine-merchant whom he had known at the Canaries, which place his friend left about two years since, to settle at Monte Video. The



request was granted, and I was received with great hospitality. My not understanding the Spanish language was rather an awkward circumstance: but the Canarian, though he did not understand English, had a smattering of French, and contrived to make us comprehend that we should all be treated as part of his family. He has a wife, and two daughters, sprightly lasses both: but our communication is all in dumb shew; very agreeable though, for all that.

We had not been settled above an hour when an order came for the three passengers to attend the governor. We immediately complied, and were conducted thither by a guard of one subaltern and six soldiers, all very slovenly accoutred, and distinguished by nothing but the extraordinary length of their swords and whiskers, and a most ludicrous affectation of majestic gravity. We found the governor, don Blas D'Hinojosa, taking a refreshment of fruit and coffee, attended by two negroes: he arose as we entered, and, slightly bowing in a very stately manner, immediately reseated himself, and gave some orders to one of the slaves, who left the apartment; and presently returned with two Spanish gentlemen and an officer very splendidly dressed, who, I observed, regarded me, during the whole time I remained in the apartment, with a stern and scrutinising eye. After a short conversation with the governor, one of the gentlemen, in tolerable English, asked us several questions; as, who we were—whither we were going when we left New York—and what had occasioned our arrival at Monte Video. As the discourse was chiefly addressed to me, I answered for myself and companions, who were both New Yorkists, and going on a voyage of speculation to Port Jackson. When their

curiosity was satisfied we were permitted to retire, and were conducted back in the same state as we had been brought thither. The governor appeared to be about forty years of age, of a pleasant aspect; and though he assumed a gravity, there was a playfulness about the mouth that indicated it was not natural to him. He is married, I find, and has a son and two daughters; the former is at present at Cordova in the province of Tucuman, where there is a fine college for education. On our return we found a plentiful repast provided by our hospitable host; consisting of new cakes, fruit, coffee, and several sorts of wine. When we had refreshed ourselves, I proposed to my companions that we should walk out to survey the town, and if possible ascend the conical mountain, being desirous to make the most of our short stay, and see as much of their country as possible: but our host, with concern in his countenance, informed me my desire could not be gratified; a Spanish soldier had been stationed at his door, and he had been ordered to consider me only as a prisoner of war during the remainder of my stay at Monte Video. My companions, however, not being Englishmen, were at perfect liberty to go wheresoever they thought proper. I cannot but say that this circumstance greatly chagrined me: not that I felt any great disappointment in not being permitted to go abroad; but I felt like a Briton, and could not digest the idea of coercive confinement. My fellow-passengers, finding that I was thus laid under an embargo, very quietly relinquished the idea of visiting the mountain, being blest with too great a share of American philosophy to feel greatly interested in the beauties of nature; and we set about making ourselves as comfortable as our situation would admit,



Our friendly entertainer, who was extremely anxious to render my confinement agreeable, amused me very much with the history of the contraband trade constantly carrying on at this settlement, in spite of every effort on the part of government to the contrary; and this is one cause of the shyness of the Spaniards towards strangers, who are never permitted to perambulate the town until licence has first been obtained from the governor: indeed it seems admirably calculated for such kind of traffic as silver, drugs, hides, &c. and very conveniently situated. It would, I am of opinion, if once in the possession of the English, be found a very valuable key to the riches of the southern world; and the proximity of the Portuguese would greatly facilitate our obtaining it. The only obstacle I can discover, is the difficulty there would be for our ships of war to penetrate thus far up the Plata with any degree of safety, the natural defects of the river affording a much better protection to the country than any artificial bulwarks the Spaniards could erect; but, the article of navigation alone excepted, I believe the conquest of the Plata might be effected with very little danger on the part of the invaders.

In our way up the river, I noticed, as we passed, an island that glowed with all the colours of the rainbow, being decked with, I think, every flower that art or nature hath produced in any part of the terrestrial globe. Such a prospect must be extremely grateful to the eye; and the sweet scents they emit when a fresh breeze agitates them, and bears their fragrance towards the land, would induce one to imagine that all the odours of Arabia were transplanted to this beautiful spot, which is with singular propriety called the Isle of Flowers. There is

likewise another island of a very different description in the Plata, which is called the Isle of Wolves, from being inhabited only by those animals; but of that I saw nothing, for I was below deck when we passed it.

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[In another part of these letters the author makes the following reflections, which the recent success of our troops has shewn to be perfectly well founded.]

THE dispersion, or rather expulsion, of the crafty Jesuits was become an act of state necessity, since they had established in the very centre of the southern provinces an immense theocracy, which even threatened to overturn, at some future period, the power of the crown, if the various accounts I have received may be relied on; for at the time of their expulsion, they could command, as spiritual guides, several hundred thousand families, and among them no less an army of well-disciplined troops than from eighty to a hundred thousand men, all properly trained, clothed, and accoutred, and ready to follow wherever their pastors should think fit to lead them.

How far this estimate may be true I know not; I give it you on the report of father Hernandez; and I have heard the same confirmed by don Manuel, who is of opinion that the *present* race of ecclesiastics have not at all mended the condition of the Indians, who are in fact worse off and more oppressed than before. He thinks, and says, that were the English to make a spirited attack on Buenos Ayres in conjunction with the Portuguese on the side of the Brazils, there is not a doubt of the Indians joining them; the face of things being so materially changed



since the dismissal of the Jesuits, under whom they had been detached from a state of barbarism, instructed in the knowledge of our blessed Christian faith, and taught the use of arms, agriculture, and commerce; nay, even some of the fine arts are known among them; I myself have seen several specimens of drawings done by the Indians, which, from their correctness and beauty, I should readily have taken for the work of an Italian artist. I had sketched two or three views from the convent garden, and thought them tolerably well done; but I found them very indifferent when compared with those examples of 'savage genius, which plainly evinces that great care must have been taken to instruct them, and proves that those very people we have been taught to look upon as little better than the brute creation possess not only a clear comprehension of perceptible objects, however different from any thing they have been accustomed to, but elegant and refined intellects, and capacities competent to execute whatever an enlightened European may boast as an exclusive accomplishment. The Jesuits judged and acted right; mildness and persuasion have succeeded in drawing forth from obscurity those gems of reason which, like the diamond, remained hid in darkness till the ingenuity of man found the means of disclosing their beauties. I hope it is not sinful to wish this oppressed and deeply injured people might make one more grand effort; and, by the aid of the still unconquered nations, assert their rights, and drive these barbarous tyrants from their lands. They are now brought to a knowledge of the true God, and human sacrifices are no longer known among them. The rights of nations, and the relative duties of society, they are now informed of; nor do they neglect the

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practice. Then will not divine vengeance be at length appeased by the deaths of so many thousands, as, since the conquest, have paid, through the upraised arm of power, the debts due to offended Heaven?

I am certain, my friend, this great revolution might be accomplished, could the British arms but gleam upon the plains of Paraguay: believe me, this is no idle chimera or phantasm of the brain, but the result of critical enquiry and mature reflection. Had the Spaniards pursued their conquest with mildness and lenity, no honest or good man would have envied them the possession of this rich and fertile country; but every one would have rejoiced to see so many human beings drawn from their savage life and barbarous customs to partake in Christian occupations and rational enjoyments, and know that they were formed for nobler purposes than to be waging eternal war, and, in their frantic triumphs, to sacrifice and eat each other. Such would have been the happy consequences of a humane policy on the part of the Spaniards; but the direct contrary method has been pursued by those who term themselves the most zealous for the cross of Christ. Deceived, deluded, arrogating mortals! the sighs of the suffering Indians will yet be heard at the throne of Mercy, and their tears, ere long, be washed away in the blood of the Spaniards.

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## THE FAIR PENITENT,

### AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(*From the French of Madame de Genlis.*)

(*Continued from p. 328.*)

IN the mean time Beaumanoir recovered from his wound. He then terrified the good pastor by inform-



ing him of the singular plan of penance which he meant to impose on Valerie, and which was to continue five years. He declared that she should pass the whole of this time in an insulated apartment of the castle; that she should never leave it, but to walk in a particular garden, and that she should receive the visits of no person except the pastor. He added, that, deprived of her privileges as a mother and a wife, she should be allowed to see her daughter only for a few minutes every morning and evening; that she should be contented with embracing her, without ever offering to speak one word to her; that, added to this, the wretched Valerie should present herself every night at supper at Beaumanoir's table, preserving a profound silence, and observing the ceremony which he prescribed; and lastly, that she should drink out of the fatal cup, which would recal to mind her misfortune, and the vengeance of her husband.

The good pastor exclaimed against the harshness of these conditions, and, above all, against the humiliation of appearing thus before strangers. 'Her fault,' said Beaumanoir, 'has been attended with the greatest publicity; it is necessary that the expiation of it should be equally so. Besides,' continued he, 'I leave her all the merit of a voluntary penance, which alone will do honour to her. She is at liberty to accept or refuse it. In the latter case, she will never again see her daughter; but she shall have a pension, which will secure to her during her life a suitable independence, and she may reside at a distance from me, in whatever place she pleases. I wish to punish her, to purify her, and not to tyrannize over her. If, submitting herself at first to the laws I impose, she should afterwards find them insupportable, she shall no longer be a prisoner

here. She shall have money and horses at her command, and no person shall prevent her from withdrawing herself from this place; but the smallest step contrary to our agreement separates us without return, by depriving her for ever of her daughter. When the five years of her penance have expired, if her obedience has been perfect, she will resume all her privileges in my heart and in my house: the past will be for ever buried in oblivion. Such is my irrevocable resolution.'

It was in vain that the pastor represented that the terrible vengeance exercised upon the unhappy Valerie during the night of the contest was equivalent to an austere penance of several years; he found Beaumanoir inflexible. In that dreadful night he had avenged himself with all the fury of an implacable mind. He wished to render Valerie celebrated both by her repentance and by her penance; and at this price alone could his pride grant her a public pardon. Besides, he loved exhibitions and notoriety; and the dramatic punishment which he had imagined appeared to him a sublime invention. He was as much attached to it as an author could be to a piece which he considered as his finest production.

Valerie was much less terrified at the penance than at the pardon that was to be the result of it. She had flattered herself that Beaumanoir would never see her again, and that he would permit her to retire for ever to a convent with her daughter, who might be nurtured and educated there during her infancy and early youth. The only circumstance that made an impression on her in the penance was, the severe injunction which permitted her only to see her daughter for a few minutes each day, and which forbade her replying to her when this child should



arrive at an age to understand and to speak to her. Yet Valerie hesitated not to submit herself entirely, since she had only this one method to preserve a communication with her child.

Conducted by the pastor, she returned to the detested castle. She found herself unwell on entering it; but her little Emma was brought to her: and for some moments she forgot all her sorrows, while she held her beloved infant in her arms. An old waiting-woman, in the service of Beaumanoir, brought her a robe of coarse black cloth, and told her, that during five years that would be her only garment. 'It suits me,' said Valerie, 'and I never desire to wear any other.' Her new apartment was in a tower, which had never been used before but as a prison; but Beaumanoir had now caused it to be fitted up with a kind of elegant simplicity. The keys of the tower were sent her; and, in fact, no precaution was taken to prevent her escape. She was desired not to leave the tower unveiled, and to walk only in an extensive court, and in a garden made purposely for her, inclosed only by a simple palisade, with a door leading to the country, of which she received the key, with the sole view of favouring her escape, if she should conceive a wish to escape. She refused to take charge of this key, but she was not allowed to return it. She hung it, therefore, by the fireplace of her chamber, where it has remained to this day. The first evening was, above all, terrible to her: she was obliged to undergo the humiliating penance, and again to see Beaumanoir.

The pastor visited her, to strengthen her fortitude by his spiritual advice. She heard him with her accustomed gentleness: she threw herself on her knees, asked his blessing,

and after having received it—'Oh, my God!' exclaimed she, 'I submit myself with the most perfect resignation to all these heart-rending humiliations! May they expiate my faults! May my degradation in the eyes of the world be my only punishment. Gracious Providence, protect my child! for her sake I resign myself.'

Her old duenna came to conduct her to supper, reminding her of the ceremony which she was to observe. All the domestics who met her burst into tears; for she was adored by them all, for her mildness and goodness.

When she entered the supper-parlour, she burst into tears; but when she heard the stern voice of Beaumanoir, her tears were immediately dried up, and she found herself ready to faint. She avoided the horror of seeing him, by keeping her eyes continually fixed on the ground. She placed herself at table. She shuddered when Beaumanoir ordered her to drink. She had heard a description of the fatal cup, which she took with a convulsive trembling; but in carrying it to her lips she lost all recollection, and was obliged to be borne away. Such was the first evening. The next day Valerie saw her daughter with a new pleasure, for she had suffered for her.

The whole neighbourhood were indignant at the cruelty of Beaumanoir; and they made many unsuccessful efforts to induce him to recede from his purpose, and mitigate his harsh sentence. All the ladies of the province, affected by the fate of Valerie, and perhaps terrified by an example of severity so rigorous, united themselves, and came together to the castle, to solicit in favour of the young penitent. But this intercession, which they have repeated every year, has always been entirely fruitless. Since that time, no wo-



man will visit at the castle. The ladies have refused every invitation of Beaumanoir's; and when he visits any of the neighbouring castles, nothing can induce them to sit at table with him. They leave him with their husbands, and retire to their apartments. Several ladies have wished to see Valerie privately, or, at least, to communicate with her by letter; but Valerie has declined all visits, received the letters without opening them, and delivered them all to the pastor. Beaumanoir had not neglected to embellish her solitude. Valerie's garden was filled with flowers, and there was besides a charming aviary. But it was in a vase of flowers that Valerie had deposited the fatal key, and the birds in the aviary reminded her of her dying dove.—'Alas!' said she, 'these innocent objects remind me too keenly of my crime, and the tortures I have suffered. I can no longer enjoy any amusements; even the most innocent ones are denied me. She opened the aviary, and restored the birds to liberty; the flowers were by her desire all pulled up; and she would have nothing planted but cypress in her melancholy garden. The pastor, however, wishing to restore a taste so natural and so pure, and which might tend to dispel the gloom of her situation, requested her to cultivate two borders of flowers to decorate the church; and this motive in a short time overcame all her repugnance. She regularly received a considerable allowance monthly; the greater part of which she distributed in alms, and the remainder in gifts to the church, commonly ornamented by the work of her own hands.

These pious occupations, prayer, and listening to the reading or con-

versation of the pastor, filled up all her time. The most promising days of her early youth, obscured by a dreadful remembrance, but purified by repentance, passed on at least free from tempests of passion, and without weariness, in this solitude. She felt for the pastor equal respect and veneration. The affecting exhortations, the paternal counsels of this worthy man, re-animated her courage. She believed in all the sublimity of the Gospel; so affecting to minds of sensibility, so consoling to the guilty! But the resentment of Valerie against Beaumanoir long embittered all the consolation she found in piety.—'My daughter,' said the pastor, 'you must pardon him; you must love him.'—'But, ah! my father, is he not cruel?'—'You will change, you will amend him. Does not the Scripture say, that the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the believing wife? Perfect virtue is always communicative. Acquire it, my daughter, and you will give it to your husband. In the eyes of Heaven there are no ill-suited marriages; since, with patience and piety on one side, the most opposite characters may correct themselves by each other's example. The Almighty, doubt it not, reserves to you the glory of softening the manners of your husband. You will triumph over this haughty character; you will soften this obdurate heart; and you will cherish your success and your work.' Valerie was forcibly impressed with these ideas; and she soon ceased to hate Beaumanoir, by chasing from her thoughts the image of what he was, and representing him in future as entirely changed.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## SEPTEMBER.

## A SONNET.

SEPTEMBER comes with softer beaming  
rays,  
Whilst glowing fruit invites the tempted  
hand;

No blossoms now bespeak soft Summer days,  
For only Autumn's stubble loads the land.  
But there the eager sportsman seeks his way,  
With dog well tutor'd to discover game;  
Soon he points out his master's destin'd prey,  
Who levels death's dread tube with certain  
aim.

These show September's sway:—but Au-  
tumn brown

With sickly tint has mark'd the year's  
decline;

This prompts a sigh that Winter soon will  
frown;

And bid the plummy nations sadly pine,  
Whose leafy dwellings, made by Winter bare,  
Will yield no shelter from the piercing air.

J. M. L.

## SONNET.

WHY do I fondly tempt thy winning smile,  
And then, alas! that winning smile reprove?

'Tis true, its treasures all my griefs beguile;  
But, ah! for me it breathes too much of  
love.

O hide that azure eye, its glance restrain;  
On happier hearts that piercing look be-  
stow:

To me its power will heighten every pain,  
Thrill ev'ry sense, and waken ev'ry woe.

Come, *Madness!* come! around my frenzied  
soul

Throw thy Lethean mantle! it may cheer  
My bursting heart, and stay the frantic  
tear;

Or quick impel me to that welcome goal  
Where Sorrow's grief-worn child may yield  
his breath,

Laugh at the poison'd draught, and smile  
unmov'd on death.

C. H.

## APOLOGETIC LINES

*For a Lady, whose Collection of Flowers  
drooped for want of the necessary Care, and  
who desired of the Author to write their  
Elegy.*

—‘des jasmins, du mougris, et des bergamottes,  
symboles par la durée de leurs parfums, de notre  
affection, dont le souvenir nous restera lors même  
que nous ne vous verrons plus.’ S. PIERRE.

ADIEU, ye flow'rs, so sweet and fair!  
That droop for want of MYRA's care;  
Which late in riant bloom I saw  
Her anxious pains incessant draw.

What causes thus your charms derange?  
Sure MYRA is not apt to change;  
And, various though our atmosphere,  
Tom N——, the gallant, is near—

From chilling blasts and parching heat,  
To swiftly aid in your retreat,  
Or o'er your tender roots diffuse  
A substitute for gentle dews.

Whence is then your untimely date?  
Fear'd MYRA Proserpina's fate?  
Or did she weave unsung the wreath  
That might have rescued you from death?

No, no; the cause, I clearly see,  
Was incongeniality.  
Who plac'd the *rose* and *myrtle* there,  
And *mignonette*, to mock the fair?

No flaunting emblem she requires  
Of beauty, that so soon expires:—  
The wasted fragrance of a day,  
Like life that blooms and drops away!

Through myrtle groves no more she roams,  
Nor seeks to deck her lovers' tombs:  
No useless sweets does MYRA prize,  
'Tho' veil'd in nature's softest guise.

Love, beauty, life itself, are grown  
Devote to P——. For him alone  
She weaves the flow'ry garland now;  
For him she breathes her ev'ry vow.



Adieu, then, flow'rs, so sweet and fair!  
Nor hope the gentle MYRA's care,  
Unless some semblance you could give  
Of charms that longer may survive.

What sweet *domestic peace* shall shew—  
The breast that *heaves for other's woe*;  
What *delicacy's* bloom dispense—  
What paint the force of *wit and sense*—

These plants, O florists! if ye have,  
Sweet MYRA's care shall always save;  
If not—intelligent and kind,  
They'll live for ever in her mind!

*New North-street.*

S.

### THE VILLAGE VISIT.

DARK was the night, the wind in east,  
(I thus begin my simple tale),  
A party coming from a feast,  
Noted of old for cake and ale.

Father boldly led the van,  
Then neighbour *Flax* and his dear wife;  
Next *farmer Bill*, a merry man  
As e'er I knew in all my life.

When jogging o'er the dreary heath,  
Mother took the reins to drive;  
Father crept the seat beneath,  
Snug as a bee within its hive.

As on they went across the plain,  
Old *Miller*\* somehow miss'd the way;  
The wind blew hard, fast fell the rain,  
And fill'd they were with dire dismay.

Father soon his senses found;  
He started up with wild surprise:  
And, dire alarm'd, all look'd around,  
Except old *Miller*—he'd no eyes.

No light did from the heavens break;  
When father, trembling, thus did say,  
'Come, let's go on, for heaven's sake,  
And try if we can find the way!'

Appall'd they view'd the pathless ground,  
And many a mile they wait in vain;  
When, lo! the long-lost road they found:  
Their spirits all return'd again.

O could I tell but half the joys  
Those midnight wanderers did feel!  
Such joys no mortal can surmise,  
Such joy I cannot here reveal.

*Bill's* wife declar'd, upon her word,  
He sat and snor'd just like a pig:  
He lost his whip upon the road,  
And then fell headlong from the gig.

*Bill*, for mercy, bawl'd out, 'Wife!'  
'Where are you, *Bill*? what do you ail?'  
'Oh! help me pray, my dear, my life!  
I'm here beneath the horse's tail.'

\* The name of the horse.

They laugh'd at *Bill*—and father smil'd,  
His looks full satisfaction wore;  
Laughing, he said, with accents mild,  
'My wife shall take the reins no more!

Long may they live to tell the tale!  
Yet, mark, no good will e'er derive  
If men their senses drown in ale,  
And women take the reins to drive.

S. Y.

### THE DECEITFULNESS

### OF RICHES.

ALL-BOUNTEOUS Heaven! *Castalio*  
cries,

With bended knees and lifted eyes,  
'When shall I have the power to bless,  
'And raise up merit in distress?'  
How do our hearts deceive us here!  
He gets ten thousand pounds a year.  
With this the pious youth is able  
To build, and plant, and keep a table;  
But then the poor he must not treat,—  
Who asks the wretch that wants to eat?  
Alas! to ease their woes he wishes,  
But cannot live without ten dishes:  
Though six would serve as well, 'tis true,  
But one must live as others do.  
He now feels wants unknown before,  
Wants still increasing with his store:—  
The good *Castalio* must provide  
Brocade and jewels for his bride.  
Her toilet shines with plate emboss'd.  
What sums her lace and linen cost!  
The clothes that must his person grace  
Shine with embroidery and lace.  
The costly pride of Persian looms,  
And *Guido's* paintings, grace his rooms.  
His wealth *Castalio* will not waste,  
But must have ev'ry thing in taste:  
He's an economist confess'd;  
But what he buys must be the best.  
For common use, a set of plate;  
Old china, when he dines in state.  
A coach and four to take the air,  
Besides a chariot, and a chair.  
All these important calls supply'd,  
Calls of necessity, not pride;  
His income regularly spent,  
He scarcely saves to pay his rent.  
No man alive would do more good,  
Or give more freely—if he could.  
He grieves whene'er the wretched sue;  
But what can poor *Castalio* do?  
Would Heav'n but send ten thousand more,  
He'd give—just as he did before.

### TO THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL, loveliest of the stars of heaven!  
Whose soft yet brilliant beams display  
The mildness of advancing even,  
The splendour of retiring day!



Star of delight! the rosy sky  
Sheds tears of joy for thy return;  
Around thy car the breezes sigh;  
Nymphs of thy train, the planets burn.

All earth is gladdened by thy rays;  
And every flower, and shrub, and tree,  
Boasts fresher bloom, and grateful pays  
A tribute of perfume to thee.

Day for thy partial smile contends;  
Night boasts for her thy glories shine:  
Before thee tranquil pleasure bends,  
And beauty whispers, 'Thou art mine.'

Yes, thou art beauty's friend and guide:  
Conducted by thy beams so sweet,  
She wanders forth at even-tide,  
The chosen of her heart to meet.

All grace she moves—with steps as light  
As rapture's bliss or fancy's dream;—  
More soft her thoughts than dews of night,  
More pure than that unwavering stream.

Thy beams disclose the haunt of love,  
Conspicuous 'mid the twilight scene;  
For Spring its leafy texture wove,  
And wedded roses to its green.

Fair wand'rer of the sunset hour,  
Approaching to the ruddy west,  
Where fairy forms prepare thy bow'r  
With blooms from heavenly gardens drest—

Behold the light that fills her eye,  
The flushes o'er her cheeks that move!  
Can earth a sight more sweet supply  
Than loveliness improv'd by love?

'Yes, far more sweet!' Methinks the while  
I hear thy accents whisper low;  
'Tis beauty with her angel smile  
Inclining o'er the couch of woe.'

### THE TOMB OF MY FATHERS.

SUBDUED by misfortunes, and bow'd  
down with pain,  
I sought on the bosom of peace to recline:  
I hied to the home of my fathers again,  
But the home of my fathers no longer was  
mine.

The look that spoke gladness and welcome  
was gone;  
The blaze that shone bright in the hall  
was no more.

A stranger was there with a bosom of stone,  
And cold was his eye as I enter'd his door.

'T was his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,  
The falling to crush, and the humble to  
spurn:

But I staid not his scorn—from his mansion  
I fled,  
And my beating heart vow'd never more  
to return.

What home shall receive me? One home  
yet I know;

O'er its gloomy recess, see the pine  
branches wave:

'Tis the tomb of my fathers! The world is  
my foe,

And all my inheritance now is a grave.

'Tis the tomb of my fathers! The grey  
moisten'd walls,

Declining to earth, speak aloud of decay;  
The gate off its hinge, and half opening calls,

'Approach, most unhappy, thy dwelling  
of clay!'

Alas! thou sole dwelling of all I hold dear,  
How little this meeting once augured my  
breast!

From a wand'rer accept, oh, my fathers!  
this tear;

Receive him, the last of his race, to your  
rest!

### LINES

*On the Death of Miss Sarah Doncaster, who  
departed this Life September 8, 1806 (after  
a Week's Illness), aged 19 Years.*

BY A YOUTH ONLY FIFTEEN.

SHE died an humble and a virtuous maid,  
Who liv'd not to attain her twentieth year.  
To friends and to relations, ah! most  
dear!

A rose that freshly bloom'd, but soon de-  
cay'd,

A lily whose fair head was early laid.  
Oh, thou insensate, many a sorr'wing tear

Shall wet thy sable pall, and mournful bier,  
And many a tribute has affection paid.

How short the time since joy's inspiring  
smiles\*

Dimpled thine innocent cheeks, and o'er  
them spread

The blushing vermil hue! Pale death, thy  
wiles

Were too effective! Soon the spirit fled;  
And thy insatiate triumph was complete,  
When she sunk shiv'ring at thy noiseless  
feet.

### LINES

*On a beautiful young Lady's withdrawing  
from her Pocket all Instruments of Attraction  
during the late Storm.*

CELIA, from lightning to secure her life,  
Forth from her pocket draws the attractive  
knife.

But know, sweet maid! far greater danger lies  
In the attractive influence of thine eyes:

Therefore in vain, my fair, this cautious action,  
For thou canst never be without attraction.

\* The deceased dined among a large party  
of friends the Sunday week preceding her  
death.



## ROSABELL.

*The following Verses have been set to Music by Mr. Atwood, and sung, with most expressive Sweetness, by Mrs. Ashe. The Words are by John Mayne, Author of the Poem of 'Glasgow,' &c.*

THE troops were all embark'd on board;  
The ships were under weigh;  
And loving wives, and maids ador'd,  
Were weeping round the bay.

They parted from their dearest friends,  
From all their heart desires;  
And Rosabell to Heav'n commends  
The man her soul admires.

For him she fled from soft repose,  
Renounc'd a parent's care:  
He sails to crush his country's foes—  
She wanders in despair!

A seraph, in an infant's frame,  
Reclin'd upon her arm;  
And sorrow, in the comely dame,  
Now heighten'd every charm:

She thought, if fortune had but smil'd—  
She thought upon her dear;  
But when she look'd upon his child,  
O, then ran many a tear!

'Ah! who will watch thee as thou sleep'st?  
Who'll sing a lullaby,  
Or rock thy cradle, when thou weep'st,  
If I should chance to die?'

On board the ship, resign'd to fate,  
Yet planning joys to come,  
Her love, in silent sorrow, sate  
Upon a broken drum.

He saw her lonely on the beach;  
He saw her on the strand;  
And, far as human eye can reach,  
He saw her wave her hand.

'O Rosabell! tho' forc'd to go,  
With thee my soul shall dwell;  
And Heav'n, who pities human woe,  
Will comfort Rosabell!'

## THE PARTERRE.

TO ———.

I RAISED a little fairy bower,  
And fenced it round with care;  
And gemm'd it too with many a flower,  
To scent the ambient air.

I placed a little elfin there,  
The loveliest of her kind:  
And as her form was passing fair,  
As fair believed her mind.

I offer'd there my treasur'd heart,  
A tribute at her feet,  
Nor sighed with liberty to part,  
But deemed such bondage sweet.

And there grew 'Honesty' around,  
To shew that heart sincere;  
And there the 'Sensitive' was found,  
That trembled still with fear.

'Heart's-ease,' too, there my fancy placed,  
And there methought it grew;  
And Violets, which my bosom grac'd,  
Brought Constancy to view.

And there the am'rous 'Woodbine' twin'd  
Around the blushing 'Rose.'—  
Such were the scenes that bless'd my mind,  
And gave my soul repose.

O, yes! it was the sweetest bow'r  
That Fancy ever wove;  
And, heedless of misfortune's power,  
I lived alone to love.

Yet soon the dream was chas'd away:  
Inconstancy appear'd,  
And blighted every flower so gay,  
Which self-delusion rear'd.

My 'Violets,' bruise'd, were scatter'd round,  
Here 'Honesty' o'erthrown,  
There 'Love lies bleeding' on the ground,  
And 'Heart's-ease' trampled down.

The 'Sensitive,' affection's pride,  
Beneath a blast so rude,  
Shrunk by the deadly 'Nightshade's' side  
From base Ingratitude!

The 'Woodbine,' too, was rudely torn  
From the fond blushing tree;  
Whose flowers all wither'd—while a thorn  
Alone remain'd for me:

Yes, deep within this injur'd heart  
Lies hid the thorn of Care;  
And till with life itself I part,  
It still will rankle there.

## TO SLEEP.

FRIEND of the wretch, who claims no  
other friend,  
Lull thou my children, O assuasive sleep!  
In stealing stillness on their couch descend,  
And bind those eyes which open but to  
weep;

O'er their flush'd cheeks, their fever'd bosom,  
breathe,  
And steep their bitter cares in sweet repose,  
Then twine in happy hour thy poppy wreath  
With Hope's white bud, and Fancy's  
thornless rose!

To fairy climes in dreams transport my boys,  
And feign delights they ne'er as truths must  
know;

Yet hold, vain prayer! alas, to dream of joys  
But aggravates our sense of waking woe!  
So the lorn lonely slave, whose dungeon's  
gloom

Spreads round his vision a perpetual night,  
Mourns as he muses on his earlier doom,  
The vanish'd years of liberty and light!



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Vienna, Aug, 7.*

THE following important and affecting state paper has been published here, by which his imperial majesty abdicates his high office of emperor of Germany.

‘ We, Francis second, &c.

‘ Since the peace of Presburgh, all our attention and all our cares have been employed to fulfil with scrupulous fidelity all the engagements contracted by that treaty, to preserve to our subjects the happiness of peace, to preserve every where the amicable relations happily re-established, waiting to discover whether the changes caused by the peace would permit us to perform our important duties, as chief of the Germanic empire, conformably to the capitulation of election.

‘ The consequences, however, which ensued from some articles of the treaty of Presburgh, immediately after its publication, and which still exist, and those events generally known, which have since taken place in the Germanic empire, have convinced us that it will be impossible, under these circumstances, to continue the obligations contracted by the capitulation of election, and even if, in reflecting on these political relations, it were possible to imagine a change of affairs, the convention of the 12th-July, signed at Paris, and ratified by the contracting parties, relative to an entire separation of several considerable states of the empire, and their peculiar consideration, has entirely destroyed every such hope.

‘ Being thus convinced of the impossibility of being any longer enabled to fulfil the duties of our imperial functions, we owe it to our principles and to our duty to renounce a crown which

was only valuable in our eyes whilst we were able to enjoy the confidence of the electors, princes, and other states of the Germanic empire, and to perform the duties which were imposed upon us. We declare, therefore, by these presents, that we, considering as dissolved the ties which have hitherto attached us to the states of the Germanic empire; that we, considering as extinguished by the confederation of the states of the Rhine the charge in chief of the empire; and that we, considering ourselves thus acquitted of all our duties towards the Germanic empire, do resign the imperial crown, and the imperial government: we absolve, at the same time, the electors, princes, and states, and all that belong to the empire, particularly the members of the supreme tribunal, and all other magistrates of the empire, from those duties by which they were united to us as the legal chief of the empire, according to the constitution.

‘ We absolve all our German provinces and states of the empire from their reciprocal duties towards the Germanic empire: and we desire, in incorporating them with our Austrian states as emperor of Austria, and in preserving them in those amicable relations subsisting with the neighbouring powers and states, that they should attain that height of prosperity and happiness which is the end of all our desires, and the object of our dearest wishes.

‘ Done at our residence, under our imperial seal.’

‘ FRANCIS.

‘ Vienna, the 6th of August, 1806.’



*Frankfort, Aug. 7.* The following details respecting the changes which are taking place in Germany are given as authentic.

All the princes, intermediate counts, and other states of the empire, who are not named in the act of federation, and whose possessions join, or are included within those of the princes preserved, are wholly to lose their territorial superiority; that is to say, the right of having troops, of having tribunals dependent on them, the privilege of a mint, of having political agents; in one word, they are to be deprived of sovereignty according to the true meaning of the word.

It is said that the king of Prussia, in recognising these changes in the constitution of southern Germany, reserves to himself a power of establishing a similar league in the north, of what was formerly called the empire. Thus will this constitution, which has been so long invaded, wholly disappear, and the decline of which is only so gentle, because the measures which are taking at this day were preceded by the period of its fall.

*Aug. 16.* Among the vague reports circulated in Germany, and which are eagerly caught up, there is one which, without being authentic, attracts the general attention. It is said, that the principality of Bareuth will be ceded to the king of Bavaria, the country of Hanover to the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and that Prussia will be indemnified with the whole of the electorate of Saxony, after the death of the present elector, who has no male descendants. It is reported, that, in consequence of this arrangement, his Prussian majesty will acquire the sovereignty of the ducal houses in Saxony. It is almost unnecessary to observe, that these reports cannot be traced as yet to any authentic source.

Several detachments of French engineers and gunners have arrived at Augsburgh, and others are expected: they are to be employed in the fortifications which are to be erected in that town.

We learn that there is only one regiment in all Istria, which is encamped near Cape Istria. Two other regiments that were there have marched for Dal-

matia. The march of the troops of general Marmont's division is concluded.

*Aug. 18.* Private letters from Hamburg mention, that the conclusion of the northern confederation may be shortly expected.

*Prague, Aug. 20.* General Mack is at present in the fortress of Josephstadt, where the process respecting him has hitherto gone on. Major-general Schaventhal and colonel Philippe have been dispatched to Vienna with the papers relating to the procedure. The grand master of artillery, count Wenzel Colloredo, is at the head of the commission charged with the examination of the conduct of general Mack. This officer (general Mack) cannot absent himself from the fortress where he is detained, and every time he is called to appear before the commission he is accompanied by the commandant of the fortress. The process relative to the princes of Auersberg and Auffenberg is still carried on before the council of war, presided over by the count d'Harancourt. The former is accused of having facilitated the passage of the French troops over the Danube, after the capture of Vienna, by not destroying the bridges over that river, according to the orders he had received from his superior officers. General d'Auffenberg is accused of having committed serious errors, and having been guilty of the greatest negligence at the opening of the campaign, particularly at the first passage of the Danube, effected at Donawerth, by the French troops; and thus contributing to the loss of the battle of Wertingen, and those which followed. It is impossible at present to foresee the issues of these two processes, as we hear every day of new witnesses having been summoned. With respect to general Mack, it is believed that judgment will soon be pronounced.

*Dusseldorf, Aug. 21.* All the letters from Westphalia confirm the reports which have been in circulation for some days, that the Prussian troops have suddenly quitted the towns of Hamm, Unna Soeth, and other places in the county of Mark. Every where they are employed in packing up the acts and public treasuries. On the 13th the



Prussian troops, forming the garrison of Munster, likewise received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at the first signal.

*Hanover, Aug. 22.* Bridges have been thrown over the Upper Weser, from which it is conjectured that Prussian troops are about to pass either into Hessa or Westphalia. Several regiments have also advanced towards the frontiers of the duchy of Mecklenburg, with considerable trains of artillery.

*Genoa, Aug. 23.* Yesterday morning appeared before our port, under a flag of truce, the English brig the *Hibernia*, from Messina, conveying two transports, having on board several French soldiers made prisoners on several occasions in Calabria, before Gaeta, and at Capri. We are yet ignorant whether they will land here or will continue their voyage to Toulon.

*Frontiers of Austria, Aug. 23.* According to report, the French, wishing effectually to prevent Austria from taking part in a new war, if by chance it should break out, have demanded to occupy the whole circle of Austria till the re-establishment of peace with England. They are still not only at Brannau, but have likewise occupied the right bank of the Isonzo. All the measures that are silently taken announce that the present tranquillity will soon be disturbed. A great magazine is forming in Moravia, on the frontiers of Silesia. The artillery-men have received orders to make eight millions of cannon cartridges, and twenty-two millions of musquet cartridges. Five companies have been employed in making them these four or five days.

Count de Stadion, at the same time that he received the notification that Russia had refused to ratify the peace with France, received also a note printed at St. Petersburg, in which Russia states the reasons for her conduct.

*Vienna, Aug. 23.* The report which had been revived of the evacuation of Cattaro is not yet confirmed.

Great quantities of artillery, ammunition, &c. are sending to Comorn, Temeswar, and Buda, and distributing in the different depots.

The city of Leopoldstadt, in the country of Neutra in Hungary, will be the principal depot of arms: the transports on the Danube continue without intermission, and thousands of bullets and bombs which have lain for years heaped up in the ditches of Vienna, and which were not touched by the French, probably because they could not carry them away, have been taken out and embarked.

The French and Russian ambassadors continually receive and send off couriers.

*Osnabruck, Aug. 24.* Our garrison, and several thousand troops, which were in East Friesland, have joined the corps of general Blucher. Two thousand Hessians likewise joined yesterday. These troops form a line from Telchte to Wesel, and the French occupy the county of Bentheim and Burg Steinfurth.

*Berlin, Aug. 26.* All the movements now taking place appear to announce war. The garrison of this city, as well as Potsdam, have to-day received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at the first signal.

*Aug. 30.* The *gen d'armes*, the *gardes du corps*, and the hussars, leave Berlin to-day; the rest of the garrison will follow to-morrow.

Count Picton de Prunall, general, aide-de-camp, and arch-chamberlain to the grand duke of Cleves and Berg, arrived here on the 26th, in the evening, on a mission from his sovereign: the next day he had an audience of the king, queen, and royal family. He came from Paris, and will set out in a few days for Dusseldorf.

The general aid-de-camp count de Goetzen has set out for Dresden: he is the bearer of a letter written by the king's own hand, and addressed to the elector.

*Paris, Sept. 3.* Captain Jerome Bonaparte, who commanded the *Veteran*, arrived in France on the 26th ult. He gives an account, that he had left the squadron under the command of vice-admiral Villaumez in the best condition, having made thirty rich prizes, and being in pursuit of a numerous convoy.



## HOME NEWS.

*Cork, August 25.*

THE transport ship Osborne, Moffatt, has arrived in this harbour. Her intelligence is of a very disagreeable nature. She made one of a fleet of twenty-two sail, which left Quebec, under convoy of his majesty's ship Champion. Three of that number were transports, having on board the 6th regiment of foot, consisting of four hundred and sixty-seven men: the other ships were merchantmen and mast ships. On the 15th inst. seven of the convoy parted at different periods of the day; and on the same day they fell in with a strange sail, which, when within four miles of the Champion, not answering the private signal, it was intimated to the ships of the fleet to disperse. It was shortly discovered that the strange ship was an enemy, and a line of battle ship. She was observed to board five sail during the day, which were set on fire. Another sail was distinguished to leeward, bearing S. by E. which had also the appearance of a man of war; and as a fire was discernible in that direction, she was also judged to be an enemy. From the situation in which the fleet was when the Osborne escaped, it is strongly to be apprehended that the entire of it was either captured or destroyed. The Osborne has part of the 6th foot on board.

*Portsmouth, Aug. 28.* Arrived the *Fortunée* frigate, capt. H. Vansittart, from the Jamaica station: she went to the Bristol channel with the ships bound thither that came under convoy of the *Hercule*, *Surveillante*, and *Fortunée*. On their passage home, off the Havannah, they fell in with a Spanish convoy of twenty-seven sail, laden with

olive-oil, sugar, &c. which, upon the approach of the *Fortunée* and *Superieur* schooner, all anchored close under the land. The boats of the ships took possession of them, which were all deeply laden: they found the vessels so unseaworthy, and the commercial interests of the country being a superior consideration to private benefit, they were all destroyed, which, had they been taken to New Providence, would have enriched the captors with at least 50,000l.—Their convoy, two armed gun-vessels, were also destroyed. The convoy were under perpetual apprehension of falling in with an enemy's squadron. Off the banks of Newfoundland, five large ships were seen, which appeared to be cruisers; the convoy avoided their notice, by steering a different course in the night.

The loss of the Quebec ships will be felt at this dock-yard: three of them were bound here, with spars, masts, &c. which are much wanting.—We lost a valuable fir-laden ship last year, bound to this port.

When Jerome Bonaparte appeared in sight of the *Champion* and convoy, he had a rear admiral's flag flying, which he lowered, and hoisted a pendant, when he neared the convoy.—Jerome left his squadron cruising to the northward of the Havanah, no doubt to intercept our Jamaica convoy. There is yet hope of our cruisers meeting with both him and his squadron: the chances are against him, notwithstanding the wind has been so favourable that he had not to work his ship.

*Portsmouth, Aug. 27.* The French line of battle ship which fell in with the *Champion* and Quebec convoy, was the



Veteran, of 74, commanded by Jerome Bonaparte, who has, before this, we fear, arrived in France. The captains of six of the ships, which are all that were taken, arrived here this morning: they report, that a little to the northward of the Western Islands, on the 16th inst. the ships they commanded were taken and burnt by the Veteran, captain Jerome Bonaparte, who left his squadron in the gulph of Florida, and was making his passage to France, alone, to be made a king! Jerome ordered the ships to be destroyed, after the persons who were sent to execute that service had supplied themselves with a few necessities. The Veteran was in very bad condition, and the crew shewed much disposition to mutiny: the officers looked upon them with great jealousy, and the fellows who were sent to burn the *Lydia* offered to run away with the ship, they were so dissatisfied. Their mutinous spirit made the French officers behave very civilly to the prisoners, whom they seemed to look to for support in the event of any disturbance. Jerome Bonaparte is reported to be a gentlemanly behaved man, but of a meagre appearance, and wears a great many ornaments. The captains of the merchantmen represented to him the great difference there was in the quality of the provisions they were supplied with, with what they had been accustomed to, and the uncomfortableness of their situation, in being ordered to mess with the common men on the dirty decks: this was done through the second captain of the ship, and Jerome requested him to wait by a little, and he would give him an answer. Soon after which they were ordered on board an American ship, which landed them here: she was previously supplied with a track to steer by, to avoid giving information to our cruizers, which she, unfortunately, did not see one of. Jerome ordered the apprentices to be liberated with the captains, and the seamen only to be detained, of which there were 120 on board, taken in different prizes. Bonaparte's birth-day was celebrated whilst they were on board; to which Jerome invited the English prisoners, and gave them an extra allowance. From the short dis-

tance Jerome was from Brest, 200 miles, and the favourableness of the wind, there is too much reason to suppose that he has got into some port.

*London, Sept. 3.* On Monday an alarming fire broke out at Northfleet dock-yard, now, we believe, chiefly used for building ships for the royal navy. About one in the afternoon, on the return of the workmen from dinner, smoke was seen issuing from the store-house, a very capacious building, filled with all sorts of valuable materials for the completion of ships. Flames burst out immediately afterwards, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring dwellings, as well as the whole town of Gravesend, were under the greatest apprehensions, the wind being from the S. W. and the tide then almost at the lowest of the ebb. Water was, however, immediately procured, and the engines speedily brought, but not in time to save any part of the building, or its contents. About two the roof fell in, and the whole then formed one solid mass of materials so combustible, that at half past three, when the engines had been playing upon it for two hours, the flames continued at a considerable height, and were so strong as to be distinctly visible at a distance, notwithstanding the brightness of the sunshine. Many hundreds of persons were collected, all ready to have given assistance; but nothing could be done more than playing with the engines upon the burning mass, little effect as they seemed to have upon it. To approach it nearer was impossible. Two fine seventy-fours nearly completed are upon the stocks, within twenty or thirty yards; but happily the fire was to leeward of them. It was evening before any considerable benefit could be perceived from the immense quantity of water directed against the flames; but they were extinguished before night, and fortunately without communicating to any other part of the premises. The engines continued upon the spot all night, and every other precaution was used against the renewal of the fire. Providentially, no lives were lost.

*Deal, Sept. 7.* Another messenger arrived here in a post-chaise and four from London, about eleven o'clock last



night, and after waiting on the admiral, was sent off in a galley, and put on board one of our fast-sailing vessels, which got under weigh for Calais immediately, and most probably arrived there by five o'clock this morning. Various are the conjectures on this quick succession of couriers to Paris, but it is generally believed that lord Lauderdale's return is certain.

*London, Sept. 8.* The supplement published yesterday to the Extraordinary Gazette of Friday records fresh successes achieved in Calabria. Both the Calabrias are stated to have been restored to their legitimate sovereign. General Regnier, with the dispirited remnant of his army, reduced from 9000 to less than 3000, is trying to effect his retreat to Puglia, the brave Calabrians harassing him in all directions. Cotrona has surrendered to our arms; and every fort along the coasts, all the depots of stores, ammunition, and artillery, prepared for the attack of Sicily, are become the prey of the victors.

*September 9.* The cabinet council which was held yesterday upon the dispatches brought by the messenger Shaw lasted about an hour; from two to three o'clock. Lords Grenville, Spencer, Sidmouth, Petty, and Howick, and Mr. Windham, were the only members present. As soon as the council broke up, Basilico and Smith, the messengers, were under orders to hold themselves in readiness to set off with dispatches for Paris. It is said that Basilico set off this morning. Besides the dispatches to lord Lauderdale, he took with him a large turtle for his lordship. This circumstance of the turtle, though it may appear to our readers of no great moment, has produced no slight sensation in the city. Divers anxious inquiries have been made as to its size and weight—whether it was a chicken turtle or a turtle of the largest size, such as is used upon great festivities. If it were of the latter description, the good folks in the city would be inclined to draw from it an inference in favour of the immediate signature of the preliminaries of peace, and that this turtle was to be dressed at a grand dinner to be given upon the occasion. Whether the turtle be symptomatic or not of the imme-

mediate signing of the preliminaries of peace, we are unable to state; but we may safely take upon us to declare, that it is an excellent preliminary to a good dinner.

Stocks experienced a considerable rise this morning. Omnium, which left off yesterday at  $7\frac{1}{2}$ , rose this morning to  $8\frac{3}{4}$  9. It is supposed in the city that, since the refusal of the emperor Alexander to ratify the treaty signed by d'Oubril, some concessions have been made by Bonaparte to induce us to sign a separate treaty of peace; and that, in consequence of those concessions, preliminaries may be expected to be signed immediately.

*September 13.* Letters from Malta received yesterday, dated the 20th of July, make mention of a very disastrous event which happened at that island on the 15th. A magazine, containing three hundred and seventy barrels of gunpowder, and fifteen hundred shells and grenades, blew up. Near one thousand persons were killed or wounded, consisting chiefly of Maltese, resident in the fort and its vicinity. The extent of the mischief, in other respects, is incalculable. The fort is blown nearly to atoms, and considerable damage was sustained by the shipping. The cause of this shocking accident had not been ascertained when the account came away.

Dispatches were received announcing the conquest of the city of Buenos Ayres, in Paraguay, by the forces under the command of general Beresford and sir Home Popham; on which occasion the Park and Tower guns were fired.

Captain Rose Donnelly, of the *Narcissus*, who brought the dispatches, landed at Swanage, and immediately set off for London. The expedition was fitted out from the Cape; but the governor of La Plata appears to have received information of it, and to have made preparations to resist it. This circumstance, of course, adds to the glory of the enterprise.

Our force consisted of about 1100 men: our ships arrived in the Rio de la Plata on the evening of the 25th or 26th of June. Every thing was prepared for debarking the troops: the ships ran up the river, and anchored a short distance from the city of Buenos Ayres.



The men were immediately landed. Some attempt is said to have been made to oppose the landing; but our troops charged with the bayonet, and the Spaniards were forced to pay the same acknowledgment to the superiority of our prowess, which the French have done in Calabria. The Spanish viceroy, after a short resistance, fled up the country. We are said to have lost only eight men, killed and wounded. As soon as the landing was effected, the city is said to have been summoned—the shipping in the mean had stationed before the city. It was surrendered to us on the 28th of June. The treasure and valuables found in the town are said to exceed one million sterling—300,000*l.*, or according to other accounts 160,000*l.*, have been brought home in the *Narcissus*.

### BIRTHS.

*Aug.* 21. At Ratton, in Sussex, the hon. Mrs. Thomas, of a daughter.

22. At general Pigot's, Hertford-street, the lady of lord Henry Fitzroy, of a son.

26. At Southampton, lady Charlotte Howard, of a son.

29. At Thorndon-hall, lady Petre, of two sons. The youngest survived only a few hours.

*Sept.* 3. At Great Clacton, in Essex, the lady of lieut. col. Harvey, of the 79th regiment, of a son.

5. At her house in Welbeck-street, the right hon. lady Charlotte Gould, of a son.

6. In Portland-place, the lady of Henry Fawcett, esq. of a son.

8. At her mother's, Mrs. Iremonger's, in Bolton-row, the lady of Wm. Jones, esq. M. P. of a son and heir.

10. At Wembley-park, the lady of John Gray, esq. of a daughter.

At Chatham, the lady of lieut. col. Desborough, of the royal marines, of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

*August* 19. At All Saints, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, by the rev. George Emer-

son, Mr. Ibbotson, eldest son of the rev. Adam Ibbotson, vicar of Garton, in the county of York, to miss Manners, sister to the rev. Moses Manners, and youngest daughter of the late Mr. Edward Manners, all of the former place.

25. At Simpson, Bucks, by the rev. G. Turnor, A. M. William Lowndes, of Whaddon-hall, in the same county, esq. eldest son of Wm. Selby, esq. to miss Hanmer, daughter of the rev. Graham Hanmer, of Simpson.

At St. Michael's Bassishaw, Isaac Chamberlain, esq. of Basinghall-street, to Mrs. Hewitt, widow of the late John Hewitt, esq. of Bishopston-hall, Wilts.

At Meopham church, Kent, Edward Knatchbull, esq. eldest son of sir Edward Knatchbull, to miss Honeywood, daughter to the late and sister to the present sir John Honeywood.

27. At Walcot church, Bath, Joseph Protheroe, esq. of Bristol, to miss Caroline Choppin, eldest daughter of James Choppin, esq. of the island of St. Vincent.

At St. Mary, Rotherhithe, William Hollamby, esq. to miss Sarah Louch.

Arthur Stert, esq. of Clifford-street, to miss Augusta Mitford, fourth daughter of William Mitford, esq. of Pitts-hill, Petworth, Sussex.

At Clifton, Richard Bentley, esq. of Raymill cottage, Berks, to Maria, the youngest daughter of the late and sister of the present sir James Hanham, bart.

30. At Stockport, in Cheshire, Robert Langley Appleyard, of New Ormond-street, esq. to miss Prescott, daughter of the rev. Charles Prescott, rector of Stockport.

*Sept.* 1. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, the hon. George Herbert, son of the earl of Carnarvon, to miss Head, daughter of the late Francis Head, esq. of St. Andrew's Hall, Norfolk.

2. At Margate, the rev. Wm. Wodsworth, of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, to miss Frances Swinford, eldest daughter of Daniel Swinford, esq. of Sarr, in the Isle of Thanet.

Mr. James Parker, jun. solicitor, of Axbridge, to miss Bult, only daughter



of John Bult, esq. of Dodhill, near Taunton.

4. At Lennel-house, Scotland, the hon. Gilbert Elliott, eldest son of the right hon. lord Minto, to miss Mary Brydone, eldest daughter of Patrick Brydone, esq.

At Margate, captain Jenney, of the royal horse artillery, to miss Stewart, niece of the late sir Henry Harpur, bart.

At the parish-church of Melcombe Regis, in Weymouth, by the rev. John Taylor, George Taylor, esq. of the Priory, Totness, to miss Rodber, eldest daughter of Thomas Rodber, esq. of Weymouth.

9. At Bangor, Lawrence Brock Hollinshead, esq. to miss Edwards, daughter of Edward Edwards, esq. of Wrixham.

10. At Mary-la-bonne church, by the rev. Mr. Lawrence, Wm. Daw, esq. to Mrs. R. Wm. Pattle, widow of the late R. Wm. Pattle, esq. of Bengal.

At Melborne, Henry Walker, esq. eldest son of Joshua Walker, esq. of Clifton, near Rotherham, to miss Abney, only daughter of Edward Abney, esq. of King's Newton.

11. At Finedon, in the county of Northampton, Charlotte, second daughter of John English Dolben, of Finedon-hall, esq. and grand-daughter of sir William Dolben, bart. to the rev. Samuel Woodfield Paul, of the same place.

12. At Siliby, Leicestershire, Henry Overton Dawson, son of Wm. Dawson, esq. of Islington, in the county of Middlesex, to miss Mirial Paris, daughter of Wm. Paris, esq. merchant, of the former place.

15. At Clavering, Essex, George Mickley, esq. of Buntingford, to miss Bowra, daughter of the rev. William Bowra, vicar of Clavering.

16. At Greenwich, Robert Woodgate, esq. of Ramsden-hall, in the county of Essex, to miss Watkins, daughter of the late rev. George Watkins, rector of Fairstead, in the same county.

## DEATHS.

August 21. At his house in Digges-street, Dublin, aged 77, without any

previous pain or illness, Ambrose Smith, esq. father of the Irish bar.

22. At Priory-place, Wallingford, after a long illness, which she bore with the utmost fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Lateward, wife of John Lateward, esq.

23. At Road, Somersetshire, after a lingering illness, miss A. Cromwell, aged 27 years. Her illness and subsequent death were occasioned by a fabricated report of her not having disposed of some money, entrusted to her by a benevolent lady, agreeably to directions; and though her innocence was clearly proved, the circumstance preyed thus fatally on her too susceptible mind.

Suddenly, of an apoplectic seizure, at Worthing, the hon. Wm. Henry Bouverie, of Betchworth-house, Surrey, brother to the present earl of Radnor, and married to the lady Bridget Douglass, daughter of James earl of Morton.

25. At his house, Clapham-road, Mrs. Harrison, aged 25, wife of Mr. Harrison, of Cheapside.

27. At Carisbrook Castle, Isle of Wight, the hon. Charles Powlett Orde Powlett, youngest son of lord Bolton, aged 13.

29. At Cheltenham, Giles Rooke, esq. eldest son of the hon. Mr. Justice Rooke.

Sept. 1. At his house at Chelsea, Edward Nairne, esq. F.R.S. in the 81st year of his age, formerly optician to his majesty, in Cornhill, London.

5. At Great Glemham, Susannah Paxman, in the 107th year of her age. She lived in three centuries and five reigns. Her youngest son, who attended her funeral, is upwards of 70 years of age.

12. At his house at Dulwich, in his 71st year, Edward lord Thurlow, some years since lord high chancellor of Great Britain.

13. At Chiswick, the right hon. Charles James Fox, secretary of state for the foreign department. He was in his 58th year, having been born January 13, 1749. He was, as will be allowed almost universally, a great orator and an able statesman; and his death, at the present conjuncture of affairs, is greatly to be deplored by his country.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR  
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1806.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :*

- 1 BOTANY, Plate XI.
- 2 THE FUNERAL PROCESSION of the Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX.
- 3 LONDON FASHIONABLE RIDING and FULL DRESS.
- 4 Elegant new PATTERN for a VEIL or BORDER.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE conclusion of the *Fair Penitent* will be given certainly in our next.

S. Y.'s polite communication, by the Kettering coach, has been duly received.

The *Rose*, and other poetical contributions, by a *Constant Reader*, are received, and shall appear. We shall be glad to hear again from this correspondent.

H. C——e's Translation from the French is intended for insertion.

The Verses on the Death of Mr. Fox have been received, as have also *Lines to Laura*; *Lines to the Memory of the infant Son of Mr. E——*; R. T.'s Sonnet—and M.'s Rebus.











THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For OCTOBER, 1806.

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BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

EIGHTH LESSON.

WE have not yet finished our account of the *monopetalous corollas*. There are yet three more of this kind, and these were reserved for a separate consideration, as they are very apt to puzzle the young botanist; I mean that tribe of flowers called *compound*.

The fair student must have found several flowers clustered together: in the *Pink* there are *two*, which is a flower, called, in Latin, *Dianthus*, from this circumstance; a word derived from the Greek words, *di*, two, and *anthos*, a flower: often, however, there are found several, clustered together like bees; yet only a single flower to the botanist is the object of consideration, for the whole assembly consists of perfect parts. Such have obtained no particular names, unless we call such flowers *simple*.

The *compound* flowers are, on the contrary, an assemblage of *florets*, small flowers, or *floscules*, from *floscula*, a Latin word, meaning a little flower, all the flowers being protected by a common calyx; and a very slight acquaintance with our science will render the distinctions here easy.

These always consist of three kinds.

8. *Tubular*, from the Latin word *tubus*, a tube, is when each floret ends in a tube; here the border of the *corolla* is cleft into generally *five* segments, and the *anthers* are united into a cylinder, through which the *style* of the *pistillum* passes, ending in a bifid or two-cleft *stigma*.—*Vide* pl. 1. The dissection of *b* and *c*.

Sometimes these florets have no *proper calyx*, a calyx peculiar to each flower, which is most common in the common thistle, (*carduus*)—as *a*.

Sometimes, however, we find a *proper calyx*, as in the globe thistle, (*echinops*), *b*.

These compound flowers have a common calyx, *c*.

9. *Ligulate*, from *ligula*, a Latin word, meaning a strap, or tongue, which this is supposed to resemble, as in dandelion\*, (*dens leonis*), *d*.

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\* It is curious to observe the corruption of this name. The Greek word is *Leontodon*, a compound, from the words *Leon*, a Lion, and *odon*, a tooth, the leaves being jagged like the lion's teeth; in Latin, *Dens Leonis*, in French, *Dens de Lion*, and the English pronunciation of the French, DAN-DE-LION.



Each floret here has an oblong corolla, usually toothed at the extremity, *e*.

The same appearance of united anthers and a bifid stigma appears in these flowers as in the others, *f*.

10. *Radiate*, from the Latin word *radius*, a ray, as resembling the sun; hence the *center* is called the *disk*, and the outer petals, the *ray*: this flower is also peculiarly called *compound*, as being composed of two sorts of florets; the *tubular*, which always occupies the center, *g*. and the *radiate*, which occupies the circumference, which are always of the *ligulate* kind, *h*, as the Chinese aster, *i*.

The *receptacle*, from the Latin word *recipio*, I receive, the base, upon which the parts of flowers are placed, is very conspicuous in this tribe of plants. *Vide* pl. 11. *k*.

In the Artichoke, the *leaves* are the common calyx, *vide* pl. 12. *a*.\* the *bottom*, the receptacle, *b*., and the *choke*, the young tubular florets, *c*.

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#### AN ACCOUNT of the PROCESSION and CEREMONIES at the INTERMENT of the Right Honourable CHARLES JAMES FOX, on Friday October 10, 1806.

(With a View of the Funeral Procession and Car, elegantly engraved.)

THIS was the day appointed for the solemn interment of the remains of this great statesman. It happened to be the twenty-sixth anniversary of his first election for the city of Westminster. By ten o'clock all was bustle and confusion at the west end of the town, the people crowding from every quarter to take their stations in the line through which the funeral procession of the much-

lamented Mr. Fox was to pass. The windows and steps of the different houses in Pall-Mall, and all the other streets in the line, were, by ten o'clock, all occupied. At this hour a numerous body of horse guards arrived, and were distributed along the line, to prevent carriages from breaking into it. Indeed, every precaution had been previously taken to prevent this kind of disorder, as the different avenues leading to the Stable-yard were blocked up, and no carriages were allowed to enter, except those which carried company who were to attend the funeral.

The streets through which the procession was to pass were gravelled over; the passages leading into Pall-Mall, Charing-Cross, Parliament-street, &c. were fenced up by a temporary railing and gateways.

The royal Westminster, colonel Robertson; the loyal city of Westminster, the hon. colonel Eden; the St. James's, colonel lord Amherst; the royal York Mary-le-bonne, colonel lord viscount Duncannon; the prince of Wales's, colonel M. P. Andrews; the loyal British artificers, colonel Burton; and several other corps of volunteers, paraded at an early hour, and lined the streets. Eleven o'clock was the hour, for assembling at his house in the Stable-yard. By his majesty's gracious order, the carriages, after setting down, were permitted to pass through St. James's Park. The noblemen, members of the House of Commons, dignitaries of the church, members of the Whig Club, electors of Westminster, and gentlemen from distant parts of the country, were shewn into different apartments as they entered the house. Hundreds came dressed in scarves, and many of them were habited in cloaks. They were mar-

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\* The plate (12) here referred to will be given in our next Number.











shalled according to their several descriptions. Three or four bands of the best musicians in the metropolis, with the singing boys, were appointed to perform the Dead March in Saul, which, by its impressive power over the heart, disposes to a pious melancholy; but some of the friends of the deceased thought that this would have too much the air of spectacle; and therefore the bands did not march, but were stationed at intervals—one at St. James's palace, one at Carlton-house, one at the Admiralty, one at the entrance to the abbey, besides the bands of all the volunteer corps, the muffled drums, &c.

It was nearly two o'clock before the procession was in motion. The most solemn and impressive silence prevailed among the people, and the populace were more orderly than could be expected in so vast a concourse of people. The procession was in the following order:

Volunteer cavalry.

Six marshal-men, two and two, with black scarves, silk hatbands, and gloves.  
High constable of Westminster on horseback, with black silk scarf, hatband, and gloves.

Musicians playing solemn music.

Six conductors on foot, carrying black staves, covered with silk, and with silk hatbands and gloves.

Fifty-seven poor men in mourning cloaks, with badge of the crest of the deceased, and with silk hatbands and gloves.

High bailiff of Westminster on horseback, with black silk scarf, hatband, and gloves, supported by two marshal-men, with silk hatbands, and gloves.

High steward of Westminster in his carriage, with scarf, hatband, and gloves.

Six marshal-men, two and two, as before.  
Musicians playing the Dead March in Saul.

Two conductors on foot, with staves, &c. as before.

Gentlemen, electors of Westminster, &c. in mourning cloaks, and with silk hatbands and gloves, four and four.

Députation from the country, with black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves.

Three trumpets a-breast.

Black standard banner, carried by a gentleman on horseback, and with silk scarf, hatband, and gloves; supported by two gentlemen on foot, with scarves, hatbands, and gloves.

Members of the Whig Club, in black mourning cloaks, and in scarves, with silk hatbands and gloves, four and four.

Household, in mourning cloaks, with scarves, hatbands, and gloves, in two mourning coaches, with four horses.

Physicians and medical gentlemen, in black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves, in two mourning coaches, with six horses each.

Divines in their gowns, &c. with black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves, in two mourning coaches, with six horses each.

Singing boys of the chapel royal, in full dress, with black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves.

Musicians, playing solemn music.

Two mutes on horseback, carrying staves, covered with black silk, with silk hatbands and gloves, State plume of black ostrich feathers, with velvet falls,

carried by two men with black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves, supported by two pages, with wands, scarves, hatbands, and gloves.

Two mutes on horseback, as before.

Two men on horseback, in mourning cloaks, with black silk hatbands, and gloves.

The great banner, carried by a gentleman on horseback, supported by two gentlemen in mourning, with black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves.

Two horsemen in cloaks, as before.

Two bannerols, carried by two gentlemen on horseback, with black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves.

Two horsemen, as before.

Two bannerols, as before.

Two horsemen, as before.

Divines in canonicals, with black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves, in a mourning coach, with six horses.

The crest of the deceased, carried on a black velvet cushion, by a gentleman on horseback, uncovered, led by two grooms, with black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves.

The hearse containing the Body, drawn by six state horses, led by grooms of noblemen, with black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves, attended by six pages on each side, in deep mourning, with trunchions, black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves.

Six noblemen, pall-bearers, in full dress mourning, with black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves, in two mourning coaches, with six horses each.

THE CHIEF MOURNER, with train cloak, and supported by two noblemen, with black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves, in a mourning coach with six horses.

Mr. Fox's private secretary, train-bearer to the chief mourner,



with black silk scarf, hatband, and gloves, in a mourning-coach with four horses.

The twenty noblemen and gentlemen directors,

part in mourning-coaches, and part walking, two by two.

A small black banner, with the arms of the deceased,

carried by a gentleman on foot, with black silk scarf, hatband, and gloves.

Peers, mourners,

with black silk scarves, hatbands, and gloves, two and two, on foot.

Sons of peers, mourners, as above.

Members of the house of commons, mourners, with scarves, &c. as above.

Banner of emblems,

carried by a gentleman on horseback, with black silk scarf, hatband, and gloves, supported by two gentlemen on foot with scarves, &c.

Carriages of the deceased and relatives.

State carriages.

Trumpets and kettle-drums.

Volunteer cavalry.

The Mourners in coaches were—

Lord Grenville,	Lord Ellenborough,
Earl Spencer,	Lord Henry Petty,
Mr. Windham,	Lord Sidmouth,
Mr. Grenville,	Mr. Plumer,
Earl Moira,	&c. &c. &c.

And there were above one hundred members of parliament on foot.

The hearse was entirely of a new construction. Instead of being a closely-covered vehicle, as those dismal conveyances in general are, it was an open hearse; but the pillars were not seen, neither was any motion of the wheels to be perceived.—It was a magnificent hearse, of a simple and elegant form, richly covered with black velvet, which hung in draperies, trimmed with black fringe, surmounted with lofty plumes. It was lofty, and large in all its dimensions—and the whole being in black velvet, without any mixture of colour, gave it a simple and grand effect. On a sarcophagus, in the centre of the car, the coffin, ornamented with the arms of the deceased, and a simple inscription, was laid in open view.

On the procession arriving at the Abbey, the loyal city of Westminster

volunteers, commanded by the hon. col. Eden, lined the entrance from Old Palace Yard, through St. Margaret's burial-ground, to the west door, also in the Abbey, as far as the inner gate. The procession then moved in the following order on foot:—

Electors of Westminster.

A deputation of the Whig Club.

Ten of the king's singing boys.

Seven minor canons.

Rev. Mr. Champneys, prebendary of the chapel.

Eight choristers.

Rev. Dr. Ireland, Dr. Parr, and Dr. Raine.

High bailiff and constable.

Fifteen extra choristers, in surplices.

Rev. Mr. Wheeler.

Two banners.

Crest and cushion borne by a gentleman.

Earl of Carlisle

THE

Earl of Albemarle

Duke of Devonshire

BODY

Earl of Thanet

Duke of Norfolk

THE

Lord Chancellor

LORD HOLLAND,

Supported by

Viscount Howick. Earl Fitzwilliam.

Mr. Trotter (the deceased's private secretary), lord Holland's train-bearer.

The procession was closed by the Whig Club.

The anthems and music were the works of the celebrated Mr. Purcell and Dr. Croft.

Mr. Cooke and Mr. Smith (composer to his majesty) presided at the organ; and the service was read by Dr. Ireland.—During the funeral service lady Holland and three sons, with two other ladies, were in the gallery, which was hung with black.

The grave was raised by a platform, with a railing covered with black. As the head of the coffin, inside the railing, was lord Holland, surrounded by the pall-bearers. The grave was eight feet deep, bricked and paved.

Besides twelve mourning-coaches and six, and three mourning-coaches and four, the carriages belonging to the following noblemen and gentle-



men were in the procession.—After Mr. Fox's own, that of

Lord Holland—then those of

Lord Grenville.

Lord Henry Petty.

Earl Spencer.

The right hon. William Windham.

The right hon. Thomas Grenville.

The dukes of Norfolk and Devonshire.

EARLS—Fitzwilliam, Cowper, Selkirk, Jersey, Cholmondeley, Moira, Barrymore, Besborough, Thanet, and Percy.

The lord chancellor.

LORDS.—Ellenborough, G. H. Cavendish, William Russell, and Petre.

The two countess dowagers of Buckinghamshire.

SIRS—R. Barclay and J. Aubrey.

The duchess of Leinster, and Mr. Ogleby (her husband).

MESSRS.—Langley, Beckley, Jervis, &c.

Every part of the ceremony was most solemn and impressive: and what particularly contributed to the effect was, the orderly demeanor and silence of the immense multitudes which were assembled in the streets. But such was the judicious arrangement made by the police magistrates on the one hand, by stationing their officers in the various divisions so as to embrace every avenue, and the dispositions of the horse and foot guards, with the volunteers under the command of major-generals Ainslie and Calvert, that not the most trifling disorder occurred.

The body was removed on Thursday night from the private chamber to the saloon, which was previously lined with black cloth. The coffin was placed on tressels; with six wax-candles, three on each side. Banners, and other of the usual insignia, were placed around in the usual form. The apartment was illuminated during the night.

N. B. We shall next month present our readers with an elegantly engraved Portrait of Mr. Fox, and Memoirs of his Life.

## ON DESCRIPTIVE AND LYRIC POETRY.

(By Dr. Warton.)

THERE have been several elegant imitations of that kind of local poetry exemplified in the Windsor Forest of Pope. The principal seem to be Grongar Hill; the Ruins of Rome; Clermont, by Garth; Kymber, by Mr. Foster; Kensington Gardens; Catharine Hill; Far-ington Hill; Newdwood Forest; Lwsedon Hill; the Deserted Village and Traveller of Goldsmith; and the Ode on the distant Prospect of Eton College.

Pope, it seems, was of opinion, that descriptive poetry is a composition as absurd as a feast made up of sauces; and I know many other persons that think meanly of it. I will not say, that it is equal either in dignity or utility to those compositions that lay open the internal constitution of man, and that imitate characters, manners, and sentiments. I may, however, remind such contemners of it, that, in a sister art, landscape-painting claims the very next rank to history-painting, being ever preferred to single portraits, to pieces of still-life, to droll figures, to fruit and flower-pieces; that Titian thought it no diminution of his genius to spend much of his time in works of the former species; and that, if their principles lead them to condemn Thomson, they must also condemn the Georgics of Virgil, and the greatest part of the noblest descriptive poem extant—I mean that of Lucretius.

If we cast a transient view over the most celebrated of the modern Lyrics, we may observe, that the



stanza of Petrarch, which has been adopted by all his successors, displeases the ear by its tedious uniformity, and by the number of identical cadences. And, indeed, to speak truth, there appears to be little valuable in Petrarch, except the purity of his diction. With respect to English Lyric Poetry, it was the opinion of Grey, that we have had in our own language no other odes of the sublime kind than that of Dryden, on St. Cecilia's Day. For Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a master. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his chorusses, and above all in that of Caractacus:

\*Hark! heard ye not yon footsteps dread?'

#### CHARACTER OF ROWE.

(By the same.)

THE genius of Rowe was rather delicate and soft than strong and pathetic. His compositions sooth us with a tranquil and tender sort of complacency, rather than affect the heart with pangs of commiseration. His distresses are entirely founded on the passion of love. His diction is extremely elegant and classic, and his versification highly melodious. His plays are declamations rather than dialogues, and his characters are general, and undistinguished from each other. Such a furious character as that of Bajazet is easily drawn, and, let me add, easily acted. There is a want of unity in the fable of Tamerlane. The death's-head, dead body, and stage hung in mourning, in the Fair Penitent, are artificial

and mechanical methods of affecting an audience. In a word, his plays are musical and pleasing poems, but inactive and unmoving tragedies. That of Jane Shore is, I think, the most interesting and affecting of any he has given us; but probability is sadly violated in it, by the neglect of the unity of time. For a person to be supposed to be starved during the representation of five acts, is a striking instance of the absurdity of this violation.

Rowe has taken the fable of his Fair Penitent from the Fatal Dowry of Massinger and Field. His very spirited translation of Lucan is perhaps his best work, and one of the best translations in our language of the only classic, said Addison, not explained for the use of the dauphin.

#### MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS.

MEN derive from riches more gratification of vanity than true happiness.

The authority of fashion is so singularly absolute, that it forces us to be ridiculous under pain of appearing so.

Vice seems to be the history of man, and virtue only his romance.

Every affected display of our exterior qualities or circumstances is a real manifestation of our interior folly.

Probity, says Lavater, has good views, wholly good and only good. It may always avow them to the man of integrity, who, on his part, has only laudable views; at least nothing obliges it to conceal its designs when they are attained, or when their attainment can no longer be prevented.



THE  
ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

(Continued from p. 469.)

CHAP. LXXIV.

TO account for some things contained in Orlando's address to Victoria, in the coach which conveyed them from Montfort's château to St. Marguerite's, we must lead our reader back for a few moments to the Pyrenean castle.

A few evenings, preceding that on which Orlando was suffered to convey Victoria from Don Manuel's castle, as he was roving through the aisles of the church for exercise, and in his own proper person still fondly hoping to meet our heroine, he suddenly saw a small ray of light gleam through the iron railing of the nave. Orlando had no fears, mental or personal, but those of the latter which prudence naturally inspired. The safety of his Victoria depended upon his escaping the detection of all Don Manuel's people; and though he had been well assured that church was unknown to them, he thought it possible that means as unforeseen as those which conducted Victoria there might lead some dangerous person thither: he therefore thought it advisable to conceal himself, lest it should be so; while his curiosity strongly prompted him to delay a little, and cautiously to observe the light, which, after seeming stationary for a length of time, suddenly disappeared.

Orlando now determined to retire; when as suddenly the light again was seen much stronger than before. Orlando paused: the rays of light increased, though slowly; and at length broken sighs and deep-drawn groans struck upon his ear, at once arousing pity, and

strongly arresting his attention. In a moment more he beheld a knight, completely cased in black armour, emerging from behind a shrine, and bearing in his hand a lamp. With tottering and uneven steps he slowly advanced towards the place of Orlando's concealment. His visor was off, and Orlando beheld a countenance so cadaverous, that it almost taught him superstitious fear; while, as the knight approached along the pavement, echo returned no sound of footsteps to Orlando's ear, and he saw the knight's armour stained in many places with new-shed blood.

At length, as with downcast looks this ghastly figure moved along, he struck against a pillar. The shock seemed to overpower him; he laid his lamp upon the slab of a monument, and rested against a pillar for support. Compassion delayed not to hear the voice of prudence: Orlando in an instant clasped the stranger in his arms, tenderly demanding wherein he could be of service to him. The lamp gleamed full upon our hero's face. The astonished knight looked up, and, uttering a cry partaking of surprise and horror, became at once senseless in the supporting arms of Orlando.

The consternation of this compassionate young man was now extreme. He doubted not but the stranger had been mortally wounded in a rencounter with some of Don Manuel's people, and had by miracle been led to seek refuge in that secret place, and now was dying without assistance—for Orlando had nothing for his relief, and feared to leave him to go in quest of any: but while in this dilemma, Nature, by a successful effort, restored the stranger's faculties; and at length opening his tearful eyes, he fixed them mournfully upon Orlando, while, in the hollow tone



of sickness, and the deep voice of sorrow and despair, he spoke—

‘Child of my abused benefactor! of my dreadfully injured friend! cease this humanity to a wretch deserving only thy contumely and abhorrence. Spurn me! revile me! but do not, do not, kindly treat me.’

‘Compose yourself, I entreat you, sir, and let me know how I can best be serviceable in a moment when you so greatly want assistance,’ said Orlando benignly, and grasping him with increased fervour—finding, by the stranger’s movements, he meant to shrink from his supporting arms to the ground.

‘Orlando,’ replied Elfridii wildly; for this black knight, who had terrified Victoria in the library and on the stairs, was no other than Elfridii, who, though long considered by Pedro as convalescent, was often by debility of frame, after severe penances and terrible retrospect, led back to the dreadful confines of insanity, if not quite to the calamity of actual derangement, when strange fantastic fancies would possess him of assuming in every respect both the appearance and character of those contrite sinners he had read or heard of, whose repentance and inflictions he was indefatigably imitating; amongst whom was a black knight, whose crimes had been as enormous, and whose contrition had been as profound, as Elfridii’s own; and as his penances had been the most severe this wretched man had ever heard of, this black knight of the crescent, then, was the being he oftenest fancied himself to be, and in the assumed dress and appearance of whom he had alarmed many of the captives as effectually as he did our heroine, whom he purposely chased from the library to avail himself of the trap-door retreat to the vaults beneath; while the terror

he occasioned her on the stairs was merely accidental, when, upon hearing her approach, he put on his visor, which resembled the face of a skeleton. The reason why no echo of his footsteps could be heard was, that he never omitted to wear in the castle shoes soled with such a soft substance, that in his invisible rounds he was also unheard, and, when seen, no sound could lead pursuers to trace him to his cell—‘Orlando, child of the murdered Viola!’ said Elfridii, ‘you whom I have bereft of birth-right, of every hope and comfort under heaven, support me not; foster not the wily serpent that has insinuated his baleful poison through the vitals of thy whole race. Shrink from my noxious touch, and dash me to that earth which I have polluted with my crimes most horrible.’

‘If you have injured me,’ replied Orlando, ‘it is unknown to me; and, in a moment like this, believe me, I only wish to learn how I may most effectually assist you.’

‘If I have injured you!’ Elfridii reiterated, ‘if I have injured you!—Oh that there was a doubt! Look, see, behold these wounds, this blood, inflicted, shed by my own guilty hands, struggling, if possible, by mortal means to expiate some of my direful crimes committed against Heaven and thee! Then pity me not; but hate me, spurn me! spurn me!’

‘Mortality prompted you to sin, but Heaven alone could inspire repentance such as yours; and dare I, a worm, an atom, withhold my pardon and assistance from him whom the Almighty has pitied and reclaimed?’ said Orlando with energy. ‘Be comforted, good sire; cheer up, and teach me where to lead you. Let me support you hence. Let the son of him you called your friend, guided by the angel of peace,



lead you to your couch, there smooth your pillow, and, under the auspices of both my blessed parents' approving influence, gain for you, by my best services and wishes, a sweet and calm repose.'

'Oh God omnipotent!' exclaimed the before feeble Elfridii, starting, by an exertion scarcely human, from Orlando's grasp, and dropping upon his knees, 'thy ways how merciful, how inscrutable! This boy, this forgiving angel, thou hast inspired and guided hither to hear my horrible confession; to receive from me all the atonement now, alas! in my power to make.' He arose from his knees with firmness. Orlando regarded him with awful attention.

'Follow, most amiable, most injured youth, the implacable destroyer of thy sainted mother, the perfidious friend of thy inestimable father, the baneful enemy of thy illustrious race. Follow, as Heaven directs thee, to my cell, there to receive papers invaluable to thee. They will lead thee to wealth and honours, to a father, whom even you, good and virtuous as you are, will kneel to with exulting pride.'

'Gracious Providence! does my father indeed live? Am I so blessed to claim kindred with the good, and am I not the nephew and dependent of the villanous Vicenza?' exclaimed Orlando panting for breath, and well conjecturing this man to be the mysterious guardian of Matilda and himself, whom from time to time he had gathered some vague accounts of from Francisco.

'Your father's rank is amongst the most honourable of men; his station, amongst the highest of the Neapolitan nobility. With Vicenza you claim no kindred; he is a base usurper, vile as myself. Orlando! oh look not thus so like thy angel mother, whom ——'

The sound of hasty footsteps now

struck upon their ears. Orlando, turning to learn by whose approach they were interrupted, beheld Francisco.

'Theodore!' he exclaimed in breathless agitation, 'you have outstaid your time. One moment more, Gonzalvo will be in your dungeon, and all your hopes destroyed for ever.'

'Oh, how unfortunate!' exclaimed Orlando. 'In what a moment am I compelled to go, just when about to obtain all that important knowledge my anxious heart has so long, so ardently panted for!'

'Gassendi,' said Elfridii, 'though you tear him from me now, you must by all our former friendship bring him to my cell to-morrow. My eternal welfare depends upon my confiding some secrets to his bosom. *Theodore*,' he continued, and impressively he spoke the name *Theodore*, 'farewell!' Repeat no word, no appellation I have uttered, no, not even to *Sebastian*; and come to me to-morrow.'

Orlando, informing Francisco how weak and ill conte Elfridii was, took a reluctant leave; and, with a heart swollen with disappointed hope, hastened to change his appearance, and returned to his dungeon in time to escape discovery.

Francisco, congratulating himself upon having arrived so opportunely to prevent the disclosure of any circumstance he wished our hero still to remain in ignorance of, led the agitated and languid Elfridii to his cell; where, with all the artful rhetoric he was master of, he strove to possess himself of those secrets Elfridii had been about to reveal to his *protégé*—but in vain; the subtle, though penitent, and often deranged conte, aware of the great partiality this versatile man felt for his lately discovered son, feared to



confide in him such important secrets as the rank and injuries of the supposed Sebastian, Orlando, and Matilda. But obdurate as Elfridii proved to the wishes of Francisco, the artful monk appeared not so to his, when he fervently implored him, as he valued the eternal peace of a dying friend, to contrive the means for Sebastian's conveying a packet in safety from him to the pontiff at Rome.

Francisco offered to be himself the bearer of the packet; but, upon Elfridii's informing him that the ultimate welfare of his soul depended upon Sebastian's, and only Sebastian's, delivering the papers in question into his holiness's own hands, Francisco seemed to acquiesce, and unhesitatingly promised to do every thing within his power to forward his important wishes; while he secretly determined, could Sebastian's leaving the castle be safely accomplished, to accompany him; and, by some inquisitorial manœuvring, to possess himself of the packet; and, influenced by its contents, to act as should conduce most to the advantage of Don Manuel, without further injury to others. Thus resolved, Francisco hastened to his son with a plausible story of inquisitorial business calling him from the castle, in which Sebastian's knowledge of the Hebrew and living Oriental languages was wanted and demanded by the Holy Office; and that he was authorised to promise, that no evil consequences should accrue to Don Manuel or his adherents from this short absence of Sebastian, who, attended throughout by a guard from the office, would have no means to escape or do mischief.

Francisco knew that, under the idea of its being the command of the Inquisition, the demanded leave of absence for Sebastian must be complied with; but had no conception of its being, as it was, so

graciously and unconditionally acceded to;—not, gentle reader, out of fear or respect, but from a stronger motive which actuated Don Manuel, overpowered his usual prudence, and taught him almost to discover joy at the proposition. The absence of Francisco was at that period what he most ardently wished for; and, during the time he was informed this business must take up, he doubted not but he should be able to discover the asylum of Matilda, and to trepan her into his power.

To prevent Orlando from seeking out means for obtaining another interview with Elfridii, Francisco informed him, that his mysterious guardian, after due consideration, had determined upon confiding in Sebastian only, whom in a few days subsequent he meant to send to Rome with important dispatches to his holiness; whither Orlando must hasten, after having placed Victoria in a safe asylum, and where he should, by Sebastian, be restored to his father and honourable society. Francisco too, fearing that, under the idea of that relationship which the awful visions of Orlando and Matilda pointed to, our hero might become importunate for taking Matilda under his own protection, now told him, that Elfridii had at length confessed he knew not that any relationship existed between his wards, and that he firmly believed Matilda to be an orphan, whose parents were both dead; but possibly the father of Orlando might solve the mystery.

Our reader is now acquainted with the reasons Orlando had for supposing the embassy of Sebastian to Rome was to place him in a situation that could claim alliance with the house of Ariosto; and anxious to emerge from all that mystery (so ungenial to his nature) which had hitherto enveloped him, he had determined upon seeking Se-



bastian at Rome, as soon as signora Farinelli should arrive at St. Marguerite's to comfort and protect his beloved charge. But the dreadful and unequivocal revolution, so unpropitious to his hopes of happiness, which with grief and dismay he evidently saw her sentiments undergo during the little journey from the chateau to St. Marguerite's, which he attributed in some degree to the dictates of prudence, awakened by these suspicions his uncandid and mysterious appearances must create, led him to resolve upon not allowing any consideration to delay one instant his intended journey; and after solemnly giving Victoria into the care of the amiable prioress of St. Marguerite's, and in full confidence of father Pierre having a vigilant eye over her safety, he, with the venerable Anselmo, began his journey to Rome, attended by all that bitter anguish which the changed manner of Victoria, so chilling to all his fond hopes of happiness, had inflicted; and proving himself a dolorous companion to the reverend monk, they had reached Pisa on their way to Rome, where intelligence awaited Orlando which overwhelmed him with new afflictions.

In a few evenings after the escape of our heroine from the Pyrenean castle, as Lorenzo sat musing in his chamber with a heart torn by tender anxiety for the fate of the beloved fugitives, Elfridii, in the already described dress of the black knight of the crescent, and with a common visor on, suddenly appeared before the amazed duca. In visible agitation he laid a packet upon the table where the elbow of his injured friend rested, and without speaking as suddenly disappeared.

The moment Lorenzo's surprise permitted him, he took up this mysteriously-delivered packet, to examine it; when who can pourtray

the different feelings that shook his agitated bosom when he beheld its superscription in the well-known characters of his still beloved friend! of whose perfidy, our reader knows, no suspicion had ever been led to his breast. Lorenzo could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses:—was it possible that he again saw the writing of Elfridii? once more beheld a packet directed to 'Lorenzo duca di Manfredonia?' Lorenzo wept for joy. And what a tumult were all the tender feelings of his soul worked into when his trepidation allowed him to break the seal, and he discovered a packet enclosed for his holiness, and in the envelope these words from the pen of Elfridii;—

'As you would escape from destruction, betray not your recognition of my writing. Be impenetrably silent respecting all knowledge of me.—You leave this accursed castle to-morrow, never to return to it. Entrust no secret to the companion of your journey, and, as you value your safety, let not your name transpire. But, as your piety shall teach you to estimate the eternal salvation of a repentant sinner, preserve the inclosed as the most precious deposit the world can give you; nor part with it until you deliver it *yourself* into the pontiff's own hand. It will, oh Lorenzo! it will lead you to liberty—to honourable society—to your amiable offspring—to all of happiness that a perfidious friend, the most accursed of villains, has left for you!'

The agitation of Lorenzo's susceptible mind kept him waking all night: he sought not his couch, nor once thought of repose; and in the morning, when Francisco appeared to tell him the moment for his departure was arrived, and that he was



to be the companion of his journey, the astonished duca, oppressed and almost subdued by contending sensations, was scarcely equal to the task assigned him. However, he struggled hard to call forth all the powers of his mind to sustain him through the almost agonising conflict of hopes and fears, of doubts and amazement; and with Francisco he set out, attended by two officials, upon this important journey.

Francisco knew from Elfridii that he had himself delivered this mysterious packet to the supposed Sebastian; but had no conception that any other motive than a high idea of Sebastian's integrity had induced his making him the bearer of this important trust, which he had some (to our reader immaterial) reasons for determining not to attempt possessing himself of until they should enter the pope's dominions.

This packet was not that which afterwards was so providentially confided to Victoria's care. This was merely a letter from Elfridii, who had once been the pontiff's most cherished friend, entreating his holiness by their former friendship immediately to secure the person of the bearer from every possible reach of treachery, and to have him treated with the utmost respect and humanity. To detain by his special authority Francisco Gassendi and his attendants at Rome; and to cut off all communication and correspondence between them and every individual, while his holiness should dispatch a legate to the Observantine monastery at Cadaques, with orders to be conducted from thence to the cave of father Francis, where the legate should then receive his (Elfridii's) momentous confessions, of the utmost importance, to many innocent individuals, and to society in general.

Lorenzo, Francisco, and their at-

tendants, travelled from Spain through France and part of Italy without accident of any kind, and as expeditiously as possible, until in going from Genoa towards Lucca their carriage was overturned, by which accident Francisco received so severe a concussion, that he was confined for some time at a convent near Lucca; by which means an express reached him much sooner than it otherwise could have done, from a convent at Junquera, where he had placed Matilda (secretly he believed) a few hours previous to his leaving home; and though scarcely recovered, he instantly set out with Sebastian and attendants for Pisa, from whence he determined to embark for Spain.

## CHAP. LXXV.

GUZMAN, as anxious to outwit Francisco as Don Manuel was to gain Matilda into his power, was the minute observer of Francisco, who both he and Don Manuel supposed would not fail to visit the place of Matilda's concealment before he commenced so long a journey (for little did they imagine that her asylum had been within the precincts of the very castle which they inhabited): but this supposition led Guzman to redoubled vigilance in his observations of Francisco's movements, by which means Matilda's retreat in this new convent was discovered, and where she was allowed to remain some time unmolested, while Guzman set his ingenuity to work to project the mode for stealing her from thence.

Resuming once more the habit of a monk, Guzman found means to corrupt the too venal integrity of a lay-sister, who showed the church of this monastery to strangers, and who, by her sanctity of manners, so far imposed upon the credulity of Matilda and some other young boarders in



the convent, as one day to persuade them to remain in church after matins, to see a most extraordinary procession of pilgrims, who, on their way to Loretto, were to pay homage to the shrine of a particular saint in their convent church. These pilgrims were no other than Don Manuel, Guzman, and their associates, who seized the confederate sister and the terrified boarders, whom they gagged and bound to the pillars of the church, and then, unmolested, carried off Matilda, who had fainted upon the first of the commotion.

The alarming intelligence relative to Matilda, which the express contained, threw Francisco into the utmost consternation. He doubted not by whom she had been carried off; and although he wished at a future period to bestow her upon his son, he yet feared that son's intentions relative to her were now not as honourable as his own; and trembling for her safety, he immediately (though scarcely recovered from the effect of his overturn) set out upon his return to Spain, accompanied by Sebastian, whom he would not have suffered to proceed without him; but who, though agitated and anxious as the billet of Elfridii could make a man of acute feelings, yet was so tenderly attached to Matilda, so interested for her fate, that, with intuitive fond solicitude, and without a murmur at his disappointment, he unhesitatingly gave up, for the present, all the flattering expectations he had in view; accompanied Francisco; and at Pisa, as before related by honest Thomas, accidentally encountered Orlando and his venerable companion; who, in despite of the veil which years and sorrows had clouded his face with, soon recognised his noble patron, his long lost friend, whose regretted remains he had firmly believed he had assisted to deposit in the sacred tomb of his ancestors,

and whom so long he had mourned with all the sincerity of affection.

Orlando and Francisco were absent during their affecting and mutual recognition; and Lorenzo entreated his beloved friend Rinaldo to conceal, with the utmost circumspection, all knowledge of him; for his safety, which was enveloped in much danger and mystery, depended upon his name and rank being still unknown. Rinaldo promised compliance; yet resolved never to lose sight of his noble friend, and to use his utmost endeavours, through the power of the church, to have him restored to rank and to society.

The anguish of Orlando's mind was dreadfully augmented by the alarming intelligence of Matilda, which Francisco imparted to him. The horrid apprehensions but too justly entertained for that hapless young woman's fate, with the accusations he failed not to upbraid himself with for not having more firmly exerted his influence over Francisco to obtain leave for her to accompany Victoria in her flight, all the agony of uncertainty his mind was tortured with, relative to his now almost blighted hopes of happiness with Victoria, drove him into a state of mental anguish pitiable to behold; when the only shape in which consolation seemed to reach his heart was from the magic of that handkerchief he had taken from Thomas. It had belonged to Victoria, and he fondly cherished it. It was now all within his reach that had ever been hers, and it possessed that power over his mind which affection in absence gifts every trifle with. Reason cannot define how the possession of such a trivial thing could convey the balm of comfort to the heart of a man depressed with a variety of cares: but the attributes of love and reason are often found to differ widely, and the lover derives pleasure and pain from



causes which would puzzle poor reason to account for.

It was late in the evening when Lorenzo and his companions reached Cadaques. Francisco, after dismissing his attendants, disguised Lorenzo, Rinaldo, Orlando, and Thomas, in sacerdotal habits, and then left them, with a command to be at his cave in the forest at midnight. Guzman, in one of his Proteus forms, saw and recognised them upon their arrival in Catalonia. He watched all their movements; and, by his wary manœuvring, Lorenzo, Rinaldo, and our hero, were dragged from the goat-herd's hut to the castle, where they were instantly given into the custody of the arch-fiend Garcias. Rinaldo was immediately conveyed to one of the common dungeons; Lorenzo, loaded with chains and contumely, to the south tower; while for Orlando, now completely in his power, the infernal wretch planned a more diabolical revenge.

The noxious thorns of ancient animosity rankled with renewed virulence in the breast of Garcias, aided by the venom of new causes for deadly hate. Matilda, in the phrensy of her grief, had betrayed the secret of the fictitious Hippolyto and the supposed Theodore uniting in the person of Victoria's gallant deliverer.

The black heart of Garcias, boiling with all the venom of deadly hate and vengeance, had the unfortunate Orlando dragged without mercy to the terrible tube, whither he had not suffered himself quietly to be taken. In his desperate resistance, he had severely wounded some of the ruffians, and in return received a slight wound, round which he providentially bound Victoria's handkerchief that he carried in his bosom. Numbers, however, prevailed over his now desperate valour; and in the scuffle that took place while they were forcibly fastening him in the iron chair,

the marked corner of the handkerchief was rent off by the jags of some part of the surrounding iron-work.

Linked by chains to two desperate bravos, he was first precipitated down the dreadful tube, and then dragged to his most horrible prison; where, with the accustomed food, bread and water, he was fastened in, and left to deplore the unheard-of cruelty of his fate. The agony of his mind soon brought on a malignant fever. Without medicinal aid, without assistance in any shape from mortal, he was left by his diabolical and implacable foe to struggle with disease: but he had help of which the power of Garcias could not bereave him, and Nature's great guide decreed that she should bear Orlando safely through his dreadful malady. The crisis was past, and Reason (though not yet speech) was fast re-assuming her empire, when Almighty Providence conducted the footsteps of our heroine to his direful prison.

The consternation and dismay of Francisco were extreme when his expected friends arrived not at the appointed time: he had too much reason to fear for them, and he had now to tremble for their fate as well as for Matilda's. Morning arrived without their appearance, and apprehension almost tortured him to phrenzy. Every inquiry which his alarmed imagination or agonised feelings could suggest he now set on foot: his mind and frame were harassed by exertions scarcely human. Every power that virtue or vice could yield him were now called forth, but, alas! without effect: neither of the fate of his lost friends, or of Matilda, appeared one single trace within his eager penetrating eye.

Matilda by this time had been conveyed to the north tower, partly



to elude the vigilance of Francisco, and partly to intimidate her into a compliance with Don Manuel's proposals. The barbarous Garcias, meaning to work upon her feelings in every shape, had inhumanly told her, that Urbino (whom he, as well as on Manuel, believed her to be in love with) was, with her friend Sebastian, then in their power, and unfeelingly assured her that both these, her dear friends, should suffer every species of cruelty, and death at length in its most direful form, if she did not, within a very few days, assent to become the wife of Don Manuel; to whom her mother, in her last moments, had bequeathed her.

But Matilda, after some hours of agonising agitation, and deep reflection, disbelieved all these horrid threats. Well she knew, from Orlando, all the misery they had inflicted upon Victoria to terrify her into conte Vicenza's toils, and she now firmly felt persuaded that the same plans were to be pursued to work upon her terrors; and though dreadfully convinced by the piteous groans of Sebastian, which struck firefully upon her heart during her imprisonment, that he at least was in their power, she still doubted the intention of Garcias to commit all the cruelty he had denounced against her friends, and resolved, upon her next interview with Don Manuel, to tell him she had developed his designs, and that no real or threatened cruelty should ever terrify her into becoming his wife. But Don Manuel she never more beheld; and the agitation of her susceptible mind, with want of sustenance for two whole days, reduced her to that state in which Victoria discovered her.

In the intermediate time the ardent search of the agonised Francisco was unremitting, as it was successful. Garcias, with dreadful impre-

cations denying all knowledge of those he sought, in pursuit of his own revenge, braved even the vengeance of the Inquisition, with which Francisco threatened him if he longer concealed Theodore and Sebastian. Don Manuel too, insensible to his father's anguish, his tears, his supplications, his threats, firmly denied their or Matilda's being in his power. Terrible were now the daily disputes between the father and the son; and in dreadful wrath they parted from each other, determined to meet no more, the morning of that day upon which Francisco was summoned to his seat in the inquisitorial tribune, from which his agony of mind had led him to absent himself for the first three days of the convention being called, little thinking how deeply he was concerned in the business agitated there; and now the deposition of Thomas and Diego too fatally convinced the agonised father that his son (now in this dreadful moment become dear to his heart as ever) could no longer hope to escape the punishment due to his enormous offences. He trembled, he sickened, and with difficulty restrained the violence of his agitation.

Confined by the duty of his high station in the Inquisition to the courts of the Holy Office, and surrounded by spies and enemies in every direction (for one of the attending evils of this dreadful synod was, that each inquisitor had as much to fear from his brother's enmity, as the wretched victims of their power had from them all combined; and beside this, great jealousies and animosities then raged between the Dominican and Observantine monks of Cadaques), Francisco could not obtain one single moment to escape to his cell to announce to the devoted community of the castle the destruction that



awaited them, or rather which was about to fall, even in the next moment, upon them, until the dreadful troop were all in the forest upon their march to the castle. Then did the agonised father, availing himself of the impenetrable darkness of the night, steal from the silent and tremendous phalanx, and, rushing through the caverns, sound the dreadful alarm upon the gong; then flying to the parlour, where his dismayed son was, imparted to him that terrible intelligence which his haggard looks, inquisitorial habit, and distracted appearance, but too horribly authenticated; then giving his farewell benediction, and a last tender embrace to the appalled Ambrosio, fled back. But in the hall finding the aged Teresa in a swoon, and not then forgetful of humanity, he bore her in his arms to the chamber so long appropriated to Sebastian, and there leaving her upon the bed, still in her state of insensibility, retreated back to the awful troop, unnoticed took his silent station amidst the forces of the rear, and unsuspected pursued his way to the castle, where to every thing and every transaction he was now to appear a stranger.

In all that horror and dismay his dreadful situation awakened, the unhappy Manuel announced to his adherents the almost instantaneous arrival of inevitable destruction. 'They were betrayed, and an unconquerable force of the Inquisition even then entering the secret passes of the castle.'

Horrid consternation now spread its debilitating influence over all the once brave associates. In a moment like this, the guilty could only tremble. Self-possession fled from all. None knew how to act for the general safety; nor was there then time for arrangements, nor sufficient power within the castle to attempt

contention. To fly was all of security now left them; and believing there was only time for personal retreat, they abandoned at once all that mass of treasure they had waded through every crime, and bartered their eternal happiness, to attain, and unhesitatingly left it to the mercy of a community full as rapacious, and little more equitable than their own.

Of all the retreating troop of villains Don Manuel certainly was the most collected; yet so far did the terror of inquisitorial tortures operate upon his hitherto courageous soul, that, in the moment of providing for his own personal safety, he forgot Matilda, her whom he fancied he fervently loved, nor once remembered her until too late to attempt, with impunity, her rescue from the dreadful, and what he thought inevitable, death impending over her in her secret prison.

Garcias, with conte Vicenza (then scarcely recovered from his wound), took refuge in the deep recess of a secret cavern amongst the rocks upon the sea-shore, from whence for six-and-thirty hours they dared not venture. At length impelled by hunger, and finding that pursuit had not traced them to that asylum, they determined to embark in a boat they saw lying at anchor a short distance from their retreat, and trust to the mercy of the waves for wafting them to some more secure and comfortable place of refuge. But, even in this anxious moment of peril, these truly diabolical and incorrigible villains resolved to perpetrate one more fell crime before they fled from Spain for ever. Polydore, previous to his leaving the castle, had learned from his agents in France of the marriage of Victoria; and although believing the supposed Theodore to be his own son, vice held such empire over his heart, that



jealously and rage wound him into a thirst for vengeance, even equal to the vindictive Garcias.

Garcias was well acquainted with a shallow near the recess which sheltered them; where at low-water they could gain a safe entrance to the prison of their intended victim. Together then these remorseless assassins went; fully bent upon their sanguinary purpose, and entered the cavern shortly after Victoria had been guided by Providence to the dungeon of her husband. The eye of Omnipresence was fixed upon them; but they felt not its influence; unawed they reached the prison door, and there they paused, tortured with every pang of disappointed vengeance; but soon awakened to diabolical joy by the conviction of their devoted victim having not escaped them. Though wondering why the dungeon door was open, and Theodore still there, they madly rushed forward to glut their vengeance in his noble heart; when in the dreadful moment that their hands were raised to give the mortal blow, the bleeding form of Viola stood before them. Such power did the Almighty suffer the guilt of conscience to assume over their heated imaginations. The pale and ghastly Victoria, with every horror of her mind delineated upon her speaking countenance, was in that terrible moment a faithful portrait of the dying Viola. Chilled by the power of supernatural awe, the weapon of death fell from the nerveless hands of the assassins, and the strong and appalling delusion chased them from that dismaying place: shaking with terror, and tortured by every horror, they fled to the boat, which, guided by divine ordination, ultimately bore these sanguinary wretches to destruction.

*(To be continued.)*

ACCOUNT of a JOURNEY from  
BUENOS AYRES, to the PRESIDENCY of RIOJA MINOR, in  
PARAGUAY.

*(From 'Letters from Paraguay,' by John  
Constanse Davie, Esq.)*

*Presidency of Rioja Minor, Nov. 1797.*

MANY weeks have elapsed since I last took up my pen to address you. Thank Heaven, I am in good health and spirits, and not at all ill pleased with my situation, though in the midst of woods and wilds; for although I am lodged in what they call a town I can scarcely see a house near me; the streets are so intersected with trees.

We left Buenos Ayres on the fifth of September; in the major-general's private coach: father Hernandez, the father companion, the two young novices, and myself. The Indians of our company were waiting for us at the harbour of Rio de las Conchas, about six leagues above Buenos Ayres, to reach which we had to pass over a part of the plains of Las Pampas: on the way I saw the Indians and negroes killing the black cattle for their hides, which form the principal part of the exports from the harbours on the Plata. Their method is singular, and very dextrous; but to me it seems a savage occupation. The cattle here run wild over a plain many hundred miles in extent; and when the natives are employed to procure a large quantity of hides they go out in parties, each furnished with a kind of sling or dart, armed at one end with an iron, shaped like a crescent and extremely sharp: this weapon they throw at the beasts as they fly, and seldom if ever miss their aim of hamstringing them. As soon as the poor animal feels himself wounded he staggers, drops, and lies helpless



on the ground at the mercy of his assailant. The hunter, seeing him fall, does not stop to kill him immediately, but goes on wounding more in the same manner; and this he continues doing until he is either tired of the pursuit or has maimed the number he wants: he then leaves off, and, when he has taken some refreshment, returns and finally dispatches them. Formerly several hundreds were killed in this manner at every hunting, and no part of them preserved but their tongues, hides, and fat; the rest of the carcass used to be left on the spot to be devoured by the tigers and birds of prey, who are always hovering near the smell of blood: but now, father Hernandez informs me, they are become more careful of the cattle, which are found not to multiply so fast as formerly, so that part of the meat is now preserved in the Indian manner, and sold to the vessels that touch at Buenos Ayres. This newly-introduced article of commerce is found to be very advantageous to the country people; and is therefore encouraged by the governor, who, take him for all in all, is a tolerably good kind of a master, and would appear a better if he had not so many jack-anapeses in office under him. I do not wonder at the herbage on these immense plains growing so excessively thick and high, since it is so often for many miles drenched with blood; not to mention the overflowing of the river, which happens immediately after the heavy rains, and leaves a rich slime behind, not unlike that described by travellers as occasioned by the inundation of the Nile. What rich pastures would not these fertile acres make in the hands of an English farmer! and corn could be raised, were the plains enclosed, with half the labour requisite in our country. The soil is so over-rich, it would not need ma-

nure of any kind: Nature here appears to take the toil into her own hands, and to require but very little trouble on the part of the agriculturist; and in the hands of Nature I doubt all will remain while Spanish oppression continues to counteract the blessings of Heaven. The few houses we passed on our journey were all of them surrounded with trees, set close to each other in rather a regular manner; but none that I could see were more than one story high. When we reached the harbour of Las Conchas we found the balsas ranged in order close to the shore, on which stood two houses inhabited by Creoles, who are placed there by the bishop with a small annual stipend: indeed his holy eminence is in all respects a very humane good man, and takes care to provide for all his domestics as soon as they attain an age that incapacitates them for work. In one of these houses, which are appropriated entirely to the entertainment of travellers, we found a very agreeable refreshment of fruit, cakes, honey, and Canary wine. In the other house was provided beef, Indian bread, and *chicha*: this last is a kind of fermented drink not unlike our porter; it is made from pounded maize, dried over the fire, and then put into earthen vessels filled with water, where it is left a certain time to ferment, and when it ceases to work it is fit to drink, which the Indians do to an excess whenever they can procure it. When our repast was over, prayers were said by father Hernandez, and with his benediction the servants of the major-general returned to Buenos Ayres, while we entered the balsas. In the first were the two fathers, attended by ten Indians and two negroes; in the next were the two novices and myself, with the like number of attendants; and in the third balsa were four In-



Indians, and as many negroes, with our provisions and baggage. We soon quitted the harbour de la Conchas, and entered upon the Plata, which we navigated in rather a zig-zag direction, by reason of the many shoals with which this river abounds, and the multiplicity of islands that are strewed in all directions, which make a very pleasing appearance: but the travelling this way is extremely tedious, as the balsas are obliged to keep constantly near shore, or rather to pass from island to island, being by their formation incapable of resisting any violence of weather. They do not use sails, but row along in a very slow and quiet manner: four constantly ply the oar, and are relieved every two hours. The room—if I may so call it—in which we were accommodated, was about nine feet long, covered with skins of tigers. On this is spread a mattress the whole breadth of the balsa, which is enclosed about four feet high with a kind of railing made of bamboo, round which is hung a sort of coarse cloth manufactured by the Indians. The top is covered with manicoe or palm leaves so neatly fitted, that not the least drop of wet can penetrate: this room is left open in the front wide enough to admit two persons at a time, though in a stooping position; and when within you must either sit or lie along, for you cannot stand upright. The apartment is furnished with every convenience for the voyage, and we can repose very much at our ease in this American treckschuyt conveyance. We rowed full forty leagues up La Plata, crossing from island to island until we reached the opposite shore in order to gain the river Uruguay, which empties itself into the Plata about two hundred leagues from the sea. But at its mouth an island obstructed our entrance, leaving only a very

narrow channel for the boats to pass through: our rowers were therefore obliged to coast nearly the whole length of the island before they could get into the current, which alone leads every vessel into the Uruguay. This river differs widely from the Plata in every respect, but chiefly in being infested with rocks instead of sands—for infested it certainly is. I had been in hopes, that as soon as we had quitted the Plata we should proceed without stopping at night, as hitherto we had constantly done; for no balsa will venture far from shore, by reason of their being obliged to cast anchor as soon as it is dark, under cover either of the river bank or one of the islands, to avoid the danger of striking on one of the rocks and getting wrecked; for those accidents are very frequent to the river navigators of Paraguay. Our company not being over-numerous—I mean of Europeans—we could not make our voyage very diverting, unless when the balsas anchored for the night; when the first thing the Indians did was to offer up their prayers to the Virgin, in which we, the superiors, very devoutly joined. This important business dispatched, they immediately prepared to get their suppers, at which they are very expert. They quickly kindle a fire, and the provisions, if not ready cooked, are put upon stakes of wood after the manner of a spit, but sharp at both ends: one point they stick into the earth close to the fire, and when they think the lowest part of the meat is sufficiently done they turn ends with the spit; and as they are not in the habit of dressing turbot by a stop-watch, like our English epicures, the roast is soon ended, and as soon eaten with surprising goût, without either bread, salt, or vegetable. When their meal is dispatched—and they are not long



about it, as no chica is allowed to be drunk—they spread a good quantity of skins on the ground, and, without any covering besides the trees, betake themselves to rest; not in the least troubling themselves about any precautions to guard against the wild beasts and reptiles, which they say the fire will suffice to drive away. However, their security had like to have cost them dear in one instance. We had, as usual, put into a small creek to take our dinner, and father Hernandez proposed staying about two or three hours to examine the remains of a presidency which about eight months since was destroyed by a tribe of wild Indians, who, like the Arabs, are eternally wandering about, and, like them too, are all expert horsemen. We had all quitted the balsas, and were variously employed. Some of the Indians were gathering wood for firing, three were fishing—the Uruguay abounds with excellent fish of almost every kind—and others were gone to try their luck in the woods. Father Hernandez, his companion, the novices, and myself, were strolling round the church—which had been left by the destroyers uninjured, as had also the burying-ground, when we were alarmed by three of our Indians running out of the wood and shrieking most horridly. We immediately made towards them; but you may imagine our terror when we perceived they were pursued by a female tiger of enormous size, and a young cub as ferocious as herself. She had been wounded in her breast and one of her fore legs, which, while it retarded her pace, augmented her fury. The father companion, with great presence of mind, ran to the fire, and snatched a flaming brand; the two novices and myself followed his example; and we placed ourselves

directly between the Indians and their pursuers.

The blaze arrested their pace for a moment, and luckily gave time for two of the negroes to discharge their fowling-pieces: one of the shots took effect in the body of the mother, and the other killed the cub. The tigress was now more enraged than ever, and instantly reared on her hind legs to seize the father companion, who was nearest, when the flying Indians, who had rallied and returned to the spot, thrust two spears into the breast of the angry animal, who immediately fell, and, dreadfully howling, expired.

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WE pursued our way, and entered on the lake Iberi. Here a new scene presented itself. This beautiful lake is above a hundred miles long, and forty broad. It is situated in a vast plain, between the rivers La Plata, Parana, and Uruguay. It has two mouths: one running south-west, in a meandering direction, falls into the Plata, just below the town of St. Lucia; the other eastward, and disembogues itself in the Uruguay. Through this last we entered the lake, which is picturesque in the extreme. It has several islands on it, which abound with deer and vast quantities of wild fowl, with some few hares, whose flesh, I am told, is delicious; but I hope soon to have an opportunity of judging for myself. The water of the lake is fresh, and remarkably sweet; and on its banks, I find, are established several considerable presidencies, which are the most flourishing of any in the province: this is owing to the extreme fertility of the land, occasioned by the overflowing of the lake, which happens twice a year, and sometimes oftener, accord-



ing as the Plata is more or less agitated by the pampero during the equinoxes.

We continued sailing about three leagues to the south-west, when we were agreeably surprised by the sound of martial music, which drew nearer as we advanced; when our balsa taking a sharp turn round a point of land thick set with trees of the most enlivening verdure, we were presented with a scene the most pleasing and romantic that can well be imagined. The presidency opened to our sight, and presented at once a view truly grand and picturesque. The shore was lined with people, the bells were ringing, and the military band, assisted by a troop of choiristers, welcomed our arrival. We immediately landed, and were received with tears of joy by our venerable superior, father Pablo, who had remained here for the sole purpose of personally resigning the power to father Hernandez. We then proceeded to the church, where we had holy water presented to us by the good pastor. The major-general of the little army trained in this neighbourhood came with the corregidore, the fiscal, and his fenientes, to pay their compliments of congratulation: indeed the whole community appeared, from their numbers, to be collected together for the same reason. The prayers of the church were sung in a most enchanting manner by the young Indians, who still retain the same mode of performing divine service as that established by the Jesuits. They were all very neatly dressed in white surplices, and the church with its ornaments was neat in the extreme. It is a large but not lofty building, of beautiful white stone, with a centre and two isles, rather tastefully fitted up. The right-hand isle is appropriated for the men, and the left for the women. The chan-

cel is occupied by the boys—ranged in order—and their preceptors, of whom they seem to stand in the greatest awe. In the body of the church are disposed the girls and their teachers. Both sexes were clad in very neat dresses: that of the men, made of thin black cloth, consists of a short doublet and large breeches; their legs naked, and on their feet a very pretty kind of sandal, made by themselves, of the skin of some beast in winter, and in summer of a peculiar sort of long grass, which grows all over the province of Paraguay by the water side, and is extremely tough and lasting.

The habit of the women consists only of a large grey cotton garment, something like a shift, with short sleeves, and reaching a little below the knees, which is banded in round the waist with a girdle of coloured wool or cotton. They wear half-boots or sandals, like the men; and the married women have upon their heads a cap made tight in front, but open behind, to let their hair hang down; and many of them wore crosses suspended from their necks, by strings of common black beads, which the fathers carry with them to the settlements.

The young women wear no cap, but let their hair, which is remarkably long and thick, flow loose over their shoulders: it is parted on the top of the head, and some few plait it; but if brought forward it would make an excellent veil. They are straight and well shaped, with lively animated features; and no more like the poor Indians I saw at Buenos Ayres than, as Hamlet says, 'Hyperion to a satyr:' so effectually does slavery, sorrow, and ill usage, destroy the finer fabric of man. These here look healthy, cheerful, and perfectly content: those at Buenos Ayres miserable squalid objects; many of them maimed, from



the hardships they endure, and all apparently praying for the hour that shall close their lives and miseries for ever. Here they are neatly clothed, plentifully fed, and comfortably lodged; nor is there such a thing as a cripple to be seen among them: there they have scarcely a rag to wrap round them, or a hovel to shelter them from the fury of the elements; they partake of nothing but the meanest of victuals; and if they are sick no one thinks it worth his while to trouble his head about them, but they are left to survive or perish, as Omnipotence shall please to appoint. What a contrast, my friend, is here! Could we be surprised if the flames of rebellion should, ere long, burst forth and overwhelm the treacherous unsuspecting Spaniards? The Indians who go annually to pay the tribute or barter with the Europeans, cannot avoid seeing the sufferings of their devoted brethren. I could say much upon this subject, and I could prophesy events in times not far distant; but in my present situation silence best becomes me. All appears quiet now; but I fear, nay I am certain, it is but a deceitful calm that precedes a dreadful storm, which will, when least expected, break in fatal thunder upon the heads of the proud oppressors. Human patience, in every state of life, may be stretched to its utmost limits, and yet forbear to turn; but let that limit once be passed, and woe to the tyrant who has tried how far he might injure with impunity!

When the ceremonies of the church were over we were conducted to the monastery—dedicated to St. Dominic—which is close to the church: it is a very neat edifice, two stories high, built of grey brick, which has a very pleasing appearance. There are at present only nine brothers, including our company; and

when our superior leaves us he will take three of them away with him. The convent garden is very spacious, and well laid out, being kept in the nicest order. In the centre is a very pretty fountain with three branches, which are constantly throwing water into three different channels, one leading to the bath, another to the reservoir, and the third to the convent kitchen. Baths are more common here than at Buenos Ayres, owing to the heat being more fervent here than there by several degrees.

In the church they have a most superb font of white Italian marble, adorned with most capital bas relief, representing the baptism of the multitude by St. John. This font was a present to the fathers of St. Dominic by cardinal York, whose name is held in the highest veneration throughout this province. This amiable and truly worthy prelate sent some years ago two missionaries hither, and with them this valuable present. There are likewise in the church two pictures, painted in Italy; the one representing the conversion of a Jew, the other St. Paul preaching to the Corinthians. There have been copies made of each by some of the Indians, which are extremely well executed, all things considered. There are also two originals by native artists, one displaying purgatory, the other hell: of these I cannot say any thing in praise, there is too much bigotry and superstition evident in the designs; and were I to describe them minutely I doubt I should raise a smile even upon your demure face, and set our old friend K—— grinning most disrespectfully, for I am certain it would recal to his remembrance a large picture we saw once in L—— square, which exhibited old Knight, the famous South-Sea swindler, sailing in a ship's jolly-boat towards the infernal



regions, with his pockets stuffed full of money-bags, and his hands crammed with bonds and debentures; the old fellow dressed in a suit of scarlet and gold and a full-bottomed periwig, attended by a thousand dancing devils, with little dung-forks in their hands, ready to shove the boat along if it did not go so fast as they would have it; while the mouth of a great serpent, gaping wide, represented hell spewing forth flames of fire, and hundreds of little mischievous imps stood ready to receive and welcome him. I have often recollected this piece since my coming hither, and as often a laugh has burst forth, in spite of all my endeavours to the contrary.

They burn more candles in the church here than any I have ever been in, either in the old world or the new; which, as they are all tallow, must, I think, occasion a very disagreeable smell and warmth also, when the building is crowded, in summer: and it is for this reason, I suppose, the windows are so contrived as to be laid entirely open, in order to admit a free current of air. There are several altars in the church besides the great one in the chancel, which is decorated every day with flowers by the children, who are some of the neatest and most docile little creatures I ever beheld. Both sexes are dressed alike, in a garment made like a shift, of white cotton, fastened round the waist with a belt of tiger skin, which in this province is more beautiful than any brought from the East-Indies, the ground being nearly of a bright yellow colour, the spots of a jet black, which has a very striking effect. A great many children are employed about the church, for which service they are selected by turns; and none can seem more happy than they do in this occupation.

A week has now elapsed since our arrival. The superior quits us to-morrow to return to Cordovo, from whence it is supposed he will journey through the province of Tucuman to the city of Concepcion, in Chili. What this long journey is undertaken for I cannot learn. I now feel the want of brother Jerome, whose friendly communications used sometimes to divert me exceedingly. Father Hernandez is very unwell: he has not yet recovered the shock he received at Tyger creek; but he is cheerful, and anxious to make every one around him so. This morning, in company with the superior, and attended by the novices and myself, he went round the presidency; the corregidor, fiscal, and others, escorting us. This town is pretty large, and very regularly built. The streets, which are in the Roman style, exactly parallel, are divided by plantations of trees, thick set, oranges, lemons, citrons, myrtles of every various sort, and scores of other odoriferous shrubs, which as you pass regale the senses most delightfully, and seem to give one a foretaste of those blissful regions where our religion tells us we shall rest for ever. Little currents of the purest water run with gentle rippings underneath the trees, over a smooth bed of small round pebbles. The houses are mostly built of clay, one story high, and covered with tiles; but the dwellings of the commandant, corregidor, fiscal, and others of note, are higher, made of brick, and fitted up with every convenience. The public storehouse is in the centre of the town; it is one story high, very long and wide, divided into several apartments, so contrived as to receive every different article for use or barter. Formerly this storehouse was under the sole regulation of the rector, and by him only was the



produce portioned out to the different families; but now the Spanish commandant claims a share in the distribution. How far this may be productive of good I will not take upon me to say; but I will just give you a slight sketch of the Jesuits' manner of regulating these matters when they possessed an uncontrolled authority.

All the product of the year, such as corn, maize, fruits, wool, and cotton; all articles for barter, and in fact every thing the district afforded, was brought to these magazines, where proper officers were appointed to receive them, who took account of every particular, which was registered, together with the names of the persons who delivered them, and the day. No individual was allowed to keep any thing in his own house save the necessary quantity of corn, which on the first of every month was delivered to each family in proportion, according to the number of which it consisted; and in the same manner they received all other kinds of provision. Every day a certain number of cattle were slaughtered for the inhabitants, which, when killed, were taken to the store-house, where the officers attended to deliver the stated quantity to the master or mistress of each family; and if at any time they had occasion for more than the general allowance it was immediately given them, but nothing was suffered to be wasted. In like manner they were supplied with clothes; for all the cotton they spun and wove, or any other article which they manufactured—and they always were, and are still, very industrious—was as soon as finished taken to the public stock, and at certain periods of the year every family received its proper quantity of apparel; and as the articles were all without distinction of one fashion and colour, there

could not possibly be any partiality observed in the distribution of them. The officers and chiefs were only distinguishable from the rest by a chain round the neck, a white wand, a feather, fan, or some such simple peculiarity. There were, and still are, two hospitals for the sick—one for the men, the other for the women; where as soon as any one is taken ill he is immediately conveyed, as none remain ill in their own houses. Each hospital has a lay-brother to attend it, who is well skilled in surgery and physic, and has several assistants under him. They have likewise a large room well stored with drugs, both native and European. In fact, nothing wanting to supply the wants of either the healthy or the sick; and, that no one might be neglected, several of the oldest and most experienced Indians were appointed to superintend the whole, and see that justice was administered in every department and the sick properly attended. How such wise regulations as these should ever be subject to change I must own rather surprises me; but changed they certainly are. Instead of the officers and superintendants being selected by the rector only, they are now made subordinate to the military, who are appointed by the governor of the province; and instead of being commanded by Indian chiefs, they are subjected to a Spanish commandant and fiscal, to whom even the rector is answerable for the conduct of his flock. Many other alterations have been made, which I fancy have gone near to overturn the wise regulations established by the Jesuits, who, in my opinion, understood the true art of governing better than any other body of men in the universe. I shall soon know more of the changes which have taken place; at present I am rather



hobbling in the dark, and therefore may very well expect to stumble upon error. I can as yet only draw conclusions from what I am told—and people are sometimes given to lying—or from what I see; and appearances are often deceitful. Time is the only true authority, and to that I trust for better information; but in the mean while no endeavours on my part shall be wanting to accelerate the acquisition of it. Holy St. Francis, what an irksome, dull, unprofitable state would life be if man were not stimulated to action by curiosity!

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ON THE CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH NATION, and the PRESENT SITUATION OF EUROPE.

(From *'The Present Relations of War and Politics between France and Great Britain,'* by Dr. Andrews.)

AS soon as the Revolution in France began to assume that ferocious aspect which terrified all men after the total subversion of the throne, those who seized the reins of authority were so well convinced that to keep the French in order it was necessary to gratify their passion for vain-glory, that amidst the personal dangers which those desperate rulers daily encountered, none of them remitted a moment in bringing the prodigious military system they had projected to complete perfection. This enabled them to obtain those many victories which in a short time rendered the French so formidable. They knew that while they provided triumphal festivals for their countrymen, they were sure of ingratiating themselves, and might hope thereby to efface the recollection of the crimes they were hourly committing.

In drawing this picture of the French, one may extend the resemblance to all times. This renders them necessarily the most dangerous of all people; especially when we consider the extent of their country, its population, and the many advantages derived from its natural fertility, and the industry of the inhabitants. Great, however, as these are, it is only at the present epocha the power of France has appeared really tremendous. Doubtless it was always a most potent kingdom; but it never rose to the terrific summit of greatness it now possesses, until that mighty change which transformed all the inhabitants into soldiers. But while this vast military system rendered them superior to their enemies, it overturned the popular government they had erected at home, and, from one step to another, has altered their ideas and habits to such a degree, that in a variety of respects they are no longer actuated by the same principles that brought about the first revolution. As large armies formerly introduced absolute power, so they have now. They have completely restored the monarchical government, and made it more insupportable than ever. It has been strengthened by so many additions of authority and sway in the supreme head, that he is become entirely dictatorial. The formalities that accompany the exercise of his office have all been appointed by himself; and they are so contrived, that no man, however desirous or determined to oppose his measures, either dares, or, if he dares, can employ any method of doing it effectually; with such art and intricacy has the whole process of business been framed and perplexed.

But that instrument of government on which he now relies, is precisely that which was proscribed by the Revolution, and inadmissible



on those principles to establish which so much French blood was shed:—the military force of the nation is exclusively at the sole disposal of its supreme chief. Thus, instead of the most violent republicans, they are now decided abettors of arbitrary sway. This they view as the system most favourable to the vast project their rulers have formed, and they concurred in, and doubt not to accomplish—the revival, as they style it, of the western empire. It may, therefore, justly be said, that they have forsworn every advantage and benefit arising from civil freedom, in order to qualify themselves to range at large, as conquerors and ravagers of the kingdoms of Europe.

Surely the various nations under their ignominious influence will not tamely acquiesce in a total subjection, and remain in a state of apathy, until the danger is become too great to be obviated! Should the ignoble panic which has proved the chief, it may be said the sole cause of the late disasters, continue to operate, it is difficult to calculate how far its woeful effects may extend. The main point to be settled previously to any other, is, that this shameful dread of the French has no foundation in the real superiority of their prowess; and that their recent successes were due to the tardy and improvident arrangements of their enemies, much more than to soldier-like intrepidity, or skill in the use of their arms, or to military knowledge in their officers.

Should peace be refused upon reasonable terms, we may still hope that Britain and Russia will make an effectual stand against the foe, with the concurrence of those princes who are desirous to preserve, or to recover their independence. The difficulty would not be so considerable as it appears, were they who are most deeply concerned in surmounting it to act with that una-

nimity and policy which they ought to have done to prevent the late hostilities. Should timely resolutions, however, be taken for the salutary purpose of consolidating their strength, and should they be enforced with that unfeigned cordiality which the plainest prudence forbids to be longer delayed, there is yet a sufficient stock of force, spirit, and military talents, among the powers that have not yielded to the French yoke, to retrieve in a great measure the affairs of Europe, and to put a stop to further invasions.

This, indeed, pre-supposes a breach of the coalition between France and Prussia: but, without entering far into futurity, one may confidently venture to doubt of its duration. Adverting to past and to present circumstances, it seems much more compulsory on the one side than real on the other. It is a nominal union of interests between the powerful and the weak, proverbially pregnant with danger to the latter. Hence we may justly question its stability. As fear produced it, better hopes will dissolve it. Such an issue may be predicted, were it only upon this ground—that of all mortifying situations none is more galling to human pride than dependance upon those we dread, and consequently must hate; especially when enforced upon us under the pretext of an alliance for our benefit, while every measure evidently tends to keep us in a state of inferiority and of passive compliance with the will of a stronger ally. In the present situation of things, as no connection with France can be lastingly advantageous, it cannot of course be sincere, and therefore must be transitory. Russia, for instance, was some time since united with France in settling the affairs of Germany: but French arrogance became at last intolerable; and Russia was too high-spirited to



continue acting a secondary part. Should Prussia, in consequence of oppressive treatment by the French, discontents of the army and people, or any other cause, renounce its adherence to France, and assume a posture more consistent with policy and safety, by embracing the system of European independence, the French would, in all likelihood, cease to pursue the daring projects they have been encouraged to form by the passive submission of so large a part of Christendom. This appears an event neither improbable nor distant, when we consider the frequent and rapid changes that have lately happened in the political world.

But on the supposition that France and Prussia should remain united, still it is highly presumable that in the multitude of oppressive acts to which the countries subjected to France are liable, some may occur in an evil hour for Bonaparte, of a nature so exasperating even to the humblest of his dependents, as to prove unsufferable, and eventually kindle a conflagration which he might not be able to extinguish. The least degree of successful resistance would probably rouse the dormant spirit of the many people and princes that are waiting an opportunity to throw off the load of French bondage, and might operate finally to their complete deliverance. As the attempt would be arduous, and obstinately resisted, the struggle on their side must be proportionably difficult; but the longer it lasted, the stronger it would become on their part from the dread of being again subdued, and the hopes they would derive from the probable accession of fresh numbers to their cause.

In the mean time, without dwelling on such a circumstance, we may reasonably expect that Russia, Swe-

den, and Denmark, acting in concert with Great Britain, will form an effectual opposition to the projects of France; and if it might be permitted to conjecture, that, goaded by the unjustifiable requisitions and the insolent usage of France, Austria should be compelled in its own defence to accede to the confederacy, it is hardly to be doubted that, with unanimity and prudence, it would be found a complete counterpoise to the power of France, even though assisted by Prussia and the other German princes upon whom Bonaparte has bestowed the title of kings.

If a vigorous and well-concerted opposition should do no more than resist the current of violence and usurpation all Europe is now threatened with, another remedy will probably be superadded for these evils in the fickle and fluctuating disposition of the foe himself. Unaccustomed latterly to find much of difficulty in his continental enterprises, he will, upon meeting with impediments of extraordinary and unexpected magnitude, be apt, conformably to the temper attributed to him of yore, and confirmed by many precedents, to experience discouragement, and to lose that confidential ardour and impetuosity to which his successes are chiefly due. It is but of late years that he has displayed uncommon obstinacy in the combating of obstacles; and these he was compelled to encounter in his own defence: but when this ceases to be the case, it is not unlikely that he will revert to his primitive character, and give up a contest wherein he finds himself unsuccessful. This is the more presumable, that the contest is offensive on his side; and that while he is contending merely for fictitious glory, and for unnecessary as well as unjust acquisitions, his adversaries, by putting forth their most powerful and desperate exertions, will re-



quire no more than to be left in possession of their own. Even in this light his reputation will be sufficiently consulted, to induce him to desist from his hostile intentions. But such a concession will also have this effect upon those that have resisted him:—it will shew that they are able to do it; it will impress upon him the necessity of respecting them, and of abstaining from ill usage and insult where they are concerned: it will of course diminish the preponderance he has hitherto exerted over those who have not dared to make trial how far, with due assistance, they might deliver themselves from his oppression.

Inroads and invasions of other countries were in former ages characteristic of the Gauls: but they never could make any stable conquests; and the vast hordes that sallied out of their country in quest of pillage, were always gradually destroyed by the people of the various parts which they had invaded. Plunder, bloodshed, and devastation, rendered them objects of execration every-where, and their arrogance and ferocity were proverbial throughout civilised society. It is no breach of candour to compare the French to their barbarous ancestors in Gaul: they have not deviated from the examples set them by their rude forefathers: the only difference is, that they cover their rapacity with pretences which those whom they oppress dare not presume to refute, and sweep regularly away at once the spoils of whole provinces.

The immense numbers with which they carry on those depredations, equally prove the impoverished condition of their country and the rapacious disposition of the natives, who visibly prefer this vagabond life to the resources procurable by labour and industry at home. It will not be denied that the miseries produced

by the Revolution have partly contributed to this infamous disposition; but the politics of the present rulers have added still more, by the continual levies of men requisite for the horrible purpose of converting Europe into a field of universal slaughter and subjugation; for this, they know, must precede their schemes of rapine and seizure of all they can lay their hands upon.

What name shall we give to this dreadful plan of warfare, hitherto unknown among civilised nations, and undeniably first adopted by the French of this day? What can it be styled, but the ruin of all human civilisation, and a mockery of those Christian doctrines which were lately re-established in France with such affected pomp and solemnity? Never did the Roman senate, in its wrath and resentment, harbour projects of vengeance more destructive than the government of France is now meditating against all those who shall dare to resist its endeavours to reduce all Europe to a state of subserviency.

But when a judicious confederacy prevails over the present delusion, do the rulers of France imagine that, after vauntingly displaying so prodigious a military force, the powers of Europe, which they are thus striving to terrify, will not follow their example, and come forward in their own defence with all the population their dominions can supply, for the most interesting cause that ever called upon human nature to exert its utmost vigour—the preservation of all that it holds most dear and sacred? It would betray a criminal baseness to admit of despondency, while so many brave men stood ready to meet the enemy; especially as it is a fixed opinion that those whom he has lately discomfited owe their misfortune to lucky casualties on his side. While they who have



had the best opportunities for observation are agreed in this persuasion, his vaunts and artifices will avail him little; and he can hardly expect that Fortune will never cease to blind and mislead his opponents.

Let him also reflect, in such case, that the most resolute and active of his continental enemies are yet untried. Imprudence, debility of parts, and rashness of conduct, gave him a victory which he would never have obtained had the most obvious precautions been used. He is thoroughly convinced of this; and fondly triumphs in the hope that the like deficiencies will procure him similar successes. But the experience of his wiles, added to the indisputable capacity of those who will then meet him in the field, leaves no doubt that he will deceive himself, if he places them on the same level with those whom it has been his good fortune to overcome.

France has at several epochas, like a river that overflows its banks, suddenly overwhelmed its neighbours, surprised and astonished at the impetuosity of its career, rather than overcome or brought to subjection. Thus Charles the Eighth, at the close of the fifteenth century, overran all Italy; which, however, he was unable to keep. His successors, Lewis the Twelfth and Francis the First, obtained for a time such a footing in that country, that it was apprehended they would remain masters of all the northern parts. Contrary to general expectation, they were soon so radically dispossessed, that many years elapsed before a French army made its appearance there. But, without going so far back, the invasion of the seven United Provinces, by Lewis the Fourteenth, comes nearest to the business of the present day. It ought to be particularly noticed, that he attacked the Dutch at a time

when they were off their guard, and totally unable to stem the torrent of his victorious arms. Four of the seven Provinces fell immediately into his hands; and the remaining three gave themselves up for lost. But in this desperate extremity there were a number of patriotic minds that resolved never to despond. Such a resolution was truly heroic, when the deplorable circumstances of the state were attentively considered. The French monarch was at the head of near two hundred thousand men, the selectest troops of his immense armies: they were all veterans, fresh from a series of successful campaigns, and commanded by Turenne, Condé, Luxemburg, and a crowd of the most celebrated generals in Europe. Nor were the French alone in this celebrated attempt against the United Provinces. They were assailed by other powers, influenced by the gold or the intrigues of France; and, infamous to commemorate! they were not only deserted in their distress by their most potent, and once faithful ally, England, but its worthless sovereign, Charles the Second, had espoused the cause of Lewis, and had covered the sea with his fleets, as the other had done the land with his armies. Against these mighty enemies the Dutch had not thirty thousand regulars to oppose, headed by a young general who had never seen service: but this young chief was the Prince of Orange, afterwards our William the Third, in whom the want of experience was supplied by the warmest patriotism, and every military virtue that could be supposed at the age of two-and-twenty. His example animated his countrymen to the bravest exertions. Though terrified at first by such an inundation of enemies, they quickly recovered their spirit, and became, under his command, as intrepid soldiers as the



most regularly disciplined. The French had entered Holland in the spring of the year; but were obliged to abandon it before the ensuing summer was expired. Such feats were a people unused to arms able to perform, when inspired with that courage and determination which are generated in men by the love of freedom, and a zealous attachment to their country.

There is not, either in ancient or modern history, a more striking proof what patriotic valour is competent to accomplish, than that above cited. No European nation in the midst of its glory, and in the fulness of its towering expectations, ever met with a more ignominious repulse than the French did on this occasion from the Dutch. Despairing of resistance, these had offered to compound upon any terms short of subjection and disgrace; but the haughty foe insisted upon such as were so dishonourable and insulting, that they broke off at once all negotiation, and resolutely told the arrogant Louvois, a fit minister for his proud and ambitious master, that they would make the last appeal to Heaven and their swords, sooner than yield to such infamous demands, made in the wantonness of injustice, and in the intoxication of success.—An answer befitting the intrepid men that made it.

When we compare the circumstances of that famous period to those of the present, we cannot fail being struck with their similitude. Lewis the Fourteenth had no less ambition than him who now sits upon his throne. The French in his day were no less actuated by a passion for national glory, and certainly as brave and soldier-like a people as they are now: their generals and officers were doubtless far superior in military knowledg and experience to those of the Dutch. They held

this industrious and respectable nation in so much disregard, that they counted it for nothing in the opposition that was preparing against them, on their approaching Holland; and spoke much in the same strain that their descendants now affect upon all similar occasions. The conductors of the public papers in France at that time were no less profuse than their successors in menaces and predictions of evil to all the enemies of France: their poets and versifiers of every sort were equally loud in their inimical denunciations of defeat and ruin to them: even their dramatic writers brought them upon the stage, and ridiculed their attempts at resistance: so firmly were they persuaded that the French armies were invincible.

Here one may be permitted to reflect upon the close resemblance of the French of this era, to their predecessors. As these were continually representing the Dutch in the most disparaging colours, those as unanimously concur in defaming the English, and in foretelling the disastrous doom awaiting England: they describe its downfall as preparing by the inevitable hand of Fate, and as the indubitable termination of that brilliant career with which Fortune is to reward their military virtues, and their perseverance in the path of glory. Such is the language they hold themselves entitled to use respecting us and our country. But have we not an equal right to repel their fastidious insinuations, and, with the modesty, as well as the firmness, of an eminent Dutch statesman at the critical period alluded to, remind those vain-boasters, than an overweening confidence in Fortune has hardly ever failed to prognosticate the failure of high-flown projects? Woe to the man, to use his own words, has repeated experience proved, that arrogates a perpetuity









*Fashionable Riding & Full Dress.*



of success! it is bidding, as it were, defiance to Fate; and presumption, it is well known, always provokes its own punishment.

But is there not, an Englishman may properly add, a singular species of impertinence and effrontery in enumerating triumphs, as the French do, in mere prospect and expectation? Frenchmen have every motive to be modest, when they lay their valour in the balance with that of Englishmen. If they are not wholly ignorant of past events—if they do not hold in contempt the ideas of Europeans touching the natives of Britain—they must be sensible how ill it becomes them to anticipate victory in the contest with this country. It has already been observed, that they presume to style us an effeminate people, lost to martial sentiments, and inadequate to the efforts requisite to face so resolute and warlike a people as themselves. But have the events of the war we have been waging with them above twelve years, in every quarter of the globe, enabled the most malicious coiner of falsehoods in France to cite any valid proof of this effeminacy? Every instance that can give the lie to so barefaced a calumny is daily, is hourly produced; and Europe is struck with admiration at that readiness and concurrence of all degrees of men, with which the British nation is universally preparing to give the French a meeting upon English ground.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

*(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)*

1. A DRESS of fine spotted India muslin: the bosom and sleeves trimmed with rich French lace, and

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intermixed with a plaiting of white satin: cap of worked leno, lined with white satin, terminating on the side with a long drapery, and ornamented with a small wreath of artificial flowers rather on one side.—Necklace and broaches of cornelian, or gold.—White kid gloves and shoes.

2. A cinnamon brown riding-habit of very fine cloth; the sleeves made large, and the collar high behind: a cambric shirt richly worked, and tied round the neck with a silk handkerchief, or muslin cravat: large, plain, flat beaver hat, to match: the habit nankeen: half boots, and York tan gloves.

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE rose, though so long in use, is still the prevailing colour. The modists blend it with white, to form their hats and mobs. Instead of rose, they sometimes use bright yellow; and it is with ribands of bright yellow, or with flowers of fancy in which the yellow prevails, that they ornament the black straw hats. These hats, however, are not now numerous. Nor do we see so many striped ribands as the end of last week seemed to promise.

It is not only the bottoms of gowns, the ends of the sleeves, and the terminations of the waists, that they admit of Vandyke points; but the modists adapt them also to the crowns of hats, and to the round of their small caps. The art consists in varying these points with taste. They surround the caps with a hollow plaiting, and in the front there are commonly tufts of flowers.

At this time they blend two kinds of flowers in the same garland, or in the same bunch; for instance, the musk rose with the sweet pea.



The flowers in most common use are blue-bells, and white arcacia, intermingled with rose-coloured peas. In full dress, diadems are worn, the flowers of which, as well as the leaves, are of the whiteness of linen. These diadems are worn on the forehead, or the crown of the head. Scarcely any combs are seen; but some *bandeaux d'antique* have reappeared.

In imitation of the bonnets of the shop-women, they make oval bonnets of white crape worked with cotton, or square bonnets of green taffeta.

Some *élégantes* are beginning to wear stockings, *tout-à-fait*, of open work, like mittens.

## FAMILY ANECDOTES,

(FOUNDED ON FACTS.)

By SOPHIA T——.

(Continued from p. 425.)

### CHAP. VII.

'See me, ere yet my destin'd course half  
done,  
Cast forth, a wanderer, on a wild unknown;  
See me, neglected, on the world's rude  
coast,  
Each dear companion of my voyage lost:  
Nor ask, why clouds of sorrow shade my  
brow,  
And ready tears wait only leave to flow;  
Why all that soothes a heart from anguish  
free,  
All that delights the happy—palls with me.'  
COWPER.

'TWAS more than six weeks after the mortal part of Mrs. Benson had been committed to the earth ere Rebecca was able to quit her apartment. The different and violent agitations her mind had suffered were too much for her delicate frame. She slowly recovered her health, but the laughing graces,

which once shone in her mild eyes, were fled for ever; and fled for ever was that enchanting vivacity which used to charm all beholders. She would have deemed it impious to indulge melancholy, or breathe a murmur at the dispensations of Omnipotence; yet a settled pensiveness ever after marked her soft features, a fixed gloom pervaded her mind, which neither her own exertions nor length of time could ever remove: of her it might truly be said,

'Seldom she smil'd, and smil'd in such a  
sort,  
As if she mock'd herself, and scorn'd her  
spirit,  
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.'

Three months after the death of her benefactress, Rebecca returned to town. She called in the tradesmen's accounts, and was both surprised and grieved at receiving bills from the coachmaker, the silversmith, and jeweller, of which she had not the smallest knowledge; but, as she had no reason to doubt the justness of their demands, she paid them without making any comment. But she was obliged to part with her jointure, the furniture and family plate: even this was insufficient, and she nobly determined to give up the jewels presented her by colonel Bamfield.

The creditors were grieved on beholding such an exertion of justice and magnanimity in one so young—so tenderly, so elegantly brought up. They had a meeting, and agreed to return her gold watch, the portrait of the colonel, set in jewels of great value, and two hundred guineas, with a full discharge of all demands. This mark of esteem was received by Rebecca with many tears, and some reluctance. She was content to suffer herself, so others had their due. With this small sum she bid an eternal adieu



to London, and departed to a neat cottage in the pleasant vale of Crediton. It stood almost hid from the prying eye of curiosity by the dark green foliage of the surrounding aged oaks. The building was white, a luxuriant vine wound its tender branches up the front, a neat smoothly-shaven lawn before the house gave an air of simple elegance to its appearance, while a large garden behind afforded both vegetables and amusement to the family. This calm abode of peace received Mrs. Gayton, her two children, and one faithful domestic, who insisted on attending the fortunes of her mistress. Mrs. Gayton had liberated the brother of this worthy creature from confinement, for a trifling debt, when she sought her husband in prison. The man her bounty had restored to society returned to his native village. His father, who had treated him with much severity for marrying a poor but amiable girl, was dying: a death-bed had humbled his proud spirit; he wished but to live to see, to forgive, to bless his only son. His prayer was heard; his son arrived—he breathed his last sigh on his bosom, and bequeathed him a comfortable farm with an hundred acres of ground. This grateful man forgot not his benefactress: he became the firm, almost the only, friend of the deserted Rebecca and her fatherless children. It was to his attentive care that the cottage owed its comfortable appearance; it had long been shut up; and, on account of its retired situation, was reported to be haunted. Westwood knew that the mind of his benefactress was superior to vulgar prejudices, and, as it was offered him a bargain, he did not hesitate to take it. He had the house thoroughly repaired, the garden put in order, and the lawn mowed and fresh gravelled. He

then mentioned it to Mrs. Gayton, who had commissioned him to procure her a little hut in his neighbourhood. She went down, and was charmed with its picturesque appearance, and the solitude of its situation. The apartments below consisted of a small kitchen, and a sweetly pleasant sitting-room, with a glass door opening on the lawn, opposite another door which led by an easy slope to the garden. Here was placed a rustic seat, over which the tuberose, the honey suckle, and the jessamine, with her unvarnished leaf, formed an arch, airy and graceful, yet impervious to the noontide sun; while the elegant drapery of the luxuriant foliage perfumed the air with nature's choicest sweets. This little parlour was furnished with neat rush-bottom chairs, and a couple of oak tables, which might have served for mirrors. Up stairs were three small bedrooms: the rooms were confined, but the prospect from the windows was boundless. The front afforded an extensive view of highly cultivated lands. On the right rolled the river Creden, beyond was the church; and on the left, in awful sublimity, waved the dark-brown trees of a hanging wood. Behind majestically rose the Creden hills, clothed with verdure, and having innumerable flocks feeding on them.

Such was the spot destined to receive the deserted Rebecca, who was doomed to bloom unseen: here she found the most rigid economy would be necessary for the support of her little household. As her children had no fortune to expect, she determined to educate them in the plainest manner possible. Of her former opulence she retained no remembrance, save her lute and drawing implements. With the former she would often wander in the solitude of the neighbouring



woods, when the mild evening of the autumnal day was clothing each object in sober grey, and the last faint rays of the setting sun, playing through the boughs, imparted an awful gloom to the chequered scene, friendly to contemplation and holy musings. On this favourite spot she was wont to draw sounds from her lute, which at once fed and soothed her melancholy.

Her pencil and her embroidery, once the amusement of happier hours, now became her constant employment; from the sale of which she derived an addition to her small income. Westwood, once a year, went to London on business of his own; he then disposed of the productions of her industry, and procured materials for fresh work. Rebecca constantly, in summer, rose by five in the morning, and employed herself till nine in drawing from memory, or taking views from the surrounding scenery: she then breakfasted with her children, attending to their instruction. Feeding the poultry, and overlooking her domestic concerns, occupied her time till one, at which hour their frugal dinner was served in by the faithful Martha. This over, she sat down to her frame till seven, when her daughters again demanded a portion of her time: they then retired to rest; and their sorrowful mother, with either a book or her lute, would stroll through her favourite walks, or divert an hour in the garden. In this garden was the only piece of extravagance she ever indulged in. It has been observed that it was large: one part was planted with lofty trees; a broad grassy walk wound beneath their spreading foliage, which meeting at top, formed a roof awful and grand, through which the sun never shot his beams. Here Silence held its court; here the thoughtful wanderer was

undisturbed by folly; not a sound broke on the ear, save the note of the wood-dove, and the warbling of the birds, whose cheerful anthems seemed to thank the pensive mistress of the scene for their secure lodging. At the termination of this walk, she determined to erect an urn to the memory of her regretted friend and benefactress. Accordingly, Westwood, in his next journey to London, was commissioned with her orders, and a plan; and by the following spring it was completed. It was composed of the purest white marble, on which was the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory  
of  
innocence and virtue.  
**REBECCA BENSON,**  
in her life,  
was distinguished for benevolence, and  
every charity which adorns the woman, and  
the christian.  
At her death  
she evinced a courage and magnanimity,  
which would have exalted a hero.  
From eternity  
she had every thing to hope,  
but nothing to fear:  
for  
she ran with patience the race set before her.  
She is now receiving her reward.  
Crowned with glory,  
she has her place among the angels, in that  
heaven on which her affections were  
placed while here on earth.  
Long, long will her remembrance be  
cherished by the orphan, her charity saved,  
her bounty fed, and her example instructed.  
Many daughters have done virtuously,  
but thou excellest them all.

This spot was indeed consecrated ground, on which the unhallowed foot of the rustic visitor was never permitted to intrude. To this monument she would often lead her children; and there speak of the mildness, the virtues, of the beloved woman to whom it was dedicated, and recount the obligations she and they were under to her care. She endeavoured to impress on their youthful minds a love for her me-



memory, and an emulation to follow her example.

‘Your lot, my dear girls!’ would this amiable mother say, ‘your lot is cast in a very different sphere to the one my blessed benefactress was wont to irradiate; but every station of life, from the highest to the lowest, admits the exertions of kindness and benevolence to our fellow creatures. However humble our station, though we may be obliged to labour with our hands for our daily bread, yet occasions are continually occurring in which we may evince the goodness or depravity of our hearts. Therefore, in the words of an author I have read with much pleasure, I will say, “If you are wise, study virtue, and condemn every thing that comes in competition with it: remember that nothing else deserves one anxious thought, or wish. Remember that this alone is honour, glory, wealth and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing: lose this, and all is lost.”’

To those lessons of instruction, which flowed from the maternal lips of this amiable and deserted woman, Sabina listened with the most serious attention: but the ardent, youthful Mary would sometimes venture to hope they should not always be so poor, so very poor; but that her father might yet return rich, and restore them to the wealth and happiness Martha had told them they were born in. Her mother always instantly checked those ambitious hopes, with marked displeasure. Indeed, she often thought it impossible that Gayton could be in existence, as no one had heard of him for more than ten years. ‘And why, Mary,’ said she, ‘do you think wealth and happiness synonymous terms? Have I not often assured you (and I have known all the comforts wealth affords) that I have found more real satisfaction, more happiness, in this

humble retirement, than I experienced when surrounded by splendour, when attended by many servants; for I feared the affluence, which glittered around me, was purchased by the ruin of some honest industrious tradesman. Trust your mother, Mary, it is not local circumstances which constitutes human happiness. The contented peasant is far happier than the monarch: though his mind may be sometimes disturbed by the absence of those comforts his richer neighbour possesses, yet he is free from all those cares and pains inseparable from luxurious living; and often enjoys a sound mind and healthy constitution: blessings which a sick nabob would give thousands to possess. Let your prayer to Heaven, my dear children, be for health and innocence; and leave wealth and grandeur to those, who, possessing them, have still wishes as unattainable to them as riches are to you.

Sabina, now in her twelfth year, was tall, and elegantly formed; her complexion rivalled the softest tints of the virgin lily; while the blue veins, meandering round her polished temples, and the mild lustre of her eyes, gave an air of almost celestial beauty to her countenance; which, though slightly marked by the small-pox, was exceedingly lovely. She was of a thoughtful turn; her mother’s misfortunes ever dwelt on her mind, and gave a cast of tender melancholy, of anxious care, to her youthful features. To this tenderly beloved, this much pitied mother, she was entirely devoted, and would often give up her own amusements, to anticipate the wishes of her parent, or perform the neglected task of the volatile Mary.

Mary was one year younger than her sister, nearly as tall, and much inclined to plumpness of habit: the laughing graces presided in every



movement: her manners were uncultivated, but a native dignity, an unembarrassed air, early distinguished her from her companions. Her fine light hair hung in natural ringlets over her ivory shoulders, and shaded the sweet artless countenance of a perfect cherub. Did a stranger arrive in the village, Sabina shrunk from observation, and hastily flew home to her mother; while Mary, approaching, would blushing pay her rustic compliments. Her eyes sparkling, her mouth dimpling in smiles, generally attracted the strangers' notice and admiration. Nor unfrequently was she invited to the farmers' feasts, while Sabina performed her work at home. In short, Mary, in person and disposition, was entirely the counterpart of her father. This Mrs. Gayton observed, and trembled lest the vivacity, so fascinating to her rustic friends, might hurry the admired but humble Mary into indiscretions, dangerous to her future peace and innocence.

Perhaps Rebecca was wrong in so entirely depriving her children of the advantages which a liberal education confers, and which she was so every way competent to bestow herself; but she feared to give them ideas of pleasures they were forbidden to taste. With her life would cease the small dependence they then enjoyed; and she wished to qualify them to be useful to some worthy farmer's wife in the neighbourhood. This was now the height of her ambition for them; and this she hoped to see accomplished before she died. Here she knew those children of nature would be far from cities, and their temptations; here they could be useful, and might be happy. But a well-educated, unprotected, portionless young female she had ever considered as one of the most to be pitied objects in

the universe. Therefore, even the knowledge of the work which had been her constant employment, and the source of many comforts since her seclusion, was denied them; and they, with old Martha, were constantly engaged in the domestic affairs, and attending to the wants of the still poorer cottagers.

*(To be continued.)*

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THE

STORY of CLEMENT and AGNES.

IN a small country town, Agnes resided in the house of a lady of fortune. Bereft of her parents in her childhood, she was confided, together with a scanty property, to this friend's protection. Her growing beauty, her accomplishments, and her amiable disposition, became every day more interesting, and especially drew the attention of Clement, the nephew of her guardian.

He was a frequent visitant at the house, being the avowed heir to the possessions of his aunt; and often possessed the happiness of beholding Agnes, and of conversing with her. Gratitude to her guardian induced her to behave with attentive civility to the nephew, till, from the solicitude and assiduity he discovered, she found herself imperceptibly possessed of an unbidden and reluctant affection: for the discovery raised more concern than pleasure in her breast. She felt her duty and this attachment inconsistent: she perceived the inequality of their fortunes, and its opposition to the wishes of her protectress, whose foible of family pride, she knew well, rendered the fond prospect of any future alliance extremely remote and extravagant. She, therefore, re-



solved to extinguish, at least to stifle, the flame.

These sentiments could not influence the generosity or controul the love of Clement; and it was not long before he seized an opportunity, when alone with Agnes, to open his heart to her, and to offer to her acceptance his hand and fortune. This declaration, so unexpected at the moment, scattered the spirits of Agnes; and it was some time before she could collect them sufficiently to thank him for so extraordinary a distinction, to express the grateful sense she had of his friendship and favour, and should have still more from this affecting instance: 'but,' said she, 'I must recall to your mind the disparity of rank between us, the mortification such a measure would give your friends, its unsuitableness to your station, and the sacrifices it must occasion to you. I entreat that you would discard the thought of an union, which, if I could assent to it, would be the bitterest act of ingratitude I could be guilty of to your aunt: one who has brought me up, when unprotected, unfriended, bereft of parents and relatives, and has educated and cherished me with unabating and uninterrupted kindness.'

Clement listened with anxious suspense to the answer of Agnes, as to his fate. With a fondness inflamed by the interposition of difficulty, agitated by the fluctuating state of his mind, and by the presence of his beloved and the interest of the moment, softened, excited, and impassioned, he earnestly insisted that rank suffered not humiliation, but received lustre, in suing for the association of virtue; that it was enhancing with the worth and bounty of nature the efforts of art; that it was dispensing on the first distinction of earth the choicest emanation of heaven; and he as-

sured her, that every obstacle should be removed by his care. 'Every being,' said he, 'shall smile at our nuptials: only satisfy my heart, my Agnes, of your acquiescence, and crown my endeavours with your consent.'

The ardour, the endearments of her lover, and the bias of her heart, brought Agnes to the verge of a confession. It was partly the nicety of the task, and partly her embarrassment and agitation, that prolonged it, till in the delay her former view of the subject re-appeared to her mind; her cooler reason gained the ascendant; and after a silent interval, she was able to return an answer in this manner:—'Virtue and rank, it is true, ought always to be united, and happily they are sufficiently found together, without the one descending among the humble for the other; and were it otherwise, when in the humiliation the anger of the dearest relatives is incurred, that circumstance ought to be a long and weighty consideration. To seek the alliance of virtue by the infringement of it in ourselves, is but an inconsistency. Such conduct shows the warmth of passion more than a zeal for virtue. Should I encourage this intent, I should ever think myself unpardonable; and I could wish you would relinquish such ideas.'

When Agnes had uttered these words, she left Clement to his own reflections. Though the refusal was so direct, and so strong a check to his expectations, the conflict of his emotions terminated still in hope. The air and action, which are generally more undisguised than the language, impressed him with secret, though distant, hope of success.

He justly conceived that nothing would promote his wishes more than the concurrence and sanction of his aunt; and, in consequence, he hastened to break the matter to her.



In his partial and ingenuous mind, he deemed that no obstacles or impropriety existed in his views; but his aunt saw the affair in another light. She very seriously and plainly refused ever to listen to the proposal, rated him with severity for the meanness of his inclinations, and required him instantly to dismiss ideas so unworthy his condition. The representations and entreaties of Clement only exasperated her indignation and violence; and she ordered him, on pain of her lasting displeasure, to undertake without delay the continental tour he had been for some time preparing. Clement, seeing it vain to dispute with his aunt in her present temper, conceived it best by immediate compliance to mitigate her irritation; expressing, however, his anxious hope, that she would in time look more favourably upon the design, and at the same time declaring that it was too near his heart, too essential to his happiness, for him ever to part with it. Clement accordingly began to use measures to take his departure.

The good lady, in the height of her provocation, breathed only anger and reproach to Agnes. By delay her displeasure was softened, and more temperate and effectual means of preventing the alliance suggested themselves. The more she considered the matter, the more was Agnes exculpated; and she even concluded that an indifference existed on that side. A few hours reflection determined her as to the conduct she should adopt, and she resolved instantly to carry the design she had conceived into execution. Agnes had an admirer in the brother of a female friend, a creditable young person; but as her heart was pre-disposed, it was impossible for his assiduity to make any impression.

Her guardian, as if by accident, took care immediately to see these friends, and propose an excursion with Agnes into some of the western counties, intimating that the expence should be hers. The plan was acceded to. She then sought her charge, and communicated the journey she had formed for her pleasure; which, coinciding with her purpose, was readily received. It would serve to separate her thoughts from one to whom they were continually inclining; a circumstance which she conceived was to harbour ingratitude, and which, if known, would, she feared, to her friends and the world, appear self-interest. While she was preparing for a speedy departure, her protectress dwelt upon the affection of the suitor who accompanied her and her friend: she extolled his commendable qualities, his person, and his family; she touched upon the uncertainty of life, and suggested the possibility of her near end; which, in fact, must necessarily every day approach upon her, when Agnes would be bereft of one who was from attachment so interested in her welfare; and to an orphan in the wide world, a defenceless and unfriended woman, which would then be her situation, a respectable alliance, such as that to which she adverted, was the truest and happiest refuge, and the most prudent preventive of calamity.— With these admonitions, with mutual good wishes and tenderness they parted.

Clement had been designedly kept out of the way till Agnes set out, and was utterly unacquainted with the design. The discovery of her departure gave him much mortification, and he at once penetrated into its motive. At first, he resigned himself to solitude and complaint, accusing himself of negligence and want of foresight; till at length he



grew composed, flattering himself still with hopes of effecting his wishes.

He commenced his travels with a mind little disposed to gratification; and lingering for some time at the sea-port, after long delay, he embarked for the continent. His aunt industriously carried into effect her measures for frustrating his views. When she had taken care that he should learn, from many quarters, of the new attachment of Agnes, intelligence was, at length, conveyed to him, that her hand was bestowed upon the object of her affections. These representations sank into the mind of Clement, and received additional strength on comparison with the behaviour of Agnes in the last interview. But the news of her nuptials with another ministered the bitterest cup to his affliction. A deep melancholy possessed him, bursting out in occasional ravings, a succession of self-reproach, anger, and lamentation, which again declined into his ordinary stupor. He traversed rapidly many countries; in the hope of diverting his mind by the exertion, and continual change of scene. He grew composed; but the wound was too deep to be speedily cured. Another event occurred during his tour—the death of his aunt; for whom, though he had considered her as, in a great measure, the cause of his sorrows, when dead, he felt an unfeigned sorrow. On his arrival in England, being little inclined to mix with the world, he gave himself up to the study of the law. He used such uninterrupted application, and made so extraordinary a progress, that, on his appearance in that profession, he became a distinguished pleader. It was thus, by an incident apparently unfortunate to the parties, and productive of individual distress, a life which,

had no opposition disturbed it, would probably have been spent in idle independence, was, by this check, rendered highly serviceable and ornamental to society.

Agnes, after her departure, had sunk into an insurmountable sadness, which was distressing to her companions, and was only increased by the presence and attentions of the admirer, who formed one of the party. It was considered adviseable to make a stay at a village on the sea-side which lay in their road. Soothed with the loneliness of the place, she found it more congenial to her pensive mind to take up her residence there than to travel in the bustle and gaiety of the world. Her lover referred his cause to her guardian, and was warmly encouraged in that quarter in every wish. He then repaired, with redoubled assiduity, to attend on Agnes. Hence arose those rumours which, being carefully enlarged, were conveyed to Clement, and affected so strongly his spirits. Agnes, on the death of her protectress, fixed her retreat where she now dwelt. Enriched by the kind remembrance of her guardian, she lived in ease, and indeed affluence. Several years regularly passed along. Her situation naturally produced a secluded and melancholy composure of mind, in which she cordially indulged. The name of Clement, who, during this period had been immured in his study, never reached her ears, except it inadvertently happened to fall from her own lips. The lover, whose importunity had at first so much molested her, had relaxed in his attentions. She began to consider herself delivered from further annoyance; and to hope that she might be left to pass her days in uninterrupted tranquillity. His wishes were, however, at that moment, insidiously undermining her.



The lover, who had suspended his assiduity, still burned with a desire which could not be mitigated by the coldness with which it was received. What he could not win by persuasion he determined to execute by artifice. Accordingly, after another unavailing application, he had recourse to the law, and put in a peremptory claim, founded on an assured promise of marriage and contracts. His former suit, his known assiduous attendance, his open encouragement from the guardian of Agnes, all together, gave a plausibility and force to his demands, which threatened to overpower her; and she was compelled to defend herself by the same means.

Clement, who now figured at the bar, was, at this period, on a circuit in that part of the country which Agnes inhabited. As he was one morning preparing for the business of the day, Agnes was introduced to him as a client. She was veiled; he in his official habiliments: both were much altered; the one from long and intense study, the other from melancholy and indisposition. Thus disguised, they did not recognise each other, though something seemed familiar to both, in their mutual appearance. How should the gay and lively Clement be perceived in the attire, and with the pale countenance, of the student and barrister? And how should the young and sprightly Agnes be seen in that composed air and carriage; in that subdued and joyless comportment? She opened her cause to him, and, as she proceeded in the narration, the proofs grew and strengthened in the mind of Clement, and he knew that it was Agnes. His emotions were great, and he was only able occasionally to bid her not despair, to assure her of the justice of her cause, and to condemn the malevolence of her ene-

mies. By the time she had concluded, being no longer able to suppress his feelings, he excused himself for a moment, and spreading his gown over his face, he retired into the next room, and burst into tears. Thus having eased his breast of its burthen, he resolved not to discover himself, that he might first perfectly satisfy his mind, by hearing all that the opposite party could advance. Agnes, who thought that the emotion of the advocate proceeded from compassion and indignation of her sufferings and injuries, gave way to similar feelings. Clement, returning, assured her of his utmost exertions, begged her to dismiss this weight from her mind, to leave the matter to himself, and to rest persuaded of success from the justice which was on her side. The more he investigated the affair, the more was he convinced of the purity of Agnes; and, when it came under public judicial examination, resolving by his endeavours to make amends for his own wrong jealousies, he unveiled the designs of the accuser with such skill and force, asserted the rectitude of his client so convincingly and ably, and addressed the court so happily, so earnestly, and so persuasively, as crowned himself with signal applause, and bore his fair client triumphantly to victory.

He had no sooner concluded his successful defence, than he wrote to Agnes, with congratulation upon her good fortune; at the same time discovering himself to be the fond and long-lost Clement, and soliciting an immediate interview, when he hoped that she would not deny him the reward of his labours and love. The inward raptures of this meeting language can but feebly describe; nor can the conception imagine, except in persons similarly endowed and similarly situated. The friends



of Clement warmly seconded his suit; and Agnes, unable, unwilling indeed, to oppose their entreaties, became irrevocably united to him, a short time after, at the altar. Long-tried faithfulness, virtue and religion, celebrity and prosperity, all conspired to make as sincere and perfect as can be under heaven the happiness of Clement and Agnes.

J. V.

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To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Should you think the following worthy of insertion in your excellent Miscellany—I have no doubt but it will prove acceptable to many of your female readers.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

P. D.

TO make a young woman mistress of domestic government, nothing is better than to habituate her to it early: give her something to manage herself, on condition that she gives you an account of it. This confidence will delight her. Young people have an incredible pleasure when one begins to trust them, and to put them upon some serious business. We have a fine example of this in queen Margaret. This princess relates in her memoirs, that the most sensible pleasure she ever felt in her life was to see the queen (her mother) begin to talk to her while she was yet very young, as to a person of discretion. She was transported with joy, at being

instructed by the queen; as was her brother the duke of Anjou, when the queen conversed with him on secrets of state, while he had before been employed only in the pastimes of children. You should even overlook faults in the first attempts of a girl, and sacrifice something to her instruction. Shew her, in a mild manner, what she should have done or said to avoid the inconveniences she has fallen into. Tell her what happened to yourself, and do not be afraid of mentioning faults like hers, that you committed when you were young: by so doing you will inspire her with confidence, without which education will be nothing but *uneasy forms*.

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### ANECDOTE.

THE late lord Avonmore, although a man of distinguished talents, was too apt, from a hasty disposition, to anticipate the tendency of an argument. A celebrated lawyer, whose client had suffered in consequence of this habit, took the following method of reproving it:—Being engaged to dine in company with the noble lord, he delayed going till the company were at dinner: when he entered the room, he apologised for his absence, apparently with much agitation, stating, that, from a melancholy event he had just witnessed, he found himself unable to master his feelings.—‘I was passing through the market, said he: ‘a calf was bound to a post; the butcher had drawn his knife, and was just advancing, when a beautiful child ran across him, and, O my God! he killed’—‘The child!’ exclaimed his lordship.—‘No, my lord, the calf; but your lordship is in the habit of *anticipating*.’



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## OCTOBER.

A SONNET.

IN russet garment clad, of sober hue,  
With ruddy hawthorn-berries for his crown,

OCTOBER enters sad, with tears of dew,  
And pulls the leafy grove's last honours down.

The mist of morning checks the lark's sweet lay;

And when broad day asserts his high controul,

The wood-bird feebly twitters from his spray,—

For winds blow chill, and low'ring tempests roll.

No flow'r is left to grace the late-lov'd shade,

Not e'en a daisy decks the drooping plain;  
No reaper's song is heard along the glade,  
But silence o'er sad nature holds her reign!

Thus pass October's heavy hours away,  
While mournful gloom o'erpowers the shorten'd day.

J. M. L.

## THE OLD HORSE'S PETITION.

*Addressed to his Master.*

'The merciful man is merciful to his beast.'  
SOLOMON.

PITY the sufferings of an useful beast,  
And to my tale of wrongs attention lend;  
O, may your heart, where Pity loves to dwell,

Heed my appeal, and to my plaints attend!

Tho' aged, slighted, and neglected now,  
And subject to each servile, mean employ;  
Fair hours were mine some twenty years ago,

And every day was then a day of joy.

My shapely limbs, and well-proportion'd form,

Each amateur in jockeyship approv'd;  
With conscious pride I scour'd along the plain,

Join'd in the chace—the chace I dearly lov'd.

Oft when, as Shakspeare says, the jocund morn,

Tiptoe, upon the mountain's brow did stand;

Cheer'd by the op'ning hound, and echoing horn,

With heart elate I sought the jovial band.

One day, the whitest day I ever knew,  
A hero, from the toils of war set free,  
Once more returning to his native shades,  
Wanting a steed,—he saw, and purchas'd me.

Of Suffolk's loyal sons\* he had command.  
My worthy friend to various camps I bore:

The drum's loud beat was grateful to mine ear;

The trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar.

Brief let me be. On pleasure's downy wing,  
Precipitate, the halcyon moments flew;  
Till death, whose arrows spare nor man nor horse,

Approach'd, and, with fell dart, my master slew.

Sad loss! yet heroes, statesmen, all must fall.

What dread vicissitudes occur below!

A NELSON's breast receives the swift-wing'd ball!

A FOX is doom'd to feel the fatal blow!

\* — Goate, esq. late-colonel of the East Suffolk militia.



Oft Fortune waves her gold-bespangled  
 wings,  
 And locks her fav'rite in a close embrace:  
 Anon—the changeful goddess turns her  
 wheel,  
 And prone he sinks in ruin and disgrace.  
 To various masters, and thro' various scenes,  
 I pass'd, when death depriv'd me of my  
 friend;  
 Till, journeying near my home, you bought  
 me then,  
 And I was summon'd on your will t'at-  
 tend.  
 Of cruelty I cannot you accuse:  
 Your spur has never pierc'd my reeking  
 side;  
 Nor has your arm, in passion's mad career,  
 The knotted lash unfeelingly apply'd.  
 This is the serious ground of my complaint;  
 You lend me oft to those who treat me ill:  
 Oft has the volatile, gay, thoughtless youth,  
 Urg'd me to gallop up the wheel-worn  
 hill;  
 Oft too, upon the sabbath's sacred hour,  
 When man and beast should rest (as  
 Heaven ordain'd),  
 Unthinking, you transgress the moral law;  
 And, by my toil, the holy day's prophan'd.  
 Pity the sufferings of an aged horse;  
 The wrongs of your petitioner redress:  
 Then shall life's rugged, down-hill road grow  
 smooth,  
 And BLACKBIRD shall your kind atten-  
 tion bless.  
*Haverhill, September 19, 1806.*  
 JOHN WEBB.

### PATRIOTIC EFFUSIONS.

IN GEORGE's reign, when war, with dread  
 alarms,  
 Blew the hoarse trump, and woke the world  
 to arms;  
 When France, with impious threats, and  
 proud disdain,  
 Pour'd her black legions o'er the spreading  
 plain;  
 Round the throng'd field the dæmon *Discord*  
 prow'd,  
 While wolves and tigers, at her summons,  
 howl'd.  
 Oh! faithful muse, in mournful strains, relate  
 The dreadful fall of each o'erwhelmed state!  
 To whose blest thrones the haughty Gaul  
 aspir'd,  
 Whom thirst of blood, or hope of conquest,  
 fir'd.  
 Lo! in rash haste, on fair Helvetia's\* land,  
 The hungry hell-hounds darken'd all the  
 strand;

Her feeble states, too weak the shock to  
 bear,  
 Sunk, crush'd and ruin'd, in the storm of  
 war:  
 While Gallia's chief, with harsh unfeeling  
 eye,  
 Saw mother, wife, and child, unpity'd, die.  
 Once, the high hills, the valley, and the  
 wild,  
 With spring's luxuriant beauties richly smil'd;  
 But now her sons the scatter'd scenes de-  
 plore,  
 And streams of water turn'd to streams of  
 gore!  
 A while, fair Liberty inspir'd the train:  
 Dauntless they fought; but courage here was  
 vain;  
 No aid was nigh, to stay approaching fate;  
 No arm outstretch'd, to save the ruin'd  
 state:  
 Bravely she sunk—a victim to the Gaul;  
 And bury'd hosts of patriots in her fail!  
 Flush'd with new hopes, and reeking still  
 with gore,  
 The greedy conqu'rors sought Italia's shore;  
 O'er her fair states destruction's jav'line  
 hurl'd,  
 And stain'd with blood the garden of the  
 world.  
 Ere to those envy'd scenes the murd'ring  
 crew,  
 With wild insatiate thirst of slaughter, flew,  
 No jarring sounds alarm'd the list'ning  
 swains,  
 Or breath'd contagion o'er thy fruitful plains;  
 Their daily tasks the ling'ring hours beguil'd,  
 And peace and plenty round thy borders  
 smil'd.  
 But those blest vales and shelving woods  
 among,  
 That oft have echo'd with the rural song,  
 Resound no more;—for, kindling from afar,  
 O'er thy sad cities, blew the blast of war.  
 There angry Discord wav'd her flaming  
 sword;  
 Pale Ruin stalk'd, and Mars' dread thunders  
 roar'd.  
 The wretched people fought, and strove in  
 vain,  
 The sinking nation's freedom to sustain:  
 Th' impending shock the falling squadrons  
 stood,  
 And bravely perish'd for their country's  
 good.  
 Ah, hapless spot! who thus, with savage  
 hate,  
 Destroy'd thy courts, and ruin'd ev'ry state?  
 Lo! clad in all the pomp of Gallic pride,  
 With war and bloodshed breathing at his  
 side,  
 In crimson trophies deck'd, the CHIEF\*  
 appears,  
 Those trophies dripping with the orphans  
 tears;

\* Switzerland.

\* Buonaparte.



Glory attends with loud recording fame,  
 And states unconquer'd tremble at his name.  
 Round the wide world his greedy eyeballs roll,  
 And fiends infernal hover round his soul.  
 While thus secure the impious tyrant stands,  
 And other realms with equal pride demands,  
 He turns his haggard eyes, bedim'd with  
 gore,

With jealous look to Albion's happy shore;  
 Marks with malicious glance her envy'd state  
 Stand, 'midst the shock of war, as fix'd as fate;  
 And prowls around her rocky coasts in vain,  
 To glut his rage with hosts of Britons slain.  
 Oh! happy *land*, within whose favour'd isle,  
 The wreaths of *Liberty* unfading smile,  
 Round whose blest shores thy guardian saints  
 attend,

And ev'ry spot with equal zeal defend.  
 For thee the nymphs in rosy circles bring  
 The earliest tributes of the dawning *spring*;  
 They watch the *summer's* op'ning blossoms  
 shoot,

To load thy fertile soil with bending fruit;  
 And when the yellow *autumn's* rip'ning sun,  
 Thro' heav'n's concave his destin'd course has  
 run,

What scenes luxuriant ev'ry field adorn,  
 Whilst hills and valleys float with waving  
 corn!

And, tho' stern *winter* and his freezing train,  
 With outstretch'd pinions, howl around thy  
 plain;

Yet kindred suns thy ravag'd beauties cheer,  
 And richer smile on each succeeding year.  
 And shall the monster, then, whose direful arm  
 Fills states and cities with such wild alarm,  
 Shall he Britannia's happy shores invade,  
 And o'er her glories draw oblivion's shade?  
 Rouse, Britons, rouse! your country's rights  
 defend,

Round her wrong'd realm your guardian arms  
 extend;

Let one fierce flame with unextinguish'd fire  
 Warm every heart, and ev'ry soul inspire.  
 'Tis *Liberty* that calls you to the field,  
 Shouts 'midst your hosts, and spreads her  
 shining shield.

On, heroes, on! defend your sea-girt shore;  
 For what is *LIFE* when *LIBERTY's* no  
 more?

L. H. C.

### TO MATILDA.

IF eyelids swoln with tears and sleepless  
 nights

Bespeak the cruel horrors of despair,  
 And rob our worn-out natures of their due,  
 I've had my share; and thro' *life's* dreary road  
 One long-continu'd scene of pensive sadness  
 Shall sit upon my brow, till the last spark  
 Of my existence glow, alas! no more.

Oh! why did I believe the winning smile  
 That play'd around thy features! why did I  
 Dote on the melting softness of thy kisses,  
 And not discover thy duplicity?

I lov'd thee—and my infant reason err'd,

Mistook the glaring boast of proffer'd friends  
 ship,

And thought of nothing but *sincerity*;  
 But now my bursting bosom whispers to me,  
 That I have lov'd *too long*, and lov'd *too well*:  
 And tho' thy heart may triumph in my sor-  
 row,

And glory in the grief that it occasions,  
 Yet shall it not last long; for when the grave  
 Shall hide, with friendly hand, a . . . . . tears,  
 Thou, too, shalt weep, and mourn my cold  
 remains.

Oh! what a change to what I lately witness'd!  
 Soon as the morning chas'd the shades of  
 night,

We fondly sought each other; and when  
 evening

O'er the creation threw her twilight veil,  
 We parted with a kiss, which spoke, alas!  
 A . . . . . fondness and thy own *deceit*!

And oft, when seated by thy side, I've clasp'd  
 Thee to my throbbing bosom, and have  
 thought

In thee alone my happiness was center'd.  
 Why didst thou flatter me, bewitching sweet-  
 ness!

And then deceive the hopes that sweetness  
 kindled?

Was it to try my heart's sincerity?  
 Too deeply hast thou try'd it, and the thorn  
 That's fix'd for ever in my aching breast  
 Will cost thee many a sigh and many a tear:  
 But if one lasting reign of endless sorrow,  
 If one eternal scene of silent sadness  
 Can give thee pleasure, thou shalt have thy  
 swing.

No more for me the *visionary* scenes  
 Of *friendship* or *affection* shall exist;  
 No more the kind embrace and melting kiss  
 Shall *cheat* me with a *mockery of fondness*;  
 Thy ruby lips shall *never* catch again  
 The sigh that oft has trembled on their  
 beauties:

No more thy crimson cheeks shall drink my  
 tears;

Tears which alone have flow'd for *love and*  
*thee*.

Oh! I have gaz'd on thy bewitching features  
 Till, lost in reverie of admiration,  
 My eyes stood rooted in their sapphire  
 sockets,

And seem'd insensate as the marble statues  
 That bend for ever o'er the silent urn.

But why should I lament thy love withdrawn?  
 What tho' thy bosom swell with lasting ran-  
 cour,

And curse the hour that doom'd me for  
 thy . . . . .

Shall I then *'pine in cheerless misery*?  
 Must I resign all claim to happiness,  
 And brood alone on melancholy?

Oh! strain, decaying nature, every nerve;  
 Call all thy powers forth, and when, alas!

The measure of thy sorrows shall be full,  
 May Death's kind hand, by one unerring  
 stroke,

Dash from my trembling lips the bitter  
 draught

M . . . . . a bids me drink, and finish all.



Then shall the miseries that I have suffer'd  
Search out and probe the very springs of sorrow.

Then shalt thou weep in vain upon thy pillow,  
And ev'ry falling eve, as night's dark curtains  
Steal o'er thy tearful eyes, my shrouded spirit  
Shall flit before thy wild imagination,  
And, pointing to my early moss-grown grave,  
In chilling accents, such as these, address  
thee:—

'Sleep'st thou, *unfeeling fair*?—Awake!—  
awake!—

Hark how thy . . . . calls thee to his tomb!  
The raven screams, and death around his bier  
In icy shadows hovers.—*Cruel girl!*  
Arise, and hie thee to the mournful scene:  
In frantic wildness kiss his pallid lips;  
Hang o'er his livid corpse, and view once  
more

That bosom cold that throbb'd and burst for  
thee.

Hark!—hark!—again, with shrill sepulchral  
shriek,

He calls thee to his side.—Away—away!

C. BROOKS.

## THE GREEN MAN OF BRIGHTON\*.

CHLORANDRIA LEUCOCEPHALA.

*This lately-discovered Plant is neither useful  
nor ornamental, but merely noticed for its  
singularity.*

CHEER'D by the warmth of beauty's ra-  
diant smile,

Where Love presides o'er Albion's emerald  
Isle,

The sea-girt shores, where balmy breezes fan,  
Chlorandria blooms—a vegetable man.

\* Among the personages attracting public notice, at Brighton, is an original, or *would* be an original, generally known by the appellation of *The Green Man*. He is dressed in green pantaloons, green waistcoat, green frock, green cravat; and though his ears, whiskers, eyebrows, and chin, are better powdered than his head—which is, however, covered with flour—his countenance, no doubt from the reflection of his clothes, is also green. He eats nothing but greens, fruits, and vegetables; has his rooms painted green, and furnished with green sofa, green chairs, green table, green bed, and green curtains. His gig, his livery, his portmanteau, his gloves, and his whip, are all green. With a green silk handkerchief in his hand, and a large watch-chain, with green seals fastened to the green buttons of his green waistcoat, he parades every day on the Steine, and in the libraries, erect like a statue, walking, or rather moving, as to music, smiling and singing, as well contented with his own dear self as with all those round him, who are not few.

Sublime in air, his snowy head he rears,  
And verdant spring's unfading livery wears;  
The sun-burnt earth if mild *September* cools,  
Or *April* leads her annual flowers and fools;  
Parent of mad-dogs, if the burning ray  
Of *July* darts intolerable day;  
If dark *December* opes the Christmas hoard,  
And with mince-pies adorns the festive board;  
Chang'd by no seasons as they circling go,  
Nor scorch'd by suns, nor chill'd by winter's  
snow;

With bloom unvaried is Chlorandria seen  
Clad in a garb of sempiternal green.

Thus where *Brightbelm* stone-dabbling crowds  
invites

'Mid winter's frowns to summer's soft de-  
lights,

Where lovely ladies, fish-like, strive to swim,  
Bound on the wave, and stretch each pliant  
limb,

Struts the gay wonder of the staring *Stein*,  
The unknown hero of the garb of green!  
Still as he walks, the tittering crowds advance,  
Bursts the horse-laugh, and gleams the wicked  
glance.

*Green* in the air his silken kerchiefs float,  
*Green* to his knees depends his glossy coat,  
*Green* pantaloons each clumsy leg embrace,  
And the *green* hat o'ershades his whisker'd  
face!

When smokes the board at hunger's lov'd  
command,

In *green* array the loaded dishes stand!  
His head on high no savoury turkey rears,  
But the *green* goose in gravy *green* appears!  
No brown sirloin, no cutlet deftly fried,  
But the tall cabbage tow'rs in verdant pride!  
Nor dares the beatroot's rosy blush be seen  
Amidst his sallad's universal *green*!

Long near our shores may this exotic  
bloom,  
And chase by laughter care's impending  
gloom:

Still may he boast the *green* sourtout, and  
spread

A pauper's dinner on his powder'd head!  
And when (like winter) age shall sprinkle  
snows,

Snug in a *green*-house may his form repose;  
In *green* old age be still a *green* unique,  
The choicest specimen of *verd antique*!

CASIMIR.

## THE VILLAGE BELLS.

SOUND that I love, sweet village bells!  
In changeful notes which glides along;  
Your sound upon the zephyr swells;  
Your music soft as seraph's song.

When oft your doleful knell does give  
My heart with passion soft to glow;  
Within my breast it seems to live,  
And bids me hear the tale of woe.



Oh! then my heart with pity swells;  
And therefore love I you, sweet village bells!  
Oct. 1, 1806. S. Y.

### IMPROMPTU,

*On seeing some black Water, from a Dyer's  
Shop, running into a clear Brook.*

'The English patriot, Fox, is dead.'  
'A truce, my friend, I know it.  
You might have spar'd what you have said;  
The mourning waters show it.'

HENRY.

### THE PEASANT'S SLEEP.

SWEET is the peasant's sleep!  
Sweet, if by toil he earn his bread:  
He knows not half the care and dread  
Which agitate the rich man's mind,  
And make him watch and weep;  
But casting sorrow to the wind,  
Sweet is the peasant's sleep!

Refreshing are his dreams!  
No tantalising scenes of wealth  
Mock him; possess'd of ease and health,  
He fears not murderers, storms, nor  
fire,  
The rich man's nightly themes;  
But innocence and peace inspire  
His light and pleasant dreams.

And when the cheerful morn  
The watchful cock proclaims aloud,  
Light fly his slumbers as a cloud,  
Reflected by the noon-day sun,  
On wings of light is borne;  
No headach veils, in mantle dun,  
The peasant's happy morn.

Goddess of sweet repose!  
When toil invites my limbs to rest,  
With thy warm pinions shield my breast;  
Breathe through my lips thy kindest  
dreams,  
My willing eyelids close,  
And as the peasant's slumber seems,  
Be such my sound repose.

The Songs of our earliest Poets abound with conceits which often destroyed the beauty of their stanzas, and left no room for admiration. The following Poem, however, may be considered one instance of the contrary, and, from the moral thought it conveys; we readily comply with a Correspondent's request that it may be inserted. The reader will perceive that the Poem is built on the text prefixed, and

that the first line of each stanza is borrowed from it.

BEHOLD, ALAS! OUR DAYS WE SPEND;  
HOW VAIN THEY BE, HOW SOON THEY  
END.

### BEHOLD

How short a span  
Was long enough of old  
To measure out the life of man;  
In those well-temper'd days, his time was then  
Survey'd, cast up, and found but three score  
years and ten.

### ALAS!

And what is that?  
They come, and slide and pass,  
Before my pen can tell thee what.  
The posts of time are swift, which having run  
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-  
liv'd task is done.

### OUR DAYS

Begun, we lend  
To sleep, to antic plays  
And toys, until the first stage end;  
12 waning moons, twice 5 times told, we give  
To unrecover'd loss: we rather breathe than  
live.

### WE SPEND

A ten years' breath  
Before we apprehend  
What 'tis to live, or fear a death:  
Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted  
joys,  
Which please our sense a while, and waking  
prove but toys!

### HOW VAIN

How wretched is  
Poor man, that doth remain  
A slave to such a state as this!  
His days are short at longest: few at most;  
They are but bad at best; yet lavish'd out, or  
lost.

### THEY BE

The secret springs  
That make our minutes flee  
On wheels more swift than eagle's wings!  
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath  
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall  
strike a death!

### HOW SOON

Our new-born light  
Attains to full-aged noon!  
And this how soon to grey-hair'd night!  
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,  
Ere we can count our days, our days they  
flee so fast.

### THEY END

When scarce begun;  
And ere we apprehend  
That we begin to live, our life is done:  
Man, count thy days: and if they fly too fast  
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every  
day the last.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Constantinople, Aug. 25.*

HIS excellency general Sebastiani arrived safely here on the 10th of August. He was every where received in the most friendly and distinguished manner. A captain pacha was sent into Walachia, to precede his excellency. At all the stages of his journey, a firman had ordered the assemblage of a considerable number of carriages and horses, and an immense quantity of provisions to be in readiness; an honour unusual, and regarded as a testimony of the highest favour; but of which his excellency had the generosity not to wish to partake of without paying all the expence. A squadron of boats was stationed at Varna, where the ambassador embarked. The boat of honour had seven pair of oars; in this were the first dragoman of France, and the first secretary of the embassy, who waited the arrival of the ambassador at Fanaraki, at the entrance of the Bosphorus.

The ambassador, on his arrival at Constantinople, received from the sublime Porte new honours. His highness had caused to be fitted up for him a country house for the summer; the grand vizir presented him with three horses, and the kiaia bey, the reis effendi, offered him two others. All the ministers have testified to the French ambassador the most eager respect. On the 28th of August he was to have a private audience of his highness. The audience of ceremony was not to take place until the arrival of the presents destined for the grand signior, and the principal officers of the empire, in order to render his reception more solemn, and to surround it with a more brilliant

*éclat.*

*Yassey, Aug. 30.* Intelligence has been received here, that, by an order of the grand signior, the princes of Moldavia and Walachia are deposed. Prince Moruzi is replaced by prince Callimachi, and prince Ipsilante by Prince Alexander Suzzo.

The two deposed princes no longer belong to the Ottoman empire. They meditate a revolution, of which the troubles in Servia appear to be the signal, and in which they hope to unite the Montenegrins, a part of Bulgaria, and all the Greeks in the empire. The ayan of Rotscheek, who was assassinated by his soldiers, had openly joined in their projects, he had become the intimate friend of prince Ipsilante, and was preparing, at the time of his death, to march with an army of 80,000 men against the troops of the grand signior.

*Limberg, Aug. 27.* According to letters from Russia, the number of Russian troops from the confines of Courland, through the whole of Russian part of Poland, and to Oczakow and Cherson, amount to about 350,000 men; of which there are in the vicinity of Kaminiéc Podolski 152,000, all chosen troops. Great magazines are established for their use in the rear of the fortress Kaminiéc Padolski.

*Augsberg, Sept. 13.* The report that Brannau was given up on the 6th of this month to the Austrians is unfounded; the French army occupies its former position in Bavaria and Suabia.

A small camp of Bavarian troops is near Wirtingen.

*Frankfort, Sept. 14.* The march of the Austrian prisoners returning home continues; but the preparations of the grand army to re-cross the Rhine have



ceased, and it is thought that its great park of artillery already removed from Ulm will take another direction, conformable to the military movements which have just taken place in the north of Germany.

*Vienna, Sept. 12.* The court of Russia has officially notified to our court, the emperor Alexander's refusal to ratify M. D'Oubril's treaty.

*Erlangen, Sept. 16.* Every thing again assumes a warlike appearance. The French troops are drawing together in different places. The French minister at war, duke Berthier, is expected at Amberg, where he will fix his headquarters. A considerable corps of troops will assemble at Krensach, on the other side of the Rhine, in order to pass that river in case hostilities should commence.

Various orders since the 13th have been issued to the army of marshal Bernadotte, which presage a new campaign. All the soldiers who are rendered by their wounds unfit for service have received orders at Nurembourg, on the 14th of this month, to appear before their officers, that they may be sent to the other side of the Rhine. The troops have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march on the 15th.

*Banks of the Main, Sept. 16.* For some days past the French troops on the Rhine and the Main have been making movements which indicate more than a simple dislocation. In the night between the 14th and 15th, a considerable park of artillery and a number of caissons passed through Frankfort, and crossed the Main. On the 16th the 1st battalion of the 24th regiment of the line, which for a month past has been in garrison at Frankfort, left that city, after fifty cartridges had been distributed to every soldier.

A corps of 12,000 men will set out in a few days from Mentz for the right bank of the Rhine. His majesty, the emperor Napoleon, is expected in that city, where preparations are making for his reception.

The French troops continue to pass through the pontifical state in Calabria. Fevers prevail in Italy, which carry off a great number of French soldiers.

The marshals Mortier, Ney, and Augereau, after having received couriers from Paris, have set out with all speed for that capital, where they will receive, it is said, new instructions relative to the circumstances of the moment.

*Berlin, Sept. 20.* The courier who was expected with so much impatience, and who brings the answer to the propositions, which M. de Knobelsdorf was charged to make to the court of France, at length arrived here on Wednesday, the 17th instant, at one in the afternoon, and lieutenant-colonel Krusemark set out the same day at three o'clock for St. Petersburg. We learn by the dispatches which this courier has brought, that his majesty the emperor Napoleon demanded that his Prussian majesty should cede the whole of Westphalia as well as the country of Marck.

The guards set out to-day, and the *guards du corps* will follow to-morrow.

The hereditary prince of Saxe-Cobourg accompanies the king to the army.

A courier arrived from Paris has brought advice that the marquis de Lucchesini had left Paris, and that he would probably arrive here in four or five days.

M. Beaulieu, aid-de-camp to field-marshal Berthier, arrived here some days since, charged, it is said, to demand of our court the cause of its armaments. This officer will set out on his return, it is said, to-morrow. His arrival, it is said, has given occasion to several conferences between count Haugwitz and the French minister.

Baron de Jacobi Kloert set out yesterday morning for Hamburg.

We learn that a considerable corps of Russian troops has received permission to traverse southern Prussia and Silesia, and that general Chlebowsky, at Warsaw, has received orders to conduct this corps.

His majesty will set out to-morrow without fail for the army. The cabinet and all the aids-de-camps of the sovereign will follow him immediately. The cabinet minister M. de Haugwitz will join the king on Monday, at the head-quarters.

No preparations have yet been observed at the hotel of the French am-



bassador for the departure of that minister; the conferences between count Haugwitz and him continue as usual.

*Paderborn, Sept. 22.* According to report his highness the elector of Hesse has declared his territory neutral, and appointed a considerable body of troops to protect its neutrality. The Prussian troops, which are numerous in our vicinity, appear to have orders punctually to respect this neutrality, as they carefully avoid our frontier.

*Paris, Sept. 26.* Their imperial and royal majesties set out from St. Cloud, in the night between Wednesday and Thursday. The emperor, it is supposed, proceeds towards Mayence.—*Moniteur.*

Cardinal Maury has been appointed chaplain to prince Jerome Bonaparte, and declared one of the French cardinals.

Letters from Toulon state, that orders have been received there for building twelve ships of the line. The funds are appropriated, and some of the ships already on the stocks.

*Ulm, Sept. 26.* All the divisions of the grand army stationed in Suabia and Bavaria, have received orders to march for Franconia. Thus, in a short time, there will be no longer any French troops in those two circles, as their force will be assembled in the course of eight or ten days in Franconia and the Upper Palatinate. It is thought that immediately on war breaking out, the French troops will rapidly occupy the margravate of Bareuth, in order to advance from thence by the Vogtland, against the army of prince Hohenlohe.

The division of marshal Ney is also marching from Franconia. The headquarters of this army will be here to-morrow. We expect this evening two regiments of cavalry, and to-morrow two regiments of infantry. Two regiments of infantry are also to arrive to-morrow at Elsinghen; and two regiments of infantry, and a division of artillery, on the 28th, at Albeck; on the same day the grand park of artillery will arrive at Elsinghen, and two regiments of infantry and a division of artillery at Laupheim. Yesterday there was a great number of troops at Biberack, Buchau, the banks

of the Neversee, and in all the neighbouring places. A part of the cavalry is to assemble between Moeskirch and Pfulendorf, it will traverse the kingdom of Wirtemberg. It is added, that, after having passed the Danube, all these troops will advance, in different columns, towards the states of Saxony.

All the letters from Sturgard speak of an expected marriage between the princess Frederica Catherina, daughter of the king of Wirtemberg, with his imperial highness prince Jerome, brother to his majesty the emperor Napoleon.

They expect in that city general Duroc, grand marshal of the palace, who is, it is said, charged to make a demand of the king of Wirtemberg. It is added, that the marriage is to be celebrated in the month of October, and that preparations are already making for the *fêtes* which will take place at that epoch.

*From the Main, Sept. 27.* The following is the strength and situation of the different corps of the French army in our and other countries:—That of marshal Soult is concentrated between Pfaffenhosen, Neumarkt, and Ingoldstadt. Marshal Bernadotte is posted between Nuremberg and Forth: both corps are under the command of the latter, and make a total of 60,000 men. Marshal Davoust's corps, on its march from Oettingen to Anspach, to reinforce the former, consists of 3000 men. Marshal Lefebvre's corps (*ci-devant* Mortier's) is drawing towards Schweinfurt, to form a junction with the troops in that quarter, making in the whole 20,000 men. Marshal Ney is advancing from Suabia to Franconia. All the troops on the Were are assembling near Hemelburg, to march by way of Frankfort and Aschaffenburg, to reinforce marshal Augereau.

*Berlin, Oct. 4.* The French envoy, M. Laforet, merely asked passports for himself and family. The courier, however, which arrived from the king's head-quarters, brought him passports for all the persons belonging to the French embassy, and they will leave Berlin this day or to-morrow. M. Laforet has this day taken leave of all his acquaintances here.



## HOME NEWS.

*Plymouth, September 30.*

ALL the transports almost, except a few returned for more troops expected here from the eastward, forty-four in number, have sailed for Falmouth, under convoy of the Plover, 18 guns, there to wait for further orders, before they proceed to Buenos Ayres, the place of their destination. It is said the hurricane overtook rear-admiral Strachan's squadron, northward of Barbadoes, and that the Cæsar, the flag-ship, carried away her main-mast, and she and the other three ships bore away for Jamaica.

Four sail of the line are just come to in Cawsand bay; but whether they are the remainder of sir R. Strachan's squadron, or from the Channel fleet, or Rochefort squadron, to refit, is not yet known. The intelligence of what they are will reach the admiralty by telegraphic dispatch.

*Portsmouth, Oct. 1.* This morning the 9th regiment of dragoons, commanded by colonel Mahon, embarked on board of transports lying in the harbour. We are sorry to say that last night upwards of 100 of them attempted to rescue a man belonging to that regiment out of confinement. He had committed an act which made him amenable to such punishment. The inhabitants, who are strangers to such violations of the peace, instantly resisted their attempts. Finding their purposes thwarted, they repaired to their barracks, armed themselves with their cutlasses, and again sallied forth. Very providentially the inhabitants had given the alarm to the main-guard house, and a party of men of the 18th regiment, commanded by the honourable colonel

Colvill, had previously arrived at the gaol, and were guarding it from their menaced attack: when the men of the 9th arrived to make their attack on the persons who were guarding the doors, to their discomfiture and astonishment, they ran against the bayonets of the 18th, who made an effectual charge and dispersed them. The inhabitants were much alarmed, and many of them were wounded and grossly insulted by them. W. Goldson, esq. the late mayor, was struck at, whilst acting in the discharge of his duty. General sir George Prevost, sir John Carter, J. A. Carter, esq. mayor, and all the magistrates were active in quelling the riot, assisted by a number of constables. This unpleasant riot ended by four of the ringleaders being confined in the black-hole.

*London, Oct. 1.* Her royal highness the princess of Wales set out this afternoon, in her barouche and six, from her seat at Blackheath, to dine with Mr. Locke, at his seat at Norbury-park, two miles beyond Leatherhead. Her royal highness was accompanied by lady Sheffield and miss Cholmondeley, the latter of whom had been, for some days, on a visit to her royal highness, at Blackheath. The party proceeded in perfect safety until they approached Leatherhead, when the barouche, in turning a sharp corner, was unfortunately upset. Her royal highness was thrown out with great violence, and received a severe hurt upon her shoulder. It was first feared that it was dislocated, but that is not the fact. She received some other bruises; but, we are happy to say, her royal highness is not dangerously hurt. Lady Sheffield received no injury, ex-



cept what was occasioned by fright; but miss Cholmondeley was killed upon the spot. So great was the violence with which this unfortunate lady was thrown out of the carriage, that her head coming in contact with the post, her skull was fractured, and instant death was the consequence. She was immediately taken to the Swan Inn, at Leatherhead, where surgical assistance was procured, but the vital spark had fled, never to return. Her royal highness the princess of Wales and lady Sheffield, when recovered a little from their excessive terror, returned in an agony of grief to Blackheath. We are happy to state that they were both better yesterday, and that no apprehension was entertained that either of them had received any serious personal injury. The princess is, however, much bruised. An express was immediately sent to lady Willoughby, to apprise her of the melancholy accident, and her ladyship instantly communicated the dismal tidings to earl Percy, at Northumberland house, through whom most of her other relatives and friends were made acquainted with the sad story.

Miss Cholmondeley was daughter of the late honourable and reverend Robert Cholmondeley, rector of Hartinford, Bury, and St. Andrew's, Hertford, who was son of the third earl Cholmondeley and uncle to the present earl. Mrs. Cholmondeley, this lamented lady's venerable parent, is living, and resides at her house in Jermyn-street. From her advanced age, and precarious state of health, the most alarming consequences are expected when she learns the fatal accident. Lady Bellingham, wife to sir William Bellingham, bart. of Castle Bellingham, Ireland, is now her only surviving daughter. Miss Cholmondeley was about forty years of age, of the most refined and elegant manners, and beloved by all who had the honour of her acquaintance.

The same day, lady Virginia Murray, daughter of the earl of Dunmore, accompanied by miss Thorpe, met with a very unpleasant accident, as they were driving over Twickenham Common, in a single horse chaise, followed by a groom on horseback. The horse being

a very spirited young one, took fright at something, and set off at full speed. Lady Virginia still kept her seat, and strove to manage the fiery animal, whilst miss Thorpe screamed with the fright; at length, from the ground being uneven, both ladies, by a jolt of the chaise, were thrown out. The groom, who drove up in order to seize the horse, made an effort to dismount; but his horse also taking fright, threw him into a ditch, by which accident his collar bone was broke, and was otherwise much bruised; but we are happy to state, that both ladies escaped with the exception of a few scratches and the fright. Lady Virginia very humanely assisted to pull the groom out of the ditch, and applied the smelling-bottle to his nose; after a few minutes he was able to walk to the countess of Dunmore's house, on Twickenham Common. The chaise was torn into a thousand pieces.

*Plymouth, Oct. 2.* Yesterday arrived a fine French frigate, of 44 guns, called *Le President*, from the West Indies, taken by the *Canopus*, admiral Louis. It is said she is the frigate that has committed such depredations on the coast of Africa.—This moment we have the further satisfaction to add the capture of four more, two of which have just arrived.—It seems, on the 24th September, five frigates and a corvette sailed from Rochefort, for the West Indies, with two thousand troops on board. On the 25th, admiral sir Samuel Hood fell in with them and gave chase; the *Monarch* first got up, and came to action; the *Centaur*, *Polyphemus*, &c. soon followed.—They took four of them, viz. *L'Indefatigable* and *La Gloire*, arrived here; and *La Minerva* is gone into Portsmouth with sir Samuel Hood, who, we are sorry to say, has lost his right arm.—We have lost about forty killed and wounded. The *Mars*, *Monarch*, *Polyphemus*, and *Achille*, with another French frigate, are now coming in.

*Portsmouth, Oct. 3.* This morning came in the French frigate *Armide*, of 44 guns, one of the largest class of frigates, with fifteen ports of a side—she was captured off Rochefort, with three others, of the same size, by commodore



sir Samuel Hood's squadron. The Centaur arrived with her; and we are sincerely sorry to state, that sir Samuel was wounded early in the action by a musket ball in the arm, which has since been amputated. The frigates sustained the contest with a bravery bordering on temerity; and, considering the nature of the conflict, our ships sustained great loss in killed and wounded. The frigates were crowded with troops, whose incessant fire killed and wounded a great number of our brave fellows. The action lasted, a running fight, upwards of an hour, owing to several of our ships not being able to come up. The Centaur's loss is two killed and six wounded. They were going either to Buenos Ayres or Martinique. The names of the other frigates taken were, La Gloire, L'Indefatigable, and La Minerve. One escaped, by superior sailing. The Monarch, being the first ship that got up, bore the brunt of the action. Sir Samuel Hood's loss has not the least impaired his spirits, or injured his health.

*Plymouth, Oct. 4.* The squadron of five frigates and a corvette, with 2500 troops on board, got out of Rochefort the 24th ult. thinking, they not seeing sir S. Hood on his old station, he was gone into port; but he was cruising in the bay, and fortunately his squadron of seven sail of the line, viz. Centaur, 74, commodore sir S. Hood, bart. Captain, 74, Monarch, 74, Revenge, 74, Windsor Castle, 98, Achille, 84, and Polyphemus, 64, discovered them on the morning of the 25th ult. and chased them one hundred miles. The Monarch first got up, and was engaged with three of the frigates nearly an hour before the rest of the squadron came up, when soon four of them struck. Sir S. Hood, it is said, lost his arm in the following manner:—His ship, the Centaur, 74, had cleared the quarter-deck of one of the frigates, but her tops were full of sharpshooters, one of which observing sir S. Hood leaning on his right hand on the railing of the quarter-deck, giving orders, fired directly at him, with such precision, that the ball entered and passed though between the wrist and the elbow, lodging below the shoulder—from the shattered condition of the arm, the gallant commodore, finding it necessary,

suffered amputation with the greatest fortitude and heroism, and is as well as can be expected. He is gone up to Spithead in his own ship, with La Minerve, 44, and Armidée, 44. La President, 44, captured by admiral Louis, with La Gloire, 44, and L'Indefatigable, 44, prizes to commodore Hood, arrived here, are gone up the harbour to be stripped and examined, to see if they are fit for the service.

This Rochefort squadron of frigates from their out-fit, being victualled for eight months, and having 2500 troops, with artillery, on board, makes it evident that they were not destined for the West Indies, but for the recapture of Buenos Ayres, which has fortunately been prevented by their being taken by one of our squadrons.

*Portsmouth, Oct. 7.* Lady Hood met with an accident in going on board the Centaur, which providentially did not end as was feared. Her ladyship, in the tender anxiety to see her brave husband, did not wait for the chair to be hoisted out, and in going up the ship's side her foot slipped, and she fell into the water. Much alarm was instantly felt for her safety, it being quite dark (three o'clock in the morning), but the exertions made to rescue her being instantaneous, her ladyship was taken safe into the ship.

*London, Oct. 9.* To-day, about half-past four o'clock, the lord mayor received the following communication from lord Howick:

Lord Howick presents his compliments to the lord mayor, has the honour to transmit, for the information of his lordship, a copy of a message just received from Deal.

Downing-street, Oct. 8, 1806.

“Telegraph message from Deal, seven minutes past one, *p. m.* 8th Oct. 1806: A message arrived—lord Lauderdale quits Paris to-morrow—Clyde frigate ordered to attend.

(Signed) “J. SHAW, mayor.

“Mansion-house, half-past four, *p. m.*”

(True copy.)

When the telegraphic communication arrived, ministers were at the levee at the queen's house. They there received the information. On their re-



turn they met, and the note was dispatched to the lord mayor.

Immediately upon receiving it, his lordship proceeded to the Royal Exchange, which was very full of merchants, and informed them that he had a communication of the greatest moment. He then read the note from lord Howick. No sooner had his lordship concluded, than a loud and universal huzza burst from the assembly, and three cheers were given. His lordship read the note a second time in another part of the Exchange, and was again greeted with three cheers. From the Royal Exchange he proceeded to Lloyd's coffee-house. The plaudits were again repeated and prolonged, and the communication was received with three times three. Joy pervaded every countenance, and every man congratulated his neighbour upon the failure of the negotiation.

*Deal, Oct. 12.* This morning, about a quarter past eleven, guns were heard firing in the direction of Boulogne, and, as they soon ceased, we supposed they were saluting lord Lauderdale on his departure. About twelve we could discern the Clyde frigate under sail, carrying all she could, a fine fair breeze from the east, and a charming day. About three she arrived in the Downs, furled sails, and lay to. The admiral's barge and a custom-house cutter had gone out to meet her. In about ten minutes after she drew up, the yards were manned; lord Lauderdale's luggage in one boat, his lordship, with his secretaries Ross and Scott the messengers, &c. in another, set sail from the ship. The crew gave three cheers from the yards, and a salute of sixteen guns was fired. The sight was beautiful, the day being fine, and at one time the boats, ship, and all, were enveloped in smoke. In ten minutes his lordship's barge ran on the beach, where about two thousand spectators were assembled to receive him.

*Dover, Oct. 12.* On Wednesday night an attack was made on Boulogne by forty boats: twenty of the largest went in and discharged the rockets, and the other twenty merely supplied them with fresh stores when those in their own boats were exhausted. The

blaze is described to have been very terrific, and the fire on shore burnt for eleven hours. It is clearly ascertained that these rockets will set fire to any thing where they fall, and the fire cannot be extinguished until their combustibles are quite burnt out.

## BIRTHS.

*Sept. 11.* At Stagbury, in Surry, the right honourable lady Margaret Walpole, of a son.

16. At Exmouth, the lady of captain Martin, 1st regiment of guards, of a son.

20. At Southgate, the lady of William Curtis, esq. of a daughter.

23. At Grange, Yorkshire, the seat of John Lister Kaye, esq. the right hon. lady Amelia Kaye, of a daughter.

25. The lady of colonel Pulleine, of Carleton-hall, Yorkshire, of a son.

The lady of James Johnstone, esq. of Alva, of a son.

26. The hon. Mrs. Montgomerie Stewart, of a son.

29. At Middleton-hall, Carmarthen, the lady of sir Wm. Paxton, of a son.

The lady of Henry Howard, esq. M.P. of a daughter, at her house, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square.

At Sidmouth, Devon, the lady of major Wm. Laurence Young, eldest son of sir Wm. Young, bart. of a son and heir.

*Oct. 2.* At the general's house, in Parliament-street, the right hon. lady Charlotte Lenox, of a son.

6. At the countess of Wells' house, the lady of John Burnett, esq. of a daughter.

9. At Kingston-house, Bucks, the lady of sir Digby Mackworth, bart. of a son.

At her house in Lambeth, the lady of the hon. T. W. Coventry of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

*Sept. 16.* By the lord bishop of Norwich, at Oulton, the rev. Samuel Pitman, A.M. late of Christ-college, Cambridge, and domestic chaplain to the right hon. lord Byron, to miss Bell, only daughter and sole heiress of the late



Coulson Bell, esq. of Oulton-hall, in the county of Norfolk.

18. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, James Everard Arundell, esq. of Irnham-hall, in the county of Lincoln, to miss Mary Jones, daughter of Robert Burnet Jones, esq. of Hereford-street.

25. At Westport-house, the seat of the marquis of Sligo, John Cator, esq. of Beckenham-place, Kent, to miss Mahon, eldest daughter of Ross Mahon, esq. of Castlegar, county of Galway, Ireland, and niece to the marquis of Sligo.

29. At Stoke church, near Plymouth, major Duckworth, of the 57th regiment, only son of the gallant admiral sir J. T. Duckworth, K.B. to miss P. Fenshaw, fifth daughter of R. Fenshaw, esq. commissioner of his majesty's dock-yard at the port of Plymouth.

At Bromley, in Kent, by the bishop of Rochester, Edward Hawkins, jun. esq. of Court Herbert, Glamorganshire, to miss Eliza Rohde, daughter of major Rohde, esq. of Oakley farm.

30. At Hecton-park, Yorkshire, by special licence, Thomas George Fitzgerald, esq. of Oaklands, in the county of Mayo, Ireland, and major of the 101st regiment, to miss Field, daughter of Joshua Field, esq.

Oct. 2. At Kingston, Surry, Mr. R. Baldwin, of Lamb's Conduit-street, to Maria, daughter of Henry Baldwin, esq. of Kingston.

5. At Exmouth, Devon, by the rev. William Moreton, rector of Titsey, Surry, Cheseldon Henson, esq. son of Robert Henson, esq. of Bainton-house, Northamptonshire, to miss Master, only daughter of the rev. Leigh Hoskins Master, of Derbyshire, late rector of Lympsfield, Surry.

6. At Weymouth, major Parry Jones, 90th regiment, eldest son of Thomas Parry Jones esq. of Madrin, Carnarvonshire, to miss Stevenson, only daughter of Robert Stevenson, esq. Morton-hall, Chiswick.

7. At St. George's church, Bloomsbury, by the rev. William Aislabie, Richard Teasdale, esq. of the Inner Temple, to Mrs. de la Chaumette, daughter of the late Rawson Aislabie,

of Newington, in the county of Middlesex, esq.

8. At Leominster, Herefordshire, Frederick Secretan, esq. of the Paragon, Kent-road, to miss Coleman, daughter of T. Coleman, esq. of that place.

At St. Dunstan's east, the rev. J. T. Hutchins, to Jane, second daughter of Daniel Shuley, esq.

11. By special licence, at the house of lady Finches, in Hereford-street, the rev. George Moore, eldest son of the late archbishop of Canterbury, to miss Harriet Mary Bridges, youngest daughter of the late sir Brook Bridges, bart. of Goodnestone, in the county of Kent.

At Weston church, Yorkshire, by the rev. Henry Brown, Charles Smith, esq. of Summer-castle, Lancashire, to miss Berkin, youngest daughter of the late William Berkin, esq. of Sutton, Surry, and niece of Thomas March Phillipps, esq. of Carendon-park, Leicestershire.

At St. George, Bloomsbury, John A. Bristow, esq. to miss Elizabeth Lamb, daughter of Thomas Lamb, esq. of Bedford-street, Bedford-square.

## DEATHS.

Sept. 18. At Woodhouse-place, near Mansfield, Hayman Rooke, esq. in his 84th year.

24. At his seat, near Crickowell, of an apoplectic seizure, John Gell, esq. admiral of the white squadron of his majesty's fleet.

26. At Cope-hall, near Newbury, Berks, the seat of B. Bunbury, esq. miss E. Cowling, second daughter of Henry Cowling, esq. of Richmond, Yorkshire.

27. The rev. John Mordaunt, youngest son of sir John Mordaunt, bart.

In the little cloisters, Westminster-abbey, the rev. William Cole, D. D. prebendary of Westminster, rector of Mersham, and vicar of Shoreham, in Kent.

At Thoresby, in the county of Lincoln, the rev. Thomas Birch, many years rector of that parish.

29. At his house, at Bona Vista, near Lymington, sir Matthew Blackiston, bart.



THE  
**LADY'S MAGAZINE,**  
 OR  
**ENTERTAINING COMPANION**  
 FOR  
**THE FAIR SEX;**

APPROPRIATED  
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1806.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:*

- 1 BOTANY, Plate XII.
- 2 PORTRAIT of the Right Honourable CHARLES JAMES FOX.
- 3 LONDON FASHIONABLE WALKING and FULL DRESS.
- 4 PATTERNS for BORDERS and TRIMMINGS.

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 Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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S. T.'s *Fragment* is intended for our next.

The *Thoughts on Nature and Society* are recommended to the author's revision.

The *Poetical Pieces* transmitted by Mr. F. are received, and shall have a place either in our next or the Supplement.

Eugenio's Essay is received, and shall appear.







*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*THE RIGHT HONORABLE*  
*CHARLES JAMES FOX.*

*London Published as the Act directs Decr 1806. by G. Robinson Paternoster Row.*



## LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For NOVEMBER, 1806.

MEMOIRS of the LIFE of the Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

*(With his Portrait, elegantly engraved.)*

CHARLES James Fox was born on the thirteenth of January, 1749. and was the second son of Henry first lord Holland, by lady Georgina Carolina, eldest daughter of the late duke of Richmond. By the mother's side, therefore, he was descended from the royal house of Stuart, and not only related to most of the ancient families of rank in this kingdom, but actually allied to the present reigning family.

His father Henry was the younger son of sir Stephen Fox, celebrated less for his own birth, than the circumstance of becoming a father at the age of eighty; an event rendered in the present instance unsuspecting, by the unimpeachable conduct and acknowledged virtue of his lady. Henry entered early into public life; and such was his address in parliament during the reign of George II., that he soon attained some of the most arduous and honourable but also the most lucrative situations in the gift of the crown; for in the year 1754 he was appointed secretary at war, then secretary of state for the southern department; and after being compelled to yield to the opposing abilities of the great Mr. Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham, we find him filling the immensely beneficial office of paymaster-gene-

ral of the forces, and thus accumulating great wealth. In 1763, he was raised by his present majesty to the dignity of a peer, by the title of baron Holland of Foxley.

The father of Mr. Fox, though addicted to libertine habits in the early part of his life, was exemplary for the care he took of his children's education. He very soon perceived in his son Charles James a genius which would one day attract universal admiration. His rapid progress in the acquisition of classical learning at Eton school, obtained him a decided superiority in every class he entered. As his father had always encouraged him to think freely, he acquired the habit of speaking readily; and, therefore, in every enterprise which required an orator, he was generally fixed on by his playmates for their leader. That manliness which a wise parent inspired him with while young, never left him for a moment under any circumstance of life. He was under the direction of Dr. Barnard, while at Eton; but he had Dr. Newcombe, the late bishop of Waterford, for private tutor, who thought, with reason, that he derived more celebrity from the circumstance of having such pupil, than from any preferment whatever in the church. Nothing



can better shew the strength of his mind, and of his constitution, than that by turns literature, by turns dissipation, appeared to engross his whole attention; and yet the apparent preference of the one was not allowed to interfere with the other. He was observed never to be satisfied with mediocrity in any pursuit. Whatever he set his heart on he followed with ardor. Lord Carlisle was a cotemporary, and so admired the young Mr. Fox for his generosity and penetration in speaking, that he wrote the following beautiful verses in prophecy of what might be expected from this precocious and elegant scholar.

‘How will my Fox, alone, by strength of  
parts,  
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts  
Of fearful statesmen! while around you  
stand  
Both peers and commons, listening your  
command;  
While Sully’s sense its weight to you affords,  
His nervous sweetness shall adorn your  
words.  
What praise to Pitt, to Townsend, e’er was  
due,  
In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.’

From Eton he went to Oxford, where he is said to have read nine or ten hours every day, during the whole term, without inconvenience from a series of nocturnal rambles, in which he displayed equal assiduity. The tedious uniformity of a college did not agree with the ardor of his mind. His talents were not to be chained to the frigid acquisition of science, and the languid enjoyments of a contemplative life. He wished for active and enterprising scenes, and obtained leave of his father to make the usual tour.

Though every thing in the form of luxury and dissipation struck his fancy, yet had he an equal appetite for inquiry; and no man was better qualified to derive instruction from that novelty which travelling affords. To resist the attractions of French vivacity and Italian luxury, he had

the considerations of his country’s welfare, and the honour of his character. These were sometimes of too feeble an influence to prevent him from taking intoxicating pleasure, and withholding him from the gaming-table.

Those who have been accustomed to see Mr. Fox of late years, without being much acquainted with the particulars of his early life, will scarcely believe that at this period he was one of the most finished beaux, that he dressed in the extreme of the fashion, and vied in point of *red-heels* and *Paris cut velvet* with the most shewy men of the times.

His father, being apprised of these excesses, urged him to return home. He was obliged to comply; and from the theatre of dissipation and pleasure he was transplanted into that of oratory and politics. If the former had been to him more attractive and fascinating, this was the most important and honourable: and the father being no stranger to the lively and impetuous disposition of his son, foresaw that a seat in parliament would detach him from a course which threatened injury to his health, and ruin to his fortune. Lord Holland, therefore, at the general election in 1768, procured him the return for Midhurst, in Sussex. Every person under age is, by law, incompetent to judge for himself, and still less deemed capable of making laws for others; on this ground he was ineligible to sit in the house of commons, not being quite twenty years of age. However this happened, whether by design or accidental oversight in the committee of privileges and in the speaker, it may be considered as a singular circumstance in this great political actor entering on the public stage. No notice being taken of his non-age (for it could not but be known)



was perhaps a compliment of indulgence, or some other venal motive in those who counted on his support at his outset. The exertions and display of talents in a youth never fail to conciliate good-will, and even affection: it has since been the case with his rival, Mr. Pitt. No member in his noviciate ever excited so much anxiety and expectation. He satisfied the fondest hopes of all who knew him. He was the subject of conversation in every fashionable company. His mode of speaking had so much originality in it, and had so much of the voice of nature, that he attracted universal admiration.

His maiden speech was on the subject of Mr. Wilkes's petition from the king's bench prison, to be admitted to take his seat, and thereby satisfy the desire of his constituents. It is true, that on this question he did not take the popular side; the side on which the best and most constitutional lawyers declared the justice to lie. It has been imagined, that if he had favoured that side he would not have been allowed to retain his seat, on account of his minority.

Thus his parliamentary career began in the support of the measures of government; and so much did the minister of that day value that support, that in a short time Mr. Fox was advanced to a seat at the admiralty-board. No sooner, however, was he made acquainted with the arcana of government than he retired in disgust, as his friends say (and we have no reason or desire to deny it) because his honest mind recoiled at the measures that were preparing for the ill-judged and unfortunate American war. The measures, however, were said to have been softened down, and he was persuaded to resume his seat for a short time, when in December, 1772, he was raised to a seat at the admiralty-

board. On this occasion he was twitted by the opposition as a placeman; and these reproaches he parried by steadily, and in a manly way, denying the acceptance of his appointment as the price of his services. He in some measure silenced the clamours of his antagonists, by declaring that he should support the measures of the government no longer than while he believed from his conscience they were calculated to promote the welfare of the British empire. He had here a difficult task to perform, for the blunders of the minister required the greatest abilities to cover or excuse them. It is no trifling instance of the mutability of human affairs, that the first colleague of Mr. Fox should be lord North, and the first oratorical adversary Mr. Edmund Burke! It ought, however, to be remembered, that though these great men exercised the keenest wit and raillery against each other, nothing in the least personal or invidious entered into their attacks, replies, or rejoinders. Mr. Fox was always ready to treat the brilliant talents of his opponents with that eminent and respectful distinction to which they were justly entitled.

While he continued an advocate for the minister, he had a great deal of invective to withstand, and suspicion to rebut. The political opinions he defended were not calculated to acquire him popularity. For one of those opinions he was severely attacked by the then lord advocate of Scotland. He defended himself, however, very ably; and supposing the sentiment he had been charged with had fallen from his lips in the warmth of debate, some allowance ought to be made for the inadvertence of youth. The sentence in dispute was, whether he had said the voice of the public was to be collected in that house, or only in that house.



He denied that a just interpretation had been put on his words, and appealed to every one who had heard him, whether in the opinion he had given concerning the Middlesex election he did not rest his argument on the power of the people.

Whichever party was wrong in this dispute, the time was soon to come when this promising statesman would have an opportunity of manifesting those opinions, which could not fail to appear congenial to his nature. The minister was not insensible to the consequence of such a loss. Mr. Fox was tired of his tutelage: and lord North would relinquish no share of his influence to him. All men are fond of power, and few are disposed to grant a partial surrender of it, even to their confidential friends. Lord North and Mr. Fox separated; the latter insisting upon an opinion of his own, and the former resolving to admit of no coadjutor.

The immediate cause of this difference and separation appears to be at present but imperfectly known. It is said to have been at first occasioned by the refusal of some petty appointment; and was increased on the memorable examination of the rev. Mr. Horne, now John Horne Took, at the bar of the house of commons, as the supposed author of a paper which treated with great freedom the speaker of the house of commons (Sir Fletcher Norton). Mr. Fox, however, was anticipated in his intention of resigning by the following laconic billet:

‘His majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the treasury to be made out, in which I do not perceive your name.

‘NORTH.’

*The Hon. Mr. Fox.*

The manner in which this note was handed over to Mr. Fox, being

through one of the door-keepers, increased that resentment and contempt, which had now taken place of confidence and esteem; nevertheless he voted with administration for a short time, though he scarcely ever spoke on that side. At length, however, he seceded from the treasury bench, and took his seat on the opposite side.

He was now in the proper sphere for displaying and exercising his unequalled talents. He joined a band of patriots, whose efforts will long be remembered with gratitude. Mr. Fox commenced his system of opposition in the midst of circumstances which enabled him to foresee and foretel the calamities of the public, and that with an instantaneous decision which begat in his hearers a confidence in the resolutions of his enlightened mind. For some years the administration had been rendered an object of popular jealousy, owing to the almost general exclusion of the whig interest from any share in the government. The Scotch, less friendly to liberty, had more favour at court; and this gave just cause of offence to the ancient and noble families who had most contributed to the Hanoverian succession. The influence of the crown had increased, and the democratic diminished in the same proportion as the executive power augmented. A number of oppressive statutes, enacted against the interest and consent of our colonies in America, alienated the affections of their inhabitants, and raised just apprehensions of a civil war, which might ultimately endanger the safety of the whole empire. Under this state of things, if it were necessary to assign a strong reason for Mr. Fox joining the opposition, it would be sufficient to say, that one of the best moral and political characters in the kingdom was at the head of it. Such a man



as the late marquis of Rockingham was a sufficient security for the honour of those who acted under him. In this list were seen the distinguished names of Burke, Camden, Barre, and Dunning; names which will long be dear to the country, notwithstanding the unlooked-for conduct of the first of those in the decline of his life. Perhaps there was never an opposition endued with such splendid talents as this, when Mr. Fox joined it. To their great political abilities the country is much indebted. If they did not do every thing that was wished, they did much for the liberties of the people. By the contractors' bill, near fifty court minions, who were capable of sacrificing the public interest to their own, were prevented from sitting in parliament. Above fifty thousand revenue officers, creatures of the crown, and always ready to support the nomination of the treasury, to the injury of the rights and liberties of their fellow subjects, were deprived of their power of voting. The board of trade, a mere lucrative asylum for ministerial apologists, was annihilated and proscribed. Numerous places were either retrenched of their enormous overgrown profits, or entirely suppressed.

No man could ever leave the treasury-bench, and take his seat on that of opposition, under more honourable auspices than Mr. Fox did. During the period he was in office, the claims of America were never debated in parliament; he, therefore, was not only free from blame, in the preposterous policy which involved the country in a civil broil, but had a pledge of the sincerest nature to give to mankind, that he was the voluntary advocate of their rights. He had discernment enough to see, that, if ministers should succeed in extending an arbitrary dominion over those who were pre-

cluded from participation of privileges, they must at the same time forge chains for the future vassalage of their fellow-subjects and posterity.

All his conceptions on the subject of liberty are as just as they are grand. In the early part of the discussions on the topic of America (so soon as December 13, 1774), he affirmed that no reason could be given for exercising a power in America which ought not to be extended to Ireland, and had no idea of exempting one part of the empire from any burthen which materially affected another. On March 6, 1775, he laid down the distinction between internal and external taxation, and pointed the sole way we had left for retaining the sovereignty and monopolising the commerce of America for ever. It was he who called the attention of his majesty's servants to the conduct of France and Spain, and warned them of their hostile designs against the peace and safety of this country; he, therefore, in time, advised the ceasing from our unjust designs of subjugating America, and concentrating our forces to resist the common enemy. In the whole series of hostilities directed against the colonies, Mr. Fox successively protested against them, one by one; and, when he found that they had entered into commercial and amicable treaties with their most catholic and christian majesties, and, consequently, that both these powers became bound in gratitude and good faith to assist them, as well against our resentment, as our endeavours to destroy their connection; he declared that the duty for us to perform, after the bloody transactions our unjust policy had occasioned, was to endeavour to secure a large share of their commerce, by a perpetual alliance, on a federal foundation. The different speeches of Mr. Fox on this interesting subject



all evince the most consummate political sagacity. He took the lead in all the subsequent struggles of that opposition, and at length succeeded in putting an end to a war which, as was emphatically said, had tarnished the honour and glory of Great Britain.

There are some who blame Mr. Fox's opposition, on the grounds of its retarding the necessary movements of the state in time of war. In a masterly speech he delivered on the 3d of March, 1779, introductory to a motion of censure on the first lord of the admiralty, he offered a satisfactory answer to such persons. After speaking of the advantages a despotic government derives from secrecy, and an exemption from public interference in many of its enterprises, where the vigour of exertion is only bounded by the abilities of the state, he beautifully exemplified how much such advantages are overbalanced by those of a free government. 'No society,' said he, 'is constituted solely of war. It would be imprudent not to provide against such a contingency; but absurd to make it the exclusive object of every civil institution. In this respect, therefore, free are infinitely preferable to despotic states. The latter seem modelled, only with a few exceptions, to circumstances of hostility: the former are chiefly calculated for times of peace. These more effectually protect men in their persons and properties, encourage and stimulate the exertions of individuals, call forth and occupy talents in the public service which might otherwise be lost in obscurity, assist the enterprises of trade and commerce, inspire the love of our country, and countenance a spirit of honest independence. No modification of society can be altogether free from inconvenience; but that is certainly best, on the whole, which puts

every man as nearly on a level as possible, by subjecting all equally to the same laws. This happily combines every member of the society in one common interest, and creates a personal as well as a public pride, which, when properly directed and judiciously restrained, is the strongest incitement to magnanimity and glory.' He went on to prove, that no nations have been more generally successful in war than those in which the whole body of the people had a share in the public councils; and cited the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, in exemplification of his observation. If it has been this gentleman's lot to be distinguished more than any other person as an oppositionist, it has arisen from his regard to public honour and public good. He has been heard to say, and he was believed when he said it, that all private aversions he sincerely and solemnly disclaimed; and has often protested, that man was not on earth against whom he harboured the least personal antipathy. 'Maliginity,' he has said, 'I thank God, is a sensation totally foreign to my feelings.' He appealed to his friends and acquaintance, whether nature had cursed him with a disposition so hostile, either to his own or the happiness of others. The same declaration was made on the occasion of his taking a hostile part against sir Hugh Palliser, and defending the character of his gallant and honourable relation, admiral Keppel. The dispute between these two naval officers, and the consequent court-martial, excited a great deal of animosity in the navy. Mr. Fox made an admirable speech in the house of commons, on that occasion: it discovered strong powers of oratory, much political sagacity, a great knowledge of the world, and, above all, an intimate acquaintance with the human heart.

*(To be continued.)*



THE  
ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

(Continued from p. 527.)

CHAP. LXXVI.

FRANCISCO, notwithstanding the violent asseverations of Don Manuel and Garcias, still firmly believed that Orlando and Lorenzo were confined within the precincts of the castle; and as he well knew Elfridii had revealed to Garcias some secret places of imprisonment and torture, invented and formed by the Turks who had inhabited that castle, and which he could never be prevailed upon to impart to him, he resolved upon taking our heroine to the chamber of Elfridii, whom he had not visited since his hasty return from Italy. He had every reason to believe, from all that had occurred in their late conversations, that the conte had some invincible reasons for not imparting to him any of the secrets his mind laboured with, and the only hope he now feared he had left was centred in Victoria. In her presence he would announce to Elfridii the dreadfully mysterious disappearance of Theodore and Sebastian; and the pleadings of her youth, her fascinations, her affection for Theodore, Francisco believed the conte would find resistless, and that the magic of her charms would at once dispel all the clouds of secrecy that had hitherto so thickly enveloped Elfridii.

Fearing the eyes of observation should he lead Victoria through the church, or any part of the castle known to the Officials, Francisco determined to conduct her through those horrid caverns known only to himself, Elfridii, Don Manuel, and Garcias, and which led alike to the tomb of Viola and the castle treasury. For many hours preceding that appointed for his meeting

Victoria, Francisco had been brooding over the calamities that too probably awaited all those so dear to his affections. Grief, disappointment, uncertainty, and anticipated evil, had worked his susceptible feelings into such a state of gloom, almost approaching to despair, that justice and humanity seemed chased from their seat; and this versatile character, in sullen malignity, almost ripe for any act of desperation, led our heroine through those scenes of horror, rather deriving satisfaction from than pitying her natural terrors; for so savage, so misanthropic had the despondency of his mind at that period made him, that he looked then upon Victoria with the most envenomed deadly hate, as the cause of all he suffered; and vainly then did his better feelings whisper how innocently she had caused those evils which wrung his soul and warped it from humanity; and the almost phrensied state of his mind more than once inspired the horrid thought of satiating his vindictive feelings in the murder of Victoria; but still his better thoughts would interpose to moderate his passions, and by lessening his hatred and injustice, now and then obtain for her a softened thought or word.

The wretched Sanguinario had been placed in that comfortless and desolate spot, by the policy of Garcias, to terrify any person, whether led that way by chance or by design, from venturing further towards the treasury. Francisco conjecturing that the flight of Garcias might have left this miserable creature without a supply of food, took some provision for him, in the basket he had provided with nourishment for those he faintly hoped this visit to Elfridii would prove the means of leading him to find.

The reiterated yells of Sanguinario, the deriding repetition of the



own shriek, with the soft whisper, and the loud and low responses from above, were all the magical work of echo, from the extraordinary, though hidden, but natural effect of sound in that wide range of cavern chambers, as they varied their situation in them.

The chamber of death was in fact the entrance to the treasury, and the strange characters upon the door were caused by the effect of torch-light upon fossils placed there, as all the horrid machinery of the chamber was for the purpose of terrifying any invader who might discover the treasury, and rashly attempt to enter it.

A wonderfully ingenious artificer of Geneva, who was conveying a mechanical exhibition from his own country to Naples, unfortunately fell into the hands of these rapacious pirates. The barbarian Garcias, availing himself of this hapless citizen's talents, employed him to make all that machinery which struck Victoria with such fearful amazement in that chamber. An adjoining cell was appropriated for working all this mechanism in; and the moment all was fully completed, the arch-fiend Garcias confined the ill-fated unsuspecting artisan for life within that lonely cell, to work his own machinery, with every dreadful threat of the infliction of the most horrible species of torture, should it fail to act upon the entrance of any one. The moment foot-steps approached the door, an unerring sound was faithfully conveyed to the cell to call its wretched inhabitant to his operation, which he was compelled to aid with his own voice, and to sing while his heart was bursting with anguish; and so frequently did Garcias go thither to watch his vigilance, and so fearful was the miserable captive of some more dreadful punishment, that he

never once failed in the task assigned him.

The illuminations of the altar were, like the characters upon the door, caused by the reflexion of strong light upon minerals; and when the automaton raised the dart, it was powerfully charged with electric matter, to fall heavily upon that rash being who, deriding such apparent terrors, should attempt to pass on to the treasury.

Although well acquainted with every secret of this chamber, Francisco's mind was so occupied by other matters of importance, that he not once thought of the uplifted dart; but eagerly anxious to reach Elfridii's chamber, he passed too near, and received a shock that for some time deprived him of all sense and motion. Upon his recovery and missing Victoria, guided by the lantern her humanity left him, he traced her footsteps imprinted upon the sandy soil of the chamber to the door through which she had retreated, and full of rage and vengeance followed her to the chamber of Elfridii.

The dreadful sepulchre through which Victoria passed we have already explained, and the corse she fell over was a wretched traveller who had been massacred in the forest; but not quite dead when precipitated into that dreadful place, he had, guided by a ray of light which emanated through the door of Elfridii's apartment, feebly crawled to the passage in quest of assistance; where overcome by exertion and loss of blood, he shortly after expired.

Elfridii rapidly declined after the night upon which he delivered the packet to the duca di Manfredonia. The shock he received upon beholding his unsuspecting friend, the victim of his matchless perfidy, with the dreadful anxiety he en-



ured for the success of Lorenzo's journey, were more than his debilitated frame could sustain. Daily, nay almost hourly, he found his strength decreased; and the terror he now suffered lest he should be unable to reach Francisco's cave at the time he calculated for the pope's legate to be there, assisted in reducing him to that very state he dreaded. At length, with inexpressible horror, he found himself so completely enervated, that with painful difficulty could he make the last exertion he was ever able to accomplish, that of regaining the packet he had so carefully buried near the grave of Viola; and with these momentous papers once more in his possession, he crawled back to his dreary cell; and passed his time in fervent prayers to Heaven 'not to forsake the house of Manfredonia, but to guide some friend to virtue thither to receive from his hand the confession of his dreadful crimes.'

Stretched upon his miserable stone couch, deprived of every comfort, even now no longer able to obtain the small portion of homely food he had long allowed himself (for he had no attendant, and was now unable to go in quest of sustenance), he spent the last few days of his life in agonies of mind and frame, which we find it impossible to delineate. At length his supplications were attended to. Almighty Providence guided Victoria di Modena to his cell, to receive from him the precious packet, which had it not been so ordained must have fallen into the hands of Francisco, who, for his own safety and that of his beloved son, would have concealed almost every part of its important contents, and, where it was possible, would have turned every incident to the advantage of Don Manuel and his own ambitious schemes: and here too, by this merciful ordinance,

Victoria was permitted to discover a clue which ultimately led her to the preservation of the innocent sufferers she so anxiously sought.

## CHAP. LXXVII.

FROM the time Victoria's arduous undertakings had so happily terminated, the joyful feelings of the versatile Francisco were almost too great for concealment; yet so critical was his situation, that he feared to approach the chambers of his friends, or even to announce himself to Diego. Minutely had he searched the apartment and effects of the late Elfridii; but among many papers nothing could he find relative to our hero's birth, or any one circumstance respecting him or his other *protégée* Matilda. At length his impatience to see Orlando, and his wish to communicate all his fears and disappointments to this beloved youth, urged him to conquer his dread of detection, and led him to risk an interview.

But still wishing, if possible, to prevent discovery, he dropped that paper through a trap-beam from the apartment above, at the moment when Alphonso had struck the feeling heart of Orlando with the dreadful supposition that Matilda entertained an affection for him yet more tender than friendship; and this billet had nearly awakened as much inquietude and jealousy for his sister's peace in the ardent mind of Alphonso, as that delivered by Diego, avowedly from Matilda, had before done. All the pangs which appearances then created were as unfounded as the present; for Matilda wrote to inform Orlando, that she had every reason to apprehend that Francisco had fled with the vile associates of the castle, and with him every clue to his birth or her own.

The painful impression this unexpected intelligence made, with all



the tumult of dreadfully agonising fears, that the flight of Francisco might blight all his hopes of emerging from the mystery which enveloped him, and prevent his daring to present himself as a suitor to Victoria—with the still flattering persuasion, that Sebastian had preserved the mysterious packet for his holiness, and by that means he might yet be led to happiness, awakened all those emotions which stole suspicion into the ingenuous mind of conte Ariosto.

This interview with Francisco aroused new griefs, new doubts and perplexities, in the breast of Orlando. The shock his mind sustained from the news of his mysterious guardian's death, with all the disappointments attending Francisco's search amongst the papers of the deceased, were almost too much for his feeble frame to sustain. All his fondest expectations were now indeed most cruelly threatened; the only hope he had to rest upon was the packet in Sebastian's care:—and while thus painfully, thus delicately situated, honour forbade all communication with Alphonso or Victoria; and his agonised heart only found consolation in the society of Sebastian, which he eagerly sought the moment he was able to leave his chamber, and to whom he faithfully imparted all those secrets which wrung his heart with anguish.

The duca di Manfredonia, now released from captivity, and the free agent of his own will, hesitated not to confide in his beloved pupil his name and rank; and, though unconscious of the real claims this dear youth had upon him, determined to adopt him as his son, and to hasten the moment his health permitted to Rome, to re-instate himself in his long-bereaved rank and possessions, and to deliver that packet to the pon-

tiff supposed to be of so much consequence to Orlando.

Matilda too, Lorenzo determined to provide for and protect; but, not having so high an idea of her prudence as he had of Orlando's, had forborne to explain himself to her: who, fearing she had for ever lost the guardianship of Francisco (as he had commanded Orlando to conceal his being in the castle from Matilda, and every other individual), from some secret pleadings clung to Victoria for protection, though not doubting the friendship of Theodore or Sebastian; and, independent of other feelings, she still considered the auspices of Victoria the most honourable, the most eligible, she could obtain.

At the request of the duca di Manfredonia, Alphonso and Victoria postponed their intended departure from the castle of the Pyrenées, until renovated health and other circumstances permitted him and his children to accompany them. In a very few days after those interesting and affecting discoveries which the important confessions of Elfridi made, the pious resignation of the amiable Lorenzo inspired him with a sufficient degree of fortitude to undertake his last sad, solemn, heart-rending duties to the manes of his adored, ill-fated, inestimable Viola.

Alone he first visited her unhallowed sepulchre; and for ever sacred be the sorrows of the real mourner! Lorenzo, thy griefs could only be equalled by the firmness with which thou didst bear them; and we will not dare to disturb thee in that moment of anguish, which only prayer could lessen; nor shall we attempt to unveil those feelings which in this awful visit tortured and poured balm into thy wounded heart.

In a few subsequent days fathers



Rinaldo and Pierre, with the other monks of St. Lewis, and all the principal ones of the different orders in Cadaques, removed with due solemnity all that now remained of the once beauteous, accomplished, and virtuous Viola to the nave of the castle church, where all the nuns and choirs of the neighbouring monasteries attended to chaunt requiems, and join in all the awful solemn rites the catholic persuasion called for over a murdered corse redeemed from an unhallowed grave.

Lorenzo's never-extinguished tenderness for his defamed Viola would not now suffer him to witness the affecting scene; but Victoria, at his most earnest entreaty, attended, to aid with her voice those requiems which, from the purity of her devotion, he said would sooner ascend to heaven. Though almost subdued by the poignancy of her own feelings, she could not refuse to comply with his wishes. She joined the choir; and in one line of solo, which it was in her part to sing, the excess of her sensibility, the fervour of her piety, led her to breathe cadences of such thrilling pathos, such touching melody, that every auditor was at once subdued by the sensations the magic of her expression forcibly awakened. The choir, bound by the spell, had not power immediately to join in chorus; and for many minutes a total silence would have reigned, had it not been broken by the loud sobs of a numerous congregation, moved by the magic of sweet sounds to weep for the fate of her whom very few of them had ever seen: while a monk of the Carthusian order, who had fixed his station near the coffin, and who had hitherto evinced, by tears and sighs, the most painful emotion, now burst from the weeping throng, and rushed from the church, convulsed with anguish. No wonder, then, that Viola's own child

should feel! Orlando, in dreadful agitation, quitted the church; and, flying for once from the fascinating voice of his Victoria, strove by every exertion of his mind to moderate his sensibility; and then sought his sister, whom he found seated at her father's chamber-door. Matilda would not intrude upon her parent's grief; but, watchful of him, she stationed herself within the reach of sound, and, as she wept for the fate of her mother, echoed every heart-rending sigh, that burst from the agonised bosom of her father.

From the church was the body of Vida conveyed on board a galleon, granted by the Spanish admiralty for the purpose. The state-cabin was hung with all the insignia of woe, for the reception of the body; and over the Spanish colours a black flag was hoisted, escutcheoned with the armorial bearings of the houses of Manfredonia and Palermo. Lorenzo, his children, with Alphonso, Victoria, and all their different adherents, attended the manes of this victim of unmerited vengeance upon this mournful voyage to Naples; quitting for ever that castle, where in misery and bondage many a virtuous being had lingered.

On their way to Naples they touched at the port of Leghorn; from whence fathers Rinaldo and Pierre made as expeditious a journey as possible to Rome, where they laid the dreadful confessions of the late Elfridi before the pontiff; who immediately dispatched his nuncio, with proper attendants and credentials along with these holy fathers, to the court of Naples, to arrange every necessary for a pompous reception of the body of Viola, and to have instant restitution made of the long-surped possessions of Manfredonia and Palermo.

The remains of the lovely unfortunate Viola were therefore received



upon landing by one of the most magnificent processions that ever thronged the streets of Naples. For three days the body lay in all the state of catholic ceremonies, in the church of St. Rosalia, where masses and chants were hourly said and sung for the repose of her soul: and at the expiration of that period, all that remained of this once beautiful fragrant flower, 'nipped by an untimely frost,' was conveyed for interment from Naples to the family mausoleum at Manfredonia; attended through Naples, and for many miles out of the city, by the same magnificent procession of all the religious, and all the equipages belonging to the court and to the nobility of Naples, which had received it from its marine conveyance: for, although so many years had elapsed since the family had been believed extinct, so revered was still the name of Manfredonia, so indelibly had the virtues of that noble race been enrolled upon a tablet of never-fading fame, that every Neapolitan was eager to evince respect and pay attention to a family so villanously estranged so miraculously restored to them.

The long-oppressed and ruined peasantry of Manfredonia, now no longer able to clothe themselves in respectable mourning, decked out with cypress, rosemary and yew came forth to meet their ruefully-lamented, beloved, ancient lord. Despoiled by the depressive tyranny of the usurper of every comfort under heaven, and well remembering the blessings they had enjoyed when vassalage was lightened by the benign and cheering influence of sweet benevolence and philanthropy, the old inspired the young with all their feelings, by tradition of past happiness, united to those awakened by the knowledge of present suffering.

The restoration of that adored,

lamented family was to their anticipating hopes the instantaneous change of direful slavery, and every human misery, to each blessing the world could supply. The sudden transition from long habitual despair to hope and joy broke through every bound of moderation: their rapture was enthusiasm: their happiness evinced itself in wildest tumult, in shouts of transport, in frantic gestures, in shrieks of ecstasy; nor could the efforts of the holy fathers of the neighbouring convents, who set out in solemn procession with the phrensied throng, check the excesses of their turbulent joy, which broke through all restraint, until they beheld the first of that party their eager eyes strained with ardor to behold. It was the *bara* with the body of their once adored respected lady, who had been stolen from them, and basely traduced and murdered by those who had bereaved them of every comfort; and the tumult of joy instantly gave way to a burst of agonised ungovernable grief.

The before solemn procession from Naples was now thrown into the utmost confusion. The young enthusiasts hastened to unyoke the horses, for the honour of themselves drawing the carriages of those they had been taught to love and to regret; while the hysteric sobs and cries of the old women, and piteous groans of the aged men, as they surrounded the hearse, mingled with the shouts of joy and tears of pleasure shed, as all in succession thronged round the carriage of Lorenzo to behold once more their beloved basely-injured lord, rent the air and the bleeding bosoms of those they meant to welcome; while the squalid misery of their emaciated appearance awakened every feeling of pity for the oppression that had thus direfully changed the aspect of this once healthy and happy peasantry.



The effect which such a scene as this must have upon the susceptible heart of Lorenzo, with his feelings upon his return to the castle of his ancestors after such an absence, would baffle the attempts of more experienced and abler historians than ourselves to delineate. So fine, so lovely, so delicate of texture are some of the touches of the human heart, that imagination can only just conceive them; but Nature's own hand alone could trace them. Those of our readers who have known affliction will find in their own prompt fancy a lively sketch of Lorenzo's sensations; but such as have culled the sweets from the roses of life, without one wound from its thorns, will easily forgive our passing them over, as well as our omitting a particular account of the interment of the lovely unfortunate Viola, who was now laid in the peaceful tomb of her husband's ancestors, nineteen years after the assassin's hand had sent her pure spirit to a better world.

As soon after the interment of his Viola as his unfeigned grief would allow Lorenzo to think of any thing but her, he took the necessary measures to secure to himself and posterity, without the possibility of future litigation, his long dormant titles and usurped estates; and after appointing men of approved integrity and abilities to superintend the management of his deranged affairs, and to take into speedy consideration the ruined state of his vassals, with strict injunctions to do all that humanity could suggest for their immediate and effectual relief, he accompanied his children and Alphonso to the castle of Palino. Yet even here busy memory spared him not many a bitter agonising pang; while the ar-

dent, hospitable, cheerful, and affectionate Alphonso strove with all his might to banish sorrow from the bosom of his guests.

To his steward conte Ariosto had dispatched orders from Naples for the arrangement of the splendid celebration of his sister's nuptials, and of his own majority; so that every preparation was in great forwardness when the party arrived at Palino: and as Alphonso's leave of absence from his regiment was nearly expired, and Orlando was not very much averse from expedition upon the occasion, our hero and heroine's union, with Alphonso's coming of age, was celebrated with all that magnificence their rank in life demanded, very shortly after their arrival in Tuscany.

For several succeeding days the festivities continued; but at length the chilling hand of separation intervened to damp their joy. The inevitable moment of Alphonso's departure arrived, and sadness reigned in every breast. He lived in the affection of all his guests; and regret and sorrow filled up for a time the void his absence made: and her ill-concealed grief upon this occasion first betrayed to Orlando and his Victoria that secret which Matilda had flattered herself would ever remain intombed within the impet-  
trable recesses of her own bosom.

*(To be continued.)*

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## ANECDOTE.

SOME years ago, the late Mr. George Selwyn, of witty and facetious memory, being at Paris, had the honour of an invitation to a grand gala, to be given by a prince of the



blood. As it was the etiquette to go to the royal palace, upon similar occasions, in select parties, under the patronage of ladies of high distinction, Mr. Selwyn, who had been introduced into the most polite circles, being perfectly well-bred, and not deficient in social repartee, was condescendingly desired by a distinguished duchess to accompany her to the intended gala; but her grace, with her usual affability and vivacity, enjoined him to appear dressed, most minutely, *à la demi-saison*. Mr. Selwyn, on his return to his personal residence, immediately sent for a principal taylor, and ordered an elegant suit of *demi-saison* clothes to be prepared: as also, he gave directions, that every article of dress should be provided strictly in conformity to her grace's injunctions; but his *valet-de-chambre*, from misconception, singled out a pair of rich winter ruffles, to be fixed to the shirt, which escaped his observation, not being an adept in the science of Parisian modes. On the gala-day, Mr. Selwyn, after his whole attention had been taken up in being dressed in the most fashionable manner, presented himself to his patroness the duchess, at her hotel. Her grace received him most courteously, and admired exceedingly the elegance of his dress, passing the highest encomiums on his refined taste; but accidentally perceiving the winter ruffles, she exclaimed, 'O! mon Dieu! Monsieur Selwyn! vous avez tout gâté! vous avez des manchettes d'hiver!' Mr. Selwyn, with becoming deference, and perfect composure, replied, 'I beg ten thousand pardons, madam, I entirely forgot to make an apology for that part of my dress, I am under a necessity of wearing winter ruffles, as I have a violent cold.'

## FAMILY ANECDOTES,

(FOUNDED ON FACTS.)

By SOPHIA T——.

(Continued from p. 546.)

## CHAP. VIII.

‘In fortune ruined, as in mind forlorn.

— — — — —  
Thou lookest at me as if thou wouldst pry  
Into my heart.’

HOME.

THE morning after Gayton's confinement, when the jailor repaired to his dungeon, he found this victim to vice and folly bleeding and cold on the ground; he placed the provisions, and the lamp he had brought, on a large stone, which served the miserable inhabitants of this gloomy place as a table. He roughly raised his prisoner, and discovered he had cut his temple with the rugged flints which composed the pavement of the dungeon. The jailor had not a heart of flint; he therefore humanely procured some clean straw, and a surgeon. His wound and agitation brought on a fever; and for two years this wretched man was deprived of that reason he had so fatally abused. During this time, father Adrian, the superior of the convent of Benedictine monks, frequently visited him; and, perhaps, it was owing to his care and prescriptions that he ever recovered his senses or his health. After his entire convalescence, the father still continued to visit; and often, but without success, endeavoured to procure him his liberty. Nine years and a half he beheld no face but the jailor's who brought his food, and father Adrian's; who in those visits had discovered so many



traits of true courage in his disposition, so many flashes of brilliant wit in his conversation, that he determined to intrust him with a secret of the utmost importance to himself and his order, which had long been engaged in a concern that supplied their convent with immense wealth; so that, on high festivals, they exposed a greater number of relics, and made a more brilliant display of gold and jewels, than any other convent in Paris.

They had secretly fitted out a number of large ships as privateers, which they manned with a crew of desperate wretches, who having nothing to lose but their lives, madly staked them against the laws of their Creator and the honour of their country. Their captain had lately been killed in an engagement; and Gayton immediately occurred to father Adrian's mind, as a proper person to succeed him. Of Gayton's ready compliance he had not the least doubt; the only difficulty was how to release him from his dungeon, where he had languished so many miserable years. In his next visit he hinted the project to Gayton, whose pale cheek once more felt the flash the soul-soothing visions of hope inspired. The father proposed that two of his men should introduce themselves unobserved, if possible, into the prison, the next day, and lie concealed till night; that Gayton on the following morning should complain of being very unwell; that as night advanced he should appear to become much worse, and intreat that the father might be sent for, giving the jailor a hint that his eyes had been opened by the father to the errors of his own church, and expressing a wish that he might be allowed to receive the holy unction before he died. This, the father added, he had no doubt would procure him a more comfort-

able, or at least a less secure, room, and perhaps the vigilance of his guard would be relaxed. When the great clock announced the hour of midnight, his men should rush from their ambuscade, and utter a loud cry of 'Fire!' and in the confusion such a cry must excite at such an hour, he would consign Gayton to their care, and after seeing them on the outside of the prison, he would return, and fire combustibles, which he would previously prepare: he would remain on the spot, conjuring the jailors to ring the alarm-bell, and open the doors of the dungeons; by which time he should hope the cell where Gayton had been confined would be so much injured, as to lead them to think he had perished in the flames.

The scheme was well laid, and succeeded accordingly. Gayton, supposed to be dying, and giving hopes of dying a Catholic, was immediately removed to a comfortable room; the father was sent for, and continued with him till the appointed hour of twelve, when his predatory confederates rushed from their hiding-place, uttering the most terrific cries of *Fire! fire!* The alarm spread rapidly through the different apartments, the prison doors were forced open, and in the general confusion Gayton and his two conductors escaped. In the mean time father Adrian employed himself in demolishing every thing in his forsaken apartment; he set fire to the bed and its furniture, nor left it till it was entirely consumed. When he joined the terrified keepers he appeared half frantic, affirming that he had seen the dying and ill-fated prisoner perish in the flames, and had himself escaped with difficulty. The military soon arrived; and the conflagration, which had raged with much fury, owing to the combustibles which father Adrian had purposely placed there, was soon



subdued; and at daybreak he returned to his convent, to congratulate Gayton on his fortunate escape: but the man he addressed appeared insensible to his caresses. The mind of Gayton was suffering the most dreadful agonies. On his arrival at the convent, all there was in the utmost tranquillity, and afforded a striking contrast to the scene he had come from. He was conducted to a cell, and left to his meditations, which were of the most dreadful kind. He shuddered to think what might be the fate of the miserable victims chained in their dungeons, whose roof had been fired for him, whose death would lie at his door. Horrid reflection! he had procured the freedom of his body, but had enslaved his mind. He had engaged himself in a business the most degrading to the honour of a gentleman, an employment the most obnoxious to the laws of nations: every principle of humanity, every tender sensation, every sweet hope of seeing his native country, of beholding his wife, of pressing his children to his heart, must be alienated from his bosom for ever! And the once innocent, the once happy, Charles Gayton, from that moment become an alien, a parricide to the country which gave him birth. He shuddered, and mentally cursed the hour he gave ear to the proposals of father Adrian. At that instant the father entered, to congratulate him. He was a man of quick penetration, of deep discernment, and by the absent manner, the vacant eye, of Gayton, instantly guessed what was passing in his breast. Of the former part of his fears he quickly relieved him, by saying no one was missing from the prison but himself; and the scruples of his conscience on the score of country and friends he found means to lighten, by dazzling his eyes with the immense wealth he would accu-

mulate as captain of their fleet, when it would be in his power to send such presents to his wife and daughters as must reconcile them to his absence; or he might send for them, and live in Spain or Germany with the splendour of a prince. With those futile reasonings the mind of Gayton became calm. The father added, that he would introduce him to the fraternity, and several very agreeable persons of different nations, who were staying in the convent to be present at the Fête de la St. Croix, as soon as his appearance was somewhat altered.

This employment occupied the whole of the following day, and by evening he appeared another person: his face and hands were stained with a brown liquid; his own light hair was removed for a dark wig; a bushy pair of eyebrows half concealed his eyes, and gave an air of gloom to his countenance, which well accorded with his new character: for the father introduced him to the visitors as an English gentleman, discontented with his family, travelling to divert the ennui of his mind. About twelve o'clock the father led Gayton to the refectory, where, among the visitors, he found many of the monks he had seen the overnight. They then scarcely noticed him, but now they received him with the most flattering blandishments, and the softest smiles of welcome; for their superior had informed them for what purpose he had introduced Gayton to their society. The most costly wines sparkled in their glasses, the most tempting delicacies smoked on the tables, at which the convivial jest, the festive laugh, augmented the pleasure and mirth of the jovial monks. In those nightly meetings, one young man engaged all Gayton's attention. He was one of the visitors, an Englishman, on a tour of pleasure for



two years, who was detained by curiosity at the convent till the Fête de la St. Croix should be celebrated. He possessed an interesting form, and his countenance bespoke sense and good-nature. Gayton attached himself to this young man; he even ventured, with a trembling voice, to enquire if he knew his Rebecca. But this gentleman had been used to a humbler circle than the one Rebecca was wont to adorn before her seclusion, and since that time she had been as much forgotten by the polite world as if she had never been in existence.

The acquaintance begun in those social evenings afterwards ripened into a most constant friendship, if that may be called a friendship when one party conceals his thoughts and affairs from the man he professes to esteem above all others.

Gayton mentioned his wife with tender respect, and in his letters often spoke of his children, and related his base desertion of them; but his close connexion with the monks of St. Benedict he did not dare to divulge.

Mr. Gordon was the son of a respectable tradesman, who by industry had accumulated the sum of twenty thousand pounds, which he bequeathed to his son, who, vesting his property in the bank of England, determined to see the manners of other countries before he settled in his own; and during his sojourn on the continent, Gayton by his letters had gained the entire love and pity of this young man's heart. He also applied himself to the study of nautical affairs with so much attention, that the following spring he was to take the command, and put to sea. His heart at times sank when he contemplated his future life; but gratitude he imagined compelled him to fulfil his engagements with father Adrian, and the voice of con-

science was once more silenced in the breast of Gayton.

On his return to England, Mr. Gordon stopped at the convent of St. Benedict, not doubting but he should be able to persuade his friend to accompany him to his native country. He was much surprised and disappointed at his steady refusal. Gayton gave him a letter for his wife, and conjured him to send him a letter the moment he had seen his deserted family, telling him he could not be too minute in his descriptions, and conjuring him not to suppress any thing in tenderness to his feelings.

This letter was directed to Mrs. Benson's residence in Berkshire, for it never entered his imagination that his wife could be any where but with her benefactress. It contained an account of his captivity, for which he loaded himself with reproaches. He slightly hinted at his future employment. He wished to blind the eyes of his wife to present difficulties, by endeavouring to dazzle her judgment with the splendid fortune he must realise in a very few years, when she should join him in France or Spain, and their latter days would be far happier than their first. But in pursuing a distant bubble, it had ever been Gayton's fate to overlook the present; so in this instance he forgot Rebecca's pleasures, to be pleasures which must flow from an innocent source. And could it be supposed that the spotless, the gentle Rebecca could be happy, could take to her bosom a pirate, a sanguinary monster, whose hands might be died in the blood of innocence?

When Gordon arrived in London, he found that Mrs. Benson had been dead many years, and that for more than thirteen Mrs. Gayton had not been heard of. She was supposed to have retired to some cheap part of the country, but where, every person



declared themselves ignorant. By one of those accidents which appear uncommon, and yet are every day occurring, he one evening met, at the house of an old friend of his father's, with the only person in London who did know where Mrs. Gayton resided; this was the milliner who disposed of Rebecca's drawings to the ladies, her customers, who not unfrequently bought her performances, and passed them on their friends for their own. This woman gave Gordon Westwood's address, and said the lady, she was sure, lived near him. On this bare hope, this true friend took post horses, and commenced his journey to Creden. On alighting at bones, Westwood's, he found some difficulty in persuading him to acknowledge that he knew the lady; but on Gordon's producing her husband's letter, he instantly knew the handwriting, and, fondly hoping that the letter contained some comfort for his adored benefactress, he gladly gave her direction, and would fain have accompanied Gordon. But this the latter forbade, fearing his honest joy would agitate the feelings of the tender wife, who perhaps had long thought her husband numbered with the dead.

The evening of his interview with Rebecca, he wrote the following letter to his friend.

### CHAP. IX.

Safe in the windings of a vale,  
Fast by a sheltering wood,  
The safe retreat of health and peace,  
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Enima flourish'd fair,  
Beneath a mother's eye,  
Whose only wish on earth was now  
To see her biest, and die.

MALLET.

My dear friend, for at this moment you are dearer to me than ever,

oh! Charles, my heart pities you: how deep must be your compunction for quitting such a woman as I behold in Mrs. Gayton! how poignant—how horrid the penance you have enjoined yourself, in persisting to deny yourself the happiness of her society! Return, my friend, to peace, to a paradise on earth, to honour, and your wife: you have nothing to fear from her reproaches: let not a false shame withhold you, let not pecuniary considerations weigh a moment against such felicity as here awaits you. Remember, I am your friend—am rich, and it is in your power to render me happy. Permit me to meet you in London, and through you let me be the means of restoring your charming wife and daughters to the rank in society they were born to grace. Let me have the honour of restoring peace to the bosom of your admirable lady, by presenting to her the friend of her heart, the husband of her youth. You desired me to be methodical; I will endeavour, for I am sensible every word, every look, must be interesting to your feelings.

I had some difficulty in finding the abode of Mrs. Gayton; her benefactress has been in her grave many years, and your lady had retired to an obscure village. At last, however, I met with a woman who directed me to a person well acquainted with her. This man resides in Devonshire, in the little town of Crediton. He would have accompanied me to Mrs. Gayton's cottage; but as I found it was not above a mile I preferred going alone, and, receiving a direction, proceeded down a narrow lane which was to lead me to her habitation. This lane opened on one of the most romantic views I ever beheld in any country. A gentle declivity was before me; the delightful verdure was interspersed by flowers of all hues; the hedges



were composed of sweetbrier and wild honeysuckles, which wafted an enchanting fragrance on the evening gale. I was much astonished to find the scene appear familiar, for I was certain I had never visited the spot before. On turning an angle, I was absolutely struck with amazement, and could scarce refrain from fancying I was traversing an enchanted country; a river suddenly rolled at my feet, and, rushing down a precipice, formed a noble cascade, more the work of nature than of art, but grand and awful in the extreme. As I stood admiring its beauties, I perceived a smoke ascending between a clump of trees before me, and proceeding, discovered the simple abode of innocence and beauty. As no one appeared, I opened the rustic gate, and, crossing a small neat lawn, entered a parlour, which seemed the sitting-room for the family. On a table which might have served for a mirror lay some unfinished drawings, and near it was an embroidery frame. The walls were decorated with the most pleasing landscapes I ever beheld, except some in my sister's drawing-room; which accounts for the seeming familiarity of the scenes I had passed through, as the view of the cascade hangs there, and Caroline informed me she had that drawing of a person in Bond-street; (the very woman who gave me your lady's servant's address.) I was now convinced the landscapes before me, and the views in Caroline's drawing-room, were the productions of the same fair hand. The chimney in this charming little room was decorated with small tasteful vases filled with roses, myrtle, and mignonette. The windows which open on the lawn are shaded by the wide-spreading foliage of a luxuriant vine, entwined with the tender branches of the elegant-scented jessamine. In one corner of the parlour I espied an object which moved

me to a woman's weakness; it was a beautiful fire-screen of filigree work, in the form of a heart: in the centre was painted a striking resemblance of the man who had caused all the woe of the amiable artist—(excuse me, Gayton). I could have contemplated this charming proof of female constancy and affection for hours, had I not been fearful of appearing rude to one whom every thing around me announced as the first of her sex.

Hitherto I had seen no person, and observing a door which opened into the garden, thinking the family might be there, I determined to seek them. Accordingly, I took the first walk which presented itself: it was long and winding; on the right was a kitchen garden, on the left a few parterres of flowers arranged with elegance; and beyond I observed a sort of labyrinth of noble forest trees. At the termination of the walk I was in, I beheld a female sitting under the yellow boughs of an abirnum. I stopped, lest my sudden appearance should alarm her, and had time to consider her person. She was dressed in a brown camlet gown. The lovely swell of her bosom was concealed only by a broad tucker; a simple straw hat was thrown back on her easy, graceful shoulders; the redundant tresses of her hair fell over her face, and entirely concealed it from my view, but the fine-turned arm, and small taper fingers which were busily employed in knitting, led me to expect a very handsome one, nor was my expectation disappointed. She was chanting the pathetic ballad of Robin Grey. I never hear that charming air without emotion; but the melting tones, the harmonious cadences, of this sweet songstress absolutely fixed me to the spot. I was all ear, till the celestial sound ceased, and the goddess of the sylvan scene raised her head, and darted on



me a pair of the most sparkling eyes which ever animated a countenance (except your own). I was sure this lady was your daughter, and approached her as such. 'I feel conscious,' said I, 'that I address miss Gayton, though this is the first time I have had that honour.'

'Mary Gayton, sir, at your service; my mother will not permit us to be called miss. Will you please to sit down, sir?' offering me her own seat. 'I suppose, sir, you have business with my mother; and if you will please to sit down, I will go and seek her.'

With some difficulty I prevailed on her to resume her seat, and, throwing myself on the green turf at her feet, I mentioned you. She started. I even promised your speedy return. O how beautiful was the glow of delight which mantled her damask cheek! what a lovely, what a softened likeness of my friend was before me! She caught my hand, and pressing it to her lips, exclaimed—'Blessed messenger of good news! and so my dear father is really alive? You know him, and you promise me he will soon return to my angel mother. Ah! how could he ever quit her? But perhaps he did it hoping to gain riches, and keep her as she deserves. O how happy this news will make her! How delighted will my dear Sabina be, and so will the good Mr. Westwood! O sir, you must stay with us till my dear father comes; I suppose he will bring plenty of money, and depend on it the whole town of Creden shall smoke. We have got two fiddlers, and Tom Twiddell plays the bagpipes extremely well: there sha'n't be a sorrowful face for miles round.—But perhaps, sir, you are our father?'—I smiled at the charming girl's odd question; but assured her I had not that honour, which was quite above my wishes.

She was about to reply, when the solemn tones of a lute, mellowed by distance, caught her attention. 'Tis my mother!' said she; and the brilliant sparkle was instantly gemmed by a sympathetic tear. She is at the tomb of her friend, where she retires to think of my father, and on those days which she fears will return no more. But come, sir,' continued the fascinating girl, in a more cheerful tone, and taking my arm—'let us go to the house: you bring such good news, you appear to me to be as an old friend. Happiness shall return; my father will bring it: and this shall be the last night my mother will mourn at the melancholy tomb alone and un comforted.'

We entered the little parlour, where sat one of the sweetest forms beauty could assume. She arose with timidity. Surprise and curiosity were strongly portrayed in her charming face. 'This gentleman,' (said my lovely conductress), 'brings news of our father, Sabina; he is coming home at last.'—'Oh! thank God!' exclaimed the tender Sabina, and burst into a flood of tears. 'But, dear sir, be cautious how you inform my mother of this news: her health is very delicate, and her spirits exceedingly low. A surprise of this nature might prove fatal. I hear her footstep. Mary, be cautious!'

The door opened, and your lady, superior in grace and beauty, entered. Her dress, being black, added to the interest her appearance excited. She looks about thirty-four: a deep shade of melancholy obscures the finest face in the world. The languor of her soft blue eyes entered my heart: a sensation of awe, of reverence, possessed me: I could not speak for a moment. Is it possible, thought I, as I contemplated this inimitable woman, is it possible a person can be in existence capable of restoring peace to the bosom of this angel,



health to her cheek, brilliancy to her eye, and yet withhold that comfort, deny that health? For the honour of human nature, I charge you, O Gayton! not to let me think it possible.

‘This gentleman, my dear mother,’ said your eldest daughter, ‘has been in France, and some months ago saw my father.’

The crimson tide of life rushed to the face of the sweet sufferer, and as instantly receded to her heart; her breath was suspended, her countenance assumed the appearance of alabaster, she stood motionless, and the ardent gaze of her eye, which was fixed in anxious suspense on my countenance, alone distinguished her from a statue; indeed, Pygmalion’s celebrated one occurred to my imagination. I took her cold hand, and led her to a chair between her daughters.

‘Keep me not in suspense, I beseech you, sir!’ exclaimed she: ‘twelve long years of uncertainty surely is enough.—I may be surprised, I may be grieved, by your intelligence; but I have profited little by the lessons of adversity, if I suffer any thing wholly to overwhelm me. Often, and ardently, have I wished for this moment to arrive, when my doubts should be cleared—when my soul should know the worst.’

I, in as few words as possible, recounted your story. I softened your follies, and dwelt on your captivity as the reason of her being so long ignorant of your fate. She listened with attention; your daughters were dissolved in tears. When I presented your letter, her emotions became violent; her lips trembled, her hands shook. She looked on the superscription. ‘Tis, indeed, his hand!—Excuse me, sir; I must withdraw to read it:—my philosophy is less than nothing.’—I attended her to the

door. She bowed with majesty, and retired with Sabina. I threw myself on the next chair, overcome by pity, admiration, and grief. I even forgot the lovely daughter of this admirable woman was in the same room with me, till the sweet girl, smiling through her tears, said, ‘I hope, sir, this will be the last sorrowful evening we shall ever know.—You must stay with us till my father arrives; you deserve to share our joy for the trouble you have taken with my father, and the care you have shewn my poor mother.’

‘And do you, my sweet Mary, wish me to stay?’ said I, taking her hand. ‘Will you cheer my spirits with a song? will you be my partner in the rustic dance, my companion in the morning walk?—will you sometimes’—‘O,’ said she, interrupting me, ‘I will be any thing, do any thing in my power to oblige so good a friend. But I am a very indifferent singer, and a still worse dancer: for walking, I think, I can match you. But we can prevail on my mother to sing some of those airs she now and then plays on her harp, you would be delighted.’

At that moment an aged woman appeared, and said ‘her lady was too unwell to see me again that night, and was much concerned that her confined premises would not afford me a bed; but that her brother, to whose house she was to accompany me, would be happy to accommodate me, and her lady would expect me to breakfast.’ I left my most respectful compliments for Mrs. Gayton with this affectionate creature, who has followed her lady from happier scenes, and a more splendid roof; and-telling her, as I knew the way back, I would dispense with her attendance, bade her assure her lady I would be with her at the hour of nine the next



morning; and, bidding adieu to the lovely Mary, departed for Westwood's farm.

The hour was nine when I quitted the cottage; the moon had risen, and was casting her softest tints on those delightful scenes. The stars had emerged from obscurity, and appeared to gem the robe of night, whose solemn bird was pouring her plaintful melody on the ear of silence: echo, from the neighbouring hills, kindly prolonged the sorrowing notes, and repeated the tender tale in lengthened tones which reverberated on my heart. 'Such,' I exclaimed aloud, 'is the fate of the most amiable of women! She vegetates in solitude, she "blooms unseen, and wastes her sweetness on the desert air."' I have seen much to admire in families which have honoured me with their confidence; I have visited other countries; but never did I behold half such charms as centre in this sequestered spot. In the person of your lady I behold beauty without affectation, politeness without servility, sense without ostentation, neatness free from pride, dignity without haughtiness, and sufferings without repining. In the interesting Sabina, love and tender duty happily blended; and in the enchanting Mary all that is desirable in the sex; beauty of person, artless good-nature, simplicity of manners, and a melodious voice.

Can you wonder, my friend, that I have left my fondest affections, my softest hopes, in the simple cottage? Yes, I will acknowledge the gentle Mary interests me beyond measure. Will you accept me for a son, if I can gain the lovely maid's consent? Will you return, and confer pleasure on us all by your presence? Let me behold you in the bosom of your family. Persist not in the fatal resolution of staying in France. Will

you stifle the voice of nature? Will you refuse peace to the broken heart of your wife? Will you render children fatherless? Will you withstand the calls of friendship, of honour, of conscience, to indulge false pride, to fulfil a foolish vow? You will not. Come then, my friend; exhilarate the drooping spirits of your wife; give a father to your children; restore a subject to your king; and in the endearing relations of husband, father, and friend, receive honour and happiness—and in those sacred characters confirm the felicity of

Your expecting friend  
and humble servant,  
JOHN GORDON.

(*To be continued.*)

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To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

If the inclosed *Character*, which was originally intended for the amiable parent of a lady with whom I am intimately acquainted, has your approbation, your insertion of it in your agreeable and instructive Miscellany will much oblige. The anecdote I am assured is fact.

A CONSTANT READER.

MIRA joins to the strictest piety the most extensive humanity. She spends some hours every morning in teaching the girls of her neighbourhood to read; she instructs them in the duties of religion, and takes the highest pleasure in communicating her knowledge. This practice she has continued for some years, without being so happy as to find her success answerable to her expectations. Some, with whom she had taken great



pains, only profited by her instructions to improve in vice, and grew more refined only to become more wretched. This disappointment at first discouraged her; and she had even conceived an intention to remit her labours, and lay this charitable design wholly aside. But one day, as she was walking the court before her house, she saw a genteel lady on horseback, attended by a servant, stop at the gate. When she had alighted, she came up to Mira, and saluted her at once with an air of gratitude. The beneficent lady could not at first recollect the stranger; but, after a short pause, soon discovered one of her pupils, whom she had formerly instructed with that assiduity, of which nothing but goodness like hers was capable. After the first surprise was over, the lady informed her that she had come into the country to see her relations, and that gratitude had brought her to pay her sincerest respects to her kind benefactress. 'To you, madam,' continued the stranger, 'I owe every happiness that I enjoy here, and all my hopes of hereafter. It is to your precepts that I am wholly indebted for my present situation: they have strengthened my hopes, guarded me from vice, and rendered me capable of happiness.'

She proceeded to observe, that had she not been supported by the lessons she had received under every temptation, her beauty would have been her ruin. It seems, that, after withstanding various temptations, a merchant with whom she went to live tried every method to seduce her from the paths of virtue; but finding them all ineffectual, determined, at last, to make her his wife. They were married, and the union completed the happiness of them both.

One single object thus rescued, perhaps, from misery, vice, and pro-

stitution, will, to a generous mind, outweigh an age of disappointment. This is making the true use of superior understanding, to employ it in the instruction of those who, from the narrowness of their circumstances, are incapable of purchasing it from the mercenary, or obtaining it from the proud. Instruction from man is generous and noble; but when it assumes a female form, and condescends to direct the ignorant, it is then angelic; for the idea we form of angels is a combination of the beauty of woman with the wisdom of man.

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THE

ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

(By the Author of *Emily de Veronne*.)

(Continued from p. 481.)

MATILDA now became almost melancholy. Relinquishing all social amusements, sad, solitary, and hopeless, she saw no one, but passed her whole time in pondering over the letters and other relics of Burns' affection, thinking there could be no stability on earth, since he had thus deceived her. She did not once imagine that the tale she had heard could be fictitious: her young and credulous heart, unhackneyed in the deception of the world, never could suppose that such falsehood existed; consequently was thus easily imposed on. No intelligence did she hear either of him or her brother, (as their letters were intercepted); and this naturally increased the unfavourable opinion she had already conceived of him. Her father and sister behaved with unusual kindness, congratulated her on the fortuna



discovery they had thus timely made; and so artfully managed the affair, that she brought herself to a determination of forgetting an object so unworthy her affection: but still the conflict in her bosom was so great as nearly to cost her her life. Love, jealousy, and a fever, the greatest enemies to mental and bodily strength, preyed on the inmost vitals of a constitution and form delicate and fragile, and brought on a delirium, which made all around apprehensive of her death; and even softened the inflexible bosom of her sister, who was half determined, should she recover, no more to persecute her. For many hours her life seemed suspended by a hair: at length she revived, and gradually regained her strength. Nature would not permit one of the most complete of her works thus to drop into an untimely grave; and, contrary to her expectations, and even to her wishes, she was soon restored to new health, and, with it, her former troubles. The soft languor which illness had spread over her beautiful features rendered her more interesting than ever. The earl of Holden, sanctioned by her father, again renewed his addresses, with more success than hitherto. The kindness of both sister and parent during her illness had atoned for their former disrespect. Both her brother and Burns seemed now entirely to neglect her, as she had repeatedly written, and received no answer; when, at the same time, letters were coming from them to the earl. Thus mortified by such a convincing proof of her lover's want of affection, she brought herself to the determined resolution of conquering her passion for him, if she could not eradicate it from her bosom. 'Reason demands it,' said she; but, alas! how seldom can reason triumph over love! In this instance it did; at least long enough for her to make a

determination, in the presence of her father, to receive the earl of Holden as her intended husband, and renounce the perjured Burns for ever.

This was all they wanted: and now all their contrivances were exerted to accelerate the marriage, when once her approbation was gained. To heighten her detestation of such a dissolute character, she received a letter from her brother, at least one in his name, telling her, if he might advise her as a friend, he would wish her entirely to forget Burns, as he had forfeited all claim to her affection by his licentious conduct, which was the topic of conversation throughout the whole camp, and that he considered him as no longer worthy his friendship; and she, if she had any regard for her own welfare, could think him no longer worthy her love. The letter concluded by wishing her to bestow her hand on the more deserving Holden, her faithful and confirmed suitor.

She now found how requisite it was to summon all her fortitude to her aid, to strengthen her final resolve of seeing him no more, and marrying Holden; endeavouring in vain to drive away his loved resemblance from her breast. The tower, the battlements, the avenue, the Gothic seat, in short, every place around reminded her of one so dearly loved; every look, every attitude, every word which had passed was forcibly recalled again and again to remembrance. Though surrounded by every blessing wealth could afford, with an affluent lover ready to bestow all the luxuries of the earth, yet, amid all, Matilda could not be happy. The man of her own heart, the one she had selected from all others, though a beggar in comparison to his rival, had proved faithless, and the world appeared as a wilderness to her. A lassitude and



insipidity presented itself in every thing around her: she could find no pleasure in society; and alone she was equally uneasy, for then a remembrance of former happiness destroyed her peace, and present misery drove her to distraction. In the oratory she sought tranquillity, where she had made eternal vows of constancy to Burns; yet, thought she, in the anguish of her soul, has he not absolved those vows? To eradicate his loved image from my breast, I will consent to the will of my family, and become the wife of the earl of Holden: love any one I never can again; those that love sincerely once never can a second time. There are, if possible, ten thousand copies of that passion, but only one original: I have felt its influence once, and shall for ever after, but for the same object, feel an entire indifference, I will endeavour to make the earl comfortable, in obedience to the will of my father; I will perform the duties required of me, in consideration of the good opinion he has entertained of me; but, if he has any regard for me, I never can make a return of his affection.

Many hours did she spend in alternately indulging hope and despair, making a resolve of marrying Holden, and as repeatedly breaking it on the remembrance of Burns and his amiable qualifications; sometimes thinking him incapable of deception, particularly of so base a kind as represented. Often did she wish for the kind society of her sister Elfrida. What would she have given for such a friend, to whom she might have imparted her sorrows: for notwithstanding the countess's kindness, she could not think her sincere; then how could she rely on her sufficiently to unbosom her thoughts to her? She had no friend in whom she could confide. She was compelled to conceal her an-

guish, and pour out her uneasiness in the stillness of night to that Being who, in his merciful goodness, hears the complaints of every one on earth, and relieves them as his all-wise judgment thinks most proper, listening with as much attention to the poor forsaken beggar under an hedge as to the well-attended sovereign on his throne.

Heaven did not, however, think proper to avert the impending storm which was to destroy the peace of mind of poor Matilda. Her father was suddenly taken ill; at least so well feigned it, that his dutiful daughter could not perceive the deception. She hastened to his apartment. All former unkindness was forgotten, and she determined to sacrifice every thing to procure him a moment's peace. He appeared extremely ill, and intimated his intention of making his last will and testament, fearing his dissolution was nigh at hand. Her unprotected youth appeared most to distress him: he wished much to see her settled, and then could die easy; adding, 'Matilda, I think you can do no other than accept the long-offered hand of my worthy friend the earl of Holden.' In the mean time, a letter was brought from her brother: it commenced with no apology for his long silence. Tears started from her eyes at the remembrance of former scenes, on seeing his well-known writing; but the last lines overpowered her: the letter dropped from her hands on reading that the insidious Burns was actually on the point of marriage with a subaltern officer's daughter. Her father's tenderness calmed the poignant feelings of her soul. 'How could you think, Matilda,' said he, with some warmth, 'that he was worthy your notice? I saw through his insinuating address. His mean ignoble actions, his illicit amours, all contributed to heighten my detestation of such a character.'



I think, if you have one spark of reason or prudence left, you can never think of him more, unless it is when you offer up your orisons to Heaven for having preserved you from the wiles of such a villain.' Her father soon found, however, that she was inclined to favour his views. He still feigned illness, and before night was delirious, calling on Holden to avenge the insults his daughter had received. She wept incessantly, on seeing her father so ill; his apparent danger awakened every spark of filial affection. The physician was tutored to answer her anxious enquiries in a manner equivocal, so as to convey suspicion of the worst consequences. He insinuated that his illness was occasioned by some mental uneasiness, which if speedily removed would restore him to health. 'But, as yet,' added he, with warmth, 'I have not discovered the cause. It is evident his mental faculties are deranged; I will endeavour, if possible, to discover the occasion of it, and report it to you;' significantly looking at Matilda, who but too well knew the reason. She determined that moment to relinquish all thought of Burns, and to marry the earl without any further hesitation, since it was so much the wish of her parent.

With this resolution she hasted to his apartment. On passing the oratory, she instinctively stopped opposite the heavy folding doors. One nearly open partly discovered the altar: she, with difficulty, tore herself away, fearing reflection on that spot would alter her firm determination. She found her father much better than had been represented.—'Draw near me, Matilda,' he falteringly said; 'for you I am ever uneasy. Hear my sacred injunctions. You have caused me many an unhappy hour: but I freely forgive you, my child; youth has its

follies. A few moments of returning reason have represented you to my eyes (should I now pay the great debt of nature) friendless, unprotected, young, and inexperienced. Much I feared you would bestow your hand on some one unworthy such a treasure, as a recent affair has proved. But no reflections on former imprudence: you are solicited in marriage by your equals, persons of rank, who would be proud of an alliance with my house. One I have long selected. Your sweetness of disposition convinces me of your ready obedience to my commands; your own good sense must have shewn your late unfortunate attachment in its true light. What girlish infatuation could possess you, to love such a wretch? I suppose he thought your simplicity of manner was such that he might presume a childish understanding; but he was deceived: you possessed penetration enough to discern his frailties. He thought his fine effeminate form was sanction for any vices: but let him see you inherit some of the spirit of the race from which you sprang, and that you equally with me disdain his very name, detest his duplicity, his country, and all who have any connection with him.'

This discourse pierced her to the soul, as it included a brother whom she tenderly loved, notwithstanding all his unkindness. Her father paused: after a moment or two again proceeded.—'You must now, Matilda,' said he, 'make an atonement for all. You have brought me to the brink of the grave: do not permit me to sink into it without seeing my first wish accomplished. Should I live, I shall not put up with that villain Burns' insults with impunity. Should chance ever bring him in my way, I have yet a long account to settle.'



Matilda burst into tears, with difficulty saying, 'Father, I will agree to any thing you propose.'

'That is right, my child!' said he; 'consent to adorn the circles you were born to move in; accept the high titles, the splendour which awaits you; and no longer immure yourself in the shades of this dreary dwelling, but act befitting your youth and beauty.'

'Oh, my father!' cried she, in the agony of her heart, 'talk no more of titles and splendour, such inconsiderable things in my esteem; a rural cottage, with the companion of my choice, far from the vanities of life, where the sound of greatness could never reach me more, would to me be far more desirable than all the sumptuous magnificence which attends my being countess of Holden. Yet, since it is your wish, though hard the task, I comply.'—With energy in her look and manner, bordering on distraction, she exclaimed—'Give him this trembling hand; my heart is long since given to another, and so must remain. Mine is no common disposition: I have once loved, and now all sources of that passion are exhausted but for that object alone, however unworthy he has proved: that time will develop. I cannot recall my affection, neither can I love another. The earl will be content with possessing my hand. He is quite unacquainted with the tender feelings of the soul; he never has nor ever can experience the delight of a pure, disinterested, and ardent attachment.'

During the course of the day some dispatches came from France to her father, and among them a letter from her brother. Her conscience half reproached her while opening it: but who can describe the momentary pang which took possession of her soul on reading that Burns was no more, having

been killed in an engagement? The letter concluded by saying, 'Never was an officer (who had once borne such an unspotted character) less lamented; even myself, who once esteemed him as a brother, cannot shed one tear of regret, he has of late conducted himself in so infamous a manner. Oh, Matilda! who can be aware of the degeneracy of human nature?'

She fell to the floor, motionless. She could support the sight of no one. His frailties were all forgotten; she lamented his virtues only. Her father's tender assiduity, who was now in a convalescent state, the countess's kindness, and the earl of Holden's respectful attention, together with her own good sense, shewed her the weakness of indulging such unavailing sorrow; since no power on earth could recall the only person she ever loved from the dark recesses of the tomb. However great or valuable, invidious death rends all bonds asunder; and when once friends are hurried to that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns, survivors must endeavour to forget. To forget those we once have loved is impossible; but to moderate our grief for their loss is becoming an inhabitant of this sublunary state, who must expect to see some one of those we love pay the great debt of nature. We came not all together, neither shall we all go together, but must patiently wait the Almighty's great decree.

Matilda had sufficiently overcome the first shock the account of the death of Burns had occasioned to walk out and indulge her reflections—as yet her father had not even hinted a wish of her marriage with the earl of Holden speedily to take place—one fine clear morning. It was now the decline of the year, when the woods began to assume a sickly fading



languor, more pleasing to a contemplative mind than all the gay verdure of spring. She strolled down the gloomy gallery, and descended the western stair-case, intending to take a solitary walk down the avenue. In her way she had to pass the oratory door; it was partly open: she could not resist the strong impulse she felt of entering alone. Overpowered by various contending emotions, she knelt upon that spot, to invoke Heaven to support her in the trials she had to undergo. Here every look, every gesture, came forcibly to her recollection. 'There,' said she, 'knelt the noble-minded youth, for such I then thought him; scarce could I gaze on the tender expression which beamed on his countenance when he vowed never to love another. Sydney was witness to our reciprocal vows; but are they not absolved? If not by his conduct, the great Disposer of events has effected an absolution, by taking him, in the bloom of youth, from all the troubles which threatened to fall on his devoted head.' 'Ah!' said a voice from behind, 'those vows are absolved.' She stood thunder-struck, conjecturing it was his spirit come from the mansions of the dead, to reproach her with consenting to a union with another so soon.

*(To be continued.)*

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*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

THE following advice of a father to his daughter, on that important subject marriage, was communicated to me in manuscript by an intimate and much-valued friend. I send it to you for insertion, if it meets your approbation, in your pleasing Mis-

cellany, though I do not entirely approve of his seeming to disregard rank and fortune; as an equality in both is, in my opinion, necessary to lay a permanent foundation for lasting happiness. That interest is the cause of many unhappy marriages I allow; and agree with him, that love alone, except joined with esteem and friendship, cannot be productive of real felicity; for when once a woman's charms become familiar to a husband's eyes, they lose their captivating lustre; and if she is not blessed with the more durable beauties of the mind, she will have the mortification to see his love change into cold indifference, if not transferred to some other beautiful object.

Yours, &c.

LETITIA F———N.

*Honiton, October 5.*

You are now, Sophia, grown up to woman's estate, and you are not to remain always single. Your mother and I would have you happy, because our happiness depends on yours. The happiness of a virtuous young woman is to make a worthy man happy. We must therefore think of marrying you: we must think of this betimes, for your fate through life depends on your marriage, and we cannot think too much of it.

Nothing, perhaps, is more difficult than the choice of a good husband, except, perhaps, the choosing a good wife. You, Sophia, will be this rare woman; you will be the pride of our lives, and our happiness in old age. But however great merit you may have, there are men who have still more. There is no man who ought not to think it an honour to obtain you; there are many whom it would do you honour to obtain. Among this number our object is to find one suitable,



to become acquainted with him, and to make him acquainted with you.

The greatest happiness of marriage depends on so many points of agreement, that it would be a folly to think to find them all. The most important must be attended to in preference to the rest; and if the others can be procured too, so much the better; if they cannot, they must be overlooked. Perfect happiness is not to be found in this world; but the greatest of misfortunes, and that which may always be avoided, is to be unhappy by one's own fault.

There is a suitableness which may be called natural; there is, also, a suitableness arising from the parents of persons, and a suitableness that depends wholly on opinion. Of the two last, parents are the proper judges; of the first, the children alone can judge. In marriages made by the authority of parents, those suitablenesses that arise from civil institutions and opinions are alone regarded: the matches are not between the persons, but between their rank and fortunes: but both these are subject to change; the persons alone remain the same in all places, and at all times. The happiness or unhappiness of the marriage state depends, in spite of fortune, on personal suitableness.

Your mother was a woman of family, I had a large fortune: these were the sole considerations that influenced our parents to join us together. I have lost my fortune, she has lost her rank; for forgotten as she is by her family, what does it signify to her that she was born a lady? In the midst of our distress, the union of our hearts recompensed us for every thing. The conformity of our taste made us choose this retirement. We live happy in our poverty: each is to the other in-

stead of all. Sophy is our common treasure: we thank the Almighty for giving her, and taking away every thing else. You see, child, whither Providence hath brought us. Those considerations which occasioned our marriage are vanished; and that which was counted as nothing makes all our happiness.

It is for man and wife to suit themselves. Mutual inclination ought to be their first tie: their eyes, their hearts, ought to be their first guides; for, as their primary duty after they are joined together is to love each other, and as to love or not to love does not depend on us, this duty necessarily implies another, namely, to begin with loving one another before marriage. This is a law of nature that cannot be abrogated: those who have restricted it by many civil laws have had more regard to the appearance of order than to the happiness or the morals of the people. You see, my dear, that the morality we preach to you is not difficult; it tends only to make you your own mistress, and to make us refer ourselves entirely to you for the choice of your husband.

After giving you our reasons for leaving you at full liberty to make your own choice, it is proper to mention those which ought to induce you to use it with prudence. Sophy, you have good-nature and good sense, much integrity and piety, and those qualifications which a woman ought to have; and you are not disagreeable. But you have no fortune. You have, indeed, the best riches; but you want those which are most valued by the world. Do not aspire, therefore, to what you cannot attain to; but regulate your ambition, not by your own judgment, or your mother's and mine, but by the opinion of men. If nothing were to be considered but merit equal to your own, I



know not where I should set limits to your hopes ; but never raise them above your fortune, which you are to remember is very small. You never saw our prosperity, you were born after we failed in the world ; you have made our poverty pleasing to us, and you have shared in it without pain. Never, child, seek for that wealth which we thank Heaven for taking from us : we never tasted happiness till we lost our riches.

You are too agreeable, Sophy, not to please somebody ; and you are not so poor as to render you a burden to an honest man. You will be courted, and perhaps by persons who are not worthy of you. If they shew themselves what they really are, you will form a just estimate of them : their outside will not impose on you long. But though you have a good judgment, and can discern merit, you want experience, and know not how much men can dissemble. An artful cheat may study your taste in order to seduce you, and counterfeit before you the virtues to which he is an absolute stranger. Such a one, child, would ruin you before you perceived it, and you would not see your error till it was past recovery. The most dangerous of all snares, and the only one from which reason cannot preserve you, is that into which the passions hurry us. If ever you have the misfortune to fall into it, you will see nothing but illusions and chimeras ; your eyes will be fascinated ; your judgment will be confused ; your will will be corrupted ; you will cherish your very error ; and when you come to see it, you will have no desire to leave it.

It is to your reason, rather than to the bias of your heart, that we wish to commit you. While passion has no ascendancy over you, judge for yourself ; but whenever you fall

in love, commit the care of yourself to your mother.

This agreement which I propose to you shews our esteem for you, and restores the natural order. It is usual for parents to choose a husband for their daughter, and to consult her only for form's sake. We act exactly contrary : you shall choose, and we shall be consulted. Make use of this right, Sophy, freely and wisely. The husband that is suitable for you ought to be your own choice, not ours ; but it is we who must judge whether you are not mistaken in his suitableness for you, and whether you are not doing, without knowing it, what you have no real inclination to. Birth, fortune, rank, or the opinion of the world, will have no weight with us. Take an honest man, whose person you like, and whose temper is suitable to your own ; and whatever he be in other respects, we shall receive him for our son-in-law. His income will always be large enough if he has hands, and good morals, and loves his family. His rank will always be high, if he ennobles it by virtue. If every body should blame us, what does it signify ? We seek not the approbation of the world ; your happiness suffices us.

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## LONDON FASHIONS.

(*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*)

1. A SHORT round dress of plain muslin, or cambric flounced, made close to the throat : a pelisse of puce colour or brown velvet, lined with jonquil Persian, trimmed round the bottom with black lace, and fastened together with small cords and tassels : a straw bonnet, with a





*Fashionable walking & full Dress.*







short lace veil hanging over the face: nankeen shoes, or half-boots.

2. A dress of fawn-colour muslin or Italian net, with upper sleeves of the same, tied with white silk cord and tassels: under sleeves of white satin, trimmed with a narrow fine Mecklin lace: the back of the dress not so low as formerly, and laced up the middle with white cord; the bottom vandyked with white satin, and the front made to wrap over with a tucker of muslin, trimmed with lace to match the sleeves: a dress hat of white satin, ornamented with white feathers; a sash of white satin ribbon, with knotted ends. White kid gloves and shoes.

### PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE rose-colour, though it has been so long in vogue, still continues the prevailing colour: associated with white, it forms nearly the one half of our fashionable hats and toques; though, instead of rose, a deep yellow is sometimes employed.

The black straw hats are now principally trimmed with a deep yellow riband, and fancy flowers in which yellow is used. These hats are, however, not very numerous. Striped ribands a week or two seemed advancing rapidly into vogue, but they are not so much worn as might have been expected.

The capotes of perkale are still very fashionable; but yellow straw hats with a narrow brim are become rare. There is nothing new in the head-dresses of hair, except it be a dress imitated from the *Antinous*, adorned with cameos or pearls set on bandeaux of black velvet.

The aprons extend round in such a manner, that they are absolute robes with a slit behind. They are commonly festooned, and embroi-

dered with a flower between each festoon. There are many small white fichus that are festooned. The fashion of festoons is increasing.

### On the INTERMIXTURE of VICE and VIRTUE in the CHARACTERS of MEN.

WHEN we consider mankind at large in their present imperfect state, it readily occurs that every individual is a mixture of good and bad. This observation is general, and extends to the turn and temper, the talents and dispositions, the thoughts and actions of us all; as if nature, by variously blending sweet with bitter, designed to render even the worst of us tolerable.

The same observation holds in the moral characters of men. A perfectly virtuous or an absolutely vicious character is not to be found. We meet with enormous failings among religious persons. There are many who, from a strong and lively belief of its being their duty to propagate their own notions in religion, employ violent means for the purpose. They shew an abhorrence of all things that do not directly tend to promote their religion, and strenuously oppose whatever appears to contradict it. But people of this complexion should be informed that religion consists in the joint union of all the human perfections, as so many essential parts that constitute the great perfection of our nature. For want of understanding this truth, they are strangers to many accomplishments that promote the cause of virtue. Polite and useful learning they reject as profane, and call good breeding a corrupt mode of the world unbecoming a Christian. And thus abounding in ignorance and error, they would preposterously



found religion on barbarism, and pollute its pure stream by intermixing their own gross imperfections with it.

There is another character differing from the former in being outrageous, and giving no quarter to the errors and failings of Christians. If persons of this character made use of none but just and lawful means in their zeal, they would be little liable to censure; but in shewing no moderation they act as inquisitors, rather than men who desire to lead others from error to truth. For they would vigorously punish all the ungodly, propagate religion by torture and imprisonment, and offer up human blood to their zeal. Such people may, in their own hearts, be religiously inclined; but they act like executioners and fiends of fury.

On the other hand, we find certain virtues among the irreligious, profane, and profligate. Infidels plead, and perhaps some of them may possess, or imagine they possess, a love for truth, and a desire that men should think justly. They resolutely combat what they deem superstition and credulity, and foolishly imagine that they render a service to mankind while they deny a providence, degrade themselves to brutes, reduce their own immortal souls to nothing, and childishly extinguish the great luminary of divine revelation, to make the sickly taper of their own diminutive reason appear the brighter.

There are instances of notorious robbers, who, after having once given their word not to betray their accomplice, have resolutely suffered the torture, and kept their promise. Some pests of society have displayed great virtues. A robber having a design both upon a young virgin's virtue and her money attacked her on the road; but she, falling upon

her knees, and with tears imploring his compassion for a poor friendless orphan, and protesting the purse in her hand contained all the little fortune she had in the world, but which she would freely deliver to preserve her honour, the robber relented, gave her ten guineas, conducted her safe home, and saw her no more.

Even good and amiable characters have their flaws and failings. We sometimes meet with persons of gentle dispositions, full of affection, good-nature, and tenderness, whose ready compliance yields to every solicitation. They can refuse you nothing you ask them. They will play deep, or drink to excess, out of mere civility to the company. But this amiable disposition leads them to expences above their income, makes them neglect their own affairs, and, for want of prudence and resolution, ends in their ruin.

There are gentlemen of very moderate estates who bestow but little cost upon themselves, yet give their children an education superior to their rank, and punctually pay their bills. Their sons appear extremely genteel, and keep the best of company; for though the paternal estate cannot support the expence, yet they can easily borrow upon interest while their fathers are old and infirm. And thus an honest, and saving, and indulgent, but unforeseeing parent, breeds up his children in a way which directly leads them to poverty and distress.

And in this manner, whoever considers the various recesses, the doubles and windings of the human heart, will perceive that all good moral characters participate of ill, and all bad ones of good.

We may further affirm that every virtue found among men is alloyed with vice, and every vice intermixed with virtue. Men frequently



perform good actions, either from bad motives, or from such as are tinged with ill. Vicious or mean considerations move some to perform good actions. Pride often excites generosity. Some serve the public for the sake of private interest. The eye of the congregation will move others to pray; and serious and respectable company will keep profligates decent.

• Bad actions may spring from laudable motives. Regard for religion has frequently raised the spirit of persecution. Children have sometimes robbed their parents to assist a friend in distress. Physicians kill domestic animals to try the effect of poisons. And scholars will frequently abuse one another in defending what they conceive to be the truth.

As bad actions may proceed from a right intention, so may good ones from a wrong design. A miser by all his parsimony may only intend to provide for his family. On the contrary, a general may defend his country with no other design than to enrich himself. And a patron may promote a proper person, with a view of disappointing a just expectant.

Even virtuous actions proceeding from virtuous principles may be justly censured, if not performed in a suitable manner. Domestic devotion performed so loud as to disturb the neighbourhood is censurable. The giving of alms, and at the same time reproaching the poor, is a charitable action uncharitably performed.

Certain vicious actions proceeding from vicious designs may be performed in a good manner. Robbers, in committing their villanies, may shew not only civility but bravery, and uncommon understanding and address. Had the famous Cartouche been a field-officer, he might,

perhaps, in stratagem and conduct, have rivalled the great Turenne.

Our intelligent readers will have made many observations of the like kind; but the few already produced may enable us to form a true judgment of mankind, with respect to virtue and vice.

We should be just in all our judgments, particularly in our judgments of men. The following rules, deducible from the preceding observations, may, if properly attended to, teach us to judge impartially of moral characters.

No good man can be praised in every particular, as if all his actions were perfectly virtuous. Nor should the failings and imperfections of any one be censured, without a due regard being paid to his excellencies. If the fair side of a virtuous character be drawn and the faulty one concealed, such a character is partial.

No bad man can be censurable in every part of his character. To censure bad men justly, we must consider them both in an advantageous and a disadvantageous light. When a moralist draws a vicious man without the least tincture of virtue in him, he gives the portrait of an abstract or ideal character, that cannot possibly be that of any living person.

Let no human virtue be praised as if absolutely perfect: to conceal its imperfections is flattery. Virtue in the abstract, is properly represented perfectly beautiful; but the picture of virtue as really found in men must have many a blemish to render it just.

Let no human vices be censured as consummately vicious. Vice, in general, deserves no favour; and to pourtray it justly requires the worst of colours, without one beautiful stroke. But such a horrid picture of vice has no corresponding original among mankind.



## THE FAIR PENITENT.

## AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

*(From the French of Madame de Genlis.)**(Concluded from p. 496.)*

THE good pastor endeavoured to strengthen the happy disposition in which Valerie now was, by assuring her that Beaumanoir became daily more attached to his daughter.—‘Oh! if he loves Emma,’ said she, ‘he will no doubt become good!’—With equal assiduity the worthy pastor spoke to Beaumanoir in praise of the conduct of Valerie; and Beaumanoir might, perhaps, have been prevailed on to shorten her penance, had it not been for the imprudence of a chevalier, who, soon after the commencement of the voluntary captivity of Valerie, having seen that unhappy lady at supper, adventured, when she had withdrawn, to plead with Beaumanoir in her favour, and, when he found he could not prevail, proceeded from petition and argument to insult. Beaumanoir challenged, fought, and dangerously wounded this imprudent defender of Valerie. In the same year, he fought two more duels on the same account, and the consequence was, that he was rendered absolutely inflexible towards his unhappy wife; for he conceived, that were he to relent and treat her with more kindness, it might be supposed that he feared to expose himself to a repetition of such attacks. Thus even the interest which Valerie inspired, instead of producing her good, was prejudicial to her.

Yet did not this tender and affectionate mother know the full extent of her punishment, until her beloved Emma had attained the age when infants begin to notice the ob-

jects around them, and lisp their innocent ideas in imperfect words. Then, not being allowed to answer her, or keep her with her more than two or three minutes at a time, she began to suffer inexpressibly. The child, on her part, notwithstanding the youth and delightful beauty of her mother, was afraid of this silent figure habited in black, and always in tears. This impression was even so strong for several months, that the afflicted Valerie mistook it for antipathy. But at length the child, affected by the maternal kiss, ceased to scream, and no longer shed tears but of sensibility. Frequently she rent her mother's heart by caressing her, as if to console her, and pressing her to answer her. During the last six months, especially, the child, only five years old, has become so much attached to the mute mysterious mother, that she has imbibed a kind of melancholy which would be alarming in an age so tender, were it to continue. When she is taken to her mother, she will carry all the toys and pretty things that had been given her, and present them to her in silence. At these meetings she now no longer speaks to her, but throws herself on her neck, bursting into tears; and it is necessary to employ force to tear her from her arms.

‘Now,’ said Montauban, ‘I have nothing more to relate to you but what concerns myself personally.—When I first came into this province, Valerie had been in this state of seclusion and confinement two years. Beaumanoir had defied the English commander Bembro, and I solicited to be admitted one of the thirty knights who were to engage in the combat. This honourable favour I obtained; and Beaumanoir, who was unanimously named our chief, shewed himself worthy of that distinction. The pride of the English was



humbled. Beaumanoir invited a numerous party to supper at his castle: I was one of the number. I had the greatest curiosity to see Valerie; and I had been cautioned, in order not to aggravate the ills of the unfortunate, to be silent. But when I beheld her, I found it impossible to obey this injunction. I waited, however, till she had retired, and then I rose. 'What would you?' said Beaumanoir. 'I wish,' said I, 'to break the odious instrument of the most execrable cruelty:' pronouncing which words, I seized the cup. Beaumanoir, furious, snatched it from my hands. 'Beaumanoir,' exclaimed I, 'I despise thy valour, since it is blended with so much ferocity!'—'Return thanks to the laws of hospitality,' said Beaumanoir, 'that I do not instantly punish such insolence offered me at my table; but we shall meet again to-morrow in another place.'—'Your table,' replied I, 'is that of a cannibal or an ogre: you invite guests only to insult them, by presenting them with a base haughtiness, a spectacle the most offensive and distressing.'—'This,' said Beaumanoir, 'is too much: go out with me instantly, and repeat to me this insolence, sword in hand.'—'Most willingly,' cried I; 'and though I should be vanquished, I shall not esteem you the more.' The other knights present now threw themselves between us, representing that we must at least wait till day before we fought.—'There is always sufficient light for us to see to take revenge,' exclaimed Beaumanoir; and we went out. His attendants, by his order, followed us with lighted flambeaux. Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, we fought a long time furiously: I received no wound; but I gave Beaumanoir so terrible a thrust that he fell on his back, bathed in blood, and we

believed him dead. Our friends have since reconciled us; but I have never had resolution to return to this castle, but for the purpose of seeing the cup of grief broken in which the amiable Valerie has shed so many tears: and in despite of the pretended clemency which the implacable Beaumanoir has now assumed, it would still have afforded me the greatest pleasure to have fought with him. I cannot endure the idea that he should believe himself to-morrow the most generous of men. All the duels that have been fought on account of Valerie have been carefully concealed from her knowledge. Her guardian angel, the worthy pastor, has taken every necessary precaution to prevent her receiving any information of them.

Montauban here terminated his recital. The young Henry de Clermont, who had listened to this history with the liveliest interest, still asked many questions concerning Valerie. He heard, with pleasure, that the reconciliation between the husband and wife would not take place in this castle, which must recall such terrible recollections to Valerie. During the penance of Valerie, Beaumanoir had caused an elegant and magnificent house to be built, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, in which he intended to reside in future. Valerie was ignorant of this circumstance; and he prepared for her the agreeable surprise of quitting the old castle for ever, which hereafter was to be only used as a hunting-seat. The two knights, never weary of talking of Valerie, did not separate until a few hours before the day began to break.

The next morning, Valerie, when she awoke, thought with transport of her daughter.—'At length,' said she, 'I shall be permitted to speak to her, to question her, to listen to her, to hold her in my arms; they



will no longer tear her from my embrace.'

At eight o'clock in the morning, four young maidens entered Valerie's chamber, bearing a superb robe of gold brocade, and a casket filled with jewels. Valerie, in obedience, suffered herself to be magnificently dressed, but she was occupied only by the idea of her dear Emma: she spoke only of her. When she was dressed, the pastor made his appearance. Joy illumined his venerable features. Valerie, for five years, had fulfilled the duties of religion only in the chapel of the castle. The pastor first conducted her to the parish-church, where she heard divine service; after which the pastor again ascended the carriage with her. Valerie observed that he did not again take the road to the castle.—'You will never return thither,' said the pastor to her; 'there is another abode prepared for you.'—At these words, Valerie joined her hands, expressive of her gratitude; and she burst into tears, by which alone she could express the emotions of her joy.—'What!' said she, 'shall I never more see that melancholy castle? Ah! my father, I leave there all my resentments, but I shall carry with me for ever the recollection of my faults.'—'Yes, my daughter,' replied the pastor, 'let it never leave you; let your whole life be a proof that you constantly retain it.'

They arrived at the new house, which was already filled with all the lords and ladies of the neighbourhood. All this brilliant company assembled in the hall waited the arrival of Valerie with extreme impatience, intermingled with compassion. Henry de Clermont and Montauban were not among those who were the least affected. At length Valerie appeared, leaning on the arm of the venerable pastor. The

brilliancy of her beauty, her youth, the recollection of her unexampled sufferings, inspired at once admiration and the liveliest sentiment of pity; and all the spectators, eagerly fixing their eyes on her, remained for some moments motionless. They contemplated with profound respect this charming woman, now only twenty years of age, who had already endured such sufferings, that her experience of human misery might be said to be perfect.

Valerie, trembling, and with her eyes fixed on the ground, advanced slowly, with a humble and timid air. A murmur of applause then ran through the room. All the ladies flew to meet her; they surrounded her, and overwhelmed her with the tenderest caresses. The lords and knights lavished their compliments on the worthy pastor, so justly deserving their esteem and veneration, who had been the only comforter of the afflicted penitent. Suddenly the folding doors opened majestically, and discovered the seigneur de Beaumanoir magnificently habited, and attended by a great number of esquires and pages. His deportment was grave and composed; his air and step theatrical. He held by the hand the beautiful little Emma. After having advanced a few paces with great gravity, he stopped, saying in a solemn tone—'Go, my child, embrace your mother!' At these words, Emma gave a scream of joy on perceiving Valerie, who sprang towards her with extended arms, crying—'Oh, my daughter! Oh, my Emma!'—'Ah!' said the child, with transport, 'she speaks!' and she threw herself into her arms. Valerie, holding her child pressed to her bosom, as if she still feared, that she would be taken from her, endeavoured to cast herself at the feet of her husband; but he prevented it, and embraced her. At this embrace, all the spec-



tators shuddered. Then Beaumanoir breaking silence—'Valerie,' said he, 'I restore to you all your power as a wife and a mother, and all my confidence: you are at liberty for the future, in all your actions. I leave to you alone the care of educating your daughter; and nothing will be wanting to her perfection, if you can endow her with your virtues.' These last words were applauded with enthusiasm.—Valerie, at length assuming sufficient courage to raise her beautiful eyes to her formidable husband, looked upon him for the first time during five years. The colour forsook her lovely cheeks; but still preserving the most affectionate expression of sweetness and humility—'Since you deign,' said she to him, 'to leave me mistress of my actions, I may be permitted to declare that I renounce the world for ever: I will live in future only for you and my daughter. When you are alone you shall find a submissive wife, anxious to obey you; but I would seek solitude only. I ought no longer to desire any thing but oblivion.'

After this reply, Valerie saluted profoundly the assembly, and, still clasping to her bosom her child, left the room, and retired to her apartment to extricate herself from her heavy robe of gold brocade, to seat herself in her arm-chair with her Emma, whose innocent prattle and tender caresses made her forget all her griefs.

The part which Valerie had chosen to perform in this manner had a little disconcerted the seigneur de Beaumanoir: this unforeseen denouement had deranged his plan, and obliged him to suppress several scenes which he expected would have produced a great effect. But it could not but be highly flattering to him that the most beautiful woman of the country, in all the bloom

and splendour of early youth, should have declared publicly that she would live only for him; and with this reflection his pride was consoled and satisfied.

Valerie conducted herself according to the declaration she had made, without the slightest deviation; and her angelic virtues at length enforced the admiration and won the tenderest affection of her husband. The most extravagant man is never so unlike to others in his nature as he affects to appear; there is always a little hypocrisy mixed with his extravagance. In order to cure minds so affected, time is necessary; for we can only enlighten them by degrees, and by humouring their self-love. The sublime lessons of the Gospel had endued Valerie with the gentle art of persuasion which characterises the mildness and indulgence it prescribes, that patience which endures every thing without murmuring, and that modesty which never makes us feel that it perceives the success it has obtained, and the victory it has gained over us. Valerie became most sincerely and affectionately attached to him whose manners and sentiments she had entirely changed; her Emma formed the delight of her life; and she became as happy as the recollection of the past permitted her to be.

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ACCOUNT of the NEW PLAY called  
'ADRIAN AND ORRILLA; or, A  
MOTHER'S VENGEANCE,' per-  
formed for the first Time at the  
Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden,  
on Saturday, November 15.

THE characters were thus represented:

Prince of Altenburgh	-	Mr. Cooke.
Count of Rosenheim,	-	Mr. Munden.
Adrian,	-	Mr. C. Kemble.
Michael,	-	Mr. Liston.
Friedbert,	-	Mr. Denman.



Anselm,	-	-	-	Mr. Waddy.
Leopold,	-	-	-	Mr. Chapman.
Haufray, (a Minstrel),	-	-	-	Mr. Bellamy.
Lothaire, (a Page),	-	-	-	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Orrilla of Rosenheim,	-	-	-	Miss Brunton.
Matilda of Clarmont,	-	-	-	Miss Smith.
Githa,	-	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
Minna,	-	-	-	Miss Tyrer.
Ida,	-	-	-	Miss Waddy.

The following is an outline of the  
FABLE.

THE scene lies at the Castle of Count Rosenheim, in Saxony, whose daughter Orrilla had been bred up during his absence at the court of Dresden: Adrian, the supposed son of Madame Clermont, during his childhood, being frequently invited to Rosenheim Castle, as he advanced to manhood became deeply enamoured of Orrilla. Prince Altenburg, the patron and friend of Count Rosenheim, proposes for the hand of Orrilla, and arrives with the Count at his Castle, to celebrate his nuptials. His arrival baffles the hopes of the young lovers. Madame Clermont, terrified at the Prince's presence, prevails on Adrian to quit the territories of Saxony; and the Count, suspecting the real state of his daughter's affections, forbids Adrian's presence at the Castle. Lothaire (page to Altenburg) contrives a meeting between the young lovers at the house of his sister Minna; and while Adrian is on his way to Minna's cottage, he accidentally preserves the life of Altenburg, and refuses to tell who he is. The Prince receives intimation from Lothaire, and waits upon Madame Clermont to thank her for his deliverance, but is disdainfully received. During this, a meeting having taken place between the lovers, Orrilla consents to elope with Adrian.—They are intercepted in their flight, and brought back to the Castle. Madame Clermont, hearing of the situation of Adrian (whose life is

become forfeited by the laws of Saxony, for endeavouring to run away with the heiress of a noble family), hastens to the Castle, gets admission to the Count's presence, and in vain pleads for her son. Hearing the voice of Altenburg, she hides her face with her veil. The Prince enters, leading in Adrian (his deliverer), whose pardon he obtains. Madame Clermont kneels to the Prince, unveils, and discovers to be Matilda Carlstein, whom the Prince had seduced; and in the relation which she gives of the occurrences of her life, Adrian is discovered to be the legitimate son of Altenburg, by which all difficulties in his marriage with Orrilla are removed, the Count consents to their union, and the Prince receives Matilda as his wife.

From this sketch of the fable, it is easy to form an idea of the materials of which this drama is built, and of the moral it inculcates. It is evidently borrowed from the German school, and closely resembles the Play of 'Lovers' Vows.' The incidents follow each other in regular and natural succession, and many of them are highly interesting, especially in the pathetic scenes; there is too much of declamation and description for the action to animate them, and the performance of course often lingers, particularly in the first act, which is drawn out to an enormous length. The language is boldly figurative, often exuberating into luxuriance, and sometimes bordering on bombast; but the pathos of the sentiments prevails over the blemishes of the language. The addition of some sweet and happily varied music, chiefly composed by Kelly and Attwood, relieves the *tedium* we complain of, which, with judicious compression, may, however, be easily corrected. We have seldom seen a new piece more uni-



formly applauded. The performers exerted themselves with great effect, particularly Miss Smith, who is the heroine, and who displayed an uncommon degree of energy in the last scenes. Cooke, Munden, and Charles Kemble, exerted themselves with great success, as did Miss Brunton, Mrs. C. Kemble, and Mrs. Mattocks. The Prologue, written by Mr. Skeffington, is a neat classical production; but its effect was much injured by Mr. Brunton being imperfect in the delivery of it. The Epilogue, from the pen of Mr. Walsh Porter, abounded in pointed and happy allusions to the present election scenes, and the conduct and language of the Candidates on such occasions.—It was admirably delivered by Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Brunton. So strong indeed was its effect, that it was universally *encored*. The play was given out for a second representation without a dissentient voice. It is the avowed production of Mr. Dimond, jun.

TABLE.

*Hanson*, a merchant of London, and the 'Vindictive Man,' is the younger brother of a respectable family, and, in consequence of a violent quarrel with his elder brother while both were youths, he conceives an implacable resentment against him. His elder brother, *Colonel Hanson*, having run out his fortune, embraces the military profession, and is for thirty years of his life in foreign service, during which period they never see or communicate with each other. The Colonel becomes finally a prisoner of war, under circumstances that render him liable to the forfeiture of his life, which nothing can save but a ransom of 10,000*l*. *Maitland*, the friend and companion of his youth, has been bred to mercantile life, and has dealings with *Hanson*, the merchant, from whom, hearing of the peril in which his friend, the *Colonel*, is involved in a foreign land, he borrows 10,000*l*. which he appropriates to *Colonel Hanson's* ransom and liberation. *Maitland* shortly afterwards becomes a bankrupt; and in consequence of his refusing to account explicitly for the appropriation of the 10,000*l*. he borrowed from the younger *Hanson*, he is thrown into prison, and menaced with a capital prosecution, of which the merchant is the chief and inexorable instigator; but *Maitland* himself having had also the misfortune of an early quarrel with his elder brother, who possessed a considerable fortune, the latter, shortly before his death, marries *Eleonora*, his kept woman, and bequeaths to her the whole of his fortune; and *Eleonora*, who dies shortly afterwards, bequeaths the whole of the fortune, 100,000*l*. to her niece *Rosa*, daughter of *Farmer Russet*; who, however, by the procura-

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY called 'THE VINDICTIVE MAN,' performed for the first time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, on Thursday, Nov. 20.

THE characters were thus represented:

Hanson, a Merchant	Mr. Elliston.
Colonel Hanson, his Brother	} Mr. Barrymore.
Frederick Hanson, - - -	
Maitland, - - - - -	Mr. H. Siddons.
Charles Maitland, his Son,	Mr. Raymond.
Lambert, an Attorney, -	Mr. Bartley.
Farmer Russet, - - -	Mr. Powell.
Goldfinch, a Town Dash,	Mr. Dowton.
Mark Blunt, Clerk to	} Mr. De Camp.
Maitland,	
Isaacs, a Jew Broker, -	Mr. Matthews.
Emily, daughter of Maitland,	} Mr. Wewitzer.
Rosa, daughter of Farmer Russet,	
Mrs. Forward, a Courtesan,	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Maid, - - - - -	Miss Duncan.
	Mrs. Harlowe.
	Miss Sanders.



tion of her aunt, has received an accomplished and virtuous education, and displays an amiable, virtuous, and generous character. *Frederick Hanson*, a young officer, son of the Colonel, urged by the perilous situation of his father's life, comes to England in hopes of conciliating his uncle, and obtaining from him the means of his parent's ransom, but finds him inexorable. He meets his young friend *Charles Maitland*, who informs him that his own father is imprisoned, and in danger of a criminal prosecution from his inexorable uncle, on account of the 10,000*l.* he had borrowed to liberate *Colonel Hanson*. In vain does young *Hanson* solicit from his uncle the means of his father's ransom, and equally in vain do *Mark Blunt*, the faithful clerk of *Hanson*, and *Emily*, his beloved daughter, endeavour to soften his rigour towards the elder *Maitland*, whom he determines to prosecute with rigour, even to death. But *Rosa*, informed of the fortune and splendid mansion bequeathed to her by her aunt *Eleonora*, comes, with her father, to take possession of the property, and is in perplexity to know how her aunt attained it, never having heard of her marriage, or suspected the nature of her connection. She is, however, at last informed by *Lambert*, the lawyer, how her aunt came by the property: and that the bequest actually exposed to ruin *Maitland's* younger brother, who is in a prison, at the risk of his life, for the want of 10,000*l.*; which sum *Rosa* immediately advances as a loan to young *Maitland*, who immediately liberates his parent. And *Rosa*, scorning to inherit a fortune which is the reward of vice and disgrace in her family, insists upon transferring her entire right to *Maitland*, and retiring to a virtuous obscurity. In the meantime *Goldfinch*, the City ape of a

*Bond-street lounge*r, who is admitted to visit in the family of *Hanson*, forms the project of forcibly carrying off his beloved daughter to *Gretna Green*: and just in the moment of effecting his purpose, while *Emily* is on a visit at *Twickenham*, young *Hanson* accidentally interferes, without knowing who she is, rescues her from danger, and she is restored to the bosom of her anxious and alarmed father. The *denouement* winds up with the return of *Colonel Hanson* from his perilous captivity, and his reconciliation to his long separated and implacable brother; the marriage of *Frederick* with *Emily*, who were both enamoured of each other at first sight; and of young *Maitland* with *Rosa*.

The plot of the piece is plausible enough, and is, in many places, wrought up with judgment and considerable effect. The dialogue is sentimental; and, though nowhere remarkable for brilliancy, the sentiments are just, and it contains many apposite moral remarks on the foibles of modern fashionable life. In the principal character of the piece, however, the portrait is entirely out of nature, and the strong colouring and forcible manner of *Elliston* tended much more to distort than to harmonise the picture drawn by the author. The character of *Hanson*, the merchant, is extravagant and incongruous: for it represents a man whose mind and feelings are, in general, alive to the tenderest touches of a generous and benevolent sensibility, and yet is continually fraught with the most implacable enmities and inexorable resentments against a brother whom he has not seen for thirty years, and against whom he had no other cause of complaint than a blow he received from him in the heat of juvenile anger. The sudden transition of the character to affection and for



giveness, in the *denouement*, was equally unnatural. Dowton gave to the character of the Devonshire farmer, *Russet*, all that chaste colouring of the simple rustic for which he is so eminent. De Camp, in the part of *Goldfinch*, though he appeared to have a just conception of the character, as that of a *city blood*, the vulgar counterfeit of a fashionable Bond-street lounge, had not the good fortune to hit the taste of his audience, and was continually hissed.

The rest of the characters were supported by the best exertions of the different performers; more especially by Matthews in *Mark Blunt*; Wewitzer in *Isaacs*; Mrs. H. Siddons in *Emily*; and Miss Duncan in *Rosa*.

The Prologue was well delivered by Dowton, and seemed to bespeak a good humoured reception for the piece, which passed currently through the first and second acts. But strong symptoms of disapprobation, mixed with counter-applauses, prevailed throughout the remainder; particularly where *Maitland*, the father, assumes the office of wooing *Rosa* for his son.

The Epilogue was delivered by Miss Duncan, with much *naiweté*, and was much applauded.

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To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I AM a young woman, a little, I believe, addicted to be giddy, or, as some people call it, flighty; and I have a grave and serious aunt, many years older than myself, and who, when she was younger, was never much admired either for her beauty or her good nature, who is always

giving me good advice. Good advice is certainly a very good thing when properly administered; but she gives hers in so censorious, morose, and, I may say, spiteful a manner, that I cannot bear it, but lose my temper, and so it only makes me worse. Now, Mr. Editor, if you will be so good as to insert in your agreeable Miscellany, which she always reads, the inclosed little fable of the *Cat and her Kitten*, she will certainly see it, and it may, perhaps, have some good effect on her, and relieve me from her persecutions; at any rate, it will greatly oblige your humble servant, and constant reader,

FLIRTILLA.

### THE CAT AND HER KITTEN.

#### A FABLE.

A grave lonely cat, who had been for some time looked upon as the best mouser in the neighbourhood, lay sunning herself one afternoon in a great bow-window, with some of her little family about her. After a general silence, which seemed by the gravity of her countenance to be spent by her in profound thinking, she stretched herself up leisurely, and then laid herself down again, and resting upon her two fore paws, called her youngest daughter to her, and as soon as she was conveniently seated by her side, began lessoning her in the following manner:—‘Hold up your head, child, and mind what I am going to say to you. I find that I am going the way of all cats, and have not many weeks, perhaps not days, to continue amongst you, to direct your steps in this world; I would, therefore, give you some wholesome advice before I depart. Know, then, that I find many things to blame in your conduct, and very little, if any thing, to commend. You saunter away almost all your time in sleeping



in the sun on that wall there : that wall will be the utter ruin of you. The true glory of a cat consists in strength, agility, and cunning; the two former of which are to be improved by exercise, as the latter is acquired by experience. I have but too often observed, and it is with grief of heart that I have observed it, that you generally throw away the few minutes in which you are not asleep, either in running round after your own tail, or in jumping up into the air after flies. A cat that ever hopes to acquire any reputation in the world, must learn how to pursue nobler game.'—Here she proceeded to instruct her in all the marches and counter-marches that are to be practised against mice; how best to conceal herself; when to spring upon the prey; and how to triumph over it when taken: in treating of which last in particular, she was so transported at the thoughts of her old diversion, that she fell upon the poor little creature, and used her just in the same manner as if she had had a mouse, and not her own flesh and blood before her. She first gave her a severe gripe in the middle of her back, then patted her ears for a minute or two, and then griped her again. The kitten, very much fatigued and discomposed with so painful a lecture, watched the very first opportunity that offered, sprung from between her paws, and ran to hide herself in the farthest corner of the room.—'Ungrateful thing,' cried the mother, eyeing her with the greatest indignation, 'do I take so much pains to advise and instruct you, and do you return it thus by flying from me?'—'Indeed, mamma,' said the little one, 'I would willingly have staid and learned more of you, but you cuffed me about so violently, and hurt me so much,

that I declare I have forgotten every word that you said.'

There is nothing that requires so much address as advice. To give it haughtily and severely is not to instruct, but to insult. That good advice is rarely of any use, is often as much owing to the ill conduct of the adviser, as to the folly or self-conceit of the person advised.

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## MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

(By Dr. Horne, late Bishop of Norwich.)

HE who sacrifices religion to wit, like the people mentioned by Ælian, worships a fly, and offers up an ox to it.—Wit, like salt, should excite an appetite, not provoke disgust; cleanse wounds, not create them: it is to be used to recommend and preserve that which is sound, not to be thrown away upon that which is already rotten.

The residence of wisdom is said by one of the ancients to be in dry regions, not in bogs and fens. If the temperature of climate and soil have a great effect upon the mind, that of the body must needs have a far greater; and he who, by drenching himself continually with liquor, puts his body into the state of Holland, must expect to have the genius of a Dutchman for his pains.

The smallest creatures acting in concert have great power. The African ants sometimes set forward in such multitudes, that the whole earth seems to be in motion. A corps of them attacked and covered an elephant quietly feeding in a pasture. In eight hours, nothing was to be seen on the spot but the skeleton of that enormous animal, neatly and completely picked. The business was done, and the enemy marched on after fresh prey.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## NOVEMBER.

A SONNET.

WRAPT in dark fogs, see dire November  
come!

His throne a cloud, his wreath a cypress  
bough!

The rain-storm shrouds him in congenial  
gloom,

Whilst horror hangs upon his powerful  
brow!

Nature's soft charms no more delight the eye,  
Each path with fallen leaves is strewn quite  
deep;

No pleasant zephyr breathes its odours nigh,  
But tempest-gales loud rave along the  
steep.

Summer's soft songsters now are seen no  
more,

Flush'd is each feather'd minstrel's artless  
lay;

Only the red-breast, claiming mercy's store,  
Chirps his soft note from yonder leafless  
spray.

But 'midst some storm himself has taught to  
rise,

The tyrant month at length unpitied dies!

J. M. L.

## THE ROSE.

*From the French of Bertrand.*

RIVAL of the bright Aurora,  
Whom gay Zephyr seeks to wed;  
Empress of the realms of Flora,  
Haste, your ruby honours spread!

Ah, no! still yet defer your blooming,  
Still yet defer your balmy breath:  
The moment that, the air perfuming,  
You blow, you hasten but your death.

Like you, Laura is a flower,  
Which must the same law obey;

Like you, she flourishes an hour,  
The next, like you, must fade away!

From your thorny stalk descending,  
Haste, your colours bright prepare;  
You well deserve, your perfume lending,  
O Rose! a happier lot to bear.

Blow, on Laura's breast reclining,  
Your envied throne and grave in turn;  
I, jealous at your lot, repining,  
Admire, and with vain fires burn.

You'll see with sighs compassion move her  
From the bed on which you lie,  
If, in pity to her lover,  
Laura ever heaves a sigh!

Love shall shew, the maid attending,  
Where to spread thy leafy pride;  
Her beauties thus with yours befriending,  
You'll still adorn, but nothing hide.

If any hand, too rashly daring,  
Presumes your quiet to invade;  
Your utmost vengeance then preparing,  
Raise your thorns, and guard the maid!

## LINES

*Addressed to Mr. ARMSTRONG, on reading  
his Romance of the 'Anglo-Saxons.'*

HUSH'D Radcliffe's voice; romantic genius  
slept,

Nature her mistress heard no more, and  
wept;

By imitation's babbling efforts tir'd,  
She spurn'd the vulgar, whom she ne'er in-  
spir'd;

And pray'd that one might rise with potent  
art,

With powers like Radcliffe's, to enchain the  
heart.

Her pray'r was heard:—o'er vulgar dulness  
night

Thy ardent genius, Armstrong! burst to  
light:



Born to controul the mind, with magic charm  
 To freeze with horror, or with rapture warm;  
 To quit the common tract, and nobly try  
 To soar amid originality.  
 Accept this tribute to thy numbers due;  
 The course that Nature opens still pursue.  
 There reap those laurels which can never  
 die,  
 The poet's crown of immortality!

### ANACREONTIC.

COME, resistless God of Love!  
 Leave thy blissful seat above;  
 Leave the arms of Paphos' queen,  
 Leave the groves of Ida green;  
 Leave thy nymph, thy Psyche fair;  
 Hither, Cupid, quick repair:  
 Haste thee from the verdant bow'r,  
 Come, retrieve thy wonted pow'r!  
 Lo! a mortal craves thy aid:  
 For the vows he oft has paid,  
 For the immolated dove  
 Offer'd on thine altars, Love,  
 Give, O! give me to subdue  
 The heart of her I fervent woo!

### LINES

*Composed in a Stage Coach, after parting with  
 an amiable young Lady.*

WHY heaves my bosom with unusual fears;  
 Or why these languid eyes suffus'd with tears?  
 Has Reason o'er me all her sway resign'd;  
 Or ruthless Passion thus enslav'd my mind?  
 Say, beating heart, the cause of all thy woe,  
 Or what the source from whence thy sorrows  
 flow?

See Nature smiles, in summer's robes array'd,  
 And all her beauties to my eyes display'd;  
 And while around me ev'ry hill and grove  
 Resounds, and all is harmony and love,  
 Shall I, thus passing o'er the verdant plain,  
 These beauties view, and live but to com-  
 plain?

Sad, sad'ning thought, these scenes no more  
 can charm

The languid eye, or drooping bosom warm.  
 Ill-fated hour, that snatch'd me from thy  
 arms,

And fill'd my throbbing breast with love's  
 alarms!

Oh, how shall I the sad sensations tell,  
 That rent my heart as I pronounc'd—  
 Farewell!

The tearful eye, and agonizing look,  
 Too well the feelings of that heart bespoke,  
 Which strove to thy endearments to reply,  
 Shed tear for tear, and gave thee sigh for  
 sigh!

Thrice on thy lips a tender kiss I press'd,  
 And thrice convulsive clasp'd thee to my  
 breast;

Then madly smiling, took a ling'ring view,  
 Rush'd from thy arms, and bid a last—*adieu!*  
 Ye wheels, accurs'd, that bear me o'er the  
 plain,

Return,—and give me to her arms again!  
 Once more to her embraces let me fly,  
 Breathe on her lips, and catch the parting  
 sigh!

Her smiles, her looks, will all these woes  
 controul,

And lull the horrors of my frenzied soul!

B.

### EPILOGUE

To the New Comedy of 'ADRIAN and  
 ORRILLA,'

*Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS and Miss  
 BRUNTON.*

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

NOW one confusion through the realm is  
 found,

And noise and clamour every where abound,  
 And every Freeman feels his conscious  
 weight,

And Joan herself is as my Lady great.

I come to canvass, you; Box, Gallery, and  
 Pit,

For you return our Parliament of Wit;  
 While here, in Covent Garden still, a hust-  
 ings stands,

And Sheriff MATTOCKS asks—a shew of  
 hands,

For a young Candidate (tho' not untried)  
 But in whose gratitude you may confide;  
 Who vows and swears, return him due  
 elected,

Your rights, your laws, shall ever be re-  
 spected;

In short, he promises—but who minds that,  
 All Members promise—therefore, *verbum  
 sat.*

I'll to my canvas then.—What shall I say?  
 'Your votes and interest, kind Electors,  
 pray.' (*Bows.*)

Let him but head the poll this night, and I'll  
 be bound,

No further opposition will be found;  
 For in this town, we know nine tenths (the  
 elves)

Ne'er take the pains of voting for them-  
 selves.

First, then, accept my—no, I must n't so  
 begin,

I must n't bribe, your suffrages to win.

First with the young men, then, my luck I'll  
 try,

(I always pity young men, they're so shy)  
 Sweet modest youth—Hey! what's this I  
 see?

*Enter Miss BRUNTON, running.*

MISS BRUNTON.

Nay, leave the young men, governess, to  
 me.



Mrs. MATTOCKS.  
What, interrupted?—Shall I not be heard?

Miss BRUNTON.  
I mean no interruption, on my word,  
But merely think, I'd plead with greater  
truth  
To youthful hearts the cause of kindred  
youth.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.  
Indeed, Miss Prate-apace!—then pray pass  
on:  
I trust each vote already here's my own,  
Unless you'd wish our votes to split—

Miss BRUNTON.  
Agreed—  
I care not how, provided we succeed.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.  
Take then the young ones, forward fellows  
bold,  
(Not that I ever tried them—but am told)  
And on the score of long acquaintance, mine's  
the old.  
Kind friends, who've all (like me) been  
young, in turn.

Miss BRUNTON.  
Ye youth, whose breasts with love and ar-  
dour burn,  
Give him your interest, cherish rising merit,

Mrs. MATTOCKS.  
(To stand a canvass now requires some spirit.)  
And as the poet says, 'You Freemen little  
know  
The rubs the Candidate must undergo.'

Miss BRUNTON.  
He would have waited on you here this  
night,  
But he's so timid—

Mrs. MATTOCKS.  
Lard! he's in a fright.

Miss BRUNTON.  
Let us then hope; divested of controul,

Mrs. MATTOCKS.  
(We only trust you'll not demand a poll)  
But do it handsomely, and give him plumpers.

Miss BRUNTON.  
His thanks we'll here proclaim, each night,  
in bumpers.  
True to yourselves, yet free from disaffec-  
tion,  
You'll thus assert your freedom of election;

Mrs. MATTOCKS.  
While Posts and Chronicles shall Herald him  
to-morrow,  
'Duly returned for Covent-garden borough.'

### MY DAUGHTER.

HOW was my aching bosom torn  
With doubts and fears upon that morn,  
When thou, first pledge of love, wert born—  
My Daughter!

But oh! how sweetly was I blest,  
When soft thy Mother's hand I prest,  
And saw thee sleeping on her breast—  
My Daughter!

Each day I held thee in my arms,  
The thought e'en now my bosom warms,  
To gaze upon thy infant charms—  
My Daughter!

And when baptismal rites to share  
Thy careful nurse her charge did bear,  
How ardent was thy Father's pray'r—  
My Daughter!

Full well remember'd is that day,  
When in thy pretty prattling way,  
*Mamma* thou first didst seem to say,  
My Daughter!

Oft too, in infant playfulness,  
Thy little hand my face did press;  
Oh! then how fondly would I bless  
My Daughter!

If sickness made thee droop thy head—  
How oft I stole, with cautious tread,  
To watch thy slumbers and thy bed—  
My Daughter!

Well pleas'd I trac'd thy growth of thought,  
And mark'd, with joy, how quick was caught  
Each lesson that thy Mother taught—  
My Daughter!

If e'er—as it would sometimes be—  
My face look'd grave, thou'dst climb my knee,  
And strive to make me share thy glee—  
My Daughter!

And when thy voice I heard thee raise,  
In singing simple sacred lays,  
Thou seem'dst an angel hymning praise—  
My Daughter!

Thy beauties thus I saw increase  
In tranquil innocence and peace;  
And may such blessings never cease,  
My Daughter!

But now, the days of childhood fled,—  
Sweet happy days! I view, with dread,  
The dangers that are round thee spread,  
My Daughter!

More fatal than the Siren's song,  
The crafty flatt'rer's wily tongue  
Will strive to make thy youth go wrong,  
My Daughter!

Pleasure will hold her charms to view,  
And Fashion tempt thee to pursue  
Her dangerous follies, ever new—  
My Daughter!

But, oh! let Virtue be preferr'd,  
Hold firm the lessons you have heard,  
And ever love God's holy word,  
My Daughter!

These precepts in remembrance bear,  
And Heaven will have thee in its care,  
And shield thee from each worldly snare,  
My Daughter!



Then I, with all a Father's pride,  
May see thee happy as a bride,  
With blooming children by thy side,  
My Daughter!

And when this dear delight is mine,  
Oh! let me earth for heaven resign,  
And there expect in bliss divine,  
My Daughter!

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### ODE

To the MEMORY of LORD NELSON,

*Performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on the Anniversary of his Death.*

The stage on this occasion was converted into an orchestra. COOKE delivered the Ode in a very impressive manner. Each stanza was repeated by the vocal performers with great effect. The music, by DAVY, was beautiful. The Ode, we understand, is from the pen of Mr. PIERCE, a Gentleman to whom the public is indebted for many elegant, poetic, and pleasing dramatic productions.

ERE yet this day, to Britain sacred made,  
Shall to eternity depart,  
Let the warm homage of the heart,  
To NELSON's much-loved memory, be paid!

Yes,—with fidelity the land  
Shall own the splendours of his high command;  
To him shall be her grateful praises given;  
To him—her Champion—sent down from Heav'n!

And of him shall she boast in ardent strain  
His brave—his deathless story!  
He!—Her firm centinel upon the stormy main,  
—His word of watch was—'England's Glory!'

'The page—the mind—his worth shall keep,  
His bright career by honour led:  
And ye,—beneath the waves who sleep—  
Transcendant 'mongst the valiant dead!  
Still shall the tale of triumph be renew'd,  
Whene'er the rocks of Trafalgar are view'd!

Never shall seaman thither steer,  
But for your fate shall duteous weep;  
And bending to your wat'ry bier,  
Call forth your spirits from the deep:  
And while the wind sings o'er the tow'ring mast,  
A sigh of woe shall mingle with the blast!

There shall the musing mind delight,  
While on the scene the Moon shall break,  
To raise a visionary fight,—  
And bid the *Cheer* of Victory wake!  
Those sounds dispersed, in fancy's ear shall swell  
The *Ocean-minstrel's* dirge—the awful knell!

O NELSON! to thy country early lost!  
Great was the final conquest! Great the cost!

Yet, by his brave companions cherish'd,  
His rare example shall to future times  
Teach how, in various seas and climes,  
The foe beneath his valour perish'd!  
And how, scorning their far-outnumb'ring force,  
Thro' the Atlantic waves he held his course;  
Upon his daring mission bound—  
To bring to Battle!—Conquer—and Confound!

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### THE HERO'S FUNERAL.

HARK! the dismal bell of death  
Swells its sad and sullen tone,  
With iron tongue proclaims lost breath,  
And bids the mourner weep alone.

See, the pallid group appear;  
Princes grace the pensive throng!  
None refuse the pitying tear,  
For him whose corse is borne along.

Alas! 'tis NELSON's!—much-lov'd name!—  
Thine is the bier approaching slow;—  
But whisp'ring angels speak thy fame,  
And guard the tomb where thou must go.

Yet whilst thy parted spirit flies  
To Heav'n's eternal, happy shores,  
Britannia mourns with bitter sighs,  
*An Empire* deepest sorrow pours!

J. M. L.

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### LINES

ON INCONSTANCY.

TO MISS J. B.

ALAS! the verdant plains I did adore;  
But summer's gone, and they delight no more:

The murmuring streams did I with pleasure hear;  
At winter's keen approach they cease to cheer:

An emblem of the maid I once admir'd:  
Like summer's joys, her promises expir'd.  
Alas! no more can I enraptur'd gaze,  
Or taste those joys her beauties once did raise.  
To me the maid sad fortune now denies,  
And what is worse, the maid does me despise.  
I'm doom'd to bear the lover's hardest fate,  
And feel the pains which you, sad maid! create.

The worst of ills,—*ingratitude* severe,  
From her, alas! whom I still love most dear.  
It is the fate of love, and it destroys  
My inward peace, and all my greatest joys.

September 20, 1806.

S. Y.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Vienna, Oct. 4.*

THE archduke Charles returned to this city yesterday from Upper Austria, and his majesty the emperor is expected to-day at Luxembourg.

Count Kalkreuth, general in the service of Prussia, arrived here the day before yesterday. He is charged with a mission on the part of his master.—Immediately after his arrival, he had a long conference with the count de Stadion, minister for foreign affairs.

In consequence of the system of neutrality adopted by Austria, a line of demarcation has been drawn for the security of the country along the frontiers of Germany and Italy. This line is strongly furnished with troops. But as the frontiers of Italy do not require so strong a force, several Hungarian regiments have received orders to march into Bohemia and Upper Austria.

General Andreossi, who is still here, but preparing to quit this city, has received as a present from his imperial majesty a very rich shuff-box set with diamonds.

*Leipsic, Oct. 4.* We learn, that two Russian columns, each of 50,000 men, are in full march, one through Warsaw to Silesia, under the conduct of the Prussian general Chlebowsky, he being commissary for the purpose. The second army passes through Lithuania and Eastern Prussia. The Russians have raised a great magazine in Libau, by which it is presumed a third Russian army will arrive.

The Prussian army of reserve, under the command of prince Eugene of Wirtemberg, which assembled near Custring, advances by quick marches along the

river Spree, towards Berlin, &c. in order to be near the grand army.

*Franconia, Oct. 6.* The French army in this quarter is daily reinforced. The troops from all quarters concenter themselves in the districts of the Upper Main. There are 30,000 men near Schweinfurt. Nearly 2000 of the troops of Darmstadt have marched off to join the former, and more are expected to follow.

*Banks of the Main, Oct. 7.* They write from Hanau, that an aid-de-camp of marshal Augereau has brought to the commandant of the said city, an assurance in writing that the emperor Napoleon has acknowledged the neutrality of Hesse, and all the corps of the French army have received orders to avoid, as much as possible, touching, not only the Hessian territory, but that which is dependant on or under the protection of his electoral highness.

*Eisenach, Oct. 7.* The whole Prussian army, 120,000 strong, has begun its march in great haste. The route lies towards Frankfort and the villages upon the road. The fine appearance and the good order which the Prussian troops observe, excite general satisfaction; and the martial spirit which animates every corps, afford the most happy presages of their success. The greatest part of these 120,000 troops, according to report, are proceeding on the road to Cassel, to operate upon the rear of the French army, and to throw themselves between them and the Rhine.

*Weimar, Oct. 8.* On Sunday the 5th inst. the prince of Hohenlohe, and



lieutenant-general Von Ruchel, arrived at his majesty's head-quarters at Erfurt, where, in his majesty's presence, and with the duke of Brunswick and marshal Mollendorf, a long military conference was held. On the day following, the prince of Hohenlohe and general Ruchel returned to their respective posts.

The Prussian troops are continually advancing, and will very soon be in presence of the enemy.

*Oct. 10.* Though the Prussian head-quarters were still at Erfurt yesterday, the whole army is on the point of advancing; and the head-quarters will be removed to Blankenberg, in the county of Gleichen, in Thuringia. M. La Forest is at Erfurt, where he is to remain till general Knoblesdorf returns from Paris.

*Berlin, Oct. 12.* An estafette has brought the official intelligence that hostilities commenced between the French and Prussians on the 9th, when the former endeavoured, without effect, to prevent the junction of general Von Tauenzien with a considerable corps of the army under the prince of Hohenlohe. In this trifling affair, the French lost ten men, the Prussians not any. Previous to this courier's arrival, we had a number of improbable rumours by way of Leipsic. It was stated, that a corps of French cavalry had forced their way through Hoff, and, together with some infantry, passed over the Saalbrücke, fifteen miles from Leipsic, with the view of taking the Prussians and Saxons in the rear, and that, in consequence of this movement, the Prussians had burned the bridge the enemy passed over; and, according to some, made 800, and, according to others, 3000, French prisoners. However, after the first mentioned skirmish, both Nieustadt and Schleitz were occupied by a great number of Prussians.

The Bavarian envoy has received his passports, and will leave Berlin, with the rest of the residents connected with the confederation of the Rhine.

The certainty that all ideas of peace had been abandoned, and that the sword would be drawn, produced the greatest joy here. At the public theatres, at public entertainments, in all the squares

and streets of the city, the cry for war is universal. Songs and theatrical representations feed the patriotic flame, and the enthusiasm of the people is at its highest pitch. The king has published a manifesto, couched in terms of great dignity and firmness.

The manifesto of the king of Prussia is dated from the head-quarters at Erfurt, the 9th of October. It is of very great length, and goes back to the beginning of the revolution in the year 1789, recites all the violations of the different treaties successively concluded, the treaty of Luneville, the treaty of Amiens, the peace of Presburg, and the various stipulations made with Prussia, the abolition of the German constitution, by which 'princes who had never offended France were deprived of their independence, and made the vassals of others, themselves the vassals of the French government, without consulting the emperor of Germany, from whom a crown was wrested, or Russia so lately become a guarantee of the German league, or Prussia intimately interested in that league, was a monstrous proceeding. Wars and continued victories have sometimes produced great and remarkable catastrophes, but such an example in time of peace was never before given to the world.'

The manifesto then proceeds to recite at length the conduct of Bonaparte with respect to Cleves, Wesel, Hanover, &c.

'It was no longer doubtful that Napoleon had determined to overwhelm Prussia with war, or to render her for ever incapable of war.'

Large subscriptions have been entered into in Prussia for the relief of the families of the killed and wounded. In Berlin, one hundred thousand dollars have been subscribed towards a supply of warm clothing for the brave defenders of their country.

The amount of the Prussian armies is stated at 230,000 men.

*Meissen, Oct. 13.* Sixteen thousand men of the divisions of Davoust and Soult have advanced by the way of Hoff. On the 8th some of those troops entered Hoff. General Tauenzien retreated with his small corps to Schleitz,



to preserve his communication with the army under prince Hohenlohe, whose head-quarters, according to the last accounts, were at Jena, the advanced guard, under prince Lewis, was at Rudolstadt.

*Erfurt, Oct. 11.* Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, the head-quarters set out for Blankenhagen. At eight we heard a heavy discharge of musketry, which lasted till noon. We then learned that prince Louis Ferdinand, who commanded the advanced guard of the prince of Hohenlohe, was engaged with marshal Lefevre, near Saalfeld, and between five and six in the evening we received the distressing intelligence that the prince had been killed. As the action was long and obstinate, the loss on both sides was considerable.

Prince Louis is a son of prince Augustus Ferdinand, brother to Frederic the great; he was born in 1772, and was a lieutenant-general in the Prussian army.

*Saxony, Oct. 16.* The day before yesterday a very bloody battle was fought on the high road between Nauenburg and Erfurt, by the French and Prussian armies, in which the fortune of war was on the side of the French. The march of the French troops along the Saal towards Weissenfels and Nauenburg had induced his majesty to alter the position of his army, in order to prevent the enemy from advancing upon his rear. The head-quarters were removed from Blackenburg, through Weimar, to Auerstadt, while general Ruchel advanced to occupy the position of Weimar. The attack was made at three in the morning of the 14th, when a dreadful cannonade was heard at Leipsic, and that neighbourhood, from Auerstadt. The attack was made by the French, and the advance of the Prussian troops was prevented by some defiles which were in possession of the enemy.

Both sides fought with the greatest courage and animosity. The duke of Brunswick had the misfortune to be wounded in the face by a grape shot in the beginning of the action, while he was reconnoitring the enemy with a telescope; and it was found necessary

to remove his highness from the field. The battle, however, was carried on with the greatest spirit. His Prussian majesty led the troops in person, and had two horses shot under him.

Every Prussian general exposed himself to the greatest dangers, and the prince of Orange Fulda distinguished himself in a most remarkable manner.

The murderous fire of the musketry and grape shot swept away whole ranks of warriors. The conflict lasted till five in the afternoon; and according to the information received, marshal Ney's division of 10,000 men, coming up fresh, gave a decisive turn to the affair.

It was the centre of both armies which were particularly engaged. The emperor Napoleon directed the whole of the French operations.

The loss on both sides cannot as yet be exactly ascertained. The killed and wounded are generally estimated at 40,000 men.

Both armies have a number of generals killed and wounded; among the Prussians, generals Mollendorf, Kalkreuth, Ruchel, Blocher, and Tauenzein, and on the French side, prince Murat, marshal Bernadotte, &c. Reports are very uncertain on this head; however, it is well known that marshal Mollendorf and general Kalkreuth are not killed.

The strength of the combined armies united is computed at 200,000 men.

*Berlin, Oct. 21.* The French have arrived at Treunbriezen and Potzdam, where they observe a strict discipline. Count Haugwitz, the cabinet minister, is gone to Stettin, which place her majesty the queen entered on the 19th, and left it again on the 20th for Custrin.

*Oct. 24.* General Davoust has his head-quarters at Potzdam. General Hulin, who now commands here, was last year French commandant at Vienna.

*Oct. 26.* Yesterday the emperor Napoleon arrived at Berlin, and held a court at the castle in the evening.

This day three columns of the French army marched off, one column towards Custrin, another towards Stettin, and the third towards the north-east.



## HOME NEWS.

*Falmouth, Oct. 17.*

ARRIVED the Carteret packet, Paterson, with mails from Malta and Gibraltar. Sailed from Malta on the 13th ult.—General Stuart arrived there on the 10th inst. from Sicily. Left at Malta his majesty's ships Intrepid, 64, Unite, 38, Endymion, 38, Hydra, 38, and Weazle, 18.—Arrived at Gibraltar on the 29th ult. and sailed the 30th in company with his majesty's ship Thunderer, 74, to join lord Collingwood's fleet.—At 6 *a. m.* Cadiz bore N. N. E. 4 leagues, on nearing which, saw twelve sail of the line, four of which were under weigh, and the others seemingly preparing to sail. At 7 *a. m.* saw the fleet under the command of lord Collingwood, consisting of nine sail of the line, one schooner, and a cutter. At eleven *a. m.* a boat from his majesty's ship Ajax came alongside, the officer in which informed captain Paterson, that the Spanish fleet were under weigh, and that lord Collingwood had received positive information of their intention to put to sea.—Also arrived the Nile lugger, and Conflict gun-brig, from the Channel fleet, the former brings dispatches from earl St. Vincent, and also an account that three French ships of the line full of troops had sailed from Brest.

*Plymouth, Oct. 21.* Arrived a vessel from the fleet off Cadiz, with dispatches from vice-admiral lord Collingwood. A rumour has prevailed since her arrival, that the Cadiz fleet are out at sea, twelve sail of the line and several frigates, and that his lordship was in pursuit of the enemy with ten sail of the line and several frigates. If this ac-

count proves correct, another glorious 21st of October may be anticipated and hoped for, from the known bravery and skill of the British admiral, his captains, officers, and seamen.—Conjecture is all afloat, if the enemy are out, what their object can be, though it is generally supposed they have made a grand push to try to escape our squadron, and proceed to the relief of Buenos Ayres, and their settlements in South America.

*Oct. 22.* Came in the Active, 32, and Delight, 18, from a cruize.—Sailed a gun-brig for her station off the coast of France.—Came in the Haughty gun-brig, with a Danish brig detained by her; also four Danish vessels and a Hamburger, detained by different cruisers and privateers.

The account of the Spanish fleet being out came from a gentleman who arrived on Monday night in a vessel on that station. He says he saw the French and Spanish fleet, twelve sail of the line, which came out of Cadiz, Oct. 2, steering a course to pass the Gut of Gibraltar, supposed to endeavour to join the Carthagen and Toulon squadrons of ten or twelve sail of the line, and so obtain a superiority over lord Collingwood, but fortunately his lordship, with ten sail of the line, was in sight of the above French and Spanish fleet the 3d instant, when this gentleman left that station. There are said to be five three-deckers in the enemy's fleet, and it is to be hoped, if this account is correct, some of the haughty dons and monsieurs, as the sailors call them, may find their way into a British port.

*Dublin, Oct. 21.* An unfortunate



affray took place on Thursday last on board a tender lying near the Pigeon-house, Dublin, by which six men on board lost their lives. This melancholy business is variously stated; it is said that owing to the introduction of too much spirits on board, a quarrel took place between a number of recruits from the north and those who had entered from this city; the northerners being much greater in numbers, the sufferers were all of the other party—but whether this sad accident was owing to the wounds received in the contest, or by suffocation from being too closely hatched down, we have not yet been able to learn; something very criminal must have led to this catastrophe, which should be fully investigated without loss of time.

*London, Oct. 25.* The proclamation for the dissolution of parliament was signed yesterday. The writs are returnable on the 15th of December. No business will be done before the holidays, except swearing in the members.

*Portsmouth, Oct. 31.*—The Russian squadron are to sail on Sunday.—The *Boreas*, *Columbine*, and *Paulina*, are fitting for foreign service.—There are ten schooners lying at Spithead, of about 70 tons burthen, carrying two guns, and eighteen men, which are ordered to join the expedition at Falmouth. They are commanded by lieutenants, but, it is believed here, are too small to be employed on any very distant service.

*London, Oct. 31.* The election of two fit and proper persons to represent the Borough of Southwark in the ensuing parliament, being fixed for yesterday, an immense crowd of electors, and others, assembled on and around the hustings before ten o'clock. About eleven o'clock the deputy high bailiff, Mr. Townsend, after reading the usual proclamations, &c. declared Henry Thornton, esq. the right hon. George Tierney, and sir Thomas Turton, bart. to be the candidates for the honour of representing the borough in parliament.

The show of hands appeared in favour of Mr. Tierney and sir Thomas Turton.

Mr. Thornton demanded a poll: at the close of which the numbers were—

for Mr. Thornton 149, sir T. Turton 132, Mr. Tierney 120.

*Nov. 1.* A court of aldermen was yesterday held at Guildhall, at the close of which the court proceeded to the hustings, to elect four gentlemen to serve in the ensuing parliament.

The hall was numerously attended; it was filled from one end to the other; and the crowd was so great on the hustings, that it was some time before the business of the day could be proceeded in. Silence being at length obtained, and the preliminary business gone through, the lord mayor, sir W. Curtis, alderman Combe, and sir Charles Price, severally addressed the livery on their various claims to support on the present occasion; after which, as usual, the whole of the members composing the court were put in nomination, and the show of hands were declared to be in favour of H. C. Combe, esq. alderman Hankey, sir C. Price, and the lord mayor.

Aldermen Hankey and Rowcroft, and Messrs. Waddington and Waithman then severally addressed the livery, in speeches of considerable length, which, from want of space, we are unable to give.

Mr. aldermen Hankey declined the contest, in consequence of a pledge he had previously given not to oppose the lord mayor. Some of his friends, however, demanded a poll in his favour.

Mr. Waithman proposed J. Atkins, esq. a merchant of high character, who, being present, consented to abide by the event of the poll, if the livery, by their show of hands, should deem him a proper object for their choice. A great show of hands was in his favour, and a poll was immediately demanded and proceeded on as usual; at the close of which there appeared—for alderman Combe 115, lord mayor 109, sir W. Curtis 99, sir C. Price 99, alderman Hankey 52, J. Atkins, esq. 26.—Alderman Hankey has since declined all further contest.

*Portsmouth, Nov. 1.* This evening the *Belleisle*, of 74 guns, arrived from the Chesapeake, which she left on the 1st of October, in company with sir John Warren's squadron. The *Belleisle* left at the Chesapeake the *Bellona*, 74, captain J. E. Douglas; *Leopard*,



50, captain Humphries; Cambrian frigate, captain Beresford; and the Melampus frigate, captain Poyntz, with the French line of battle ships Eole and Patriot, part of Jerome Bonaparte's squadron, which were entirely dismasted in the hurricane in August last, and reduced to the utmost distress. The Bellisle saw the Eole go into the Chesapeake, attended by thirteen American ships, which she detained for her safety. Sir Richard Strachan's squadron was within 40 miles of the French squadron at the time of the hurricane; every one of the French ships were dismasted, and otherwise much injured. Those which reached the American ports will be several months before they can come to Europe. Sir Richard Strachan's squadron are accounted for, except the Decade frigate, captain Stuart.

*London, Nov. 3.* The election for Westminster commenced this day. The candidates were sir Samuel Hood, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Paull, who appeared on the hustings, accompanied by sir Francis Burdett and other friends. The show of hands was declared in favour of Mr. Paull and sir Samuel Hood, and a poll demanded on the part of Mr. Sheridan. At the close of the poll at four o'clock the numbers were—Mr. Paull 327, Mr. Sheridan 178, sir Samuel Hood 161.

*Nov. 4.* At the close of the poll yesterday for the city of London, the numbers stood thus: lord mayor 1809, sir C. Price 1779, alderman Combe 1753, sir W. Curtis 1712, J. Atkins, esq. 261, alderman Hankey 118.

The two latter having declined, the poll will continue open merely for form till Friday, when it will close, the numbers be declared, and the return made.

*Nov. 5.* The election for the Borough of Southwark ended this day: at two o'clock the numbers were—for sir Thomas Turton, bart. 1753, Henry Thornton, esq. 1592, the right hon. George Tierney 1349.

Shortly after the state of the poll was declared, Mr. Alcock stepped forward, and, in the name of Mr. Tierney, declared that, agreeably to his declaration of yesterday no longer to keep the poll open than he saw a fair chance of an ultimately successful issue to his endea-

vours, that right honourable gentleman observing that, at the hour of twelve, the majority against him was increased rather than diminished, declined all further contest.

*Nov. 10.* Yesterday, according to ancient custom, the old and new lord mayor, attended by the sheriffs, aldermen, recorder, chamberlain, and other city officers, met at Guildhall by 11 o'clock, and after partaking of a sumptuous breakfast, proceeded in their carriages, about one, to Blackfriars-bridge, where the city barges were in waiting to convey them to Westminster. On the arrival of the companies in their respective barges, at Old Palace Yard, the procession landed, and proceeded to Westminster Hall, in the usual state. They then went up to the court of Exchequer, and the recorder presented the lord mayor elect to the barons. The lord chief baron then addressed the lord mayor in an appropriate speech, upon the nature and importance of the office which his lordship was chosen to fill.

The lord mayor and city officers having retired, they returned in their barges to Blackfriars-bridge, and arrived at Guildhall about five o'clock.

The entertainment prepared at Guildhall was extremely elegant and magnificent. The illuminations were very brilliant; in the centre was a chandelier, forming a balloon; the walls and pillars were hung with variegated lamps, interspersed with naval trophies, military flags, &c. and ornamented with orange-coloured bows, which had a very good effect; and did great credit to the taste of Mr. Patrick, the conductor. On the hustings, at the upper end of the hall, six tables were laid for his lordship and the nobility. On the table which went across the other five, was a most beautiful temple, above eight feet high, supported by white and gold pillars; and, among many other splendid devices, in the centre was suspended a most brilliant crown; the other tables were also ornamented with naval and military trophies. The hustings, at the other end of the hall, were for the sheriffs and their friends, and their tables also displayed great taste.

About six, the lord mayor and lady mayoress, and their company, sat down



to dinner, which consisted of every variety of the season. Game, pines, claret, and champagne, in profusion. Dinner was prepared for 1000 persons, and 1200 came; a very fine band played all the time of dinner.

About nine o'clock the ladies retired to the council-chamber, which, as well as several other apartments, was fitted up for dancing. The ball was opened by Mr. Chambers and miss Wilson. Although the crowd was extreme, many dancing parties were formed; at ten the refreshment rooms were opened, where the greatest plenty prevailed. The lord mayor and lady mayoress were unremitting in their attention to their guests, who did not depart until an early hour this morning.

The ladies, in general, were very elegantly dressed. The lady mayoress wore a white crape dress, richly spangled with gold, massy gold cords, and tassels; paradise plume, and white feathers in her head; and splendid diamond ornaments, ear-rings, necklace, &c.

The lord mayor wore a dark striped satin coat, and rich embroidered waist-coat.

### BIRTHS.

*Oct. 7.* At Saltash, the lady of brigadier general Nepean, of a son.

*10.* At Hilton, near Edinburgh, the lady of William Boswell, esq. advocate, of a daughter.

*Nov. 5.* At his house, in Hind-street, Manchester-square, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Hughes, M. P. of a son.

*12.* Of a daughter, the lady of John Offley, esq. of Montague-street.

### MARRIAGES.

*Oct. 13.* At St. James's church, by the rev. Gerrard Andrews, Stanley Stokes, esq. of Doctors' Commons, to miss Manton, of Dover-street.

At Freeland House, Perthshire, Walter Hore, esq. of Harperstown, county of Wexford, Ireland, to the hon. Mary Elisabeth Thornton Rutliven, daughter of the late James lord Rutliven.

*20.* At Teddington, William Dale

Farr, esq. captain in the South Hant regiment of militia, to miss Lukin, only daughter of James Lukin, esq. of Teddington.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, lieutenant-col. Berkeley, of the royal marines, to miss Julia Maria Newte, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Newte, esq. of Grove-house, Brompton.

*23.* Mr. Richard Williams, to miss Lewis, daughter of William Lewis, esq. of St. James's-palace.

At Lambeth church, Robert Mutrie, esq. of Glasgow, to miss Hopkins, only daughter of the late Thomas Hopkins, esq. of Sandford, Berks.

*25.* At St. James's church, by the rev. Mr. Lewis, John Charles Purlog, esq. only son of the late Charles Purlog, esq. to miss Harriett Middleton, second daughter of Nathaniel Middleton, esq. of Tawenhall, in the county of Hants.

*27.* At Beckenham, Kent, by the rev. William Rose, George Modd Box, esq. of Brunswick-square, to miss Susanna Hoggart, daughter of Robert Hoggart, esq. of Foxgrove, Beckenham.

*Nov. 3.* At Newport church, in the Isle of Wight, colonel Foster, of the hon. East-India company's service, to miss Rogers, second daughter of John Rogers, esq. banker, Newport, Isle of Wight.

In Dublin, lieutenant-colonel Mackenzie, of Wrington, in Somersetshire, to miss Hay, daughter of major David Hay, of the late Angushire fencibles.

Major Denshire, of the royal South Lincoln militia, to miss H. S. Coles, daughter of John Coles, esq. of Charlton, Gloucestershire.

At Clifton, John Riley, esq. to miss Charlotte Catharine Coxe, daughter of the late general Coxe, of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square.

*5.* Mr. George Robinson, jun. to miss Till, both of Pentonville.

*6.* At St. Mary-la-Bonne, captain George Marshall, of the royal marines, to miss Mary Kepp, eldest daughter of Richard Kepp, esq. of the New Road.

Beddingfield Pogson, esq. of the island of St. Christopher, to Judith, daughter of Clement Caines, esq. of the same island.

*11.* At Shawbury, in the county of Salop, captain Bayley, of the Shrop-



shire militia, to miss Harper, of Edg-bolton.

12. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Peter Mac Gregor, esq. to miss Glenney, of Bernard-street, Russel-square.

14. Captain Frederick Hill, of the 18th, or royal Irish, to miss Haynes, daughter of the late W. R. Haynes, esq. of Lonesome lodge.

### DEATHS.

Lately, in a deep decline, universally beloved and regretted, in his 21st year, lieutenant William Charles Billingham, R. M. (only son of the late highly respected and worthy George Billingham, esq. R. N. and grandson of the late William Billingham, esq. of Mytchen-hall, in the county of Surry.) Before he had attained the age of 16 he was in the battle of Copenhagen, on board the *Defiance*, where his brave conduct gained him the entire approbation of his friend sir Thomas Graves, and all his brother officers: he was interred with every mark of military honor and respect in the governor's chapel, Portsmouth.

Oct. 18. Suddenly at Devizes (on his way from Bath to London), R. Brown, M. D. formerly of Minchin-Hampton, Gloucestershire.

Mr. John Bell, bookseller, of Edinburgh, a gentleman who, for the period of half a century, ranked among the first of his profession, and during many years of that period was the father of the trade.

At South Shields, John More, aged 101 years, 90 of which he used the sea.

In Portman-square, sincerely lamented, the right hon. the countess of Kenmare.

In Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, the lady of sir Alexander Hamilton.

At Doddington, the rev. Francis Dodsworth.

19. At Plomer-hill, Mrs. Hicks, wife of John Hicks, esq. of Bradenham, Bucks.

At Mr. Samuel Jay's, at Cavendish, where he was gone for the benefit of his health, ensign George Barnard, of

the 56th regiment, barrack-master at Market-heights.

At Cromer, in Norfolk, John Pepper, esq. of Islington.

24. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, aged 69, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with the greatest fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Manners, relict of the late Mr. Manners, town-marshal of that corporation.

25. At Grove-house, Hackney, in the 91st year of his age, Thomas Braidwood, esq. formerly of Edinburgh, eminently distinguished for the discovery and successful practice of the art of instructing the deaf and dumb.

In Cumming-street, Pentonville, Mrs. Elisabeth Burrow.

In Penton-street, Pentonville, aged 64 years, Mrs. Smith, wife of Mr. William Smith.

Nov. 1. In Mortimer-street, in the 63th year of his age, George Wye, esq. formerly of Oporto.

2. At Broadstairs, master Alexander Horatio Nelson Davison, youngest son of Alexander Davison, esq. of St. James's-square.

12. At his house in Newington Butts, Alexander Fraser, esq. late of the island of Grenada.

At Warring-farm, near Guildford, Mr. William Smallpiece, much regretted by all who knew him.

At William Wingfield's, esq. in Montague-street, Russel-square, in the 26th year of her age, the right hon. lady Elisabeth Digby, daughter of the late, and sister to the present, earl Digby.

At his house in Stone-street, Bedford-square, lieutenant general Innes, lately commandant of the Chatham division of royal marines.

13. Miss Elisabeth Masterman, second daughter of William Masterman, esq. of Leyton.

At Lees, Berwickshire, Miss Marianne Majoribanks, daughter of Edward Majoribanks, esq.

In the 73d year of his age, Collingwood Roddam, esq. brother to admiral Roddam, of Roddam, Northumberland, of which ancient family the worthy admiral only now remains.

18. Sir John Mordaunt, bart. of Walton, Warwickshire.



THE  
**LADY'S MAGAZINE,**  
 OR  
**ENTERTAINING COMPANION**  
 FOR  
**THE FAIR SEX;**

APPROPRIATED  
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

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- 1 BOTANY, Plate XIII.
- 2 THE MISER OF BAGDAD.
- 3 LONDON FASHIONABLE WALKING and FULL DRESS.
- 4 NEW PATTERN for a BORDER of a VEIL.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row ;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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The ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES will be CONCLUDED in the Supplement.

Continuation of the *Family Anecdotes* in the Supplement.

As several of our correspondents have expressed a wish that we would give the portrait of Mr. Pitt as well as that of Mr. Fox, and some have even intimated suspicions of political partiality, we wish to assure them, that such suspicions are totally unfounded; and that a head of Mr. PITT, engraved by Mr. HEATH, will be given as soon as it shall be finished, with memoirs of his life.

Mr. Webb's *Address to a Robin*, &c.—H. C.'s *Lines to the Memory of Miss E. M.*—are intended for January.

*Blowzelinda's Treachery*—Mrs. Hall's *Lines on the Death of her infant Daughter*—S. Y.'s *Sam and Nell*—in the Supplement.

S. Y. is respectfully informed that his contribution, accompanied with a sketch, is only deferred till the engraver has finished the plate.

We must refer our correspondents to the Supplement for several of their pieces not inserted this month.

The continuation of the *Ninth Lesson of Botany*, begun this month, with explanatory plates, which could not be finished in time, will be given in a future number.











# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For DECEMBER, 1806.

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## BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

### NINTH LESSON.

WE are arrived now to the consideration of the *polypetalous corollas*, a word derived from the Greek word *polus*, many, and *petalon*, a leaf, having many petals.

11. A *dipetalous corolla* is one that is composed of *two* petals, from the Greek words *di*, two, and *petalon*, a leaf. Vide pl. 12. *a*.

12. A *tripetalous corolla* is one that is composed of *three* petals, from the Greek word *treis*, three, and *petalon*, a leaf, as in *sagittaria*. Vide pl. 12. *b*.

13. *Tetrapetalous*, from the Greek words *tetras*, four, and *petalon*, a leaf; but when these have the following shapes, the corolla is then termed,

14. *Cruciform*, in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross, from the Latin words *crux*, a cross, and *forma*, shape, as in the stock. Vide pl. 12. *c*.

Each petal is then formed of two parts.

The broad flat part, resembling the flat part of a battledore, is termed the border, or *lamina*, which last term is Latin, *lamina* meaning a flat sheet of any metal; and the narrow part, like the handle of the battledore, is called the *unguis*, or claw:

*unguis*, in Latin, means claw. Vide pl. 12. *d, e*.

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## AN EVENING WALK IN WINTER.

By S. Y.

'The hardy peasant in his little cot  
Lights his small fire, his homely meal pre-  
pares;

No pamp'rd luxury, no splendid cares  
Invade the comforts of his humble lot.  
Born to endure, he labours thro' the day;  
And when the midnight storm o'erspreads  
the skies,

On a clean pallet peacefully he lies,  
And sweetly sleeps the lonely hours away;  
Till at the peep of dawn he wakes to find  
Health in his veins, and rapture in his mind.  
MRS. ROBINSON.

OUR modern poetess has here given a noble description of the true happiness enjoyed by an honest peasant; his contentment is lasting, and changes not with the seasons.

In *Spring* he cheerfully beholds the melancholy appearance of nature wear off, and the meadows resume their beauty; the sweet and modest violet, one of the first productions of spring, equally delights him with its appearance and fragrance. Here he finds many reasons to admire and bless the wisdom and goodness of his Creator.



*Summer* to him has inexpressible charms. Let him seek the cool shades of the woods or descend into the vale, he will every where find new beauties, even from the humble moss to the stately oak: his ear is charmed with the notes of the cheerful songsters; the variety and simplicity of their melody fill his soul with the sweetest sensations.

*In Autumn*, how many prospects present themselves to his sight! Pleasures to him spring out of every source; and yet how varied the mild lustre of the sun on the different shades of green! The variegated meads and fields, delicate plants interwoven with the grass, mix their tender fading foliage, or else proudly raise their heads above the rest, and display flowers without perfume; whilst in Spring the humble violet grows on barren hills, exhaling its sweets around: thus, alas! one often sees the useful, virtuous man in poverty, whilst the rich and great are clothed in sumptuous habits, wasting in idleness the blessings of the earth.

*In Winter* he with pleasure looks back on the scenes that are gone, and thanks his God he enjoys health that renders his industry happiness: he is not an idle spectator of the direful change; but knows that however sad and comfortless this season may appear, it is absolutely necessary:—with reflection he compares it to the dark and gloomy days that intervene in the life of man; the sunshine of prosperity should not shine upon us continually—it must necessarily be clouded with some days of sorrow. I think the following extract from a piece written by miss Seward will not be ill bestowed in illustrating the above observation.

\* O may the days of bloom and ripeness find  
Such joys, the meed of each untainted mind;

And in the rage of the severest hours,  
May balmy comfort with assuasive powers  
Present the stores by former toil amass'd,  
Pile the warm hearth, and spread the neat  
repat:

Bid sport and song prepare the gladsome rite;  
Then smooth the pillow through the stormy  
night!

Thus health and love the varying year shall  
crown,

While truth and nature smile, tho' pale re-  
finement frown.\*

Reflecting on the easy and happy condition of the industrious peasant, I wrapped myself up; and putting on my boots, to secure my legs and feet from the cold, set out to take my winter's evening walk. The wind blew cold from the east; the fruitful fields were hardened by the frost; and the limpid stream arrested in its career, its former flowing surface chained to the banks, the daring school-boy slides along the crystal surface, where the finny shoals were wont to rove. I took my way across the fields for retirement, along a newly-made path, beside a thorn fence; and in a few minutes my reflections were disturbed by the report of a gun, when, looking to the right, I espied a sportsman with his dogs, traversing in pursuit of game. In a little time I noticed his subtle dogs stand firm, with their sagacious noses pointing towards their prey. Their master soon approached with easy step and caution, and at length the timorous birds took to wing, and the slaughtering gun, alas! 'with aim too true,' brought down to death a brace. The sportsman, smiling, put them into his bag, and pursued his way. Here I thought was a subject for reflection; I could not but compare it to the state of mortal man: those little innocents, I thought, were perhaps, like many, sporting in the feeble rays of the sun, and suddenly death approaches unseen, and cuts life's thin-spun thread: they fall, die, and soon are forgotten.



With slaught'ring guns th' unwearied fowler  
 roves,  
 When frosts have whiten'd all the leafless  
 groves:  
 When doves, in flocks, the leafless trees  
 o'ershade,  
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade,  
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;  
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky.  
 Oft as in airy rings they skim the heath,  
 The whirring partridge feels the leaden  
 death.  
 Oft as the mounting larks their notes pre-  
 pare,  
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.'

I walked pretty fast, and my path  
 soon led me to the great road, along  
 which I continued my way for some  
 time; till, descending a hill, I perceiv-  
 ed a smoke rising from behind the  
 trunk of an old tree, and to gratify my  
 curiosity, I hastened to examine the  
 occasion of it. My nearer approach  
 presented an old beggar-man, kin-  
 dling a small fire with a few scraps of  
 wood and some withered leaves, to  
 warm his palsied limbs: his staff  
 and leathern bag were guarded by a  
 little dog. As soon as he had kin-  
 dled his fire, he took from out his bag  
 a crust of bread, and ate it very  
 heartily: he told me the many ad-  
 ventures of his life, and thanked God  
 for being his support in all his vicissi-  
 tudes.—The description that *Words-*  
*worth* gives of a beggar in reality  
 coincides with this old man.

'I saw an aged beggar in my walk;  
 And he was seated by the highway side.  
 ————— The aged man  
 Had plac'd his staff across the broad, smooth  
 stone,  
 ————— And from a bag  
 All white with flour, the dole of village  
 dames,  
 He drew his scraps and fragments one by one,  
 And scann'd them with a fix'd and serious  
 look  
 Of idle computation.  
 And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,  
 That still attempting to prevent the waste,  
 Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers  
 Fell on the ground, and the small hungry  
 birds,  
 Not venturing yet to peck their destin'd  
 meal,  
 Approach'd within the length of half his staff.  
 He travels on, a solitary man!  
 So helpless in appearance, that for him  
 The saunt'ring horseman traveller does not  
 throw,

With careless hand, his alms upon the ground,  
 But stops, that he may safely lodge the coin  
 Within the old man's hat: nor quits him so;  
 But still, when he has given his horse the  
 rein,  
 Towards the aged beggar turns a look  
 Sidelong, and half averted.'

I hastened to gain the nearest road  
 home, as the evening was fast de-  
 clining: the feeble rays of the sun had  
 dropped beneath the distant hills, and  
 the orb of night resumed her lesser  
 light. The wind had sunk, and a  
 dead silence reigned; save the mur-  
 mur of the distant mill and the night-  
 dog's angry howl: the road, that had  
 been softened by the influence of the  
 sun, was growing hard by the frost.  
 I journeyed on till the full-moon  
 shone in all its splendour, and gilded  
 the distant hills with a silver white.  
 The following lines of Charlotte  
 Smith here crowded on my recol-  
 lection.

I love thee, mournful, sober-suited night!  
 When the faint moon, yet ling'ring in her  
 wane,  
 And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light  
 Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main,  
 In deep depression sunk, the enfeebled mind  
 Will to the deaf cold elements complain,  
 And tell the embosom'd grief, however vain,  
 'To sullen surges and the viewless wind.  
 Tho' no repose on thy dark breast I find,  
 I still enjoy thee—cheerless as thou art;  
 For in thy quiet gloom, the exhausted heart  
 Is calm, tho' wretched; hopeless, yet resign'd.

It was growing late, and as I pass-  
 ed through a village, every thing  
 seemed to have sunk to rest: no light  
 beamed from any of the windows; and  
 nothing disturbed the stillness of the  
 night, except the horrid scream of  
 the screech-owl. Sleep seemed to  
 have bound in her oblivious chains  
 the happy peasant and all his hum-  
 ble cot: here methought no vexing  
 dreams disturbed; and yet I could  
 not but reflect that perhaps some  
 poor sufferer in sickness might at  
 that moment pine in want, upon the  
 cheerless bed.

'E'en now, perhaps, some love-desponding  
 swain  
 Heaves the deep sigh, o'ercome by cold dis-  
 dain,



With streaming eyes, some sad dishonour'd  
fair  
Mourns o'er the babe that owns no father's  
care.

Just as I left the village, the solemn toll of the church clock told the hour of nine, and I pursued my way home. I had not walked far ere I met a small party of peasants coming to the village: they seemed very merry; and as I passed one rather behind, I made free to ask where they had been. 'Why, if you must know,' replied the little pert rustic, 'we have been to see uncle.' 'To sup with him, I presume,' continued I. 'Yes, and to drink too, to be sure; we always have a little piece of a frolic every year,' answered the lad. I thanked him for his information, and bade him good night. Thomson has beautifully pourtrayed this little occurrence, and with this I conclude my walk.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire;  
While well attested, and as well believ'd,  
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round,  
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.  
Or frequent in the sounding hall, they wake  
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;  
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's  
heart,  
Easily pleased; the long loud laugh sincere;  
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long  
maid,  
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;  
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to  
notes  
Of native music, the respondent dance.  
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter's  
night.

ALMAMUN, the MISER of BAGDAD.

A TALE.

(*With an elegant Engraving.*)

IN the reign of the caliph Almoktader, there dwelt in Bagdad a merchant named Almamun, who by his extensive trade, which he had carried on with equal judgment and good fortune, had amassed prodigious wealth; but as the governors and great officers employed under the young and dissipated caliph were

not a little rapacious, and guilty of numerous extortions, he carefully concealed his riches, and wore the appearance of poverty; a precaution which, at the same time that it sheltered him from the observation and grasping avarice of those in power, contributed to the increase of the wealth he was so desirous to preserve. Most of his neighbours were well convinced that he must have accumulated a great treasure; but where he had concealed or deposited it was a secret, which he was particularly cautious not to divulge.

Among the persons he employed in the transacting of his affairs was one named Kalid, who had completely gained his regard and confidence, by his address and good conduct in the execution of any commission with which he had entrusted him, and who appeared devoted to him with the warmest personal friendship. Kalid appeared to be scrupulously just, and punctiliously devout; but beneath this fair exterior he concealed the utmost selfishness and dishonest artifice. He had his views constantly fixed on the great wealth of which he knew that Almamun must be possessed; and he employed all his art, though for a long time in vain, to discover the place of its concealment.

Almamun had a daughter named Shulema, whom, next to his treasures, he loved with sincere affection. Kalid had not neglected endeavouring to ingratiate himself with her, and, if possible, to gain her affections; though his own were fixed solely on the riches of Almamun, of which he hoped he might gain a considerable portion if he could recommend himself to Shulema. But she had already bestowed her heart on a youth named Helim, whose character and qualities were, in reality, far superior to those of Kalid; though he had not the good fortune to render himself



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*Almamun the Miser of Bagdad.*







so agreeable to her father, whose principal objection to him was, that he thought he had not talents proper for business. Kalid, too, having the ear of Almamun, by his suggestions continually increased his dislike to Helim, till he at length induced him to forbid all intercourse between him and his daughter. Shulema and Helim became, in consequence, the irreconcilable enemies of Kalid; but the latter made every day a greater progress in obtaining the implicit confidence of Almamun.

By repeated conversations with his employer and patron, Kalid discovered that his mind was continually disturbed by fears that he should one day be plundered of all his wealth, and perhaps deprived of his life, by the rapacity of some of the great officers of government. These fears Kalid exerted his endeavours, in the most artful but covert manner, to increase; suggesting, at the same time, that it would be well to consider before it was too late of the proper means to avoid this danger, and place, if possible, these riches in a state of security. He hinted to Almamun that he knew he relied on the secrecy and privacy of the concealment of his treasure; but he expressed his fears that this would avail him little, as it was generally admitted that he must be very rich; and confinement in a dungeon, with unremitting severity, or perhaps torture, must at length weary out the most resolute, and force a disclosure. He intimated also, that were he deemed worthy to be entrusted with the important secret of the nature and amount of this wealth, he could give such advice as, were it followed, would effectually secure it from the dangers with which both it and the possessor were at present threatened.

This discourse Kalid repeated from day to day; and at length informed Almamun that he knew from

undoubted authority, the sources of which, however, he could not divulge, that the governor of Bagdad, with the connivance of the caliph, had adopted the idea which was the subject of his fears, and that he would certainly be very soon arrested, in order to the confiscation of his wealth: it therefore became necessary for him to resolve immediately in what manner he would act for his personal safety, and to avoid his total ruin. He assured him that he might rely on the intelligence he had given him; that the governor was a crafty and avaricious man, as indeed he well knew; and that the caliph, as he had observed before, would connive at this act of extortion, on receiving the greater part of the plunder to dissipate in his licentious pleasures. He would be seized suddenly and secretly, and if the expected wealth was not immediately found, he might depend on it that the severest measures would be taken to force from him a discovery of it.

Almamun, terrified at this alarming information from a friend whose veracity he thought he had no reason to distrust, and which indeed exactly coincided with the fears he had so long entertained, conjured Kalid to give him the advice which he had intimated he was able to give, in what manner to elude the coming storm. But Kalid appeared now to answer only in a cautious and evasive manner: it was an affair of some delicacy; and should the governor discover that he had been instrumental in disappointing him of his expected prey, he might likewise be involved in ruin. Besides, Almamun had never reposed any great confidence in him with respect to his wealth: he neither knew the quantity or the value, or the place or manner of the concealment of the treasure he was to assist in preserving. The friendship he was requested to exercise



towards Almamun required a return of equal confidence on his part.

Almamun, half distracted by his fears, resolved to confide implicitly in Kalid, and disclose to him all he seemed desirous to know. He took him, therefore, to his house without the city, and at the back of his garden shewed him a kind of cave, overshadowed by thick trees, the entrance of which was very artfully closed, and known only to himself. Into this cave he descended, and brought up a coffer, which he opened and displayed to the astonished sight of Kalid. It contained a number of ingots of the finest gold, but especially diamonds, and other precious stones, of immense value. Kalid was struck mute with admiration; but still greater was his astonishment when he descended with Almamun into the subterranean cavity, and beheld the quantity of gold, silver, and other valuable things which he had there amassed. He had never before beheld such a treasure, nor had he conceived that even Almamun possessed such wealth. His avarice was most powerfully excited, and his imagination lost and bewildered in devising schemes to obtain this treasure for himself. He could therefore scarcely answer Almamun, when he pressed him to give the advice he had promised him, but by assuring him that he should find all his wealth perfectly safe.

The next day Kalid came in great haste to Almamun, and assured him that the officers of the rapacious governor would arrive in an hour's time to seize him; in confirmation of which he shewed him some surly-looking fellows, whom he had hired and dressed up to act the part of these officers. Not an instant, he said, must now be lost. He would be irretrievably ruined, and perhaps lose

his life, if he did not fly instantly for Damascus, the governor of which had rendered himself independent of the caliph, and was a man of strict justice and honour. Kalid said he had formerly known him, and had great interest with him. He would follow him in a day or two with his treasure, which he had not the smallest doubt of being able to carry off privately in safety, as soon as he was gone.

Almamun, prevented by his terrors from doubting a word of all that he had been told, set off with all speed and secrecy; and Kalid immediately applied himself to pack up, and carry away, the treasure which had been discovered to him, not to convey it to Damascus, but to appropriate it to himself.

In the mean time, Shulema, and Helim having observed that Kalid, of whose honesty they justly entertained suspicions, was continually in close conference with Almamun, carefully watched his motions; and when they found that Almamun had left the city precipitately, and that Kalid was preparing, as he said, to pack up certain effects and follow him, Helim, who had some personal acquaintance with the governor, applied to him to interfere; in consequence of which Kalid was seized, and all the vast treasure of Almamun discovered. Almamun was likewise arrested before he reached Damascus, and, on an examination of all the parties, the whole knavery and artifice of Kalid were discovered. The governor decreed, that one fourth of the riches of Almamun should go to the state, for having preserved the remainder; that the half of that remainder should be given to Shulema and Helim, who were united, and lived happily; and that Kalid should expiate his crime in a dungeon, where he languished a few years, and then died.



THE

ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

(Continued from p. 579.)

CHAP. LXXVIII.

OUR heroine, now sheltered within the fostering arms of her adored husband, surrounded by friends, protectors, affluence, and happiness, in every direction, had nothing to call for the energies of her mind, and to catch from exertion the appearance of strength. It was therefore too soon visible to all her anxiously-attentive observers, that severe and formidable was the shock her constitution had received from the dreadful conflicts it had been her singular fate to sustain. The terrible effect of all the horrors, toils, sickness, and griefs, which had so unremittingly assailed her, seemed now to burst at once upon her in this moment of completed happiness; and, independent of other alarming symptoms of languor and ill health, her nervous system appeared so shaken, that the once intrepid Victoria trembled at every sound; and at the approach of night expected, with horrid apprehension, the realising of every terrific vision the distempered fancy of dismay and superstition could create.

Orlando, almost distracted with agonising apprehensions, summoned father Pierre back from Provence, and sent off an express to Murcia to search out Pedro de Valdivieso; while all the faculty of eminence which Naples, Rome, and the surrounding provinces could boast, were collected round her; who all declared that medicine, and the air of his own particular residence, alone could save her. Victoria laughed at these interested prescriptions, but promised her almost heart-broken

Orlando, and his little less agonised father, to adhere most faithfully to the advice of Pierre and Pedro.

The holy father arrived as speedily as possible, and was quickly convicted of the most egregious ignorance by the before-assembled sons of Æsculapius; for he advised a tour to all the gayest scenes in Europe; considering a constant succession of amusement likely to engage her fancy, with a quick change of scene, where her mind could have little opportunity of reverting to the past, aided by perpetual variation of air, the exercise of travelling, and some gentle alteratives, by far the most likely means of re-establishing that health which mental suffering had affected.

The Italian physicians, handsomely rewarded for their trouble by the liberal Orlando, stalked off in great dudgeon, highly reprobating Victoria's infatuation and the absurd monk's ignorance: and as Pierre's prescriptions were thought by Victoria to promise some relief to the deep wounds of Lorenzo's mind, she more readily agreed to the projected tour; and with her husband, his father and sister, the good monk Pierre, with Ursuline, Roselia, Diego, and a suitable retinue, she set out to visit all the places whither fancy or curiosity chose to lead her, both in the islands and continent of Europe. For almost two years they were wandering; and when again they returned to Manfredonia, the sweetest smiles of nature, fate, and fortune, bade them welcome. Sorrow no longer was there: the peasantry, blest again under the auspices of humanity, were jocund and healthy; Victoria was perfectly recovered; her husband one of the happiest of mankind; Lorenzo cheered by the felicity of his children; and the sweet smile of hope lit up its gentle radiance in the bosom of Matilda: for the war in which Spain had been recently engaged was ended, and Al-



phonso was at the castle of Manfredonia to receive the wanderers.

During this tour, in which Matilda was first introduced to the great and busy world, she clearly saw the homage paid to her charms was trifling and transient compared to that degree of admiration the marchesa di Palermo excited in every court they visited. At the moment they first appeared each seemed to be equally admired; or, if, in favour of either, lady Matilda's vanity might feel most flattered: but too soon she had the mortification of perceiving each word, each look, each movement of Victoria obtaining for her new votaries; and at length all flocked to pay homage at her shrine, leaving Matilda comparatively unnoticed. Even the trifling incumbrance annexed to the marchesa, a beloved and adoring husband, appeared no impediment to love and admiration in many of the licentious courts they visited: and though dignified the repulses of the virtuous marchesa, and well known as were the incontestable proofs which she had given of the tenderness of her attachment to Orlando, the fascination of her manners riveted the chains her artless beauty forged; and, though without a ray of hope to cheer them, innumerable inamoratos sighed around her, while few in comparison were the lovers Matilda had to boast of.

The observation of all this, added to the recollection of the high estimation in which conte Ariosto held his sister, led Matilda to study the captivating graces of Victoria's mind and manners, and by them to attempt new modelling her own; while our heroine too, aware of lady Matilda's unavoidable deficiencies, and of her attachment to Alphonso, would often, as if without any particular meaning, speak of those feminine graces and accomplishments

her brother most admired, and point out in many a court belle the defects or perfections most likely to disgust or captivate Alphonso. Not an iota of this was lost upon Matilda. She exerted all the powers of her strong mind and genius to become what conte Ariosto must approve; so that, when she returned to Manfredonia, her manners were so softened, so polished, so delicately refined; her accomplishments so striking, that Alphonso, no longer under the influence of prejudice, wondered how he could have been so long blind to such dazzling perfections; and believing that he had hitherto been unjust, by way of some atonement became as anxious as Matilda herself could wish him to search out all those amiable as well as alluring qualities which she now so eminently possessed; and in a very few months Matilda had the happiness of finding that she was not doomed to sigh away her life in hopeless love. Conte Ariosto's heart became all her own; and Lorenzo with transport bestowed his child upon the amiable son of his beloved lamented friends, Altidore and Clementina. The joy of Victoria and her Orlando upon this occasion was excessive; and the subsequent happiness of Alphonso and Matilda gave them no cause for regret, as they remembered the auspicious day that amiable and beloved pair were united.

To say that the duca di Manfredonia passed the remainder of his days in perfect happiness would be to depreciate the sensibility of his feeling heart. His misfortunes had been such as time could not lessen. The calamitous fate of his Viola hung heavily upon his heart, and the balm of religion only could soften his sorrows. Though dreadful was the real fate of the innocent beloved being his bosom bled for, the more terrible belief of her having by crime



deprived herself of an asylum among the blest was happily removed from his long tortured mind; and that horror which for years had wrung every fibre of his soul with anguish was chased by the rapturous conviction of her immaculate purity. Viola's name was again venerated by the world: and with exulting pride (though mingled with the softening pangs of fond regret) he could talk to his children of their mother—to Victoria of her counterpart.

Tranquil, though not happy, glided on the evening of Lorenzo's days; respected by the world, esteemed by his friends, loved by his vassals, and adored by his duteous children, from whose undiminished felicity, and from watching over the dawning reason of his lovely and promising grand-children, he derived all of happiness the world could now bestow upon him. But, if ever the simplicity of heart and striking virtues of his beloved Victoria reminded him of the treasure he had so fatally lost; if the tender, perfect, and still increasing attachment subsisting between her and his Orlando taught fond regret to paint with agonising touches the short moments of his own wedded happiness, Religion's potent power would restore to him the calm influence of resignation, and teach him to look, with pious faith and hope, for a re-union with his Viola in the realms of never-fading bliss.

The good and faithful father Rinaldo, at the request of the noble Lorenzo, gave up his situation in the monastery of St. Lewis, and re-assumed his station of domestic chaplain at Manfredonia; where he was loved by all, and his virtues justly appreciated. The duca had sufficient interest to obtain for him the highest church preferment; but the unambitious, affectionate old man rejected all honours, and, preferring the circle of domestic comfort, chose to

live with his patron and his friend, and to pass the remainder of his days in the family of Manfredonia.

The pious and learned father Alberti became the domestic chaplain at the castle of Palino; and, refusing too all episcopal honours, dedicated the rest of his life to witnessing the perfect happiness of his beloved Alphonso, and to giving his children that instruction from which their amiable father had derived such advantage, and to which he had done such honour, before them.

The monks of St. Lewis were most liberally recompensed by the munificent Lorenzo for the part they had taken in the restoration of himself and children to the world and their ancient honours. But the general reward was not deemed by him or his children a sufficient testimony of their gratitude for the services of the incorruptible and skilful Pierre: they therefore shortly procured him to be invested with episcopal dignities; nor ceased their exertions in his favour until they placed him in that situation which Rinaldo and Alberti had rejected: and in his eminent station as cardinal, this once obscure man did honour, by his humility and manifold virtues, to human nature and the friends who exalted him.

Nor were the sisters of St. Marguerite's forgotten by our heroine. Her grateful heart led her to reward all who had been kind to her in her misfortunes; and the liberal presents she made to the abbess and the Benedictine sisters plainly evinced how highly she estimated her obligations to them.

Signora Ursuline, as our reader can readily suppose, passed the winter of her days in the family of her beloved Victoria, receiving from every individual that respect and tender regard she so well merited, and deriving happiness from wit-



nessing the augmenting felicity of her darling pupil, whom with pleasure she assisted in the task of rearing her children, and in educating the young Viola and Clementina. Nor were the relations of Farinelli forgotten by Victoria, her adoring husband, or affectionate father; and the obligations our heroine was under to that incomparable woman were repaid by amply providing for all those she held most dear.

To Octavia Bernini was left no cause to regret her eventful expedition into Spain. Her virtues and services were rewarded, and the families of Manfredonia and Ariosto left it no longer in the power of necessity to tear her from the bosom of her family in quest of their advantage.

For the fate of poor old Teresa we trust, compassionate reader, you feel interested. Before Orlando finally quitted the Pyrenean castle, he offered to Teresa her choice of accompanying him to Italy and residing there for life in his family, or returning to her relations and native village with a handsome annuity. This kindly-intended proposition almost rent the heart-strings of poor Teresa. Affection strongly called her into Italy with her adored child and his beloved lady, while duty peremptorily commanded her return to Aragon to her husband and her children. She consulted Victoria upon this delicate affair, who advised her at least visiting the place of her nativity, to learn whom Time had spared to her; to relieve the necessities of her kindred; to arrange for their future comforts; and then to remain with them, or not, exactly which she should find most congenial to her feelings.

Teresa wept for joy at advice so correspondent to her wishes: here was a salvo for her conscience; and, resolving to play the jesuit with her mental admonisher, she considered

that duty could demand no more than visiting and relieving the wants of her relations, and then no bosom-monitor could sting her with reproach for following the impulse of inclination.

The affectionate and grateful Orlando, attentive to the comfort and safety of his good old nurse, appointed Thomas, with a secure escort, to accompany Teresa to her native village; where she went fully determined not to like any one person or circumstance there which might impede her earnest wish of spending the short period of her existence in the family of Orlando and Victoria. But, alas! poor Teresa had no occasion to take such pains in forming resolutions. Nineteen years make melancholy alterations in this transitory world! The husband of Teresa, her daughter, and grand-children, all were laid in the peaceful grave; her son-in-law wedded again, with a new family around him: all her own kindred, all the friends who had cared about her, gone.

The feeling-hearted Teresa wept the bitter tears of anguish at this intelligence, although, as she journeyed from Catalonia, she fancied such information would give her pleasure. The ignorant few among the old who recognised her declared she was a spectre thrown up from the grave; the young, as ignorant, believed she was a witch. One party shunned her, the other maltreated her; while Thomas (whom all united in thinking crazy) got into a variety of ridiculous and dangerous scrapes upon her account, and with much difficulty effected their safe retreat from a village which he execrated with all his might and main, and with all possible care conducted Teresa to the castle of Manfredonia, where she was received with a sincere and affectionate welcome, that recompensed the poor afflicted old woman for all the grief, peril, and toils she



had experienced in her visit to her native plains.

In the castle of Manfredonia Teresa found herself a woman of wonderful consequence among the domestics; for, having taken care of their young lord in his childhood, she plumed herself much upon the importance that circumstance gave her; prattling for hours each day of how she reared him, recounting the prodigies of his early days, relating all the horrors of the Pyrenean castle, and expatiating upon all Victoria's sufferings and virtues, which she had experienced and manifested there; while the greatest happiness of her life she derived from the kindness of Orlando and Victoria, in allowing her to make a bustle in the nursery, and to fancy herself of infinite service to the lovely young brood there.

One of the incidents highly affecting to the susceptible feelings of Lorenzo, upon his return to the castle of his ancestors, we will now relate. We trust our reader has not forgotten Fidato—the old and faithful maggiordomo, whom the indignity offered to his lamented lord, by the marriage of Elvira, had driven to his bed in a nervous fever. Grief, horror, old age, and cruel treatment from the usurper, brought upon this hitherto healthy man a complication of maladies: and, about six years prior to Lorenzo's return to Manfredonia, the wretched Fidato, in a miserable state of mental and bodily debility, was despoiled of all the honest earnings of his life by the rapacious Polydore, and driven by that ruthless barbarian from the castle to a miserable hut upon the sea-shore, where for the last two years he had been totally confined to his bed—where, but for the humanity of the oppressed and impoverished peasant where he lodged

(and who still remembered Fidato's kindness to him in happier times), he must have perished for want of care.

A short time prior to Lorenzo's return, by the pitying decrees of Almighty Providence, the mental powers of this poor persecuted suffering old man revisited him. At length the duca di Manfredonia was restored to redress the grievances of his ruined and persecuted tenantry. Fidato, with every pulse throbbing with ecstatic joy and gratitude to heaven, heard the wondrous tale: it renovated his expiring lamp of life; it gave to his unfeebled reason a gleam of energy long unknown to it. Lorenzo visited the bedside of this esteemed and faithful old domestic, wept over his injuries, his ailments, his afflictions, and had him instantly removed in a litter, with the tenderest care, from the hovel to the castle.

In the hall Fidato was received and welcomed by his kind and long-lost master. Again Fidato hid his hoary head in the bosom of Lorenzo, and wept for joy. He saw his young lord once more, and pressed his hands to his throbbing heart; beheld the lady Matilda, and the destined wife of the long-lamented marchese di Palermo—she who had been permitted by Heaven to restore his ancient master to him. He gazed upon her with rapturous gratitude and delight; he sobbed; he pressed her hand with respectful affection to his lips, and blessed her with affecting solemnity. He was then gently conveyed to the chamber which for thirty years he had inhabited; where, looking around with a cheerful and delighted countenance, he piously thanked Heaven for extending his life to behold once more his beloved injured lord and his lovely children; to hear the vilely traduced fame of his inestimable



lady restored to its rank amongst the Immaculate; and to permit him to breathe his last sigh in the service and castle of his lord: and, then blessing Lorenzo and his children with fervour, he, with a sweet smile of tranquillity, laid his head upon his pillow, and without a sigh or struggle sunk into eternal sleep.

### CHAP. LXXIX.

By the time Diego was restored to honourable society both his parents were no more; but ever cherishing the hope of his being yet in existence, they had left all their property in the hands of trustees, to accumulate for his use, should he appear in the space of twenty-one years after their decease. That term was not half expired. The late conte Ariosto too left a noble legacy for his ever-lamented favourite, bearing interest, and to remain appropriated for his use for fourteen years, when, should Diego not have been heard of, the money was to become the property of Alphonso. More than that term had elapsed since the death of Altidore; but the amiable Alphonso, in respect to his father's attachment, and in gratitude for Diego's kindness and services to Victoria, presented him his legacy, with all its accumulation, even unto the very day he was put into possession of it. But although the property of Diego thus lay in Tuscany, although his attachment to the castle of Palino was unsubdued, and his respect for the present conte Ariosto extreme, he still preferred a residence at Manfredonia. To be near Orlando and Victoria was the first wish of his heart; to see them daily, to sometimes converse with them, was a pleasure he would not forego for any other temporal consideration; and as his active mind was ever reverting to dreadful subjects

when devoid of employment, the good duca, in recompense for his services, and to draw him from the torturing retrospection brought on by inaction, appointed him maggiordomo as soon as the men of business employed for the occasion had arranged all the embarrassments of the estates and tenantry.

Diego, affluent and independent, settled in a family where all his attachments centered, with an honourable employment that occupied most of his time, and gave ample opportunities to his active benevolence to exercise itself, was yet unhappy. His feeling mind still shuddered at the crimes he had been led into the commission of, and each moment of inaction his pensive agonised thoughts fled back to scenes of past horror, embittering his else now cloudless days, and strewn his pillow with the rankling thorns of despondence and contrition.

Orlando and Victoria were often the confidants of his miserable feelings; their good sense and pity strove to reason and persuade him back to happiness, while their piety dropped all the balm into his wounds that Omnipotent mercy promises to the lowly contrite penitent. At length, the restless Diego conceived it highly reprehensible for such a sinner as he had been to remain in the world exposed to temptations he had so fully evinced himself unable to resist; and that the only prospect he had of salvation was by renouncing the world, and in the gloomy recesses of a cloister strive, by unceasing prayer and penance, to expiate his crimes.

This measure Orlando and Victoria strongly opposed, being both firmly of opinion that the active benevolent Diego would only find misery in a convent, while in the world, as a husband, a father, philanthropist, by avoiding sin in the



midst of temptation, leading others to virtue by his example, and by his benevolence and kindness making numbers happy, he could more fully perform his duty to Heaven, and more amply make atonement for the offences of his past life. But, not choosing that their judgment alone should decide in such an important affair, they persuaded Diego to lay all his thoughts and perplexities before the holy fathers Rinaldo, Alberti, and Pierre, and to abide by their decision. The two latter were therefore immediately convened, and with Rinaldo, the duca di Manfredonia, Orlando and Diego, solemnly and deeply discussed the momentous question, when the opinions of all were strongly against Diego's project, and the holy men and Lorenzo perfectly agreed with Orlando in his ideas upon the subject; and so mild, so merciful was the theology of these good priests, so comforting their doctrines, that Diego's heart dilated with the cheering hope of Heaven's forgiveness, and his own firmness against temptation.

Orlando, well knowing the sensitive sensibility of Diego's composition, would not leave time to the indulgence of his oppressed feelings, after the solemn scene was ended; but good-naturedly catching this inestimable though humble friend by the arm, led him to the marchesa, who was sitting in her dressing-room, striving to employ herself in reading, while all her thoughts were fixed upon the interesting conference in the library. Ursuline and Roselia were both with her; but as the ingenuous Diego had never affected secrecy before them, neither of them now attempted to retire, as they were full of anxiety to learn what had been the decision of the monks. The ardent Victoria instantly caught intelligence from the

eyes of her husband, and starting from her seat took the hand of Diego, and sweetly said with all the spirited glow of animation which unfeigned pleasure gives—

‘Orlando's countenance tells me that our united wish is realised, and that society is not to lose a valuable member.’

Diego burst into tears, and covering his face with both hands, would have retreated, only for the active attention of Orlando, who grasping him by the arm, spoke with an air of gaiety calculated to inspire cheerfulness:

‘I have brought Diego hither, Victoria, to be tried and condemned, without benefit of clergy, for high treason against your sex. As we came from the solemn congress hither, I advised him, if he wished for complete happiness, to get a wife; and, would you believe it, I am convinced not even your persuasions could win him to compliances; he seems to shrink from matrimony as from some most horrible institution.’

‘Oh! the insulting savage!’ exclaimed signora Farinelli. ‘Were I a marrying woman, I declare I would set my cap in the most resistless manner at him, and, by winning him, secure our revenge.’

‘And reward my humility, you mean, signora,’ said Diego, who by this time had made a successful effort to suppress his feelings. ‘My good lord has a little misconceived me. Living in the castle of Manfredonia, who could shrink from wedded life? My lord advised my uniting myself to some amiable woman whom I loved, and—’

‘And strongly I advise it, Diego, from conviction. You talk of being easily led to error. United to such a woman as my Victoria, think you that I can ever stray? Must not I ever shrink from error, lest I



should become unworthy of her affection?’

‘With virtue by the hand, he must indeed be a prompt sinner who could stray. But, my lord, you know there is not a woman in existence equal to the marchesa di Palermo; and the only man who deserved such a gift from Heaven has obtained her. As for me, such are my pretensions to wedded happiness, that I dare not claim alliance with any virtue. How dare I, tainted as I am by crimes, ask the love of any estimable woman? How could I hope to be beloved, who—’

At this moment Roselia hastily quitted the room, with her fine countenance covered with the brightest tints of vermilion, and in a state of agitation that could no longer effect concealment.

A smile of intelligence beamed over the expressive countenance of Victoria, and bore conviction to her Orlando, on whose face was instantly displayed its counterpart.

The humble Diego was not deficient in penetration:—he beheld the emotion and flight of Roselia, and saw the expressive smile of his lord and lady. Hope and joy explained all to his wishes; and, almost in as much perturbation as poor Roselia, he waited not for further conviction, but, closely pursuing her steps, at length overtook her ere she reached her intended retreat; when he hastened, though we fear rather awkwardly, to inform Roselia that he tenderly loved her, since his first knowledge of her virtues; since he beheld her resistless beauty through the touching charm of tears, awakened by affection and distress at the forlorn and persecuted situation of her beloved lady Victoria; since she evinced such humanity towards himself in the chateau of De Montfort.

Roselia heard him without any symptoms calculated to announce his

case a hopeless one: and Victoria shortly after drew from the ingenuous Roselia a secret that she long suspected—that the interesting Diego, notwithstanding his being sixteen years her senior in age, had stolen imperceptibly into her tenderest affections: and as Victoria firmly believed that in defiance of his former errors Diego was an honest man, who would make her beloved Roselia happy, readily gave her consent to the union.

By the earnest desire of Roselia, her old friend the good father Alberti performed the nuptial ceremony; and her beloved preceptress, the venerable and hoary-headed Ursuline, was her bridesmaid. Conte di Ariosto gave her to the bridegroom; for both he and his Matilda attended at Manfredonia to evince their respect to Roselia and Diego. Victoria furnished the bride’s wardrobe; and assisted herself on the nuptial day to decorate the person of her beloved Roselia, whom she feelingly reminded of having done the same for her, but under very different auspices; yet fervently she hoped Roselia’s road to happiness would prove as certain.

The generous friends of Roselia, Alphonso and Victoria, presented her with a handsome marriage-portion, which Diego settled upon her and her children, as he did all the patrimony and legacy bequeathed to him. A very pretty house in the park, approximate to the castle, neatly furnished, was presented by Lorenzo to Diego for the residence of himself and wife. The duca, Orlando, Matilda, Ursuline, and Alberti, all evinced their friendship and good-will to Roselia by presenting her with gifts suited to the fortune of the donors; and this union, formed under such propitious auspices, proved as happy as their most zealous friends could wish. The life of



Roselia glided on in undisturbed conjugal and domestic felicity; while her affectionate and indulgent Diego, as a husband and a father, as a faithful steward, a lenient master, the benefactor of the poor, the champion of the oppressed, the alleviator of sorrow, the pious Christian, the upright honest man, deserved the favour of Heaven, and obliterated from the minds even of the most fastidious, by his active virtues in his maturer years, all recollection of the transgressions of his former days.

Thomas, if he had the inclination, had not the power of returning to his native country. Thomas had been an orphan, the offspring of an honest sailor who had been reared in the workhouse at Biddeford in Devonshire. When arrived at a proper age, he was bound apprentice to a fisherman, by whom he was treated with excessive kindness. When he became his own master, he gratified the first wish of his heart by enlisting in the royal navy; and during several cruizes, and in some celebrated engagements at sea, he signalised his courage and good conduct so much, that, young as he was, he was promoted to the post of boatswain. After seven years spent in the navy, with credit to himself and advantage to the profession, he was once more in England; and at the age of twenty-one obtained leave of absence from his ship to go and visit his old master at Biddeford, intending to make the good old man's latter days happy by a cargo of prize-money, which he had hoarded for his kind master's use.

On his arrival at Biddeford, he was shocked to find his master's only son (who had been his fellow-apprentice), a good-natured thoughtless youth, who had ever been wild and easily led astray, had fallen under the penal law, and been executed for piracy. The unhappy father,

though overwhelmed by the dreadful odium his son's misconduct had brought upon his closing life, was taught by affection to mingle with his bitter pangs a fond remembrance of all the good properties his ill-fated son's heart possessed; and, never having followed his occupation upon a Sunday from the moment of his son's execution, instead of attending at public worship (as he had on that day uniformly done), at dawn of morn he took his staff, and with his day's provision at his back, and accompanied by his faithful dog, he traced his faltering steps to the dreadful spot where the body of his child was exposed to public contumely; and at the foot of the gibbet, in sunshine and rain, in keen frost and drifting snow, the agonised father kept his heart-rending sabbaths, until the closing hour of day forced his return to his now miserable home.

Poor Thomas was led by affection to his old master to keep one of these direful vigils with him. The father's half-averted eye, in which the mingled tear of grief and humiliation trembled—the blush of shame that flushed his furrowed cheek—the agonising sigh that convulsed his bosom—were all too much for the susceptible feelings of Thomas, and he determined the wretched parent should never pass such another heart-rending watch.

Thomas went secretly to work. With some planks of oak he made a kind of coffin; cut down the body of his friend, and interred him in a lonely part of a sequestered churchyard in a neighbouring hamlet. The body was missed. Inquiry led discovery to poor Thomas, who was thrown into jail, and brought to trial; when the irritability of his feelings, and ignorance of the law, led him into the commission of contempt of court; and this, added to his other crime,



required all the interest of poor Thomas's naval friends to have his sentence mitigated to fourteen years' transportation.

Thomas, indignant at a punishment his heart told him that he deserved not, quitted England; and, as his native and much-loved Albion lessened to his view, he rashly made the most solemn and awful of vows never more to return. On his voyage to America the transport he was in was wrecked: many of the crew and convicts perished, while he with a few other individuals were saved from the fury of the storm by a Portuguese merchantman on its way from Mexico to Lisbon. As they approached the shore of Portugal, they fell in with and were taken by Achmet the corsair, from whose power our reader already knows he was taken by Don Manuel, in whose service he was fettered by links of compulsion which his natural honesty could not find out means to break. But even in the service of this predacious society he could never be prevailed upon to join in plundering a prize his valour had assisted to take: and on every possible occasion he failed not to evince the virtues of his heart; while he strove to reconcile himself to his fate by thinking, that as he could never more fight for his country, he would not fight against it by enlisting in the navy of any other maritime power; and that, as he must fight upon the sea to be happy, he might as well do it in Don Manuel's service as any other.

Emancipated from the power of Don Manuel, and settled amongst the vassals of Manfredonia, Thomas's heart whispered to him that he once again knew happiness; he could once again look stedfastly upon an honest man, and own without blushing who was his master.

To afford him employment, and contribute to his happiness, the good

duca and Orlando gave to the care of Thomas all the fishing and pleasure-boats, with all the armed vessels belonging to the duchy of Manfredonia; or when sailing upon the Adriatic, whether protecting the shore from the incursions of some predacious Turk, or proudly guiding the helm when the duca and his family took a marine excursion, poor Thomas felt himself little less than a British admiral.

Hugo, Orlando's faithful *came-reiro*, and prompt agent for obtaining views of lady Victoria for him in the château de Vicenza, was summoned from Roussillon to Manfredonia upon Orlando's first arrival at the castle of his ancestors; and the happy Hugo reinstated in the service of his beloved master.

Pedro had been bound, by a solemn oath to Francisco, to return to the castle of the Pyrenees in the brigantine after leaving lady Victoria in a place of safety; but the implacable fury of the tempest had prevented his fulfilling that sacred engagement:—and as he had only sworn to return with the brigantine, and as the brigantine was irrecoverably lost, he believed himself absolved from his oath, and by no means bound to return (nor did he know the way) to a horde of villains, who had basely dragged him from happiness to misery and bondage; and the moment Providence permitted him to reach the rocks he made for, he determined to return immediately to Murcia. Yet fearing the recognition of any of the predacious society, he hastened effectually to disguise himself; and by a fatiguing and fear-inspired circuit from Marseilles, where he landed, through Languedoc, Gascony, across the Pyrenees into Navarre, and through Old and New Castile, at length reached Murcia; when making his rapid way to Carthagena, in



a state of the most pitiable anxiety, he cautiously announced himself to an old priest, his family's confessor, when he had the singular happiness of hearing little to disturb his peace or affect his feelings but the unfeigned grief of his family on so mysteriously losing him. His Isabella was a real mourner, and her sorrow as poignant as upon the moment of his ambiguous disappearance being authenticated; and she would have retired to weep in the gloom of a cloister had not maternal duty bound her to the world, for Pedro had left her in the way that women wish to be who love their lords; and on his return to Carthagena he was hailed as father by a lovely boy.

The happy intelligence of her husband's return was cautiously communicated to Isabella by Pedro's now joyful brothers. But to describe Pedro's first interview with his wife, child, and other relations, baffles our attempt at description, and we must leave them to our reader's own imagination to pourtray.

Pedro, restored to domestic happiness, forgot not the dreadful fate, which he believed inevitable, of his shipwrecked friends, or the mournful commission he had promised to execute. He tore himself from his now even more tenderly beloved Isabella; and, attended by an escort of his brothers, relations, and friends, who all feared his again falling into the power of the predacious society, he journeyed to Cadiz, where he supposed conte Ariosto was, when he had the rapture of hearing, from Alphonso's colonel, that lady Victoria was saved from the fury of the tempest, and then in Provence, whither conte Ariosto was gone to visit her.

Pedro, full of joy and gratitude to Heaven for the miraculous escape of himself and friends, returned to

Carthagena; to where at length the courier of Orlando, entreating the presence of Pedro at Manfredonia, traced him. Pedro, full of amazement at the wonderful and happy discoveries the packet of Orlando contained, and no longer having the predacious society to fear, was hastening to obey his summons, when another express arrived to inform Pedro that the marchese and marchesa of Palermo were gone upon the already-mentioned tour. But upon Orlando and Victoria's return to Manfredonia, they sent to request a visit from Pedro, his wife, and child; and this humane man, his Isabella, and boy, cheerfully undertook this long voyage and journey, which they had never cause to repent. The kindness and attention of Lorenzo and his children gratified every feeling of their hearts; while the munificent friendship of the duca di Manfredonia, and the marchese and marchesa of Palermo, amply repaired the injury done to the fortune of Pedro by his long estrangement from his family, and sequestration from his practice as a surgeon.

The wounded mariners who found shelter in the monastery of St. Lewis, with all the crew of the brigantine, who had aided in Orlando's and Victoria's escape from the Pyrenean castle, that the families of Manfredonia and Ariosto could trace out, were rewarded, and put into the way of earning an honest subsistence.

With infinite expence and difficulty the pious and grateful Lorenzo had the bones of the ill-fated and affectionate Bernardo traced to his unhallowed sepulchre in a wood near Alfidence, and with respectful solemnity conveyed to the family mausoleum of Manfredonia, where all that remained of this faithful domestic was laid at the foot of Viloa's monument, where a plain marble



tablet was erected over him; upon which was simply, though beautifully, recounted his attachment and fidelity to Viola, with the fatal termination of his life, while hastening to clear her fame and restore her happiness.

The true Hippolyto Orlando failed not to trace out and invite to Manfredonia, where that amiable young man spent much happy time with the friends he had known and loved in the Pyrenean castle; but upon the death of his friend, the good *abate*, he found himself in possession of an ample fortune, with which he returned to his family; and after his long estrangement from them, was at length happily and respectably settled among his own connexions.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

By giving the inclosed a place in your entertaining Miscellany you will oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

## HOW TO CURE THE HEAD-ACHE.

MR. D———, the banker, was long eminently exemplary in his good conduct, as a husband, a father, and a member of society. His house was the favourite resort of all the most respectable persons in that part of the town. I used to be often at his table, and had the pleasure to account him one of my friends. But, within this last twelvemonth, there has been a total change in his character and every thing about him. His credit is questioned; his house is dull and gloomy; his family is in

affliction. The education of his children is neglected; and amid a much greater exterior shew of sumptuousness and luxury, the true interior comforts of his domestic establishment are exceedingly diminished.—Mr. D. is no longer to be found, if one call upon him, in an easy way, as the friend of the family. He is never at home at meals, at amusements, or when there is company in his house. I should guess, that even at night it would be difficult to find him at home. At his hours one may have indeed audience of him, but for business only. I, who am sincerely attached to him, have taken some pains to discover whence comes so remarkable a change in his way of life; and I have, at last, found out his secret.

Mr. D. was moved, by the goodness of his heart, to give some relief to an unfortunate young woman who had been left destitute. His beneficence has entangled him in the snares of a woman of intrigue; and he now sacrifices his fortune, his honour, and the welfare of his family, to her caprices and artful deceptions. I have obtained intelligence of the very hour at which he visits this charmer, at what time he leaves her, how his compassion was by degrees inflamed to love, and how the infatuation is still prolonged, and but for the seasonable intervention of his friends will not soon be at an end. The minutest circumstances and incidents of the affair are known to me; and as I have endeavoured, without success, to bring Mr. D. himself to hear reason on the subject privately, I should wish much to try what may be the effect of a publication of a few particulars.

The other day Mr. D. went about one o'clock to visit his lovely *protégée*. He had to wait above twenty minutes before he could be admitted to her presence. And he who would not



wait a second, such is the impatience of his pride, to speak with a minister, was obliged to stop half an hour before he could have entrance into an apartment for which himself pays rent.

When at last admitted, he asked the cause of making him wait so long.

‘Oh! I have had such an head-ache. I had no sleep all night. I was trying to compose myself to rest for half an hour now. You have disturbed me: and my head-ache returns worse than ever.’

Mr. D. ‘Well, let us charm away this head-ache.’

‘Impossible!’

Mr. D. ‘Betsy, has the furniture been altered in the room, as I ordered?’

*Betsy.* ‘Yes, Sir; and it is perhaps the noise of the hammers that has made my lady’s head ill.’

‘Hold your tongue, you little fool! you know nothing of the matter.’

Mr. D. ‘No! she knows nothing of the matter: perhaps the odour of these flowers, which is so strong, may have affected your head: rise, my love! and let us go to the country for three days, for the benefit of the fresh air.’

‘Begone! my head is much worse.’

Mr. D. in anxiety. ‘My God! what is to be done? Should we send for a physician?’

‘No.’

Mr. D. ‘Or a surgeon?’

‘No.’

Mr. D. ‘Would you take the bath?’

‘No.’

Mr. D. ‘Had not you better eat something?’

‘I can’t endure the thought of it.’

Mr. D. ‘Could not you take some fruit?’

‘I will neither eat nor drink.’

*Betsy.* ‘No, Sir! it is not that.’

Mr. D. ‘What is it she would have?’

*Betsy.* ‘Recollect, Sir, what it was that my lady viewed with so much delight, as you passed the jeweller’s window in the Strand yesterday.’

Mr. D. ‘Oh! why did not you tell me sooner? I understand you. I fly to bring it. Is your head better, my love?’

‘A little better.’

In a few minutes Mr. D. returned with a rich diamond necklace.—

‘Ah!’ cried the nymph, seeing him come in again with this prize, ‘I am now perfectly well. I know not how it is: but from the moment at which you went I found myself better; and at sight of you again the remains of my head-ache have gone entirely.’

Mr. D. ‘I am ravished, my dear, to find it was nothing worse. But you must put on the necklace; you must be seen to wear it. I have hired you a box at the Opera. And, this afternoon, let us make a short excursion to—— Is the carriage ready? Dress, and let us be gone.’

The afternoon passed in rapture. Never had the charmer made herself so agreeable. Next morning Mr. D. returned in triumph. He was again denied immediate access beyond the antichamber. Again his mistress had the head-ache.

Mr. D. ‘Why, what can be the matter?’

*Betsy.* ‘Nothing, Sir—nothing but the head-ache.’

Mr. D. ‘The head-ache?’

*Betsy.* ‘Yes, indeed!’

Mr. D. ‘Your mistress was very well when I left her yesterday.’

*Betsy.* ‘But she is now very ill, Sir; nor will she consent to see you unless you go for the physician.’

Mr. D. ‘I go. I shall return with him instantly.’

*Betsy.* ‘Don’t think, Sir, of calling in Dr. G. or Sir Walter. None will do but a doctor in a post-chaise and



pair, such as attracted my lady's admiration in Hyde Park yesterday.'

Mr. D. 'Will not the post-chaise and pair do without the doctor, Betsey?'

Betsey. 'The very thing.'

The post-chaise and pair were purchased. The lady was again all vivacity, health, and kindness. Her next head-ache was not to be cured without an elegant house in———square. New head-aches required new cures. And Mr. D. has persisted in maintaining his reputation as a physician so long, that there wants but another head-ache or two to complete the ruin of his fortunes.

R. T.

## THE TRAVELLER.

(A FRAGMENT.)

A TRAVELLER, alighting from a carriage to ease the horses which were ascending an exceedingly steep hill, was struck by the noble appearance of a magnificent castle which crowned its summit. The basis was firm as the rocks of Britain; the lofty turrets rose majestically above the ancient trees, and seemed equally to mock the still insidious hand of time as the rage of faction.

As the traveller reached its massive gates, the last rays of an autumnal sun were shining on the rich coloured windows, and reflected the arms of the noble family in a thousand different hues. The spacious courts were filled by high-bred horses, elegant equipages, and servants in splendid liveries: all was bustle, and denoted that the master of the castle had but just arrived.

The traveller again resumed a seat in the chaise, breathing a sigh; and leaning forward to catch another glimpse of the magnificent building,

uttered the following exclamation: 'Happy mortal, highly favoured of Heaven! In the noble, the honourable castle of your ancestors, what care can reach your heart, what pain corrode your bosom? Cast an eye of retrospection, and the brave deeds of your forefathers shine with resplendence which reflect honour on you. Does thy glance pierce futurity—all the pleasures of wealth and beauty court your acceptance. The invention of the many is employed daily to add a something more to your comforts or your pleasures. Your servants stand ready to fly at your command, and to anticipate your wishes.—Ah, how different is my lot!—from infancy doomed to misfortune, the child of delusion, the victim of depravity. I entrusted my all to a false friend, who has fled, and reduced me almost to beggary.—I conferred my fondest youthful affections on one, who has deserted me for a wretch every way my inferior. Surely Providence is unmindful of the creatures its power has formed! What has the rich possessor of yon noble castle done to merit the favour of Heaven more than thousands of miserable wretches who know not where to lay their heads? But some are born to be happy; while others, quite as deserving, exist only to feel every species of misery and woe.'

As those reflections crossed the traveller's mind, the chaise entered the inn yard. The lonely stranger desired to be conducted to a private room, there further to indulge those melancholy and repining thoughts—to weep unseen over woes an unfeeling world, and the treachery of false friends, had inflicted on a heart worthy of a better fate.

The next morning the sun rose with a refulgence which appeared to cheer all nature but the heart of the desolate traveller, who, after partaking of a solitary breakfast, determin-



ed on a walk. The country was delightful; the birds were chanting their morning hymns to their Creator; the strong ox was cropping his simple repast, and the beneficent cows were ruminating in the running stream. The beauties of nature are commonly unheeded by the child of sorrow; yet a sudden turn of the path discovered to the view of the stranger one of those scenes so romantically beautiful, so exceedingly lovely, that even the eye of apathy could not behold it unmoved. A smoothly shaven green sloping with a gentle declivity to the banks of a soft murmuring rivulet, on whose transparent bosom sailed in conscious pride several stately swans, led over a rustic bridge to the village church, whose modest spire scarcely rose above the dark yew and melancholy cypress, which shaded the humble graves of the unassuming sons and daughters of industry. On the church-yard stile sat an aged man in the dress of a soldier, whose honest, sun-burnt features were softened by a tear, as he pensively contemplated an opposite stone.

Beyond the church-yard a fine open country appeared to the view: the green hedge, the lofty oak, the slender pine, the trembling poplar, and the lowly cottage, alternately charmed the eye, and formed a striking contrast to the bold magnificence of the castle, whose lofty turrets and numerous watch-towers appeared with proud pre-eminence above the tops of the highest trees, and added a beauty to the scene at once awful and sublime. But the whole attention of the stranger was engaged by a female figure reclining on a green bank. She was of the finest order of fine forms; her dress, which was black, fell in graceful drapery around her feet. Her fine arms were bare, and the dazzling fairness of her bosom was partly shaded by the redundant tresses of her flaxen hair. Her face,

exquisitely beautiful, was pale as the unsullied snow, and her azure eye bent with silent despair on a small basket of flowers. At a little distance stood a female attendant, who watched the fair mourner with the utmost solicitude. The feet of the stranger were by an irresistible impulse led towards her: she lifted up her eye to the sympathetic intruder, who discovered with horror that the beautiful casket had lost its gem: reason was fled for ever: settled woe and black despair obscured her fine features. 'Behold those flowers,' said she to the stranger, without noticing that he *was a stranger* she addressed. 'Here is the lily—how fragrant its breath!—how spotless its leaves! It is the humblest of flowers, yet the Creator of the world has pronounced it beautiful. *I was once like this lily*, the emblem of peace and innocence; but ambitious of becoming a rose, the queen of flowers, of bearing my blushing honours thick around me, I forgot that the rose was doomed to wear a thorn, which the humble, modest lily escaped. I became a rose; for one little hour was the queen of the garden:—a sudden storm arose—blighted my budding blossoms—withered my young leaves—dispersed my ill-gained honours, and left me bare and exposed: a stubborn, an ungrateful thorn, which pierced the noble heart of the blooming Henry.—Come not near me. I am deceitful—I am treacherous, and ruin all those who wish me well.'

Her attitude, her voice, her manner, spoke forcibly to the feelings of the wondering stranger, who could not conceal the sympathizing tear. 'Do not weep,' continued the lovely maniac. 'I have drowned him in my tears, and buried him in my heart. Hah! oh! hah! his uncle will look for him in vain.—But I must go and throw my flowers in the river, to appease the angry god!' She arose



with precipitation, when the attendant approached, and whispering something in her ear, she instantly reseated herself, crossed her arms on her bosom, and casting up her fine eyes to heaven, with a countenance of unutterable woe, was silent. The stranger, unable longer to witness this soul-melting scene, hastily crossed the rustic bridge. The old soldier put his hand to his hat. 'I perceive,' said he, 'you are a stranger; but you would be a stranger to humanity could you behold unmoved the sorrows of poor Rosabell.' 'You seem to know her story, sir: will you oblige me with the particulars?' 'Alas!' said the veteran, with a heavy sigh, 'I do know her story, and mournful it is. She is the lady of yonder noble castle, whose proud turrets have withstood many a long siege.' The stranger started. 'Three-and-twenty years she was the pride of our village, and the boast of the country. She is the only child of a gentleman of good family but small fortune, whose only fault was a too great attachment to the honour of that family. From that pride sprung all his daughter's woe, and that fatal error cost him first his happiness, and then his life. But we have all a something to embitter our existence. I was his schoolfellow; and if his fault was too much family pride—why mine was too little: for in a wild prank, to avoid the kind remonstrances of a father who would have died to do me good, I entered the army, and after being promoted, by the dint of hard duty, to the rank of major, returned twelve years ago to my native village, with a wooden leg and a ruined constitution. But faith, now I have got on my wooden leg, I am running from my subject.—Rosabell was admired by all who saw her. Young, beautiful, sparkling as an angel, can you be surprised that she was vain? yet she had nearly made me expose myself to the

world for an old fool. One fine morning, dressed in my best regimentals, hair powdered, and armed at all points for conquest, I marched to my old friend's, and offered my half pay, myself, and my wooden leg, to the acceptance of Rosabell; who, laughing heartily at the manoeuvre, asked me if my captain did not, when beating up for volunteers, always prefer the young and whole to the old and maimed? At the same time presenting Henry Dormer to me as the man her heart preferred. I could not but own she was right, and swore by the god of war to make their first-born my heir.

'Henry was the counterpart of Rosabell:—generous, noble, and sincere, he was not formed to sue in vain. His future prospects were splendid; but much depended on the pleasure of an old rich uncle, who proudly thought his nephew might look higher for a wife than the fortuneless Rosabell. However, youth is not easily depressed; and Henry fondly hoped his presence might move his uncle in his favour more than a letter could. Accordingly he set off for Belfast, to try his rhetoric on his uncle, but with an avowed determination to marry his Rosabell at his return if her father consented, who promised *his* consent on condition of his gaining that of his rich uncle. But Henry could scarcely have reached the Hibernian shores when the lord of the castle came down, for the first time, to visit his large estate in this country. At a ball given in honour of his arrival, he saw Rosabell—was charmed with her, and having no person to consult, waited the next day on my friend, made proposals which were received with pride by Rosabell, and with transport by her father. 'Tis true, when Henry departed for his uncle's, they both wished him success; but at that time it did not seem possible



that an earl would wish to form an alliance with their family: they both now saw things in a different point of view; they did not think it likely that the rich man would consent, and now they did not wish he should. Poor Rosabell, elated by the splendid prospects which courted her acceptance, flattered by the preference of the youthful earl, and hurried by her father's ardent wishes to see her a countess, in a moment of vanity, gave her promise to become lady D— whenever her father chose; and thus she bartered happiness for wealth. From that day Henry was forgotten, or thought on with indifference, by both father and daughter: the latter contented herself with determining, when she was a lady of fortune, to promote his interest in any way of life most congenial to his disposition.

'The preparations at the castle to receive its new mistress were as splendid as if she had brought thousands to her fortune. Lords and ladies were invited, and the whole town wore a face of joy and hilarity on the occasion.

'On the wedding-day the sun shone, the bells rung; the gentry and farmers for miles round came to witness the ceremony: The bride, attended by several ladies of distinction, alighted on the other side the rivulet, and was preceded by a number of young women strewing flowers to the church door. The happy bridegroom led Rosabell through admiring crowds. When they were about to enter the church, a man rushed past them, muffled in a horseman's coat; but they were too happy to notice him, and were immediately joined in the indissoluble bands of marriage. On their return to their carriages, they were obstructed by a crowd who were bearing the body of a man which they had taken from the water, and which they seemed to wish to conceal from the view of the company.

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However, the bride gave one look at the poor wretch, and instantly knew it to be the body of Henry—the man muffled in the horseman's coat, who had rushed from the church porch.—She fell back in a strong fit: she recovered from the fit, but her senses were gone for ever.

'Henry had seen his uncle, who, unable to withstand the anxious request of his darling boy, had given his consent to his marriage with the object of his heart's affection; and giving him notes to the amount of several thousand pounds, bad him haste to his bride, and prepare her to receive an old man who was determined to love her.

'Henry instantly commenced his journey back; nor would he write, thinking to surprise his Rosabell by his quick return, and the agreeable news he brought. He entered his native town unnoticed: the bells were merrily ringing; every face wore an air of joy. He enquired the cause. The answer electrified him. He hastened to the church, and, drawing the cape of his coat up, beheld his adored Rosabell cheerfully advancing to the spot he occupied, her hand locked in that of lord D—. Rage, despair, and madness, fired his brain;—he rushed to the river, and plunging in, sank to rise no more, though he was an excellent swimmer, and hundreds witnessed the rash act.

'The notes were found in his pocket-book, with a letter from his uncle addressed to Rosabell, wishing her all happiness with his boy, and promising to come to the wedding. This letter was very imprudently given to the bride, who read it with silent despair.

'The following Sunday the body of the unfortunate youth was carried to its early grave, by young men and maids. This plain stone explains his fate.

'Rosabell is neither deterred by the summer sun nor the winter frost



from visiting this spot, and adorning the tomb of the constant Henry with the sweetest flowers. The earl indulges her in this: he will not suffer her to be deprived of liberty, but employs proper persons to attend and wait her motions.

'The marriage has never been consummated, and the earl, who loves her with the tenderest affection, is, perhaps, the most miserable man in existence. As the sight of him added terribly to her disorder, he tore himself away, and has been travelling for more than two years, and only returned to the castle last night; hoping time had softened his lady's sorrows and resentments against him. But, on seeing him, the wretched Rosabell immediately flew from the castle with horror; nor could her favourite attendant, who you beheld with her, prevail on her to return. She said the earl was her accomplice in the murder of Henry, and it would be an insult to his departed spirit if she spoke to his murderer.

'Lord D——, shocked and grieved beyond measure, left the castle at midnight, with a mind little more composed than the fair lunatic's; indeed his friends fear he will be in the same unhappy situation as his lady.'

The traveller, unable to conceal the strong emotions which the soldier's narrative had excited, turned abruptly from him, and, with upraised eyes and clasped hands, exclaimed, 'Most just and wise Sovereign of the universe! pardon the impatience of a wretch who dared to question thy justice, and who doubted thy wisdom! Oh, merciful Creator, who delightest not in the miseries of the creatures thy power has formed, restore the lost reason of this victim to lenity, nor break the bruised reed! And oh! punish not a repining worm with the grant of wishes, which must plunge in endless woe the self-suffi-

cient wretch who presumed to question eternal wisdom!—who, because riches were denied, caviled at the dispensations of Providence, and madly and ungratefully overlooked the blessing of health and peace of mind! From henceforth let Agar's prayer be mine; 'Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I be full and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.'

SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

Nov. 10, 1806.

## FAMILY ANECDOTES,

(FOUNDED ON FACTS.)

By SOPHIA T——.

(Continued from p. 588.)

### CHAP. X.

'O had we but preserv'd these few remains,  
These shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,  
—— Still had he lived,  
Great ev'n in ruins; tho' fall'n, yet not for-  
lorn;  
Though mortal, yet not every where beset  
With death in every shape! but he, impa-  
tient  
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up  
The measure of his woes.'

Bishop of London.

WHEN Gordon met the family at the cottage the next morning, he observed with pain a rooted sorrow in the countenances of its amiable inhabitants: the cheek of Mrs. Gayton bore the marks of recent tears, and her heavy eyes evinced how little sleep she had enjoyed during the night. Sabina watched her looks with anxiety, and even the sprightly Mary was silent. Gordon endeavoured to begin a conversation, but in vain: his remarks were unattended to, and he found his own spirits sink.



When their cheerless meal was over, Mrs. Gayton desired her daughters to remove the things and withdraw. When they were alone, she looked on Gordon several times with earnestness, and then on the carpet: at last she said, 'I presume, sir, from what you said last night, that you are ignorant of the contents of the letter you then put into my hands.' Gordon bowed. 'Well, sir, I am sorry to say your friend has deceived you. He promised you, I think you informed me, to remain in the convent till he should hear from you. But in this letter he says, that, not daring to divulge the horrid vow which binds him to the monks of St. Benedict, and unable to withstand the invitations of his friend, or bear the remonstrances his wife might offer against it, and equally unable to bear the idea of returning to England a beggar by his own misconduct, to be a burthen on his wife's generosity, he should, to avoid all this, put to sea, the day after his friend left Paris. He begs his friend, he conjures his wife, to write to him, and inclose his letters in a cover directed to father Adrian, as he himself will be ignorant of his destination till he has been three days at sea. He professes, if he lives, to reward the tried faith of those two dear objects of his heart's affection; and if he perishes, he says, they will be rid of a trouble—a disgrace, and the world of a monster.'

Now, sir, though this unhappy man but slightly hints at what this vow alludes, yet I am convinced he has vowed to devote his life to the nefarious occupation of a pirate. Heaven knows with what joy I would share my slender income with the father of my children, with what rapture redouble my feeble efforts of industry, if he would return to the bosom of his family—return to the paths of rectitude and peace. Not a re-

proachful look should wound his feelings. I would receive him as the repentant sinner is received in Heaven by the angels of mercy.'

She then put the letter into the hands of the astonished Gordon. That his friend, the man who had acknowledged his former errors with tears of repentance, should, at the very moment he was imploring the forgiveness of a woman he had deserted in the hour of misery, in such a moment of humility, when subdued by tender recollection of that woman's worth,—that he should be capable of planning sins anew to wound her tenderest feelings, appeared to him wonderful, almost impossible; yet the proofs were in his hand. Love, pity, and the most poignant regret, by turns occupied his thoughts. His distress was visible:—'I will return instantly to France, madam,' said he, 'if you think my presence will avail. He may not be gone. I will endeavour, by the soothings of friendship, to bring back his erring mind by the force of truth; to convince his judgment by the voice of nature; to draw his deviating feet from the paths of infamy and destruction.'

'From his hand I had hoped to receive the greatest blessing man can ask, or Heaven bestow. Your lips must now seal my doom, happy or miserable. The lovely, gentle Mary, I am informed by the worthy Westwood, has no declared admirer. I last night fondly hoped to wait a few days, and then avail myself of her father's presence and known partiality for his friend, when I made my declaration. That golden dream, for the present, is dissolved—but suffer me not, most amiable of women! to lose the daughter while I seek the father. Permit me, ere I go, to open my heart to the sweet girl, in your presence. Let me go hence with the delightful hope, that



on my return I shall restore a father to his family, and be myself received as a son in that dear family.'—He looked, he spoke with impatience, and gracefully sinking on one knee, awaited the answer of the agitated and surprised Rebecca, who, for some moments, was unable to speak. At length she said—

'Your generous offer of returning to France I most thankfully accept. I will not pain you by mentioning the expence and trouble of such a journey. Your ideas of friendship, I see, coincide with mine, and your own benevolent feelings will repay you. But base must the return be in me to take advantage of your present disposition, and bestow the uneducated, the unportioned Mary on you for a wife. Nay, bear with me; for do I not know that in polished society there would be daily occurrences in which you would have to blush for your wife's ignorance? The beauty which has made so sudden an impression on your mind would soon become familiar and unheeded, her company insipid, and you forced to fly abroad to enjoy the conversation you have been accustomed to. I beseech you, therefore, not to mention to my daughter your present favourable opinion of her, nor raise ideas in the ardent mind of the simple Mary which never ought, which never can be realised. She will be happier in the sphere of life she has been used to than placed in a high station, where all eyes would notice her defects, and the duties of which she would be unable to discharge with credit to herself, or satisfaction to her husband. May you meet with a lady your equal in fortune and accomplishments, and feel happy that you are unfettered by a prior engagement!'

Though Gordon did not think that possible, yet he acquiesced in Mrs.

Gayton's desire to postpone his declaration till his return from France, when he hoped that his friend would be present to approve his suit.

Accordingly, though he passed three days at the cottage, waiting for his servant and horses, yet he forebore to speak of love to Mary, though he saw and conversed with her every hour, and every hour admired her more and more. It is true, his eyes were most eloquent; but that was a language Mary had not time to attend to. She sang—she chatted—she walked with him without restraint—and frankly acknowledged she should be extremely sorry when he left them, though it was to fetch her father.

On the day he departed, Mary was unusually sad. When Gordon was bidding adieu to her mother and sister, the tears would no longer be restrained, but hung on her cheek like the dew of the morning on the full-blown rose. When Gordon approached, her sobs became audible. He took her hand; his trembled.—'You know not, miss Gayton,' said he, 'how much I feel flattered by this kind concern. The hours I have had the honour to pass in your company must be placed among the happiest of my life. I shall experience none such till I again return to this charming abode of innocence and peace. May I hope to live in your remembrance till we meet next?' 'O yes!' sobbed Mary; 'and pray hasten back with my father, and let mirth and joy at last reign in our cottage.'—Gordon pressed her hands to his lips, and, bowing to Mrs. Gayton, mounted his horse, and rode off full speed. Rebecca stood looking after him till he was no longer visible, and till the last sounds of his horse's feet died on her ear; she then returned dejectedly to her little parlour.

At their next meeting with Gor-



don she was to behold her long-lost husband, or be painfully convinced that he was wholly given up to vice and infamy. She had a melancholy foreboding that their young friend would return alone, and, not willing to distress her children by her sad presentiments, she retired to the tomb of her benefactress, to weep alone.

Mary, without knowing why, sought the seat where Gordon first beheld her; and Sabina, in the solitude of her chamber, poured out her soul to Heaven for a happy meeting between her long-estranged parents.

Gordon arrived in safety at Paris, and drove immediately to the convent of Saint Benedict; but found Gayton's information too true. He was gone; and father Adrian said, that he would not be in Paris till six months at least. He politely offered to forward any letters to him, but declined mentioning his place of destination; hinting that secrecy was absolutely necessary, as he was sent on government business. Gordon was therefore obliged to intrust Mrs. Gayton's letter to the father's care, and resolved to stay in France those six months, if that letter, and one from himself which accompanied it, did not bring him sooner. He wrote those particulars to Mrs. Gayton, and informed her of his determination to await his friend's arrival, if it met her approbation, however painful so long an absence from the dear cottage was to his feelings.

## CHAP. XI.

'How hard the vicious habit to erase,  
Fond of the sin, and blind to the disgrace!  
Heaven long beheld, yet long delay'd the  
blow;  
To succour speedy, to revenge how slow!  
The hour was come, reserved for heavier  
doom,  
At once the guilt and guilty to consume!'

WHEN Gordon had been four months in Paris, and had heard no news of his friend, he made an excursion to Dunkirk, to amuse the time, and see an old friend of his late father's, who was settled there. One morning, walking on the beach, he stopped to see three English frigates come into port (that nation and France being at peace), which appeared to have been in an engagement. On the vessels anchoring, several officers came on shore; among whom Gordon recollected an old school-fellow. Their joy at this unexpected meeting was reciprocal, and they adjourned to a neighbouring tavern. Gordon's friend informed him they had been attacked by pirates, whom, after a long and bloody engagement, they had conquered, partly owing to their captain's ship blowing up. He added, the prize was very valuable; though they had been obliged to destroy the enemy's vessels; and many of the crew, which was principally French, preferred sinking with their ships to being brought to receive the judgment of their offended country. One man whom they took up out of the water proved to be an Englishman, and was in his ship, badly wounded.

Gordon started:—he intreated his friend to take him immediately on board, that he might see, and ask this man a few questions. His friend cheerfully complied; and the ship's boat waiting for him, they put off, and soon reached the vessel.—Gordon was conducted to the sick man's cabin. He approached him, and faintly asked his late captain's name. 'Hertsink,' replied the man, sullenly. Gordon scarcely breathed—it was the name assumed by Gayton. 'And your captain perished in the battle?' said he: 'pray, my friend, inform me of the particulars.—Your commander was a dear friend of



mine; and however I may condemn his conduct, I must commiserate his fate. Pray oblige me with all you know concerning him.'

The wounded man was softened by Gordon's visible emotion, and, raising himself in his bed, said, 'Nobody knows more of captain Hertsink's affairs than I do; and since he is dead, and I shall shortly follow him, my communications can do no harm, and the only return I ask from you is to see my poor mangled body laid decently in the earth.' This Gordon promised, and the miserable man proceeded:—'I was hired by a monk to attend an English gentleman at the convent of St. Benedict. He asked me if I had any objection to travel: to say the truth, I had little objection to any thing which might have been required of me, having been many months out of place, and almost starving. I therefore promised implicit obedience to my principal, and was engaged without enquiry into my character, which, I am sorry to say, would not have bore a very strict one. However, two years after, when we put to sea, and I discovered the expedition we were engaged in, my heart revolted at the idea; but the love of money, and the hope of plunder, soon overcame my scruples. I thought my master knew better than I did, and if he saw no harm in it, why should I pretend to be wiser than he was? By those foolish thoughts I reconciled my mind to a life which has been the ruin of us all. When we had been at sea about six weeks, we fell in with a Turkish ship of eighty guns; our commander determined to engage her, and accordingly we cleared for action. The fight continued more than three hours with great fury, and would have ended in favour of the Mussulman, had not our captain, with a chosen number of hardy fellows, who feared nothing but captivity, boarded this gigantic vessel

sword in hand, and by their impetuosity bore down all before them. The appearance of affairs was soon changed; for, in less than a quarter of an hour, the Turks surrendered. The carnage had been very great among them, and the dying and the dead were thrown overboard, without feeling or compassion. I attended my master to the state cabin, and received the sword of the commander, who was mortally wounded, and gnashed his teeth when his terrible eye beheld captain Hertsink enter an inner room, and conduct out a lady covered with a thick veil. "Frank," said Hertsink to me, "conduct this lady to my ship, and do you see that every attention be paid her." At the sound of the captain's voice the lady uttered a piercing cry, and, tearing off her veil, flew into his arms. The captain was much surprised, and swore the regaining his enchanting countess was worth the blood which had been shed. He conducted in triumph the lady himself on board our vessel; he then returned, and divided his share of the plunder among the crew, on condition that the lady's property should be restored to her untouched. This was instantly done; and every thing of value being removed from the prize, she was sunk, and we proceeded on our cruise.

'The countess, who was the most beautiful creature I ever beheld, lived with our captain as his wife, and perhaps she was; for while I waited at supper that same evening I heard her say, when she was forced to fly from him some years back, she procured a vessel intending to sail for Venice, but that, by stress of weather, they were drove out of their course, and captured by the Sultana: that the commander, who was a very rich Turk, happening to take a fancy to her person, she was compelled to become his wife, though he had eighteen before; but she soon became



his favourite, and always accompanied him in his cruises when he chose to take the command himself, and a number of beautiful slaves was appointed to wait on and amuse her. "And," continued the lady, "could a magnificent palace, delicious gardens, delightful baths, and the unbounded love of Mustapha, have rendered me happy, I must have been so : but I never ceased regretting my country, and bewailing the loss of my adored chevalier." The captain caught the lovely woman to his breast, and from that time a melancholy, which had hitherto obscured his countenance, gave way, and he became the most lively, the most cheerful of men, till the fatal, the ever-to-be-regretted day when the three English frigates hove in sight, and my master discovered they were his countrymen ; then his gaiety instantly forsook him. "This engagement will be desperate," said he to the countess. "They are Englishmen we have to contend with ; —the event must be dreadful, I will die a thousand deaths rather than be conquered, yet tremble to be victorious. Would to God you was in a place of safety !" The lady was in agonies of terror, and sinking on her knees, she exclaimed, "Crowd all your sail, my beloved chevalier ! fly from this dreaded power ! trust the seas, the elements, any thing rather than risk a battle with those lions !" "No," answered the captain, with an air of despair ; " 'tis impossible to avoid it. I cannot with honour fly. Yet what have I to do with honour—I, who am an outlaw of nations ?" "Talk not thus idly, my dear Charles," replied the lady ; "but give instant orders to the men. When I was with Mustapha in his ship of eighty guns, and a number of galleys and xebecs, he left those small vessels to contend with a part of the Russian fleet, while he made his escape." "And, in treacherously flying," interrupted the

captain, "met his fate from us. No ; I must fight—would to heaven it was in a better cause ! But compose yourself, my dearest life ! I will return to you victorious, or I will return no more:" and crying death or victory, he rushed to the deck, where he performed prodigies of valour. About five minutes before the fatal catastrophe, "Frank," said he to me, "go to the countess, and tell her to be of good courage ; the day will be our own." While obeying him, a shot shattered my leg, and I fell overboard, and escaped a sudden death to experience one more lingering. Notwithstanding my extreme pain, I seized a rope, and contrived to keep my head above water till the most horrid sound, the most horrid sight, assailed my eyes and ears. A shot or spark communicated to the powder-magazine of our captain's ship ; when the brave captain, the lovely countess, the hardy crew, and the rich Turkish spoils, all, all blew up in the air together, and descended in one horrid and undistinguished mass of ruin. The sight, the shock, caused me to relinquish my hold ; I remembered no more, till the agony of amputation recalled me to life and misery. I found myself on this hammoc, where I have been attended with care and attention. I wish not to live to see my injured country, for I have sinned against better knowledge. I received a tolerable education, but I have disgraced it. My only hope now is, that the agony and afflictions I suffer here may be received by Heaven as some little expiation for my many transgressions." The poor wretch fell back on his hammoc, exhausted by long speaking. Gordon stayed till he saw him rather better, and assuring him every possible indulgence should be shewn him, returned, slowly and dejectedly, to the house of his friend.

(To be continued.)



## MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

*(By Dr. Horne, late Bishop of Norwich.)*

IN proselyting men to a party, one convert is employed to make more among his old friends and connections, somewhat in the manner in which wild gazelles are caught, by sending into the herd one already *taken and tamed*, with a *noose* so fastened to his horns as to entangle the animal that first approaches to oppose him.

One is apt sometimes to wonder why the characters, sayings, and writings of some men stand so high in the opinion and esteem of others. This phenomenon may, perhaps, be partly accounted for by the observation of Dr. Goldsmith. 'It is probable,' says he, 'there is not in the creation an animal of more importance to a *goose* than a *gander*.'

Men love and admire grandeur, at the same time that they in some degree hate it, and pretend to despise it. They love it, because it contains all that they desire; pleasures, honour, and power: they admire it, because they are dazzled by it: they hate it, because it debases and humiliates them; and they pretend to despise it, in order to raise themselves in imagination above the great.

When we walk in an extensive plain our view is bounded by a certain circle, which advances with us, and we still see the same circle around us. Children imagine that they shall at last reach the limits of this circle, but men arrived at maturity laugh at their simplicity. In like manner, ambitious men imagine that when they have attained a certain height they shall desire nothing more; but they are deceived, like the children. The circle will con-

tinue to recede, and they will always see new greatness to attain.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

*(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)*

1. A SHORT morning dress of cambric muslin, scalloped or vandyked round the bottom: wrap coat, and inside waistcoat made of fine drab, or slate-coloured kersey-mere: the coat is made to fall off the shoulders; and the waistcoat is finished with a high collar fastened in front with a broach, the whole trimmed with a rich Turkish riband; either partycoloured or to correspond: a bonnet of the same materials, with a yeoman crown turned up in front, and edged with narrow swansdown trimming: shoes or half-boots to match.

2. A plain white sarsenet dress, made very long; the bosom, sleeves, and train, trimmed with embroidered riband, or fancy velvet trimming; the upper sleeves made rather full, and drawn together with a small cornelian broach, to match the one at the bosom: a pair of fine lace long sleeves, with bracelets of gold chain and necklace to correspond: the hair dressed plain round the head, and finished with a single loop on one side, and a large comb set with diamonds or paste: white kid gloves and shoes, with scarlet roses.

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

WHITE and rose still continue to be the prevailing colours; though many ladies of fashion make great use of green and deep yellow.

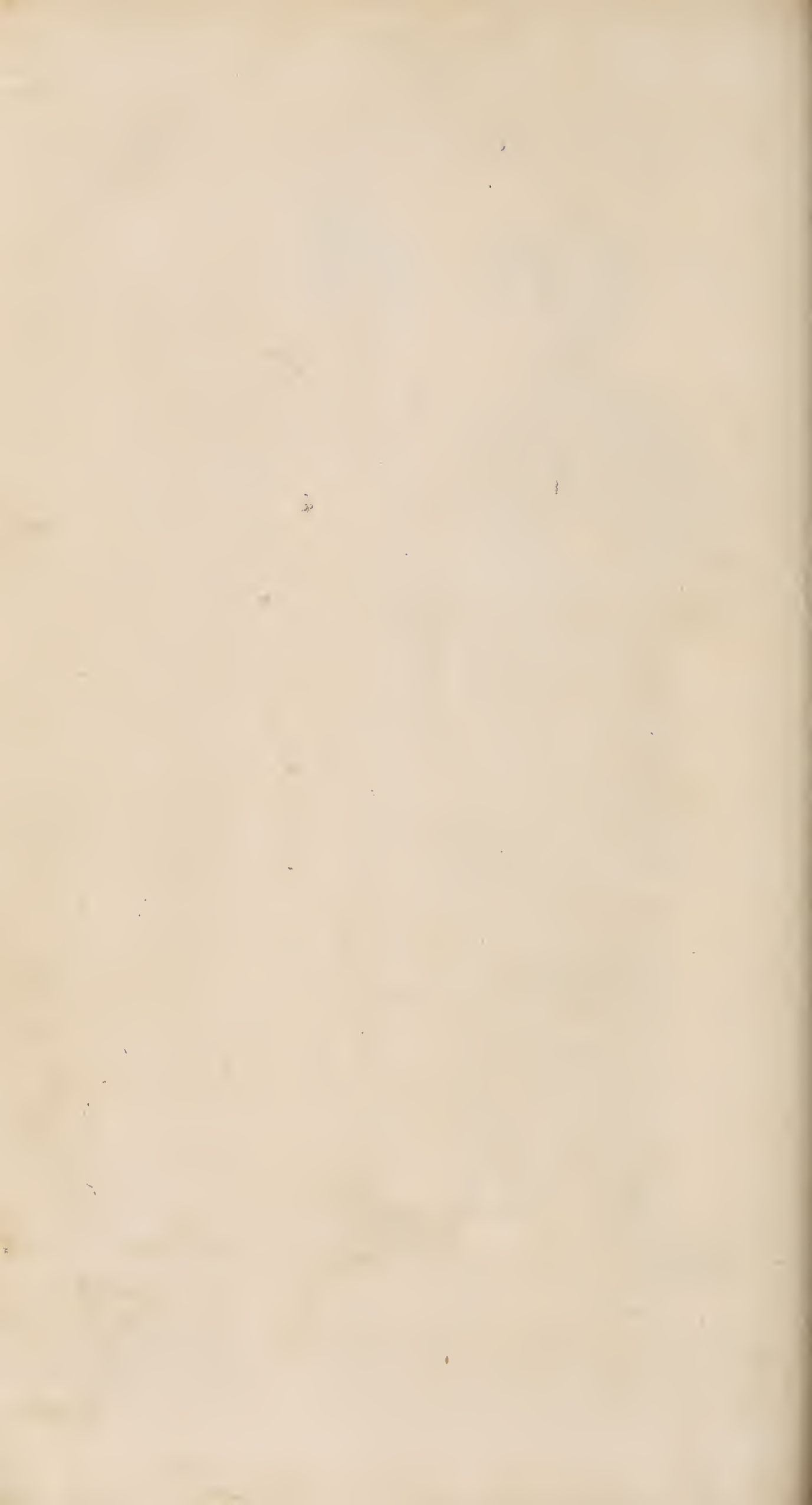


*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*London Fashionable Walking & full Dress.*







Straw hats are still worn as in summer-time. They are flat at the top, shaped high, and besides the riband which goes round them, and the bunch with which they are ornamented in front, there is a riband from the rim near each ear, which meets, and is fastened in a bow at top. The bunch on some of these hats is of velvet. Some capotes are likewise trimmed with velvet. These capotes are, as usual, oblong; and the velvet black, or dark brown. Neither toques nor hats entirely of velvet are any longer seen.

It seems as if the great-coats for this season would have very large double collerettes; which, however, will not too much hide the neck. Many of these great-coats will be blue, and that species of brown which it is agreed to call bronze.

## THE HAPPY CONCLUSION.

A SIMPLE SKETCH OF REAL LIFE.

*By Miss E. Yeames.*

CAROLINE Godwin was the daughter of parents in a respectable line of life, who, discarding all superfluity from their house, promised themselves, for their old age, a comfortable independency. In this idea was Caroline bred; and as she listened to her parent's tale of the many great characters of her family who had once existed, renowned for deeds in arms, and noble birth—boasting of titles, honours, fame, and riches, and who had transmitted those great and fair advantages to their descendant, the person of her grandfather—Caroline sighed: 'And why are we not such?' she eagerly enquired.

'My father married contrary to his parents' wishes,' replied her mo-

ther: 'he became discarded. Hence arose the difference.'

Once more she sighed, and wished herself an equal with her noble cousin.

Miss Godwin's most intimate friend was a young lady of her own age, lively tempered, and amiably disposed: she was engaged to the brave commander of a sloop of war, and intended shortly to become his bride. The time was therefore near at hand which was to separate them; and the mournful idea often occasioned Caroline's sighs to heave and tears to flow.

Rachael Bedford being thus particularly intimate with Caroline, their parents were likewise brought together, and a mutual friendship speedily commenced between them.—Frederick St. James, a young attorney, whose fund of wit and humour delighted his companions, whose manners were refined and elegant, next to Rachael was esteemed by Mr. Godwin's family. He was constantly of their parties, and made one at each friendly meeting; being warmly attached both to their interest and Mr. Bennet's, whose relation he was.

On Caroline's coming of age, her good father proposed giving an entertainment to her acquaintance, and for that purpose issued cards of invitation, according to his daughter's wishes; adding one from himself to a few gentlemen, which included Frederick St. James and Mr. Nettlefield, a young man who had been some time in India, as a writer to the company, and was now returned to his native country, to spend his days in the bosom of his family, if so fortunate as to procure a proper situation at N—.

The evening so ardently desired being arrived, Caroline prepared to receive her visitors; and at length, having welcomed their arrival, found



herself freed from the irksomeness of receiving and passing compliments, and looked round her with peculiar satisfaction, her countenance glowing with the delight her little circle occasioned; when a whisper from miss Bennet gave a sudden check to her joy, and changed the flush of pleasure to a shade of sadness. Mr. St. James was instantly by her side.—‘My amiable girl!’ said he, ‘I overheard what Rachael said; it conveyed to you the information that yon lady, whose round unmeaning face bears testimony to her understanding, made a silly remark on another person’s shape and dress. Now, dear Caroline, I know that any sarcasms offend you, whether truly pointed or otherwise; but allow me to indulge my vein of humour this evening. Hear the true characters of those around us. First, miss Nettlesfield, with her sleepy eyes, possesses a low cunning scarcely to be discovered. A slave to this quality, she exerts the utmost of her power to gain people’s confidence, which, when possessed of, she shamefully abuses.’

‘Hold, sir,’ cried Caroline, colouring with displeasure—‘she is my sister’s friend and mine.’

‘She is the friend of all, apparently; but she carries deception in her heart. If she esteems one more than another, ’tis on account of superiority of birth and riches: for example, the figure next her is her chosen companion, and is so because the richness of her dress distinguishes her from others who have less pin-money to squander upon finery. Next turn your eyes on madam Prudence, as I style her, properly speaking, Mrs. Primwell: she is a woman so much the slave of the world’s formalities as to study its opinions on the most trivial occasion, in preference to her own inclinations. The thorough knowledge of

her sense and penetration leads her to shine conspicuous in all parties, by the loudness of her debates; and the good idea entertained of her judgment causes her to lisp out her advice to every flighty fellow like myself, upon the simplest occasion whatever. Miss Primwell, with her screwed-up mouth, scarce opens her lips in her mother’s presence, but turns her eyes upwards, with an earnest desire to penetrate the approval of her sentences slowly uttered, till the beholders smile at the odd distortion.’ Caroline here laughed aloud; and, after pausing a moment, he continued—‘But this starched miss is the most coquetish, wildest creature, when out of her mother’s sight, I ever met with; she is ready to fly in every fellow’s arms, unasked.’

‘Ah! cousin,’ cried Rachael Bennet, ‘you are too severe!’

‘You are indeed, sir,’ said Caroline: ‘miss Primwell is young and lively, and, by making some allowances for the consequences of those two qualities, I think I may say she is not altogether unamiable.’

‘Well then, the little figure who sits by your mamma, Caroline, whose pale countenance looks so sad.’—

‘Oh, my dear Mrs. Nettlesfield!’ exclaimed miss Godwin; ‘What can you say of her?’

‘This sweet lady is sinking under a nervous feeling; constantly mourning her happier days, but forgetting to make her present ones more pleasant, by checking the insolence of her undutiful children. This imbecility of mind causes her most of her uneasiness, and embitters the decline of life. I do not mean to undervalue her worth, my friend, by thus portraying her character, for I entertain a very good opinion of her disposition: but I have spoken the truth; have I not, Rachael?’

‘The amiable woman leaves Heaven to punish her disobedient off-



spring,' replied miss Bennet. 'Her placidity is such, no power can ruffle it.'

'From Mrs. Nettlefield I wander to her unmanly son: his character is this.—Fond of dress and women, yet affecting to despise both; a lover of drinking and eating, yet never seen intoxicated, and always affecting loss of appetite; proud and over-bearing at home, though lively and well-tempered abroad. A capricious thoughtless habit, that leads him to rush into every excess of folly, has brought him to feel the want of the money he has so foolishly squandered. Since he left India, he became possessed of means to gratify his wishes, by the fortune bequeathed him by a deceased relation, whose death brought him to England. But at length that legacy is wasted, and Nettlefield mourns his ridiculous folly.'

'Next in view is Mrs. Grubby, a thin prim figure, whose satire and ill-humour cannot be exceeded; who spends guineas after guineas upon dress and finery, yet, strange to tell, weeps her distress to her poor relations, and denies a farthing to the starving wretch.'

Rachael cast a look of contempt on the showy woman in question, and cried—'Now, pray Frederick, have you done?'

'Not quite: that little fop, his gay companion, and yon lusty gentleman, are equally to be condemned for their respective habits of voracious appetite, rash volatility, and assumed airs.'

'I declare,' exclaimed Rachael, 'you have condemned, without pity, every one present.'

'No, pretty child! permit me to continue. Mr. Godwin is an open-hearted, honest man, who possesses no bad qualities whatever, but is rather too ready to place reliance on any man's honour, which often leads

him to be tricked by the designing. Mrs. Godwin is, as you now see her employed, ever exerting her influence to make every one happy around her. My cousin Rachael is a little saucy jade, with such eyes, and such a tongue, as together frighten all such wild fellows as myself from her, and force them to keep a respectful distance. And Caroline, my pretty little friend, with health, youth, and beauty, knows guile only by name. Her words are those of truth; her motions free from prudery and affectation; her mind and understanding sensibly acknowledged by her admiring friends; and her unequalled friendship is more truly esteemed than I can possibly express.'

Mr. Nettlefield here advanced to Caroline, and began amusing her by the full powers of his eloquence, which he exerted to the utmost to please her. Miss Godwin, feeling the greatest respect for Mrs. Nettlefield, listened to him with respect, and concealed the dislike she felt rising in her breast against him. Frederick, mortified at his attentions, tried all in his power to draw her to another quarter of the apartment, and at last succeeded. Mr. Nettlefield, disconcerted by her desertion, engaged miss Primwell in conversation, who now and then, unseen by her mother, gave him the most approving glances. Flattered by such marks of her approbation, young Nettlefield whispered in her ear the most nonsensical praises; and finally, when opportunity offered, made downright love.

The festivity of the evening did not break up till a late hour; and the parties retired to their respective homes, much elated with their entertainment. The ladies all declared that miss Godwin was certainly engaged to Frederick St. James; and



Mr. Nettlefield protested, with warmth, if she did intend to marry such a consummate piece of pride and ridicule, she was a greater fool than he had taken her to be. Caroline was, in reality, shortly addressed by Frederick; but her heart being by no means susceptible of his tenderness, she gave a modest, but decisive, refusal. The high spirit of St. James was aroused; his imagination instantly presented a rival; and, in the agitation of the moment, his fancy pictured Nettlefield as Caroline's favoured swain. In a humour uncooled by miss Godwin's expostulations, he rushed from her presence, and, in little less than an hour, Mrs. Primwell appeared with an inflamed countenance, and upbraided Caroline with having ruined the peace of an estimable family, by causing a duel betwixt Mr. Nettlefield and St. James. Caroline, trembling with horror at the dreadful information, attempted not to vindicate herself; and the old lady said, 'My advice is, miss Godwin, that you repair the effect of your coquetry, by instantly giving your hand to Mr. St. James on his recovery (if God pleases to restore him), as your conduct has been such as to set the whole town in expectation of your marriage with him: your behaviour on the present occasion will, therefore, cause a thousand remarks, and on that account beware of jilting him.'

'Retire, Caroline,' said her mother; 'I see you are unequal to the task of giving an explanation: I will take upon myself to do so.'—This unhappy event caused the most bitter exclamations against Caroline; nay, even her character was sullied and brought in question by the gossips of the neighbourhood. Mr. Godwin, exasperated to madness, railed against his neighbours with

vehemence, and declared his intention of speedily removing from the ill-natured circle that surrounded him. Mrs. Bennet and Rachael wept and remonstrated, but they ceased to importune when the death of St. James followed, the effect of his wounds. This occasioned young Nettlefield to take to flight; and Mrs. Primwell, who had hoped to find in him a husband for her daughter, railed more unmercifully than ever against Caroline. So far did she succeed as to cause Mrs. Nettlefield to withdraw her friendship; and Caroline mourned with sensibility the sad loss of her regards. Mr. Godwin was preparing to remove, but a change in his affairs withheld him; and he tried to restore lost happiness by giving signs of his pacific disposition. Miss Primwell, in her desire of love and liberty, fled her mother's house, and joined her Nettlefield; who, having changed his name, was actually in a strolling company of players, and received miss, more for convenience than love, with professions of pleasure: but when he found she was totally unfit to be brought forward on the stage, and too giddy to mind his affairs, he began to treat her in the most cruel manner, and killed her in the end, with his unmanly usage.

In the mean time, Mrs. Primwell, who thought she might thank miss Godwin for her troubles, tried to blacken her character to all around, and absolutely succeeded in stopping the addresses of two respectable gentlemen, at different times. Caroline, never dreaming of her unjust dealings, continued to visit at her house, and often deplored with her the loss of Mrs. Nettlefield's friendship. Rachael Bennet now being married, Caroline accompanied her to the town where she re-



sided, where she spent six happy months; after which she returned to her parents, with health in her looks and contentment in her heart; and was quickly followed by a gentleman of birth and reputation, who eagerly asked her hand of Mr. Godwin. Caroline blushing her consent, all was agreed upon, and the day approached for their marriage, when an anonymous letter caused a doubt to arise of Caroline's sincerity in her lover's breast. Miss Godwin, with conscious innocence in her shining eyes, and the flush of displeasure tinging her cheeks, spurned at the idea of giving explanation to the man who had harboured suspicious ideas, and, with her answer, fled her lover.

To say this did not affect miss Godwin would be a falsehood; it did, indeed, overcast her happiness: but time restored her peace; and, in the course of a twelvemonth, an event happened that entirely banished all uneasiness from her breast. Caroline's cousin—who inherited all his grandfather's riches, from which Mrs. Godwin's father had been so unjustly excluded, by marrying against his father's consent—now sought our heroine's family; bestowed on them a part of the property he so well could spare; and, finding himself charmed with miss Godwin's person and manners, laid his heart and fortune at her feet. Caroline, justly sensible of his perfections, blushed her approbation, and, in a little time, became his bride. Little more is to be said, to finish the triumph of our heroine over Mrs. Primwell and her abettors in mischief, except to assure my readers, that the amiable Caroline flourished in the admiring world, to the mortification of that lady, the pattern of conjugal truth, and continues to the present hour to enjoy the just reward of her filial piety and generous mind.

MEMOIRS of the LIFE of the Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

*(Continued from p. 572.)*

VICE-ADMIRAL sir Hugh Paliser had preferred a charge against his commander-in-chief, admiral Keppel; but the court martial declared the accusation to be malicious and ill-founded. Notwithstanding this proceeding had drawn considerable unpopularity on the head of the accuser, the ministry thought proper to reward him with the government of Greenwich hospital. This appointment was considered by many, as well as Mr. Fox, to be a measure of so much criminality, so incongruous to the sense and derogatory to the honour of the nation, that it drew from the veteran admiral's relation a torrent of indignant oratory, and a motion of censure on the appointment.

The bold and undisguised manner in which Mr. Fox attacked whatever he considered as abuses, and the natural vehemence and impetuosity of his eloquence, led him into several violent altercations, and once brought his life into danger. In the session of 1779, Mr. Adam, who had till that time acted in concert with the minority, hinted to the house, that he should vote with administration. This secession at such a time (for it was in the most calamitous period of the war), greatly altered the opinion of that gentleman's friends concerning the integrity of his views. The defection in Mr. Adam raised the tone of the party he joined. Ministers industriously propagated both in and out of parliament, that all our want of success, and every disaster in the war, was chargeable to the opposition, by impeding the measures of government, and defeating its operations. Mr. Fox ably, and with indignant warmth, defend-



ed himself and his friends from the imputation of struggling as a party merely for place, power, and profit. Such a preposterous mode of slandering opposition, he observed, scarcely merited a serious answer. He threw, however, upon his adversaries such flashes of indignation, by way of retort, that they never ventured afterwards to assail him in the same strain: after making an arch parody on a striking passage in *Guliver's Travels*, he said, 'I can bear well enough, in some respects, and even make allowance for the ignorance, incapacity, folly, corruption, love of place, emolument, and power, in these men. I can even pity them for their wants, their impotence, and their gross stupidity. I feel for their miserable infatuation, not knowing whether to rush headlong on immediate ruin, or retreat with safety. Despicable and unprincipled as they are, I have nevertheless learned to regard their persons with respect, from the conspicuous stations they hold in the view of the public. But when such men, thus involved, and involving others in every possible misfortune and disgrace, urge their claims of merit for what deserves an ax or a halter, and under a complication of great national calamities coolly contend that those disasters, which every individual feels, do not exist, or if they do, that they ought justly to be ascribed to opposition; such a lump of deformity and disease, of folly and wickedness, of ignorance and temerity, thus deeply and incurably smitten with pride, and distended by audacity, breaks all measures of patience.' Such a portraiture of the associates of Mr. Adam could not but be a little galling to that gentleman: it is, therefore, not very surprising, that a misconstruction in a warm debate should induce him to think his own honour impeached by

the sarcastic allusions on the whole party of which he now had become a member. Mr. Adam was a lawyer, but forgot that honour ought not to have been sacrificed to the savage etiquette of a childish resentment, and that it was wrong to add his own example to continue and sanction a custom which often stakes a valuable life against the most worthless, and involves the innocent in those misfortunes which should belong only to the guilty. The day after the debate alluded to, Mr. Adam wrote to Mr. Fox a note as follows, dated Saturday, four o'clock, afternoon, Nov 27, 1779.

'Mr. Adam presents his compliments to Mr. Fox, and begs leave to represent to him, that upon considering again and again what passed between them last night, it is impossible for him to have his character cleared to the public, without inserting the following paragraph in the newspapers.—“We have authority to assure the public, that in a conversation that passed between Mr. Fox and Mr. Adam, in consequence of the debate in the house of commons on Thursday last, Mr. Fox declared, that, however much his speech may have been misrepresented, he did not mean to throw any personal reflection upon Mr. Adam.” In a postscript was added, ‘Major Humberston does me the honour of delivering this to you, and will bring your answer.’

Mr. Fox, whose sentiments were not more nice on national than on personal honour, returned the following answer:

'Sir, I am sorry it is utterly inconsistent with my ideas of propriety to authorise the putting any thing into the newspapers relative to a speech, which, in my opinion, required no explanation. You, who heard the speech, must know, that



it did convey no personal reflection upon you, unless you felt yourself in the predicament upon which I animadverted. The account of my speech in the newspapers is certainly incorrect, and as certainly unauthorised by me; and therefore, with respect to that, I have nothing to say. Neither the conversation that passed at Brookes's, nor this letter, is of a secret nature; and, if you have any wish to relate the one, or shew the other, you are perfectly at liberty to do so. I am, &c. &c.'

The consequence of this was a duel, in which Mr. Fox was wounded. From various circumstances connected with this proceeding, the passions of the public were inflamed against the challenger, and insinuations in the public papers were thrown out that he chose this way of settling the difference from motives too bad to be avowed. In consequence, his person, his country, and connections, were all exposed to a torrent of abuse. It was even said that the designs of the ministry on Mr. Fox were base and bloody, and that Mr. Adam had been made an instrument of their purpose. This severe and unjust interpretation obtained some kind of countenance from the unfortunate and unperceived circumstance of Mr. Fox having been wounded, when Mr. Adam fired his second shot. Colonel Fitzpatrick accompanied Mr. Fox. Mr. Adam acknowledged his antagonist's conduct to be completely that of a man of honour, and it was exalted in all companies. Firmness, generosity, and courage, were evinced by him on this awful occasion, and no action of his life tended more to endear and exalt him in the public opinion; and he was visited and congratulated on his escape by the most distinguished of the nobility and commoners in the kingdom.

At the time this occurrence happened, the state of public affairs was become extremely serious. Disunion at home, want of respectability abroad, loss of territory, danger of general bankruptcy, were the unequivocal symptoms of approaching ruin. Ireland had entered into a spirited resolution, by which she had defended and righted herself; and the patriots of England proposed a measure of association, in order to stop the career of a ministry, whose conduct, they declared, if persisted in, must have occasioned our political dissolution. The county of York took the lead in this promising and important step, and the example was followed by Westminster. The meeting was held in the hall of that city, of which Mr. Fox was unanimously chosen chairman. He delivered a forcible and argumentative oration to a vast assemblage of persons, who listened to him with rapture, and followed him with bursts of applause. He commenced his speech in a manner which never can be forgotten. He said, 'Were you, gentlemen, to ask every member, as he passes through this hall to the house of commons, what he thought of the measures, and what of the honesty and wisdom of ministers, he would tell you, he detested and despised them. Yet, ten to one, the very same member would be instructed by the nod of authority to vote on whatever question the minister inclined. This corruption, which the profligacy of parliament has rendered so formidable and so universal, contains within itself the baleful source of its own continuance.' As the ministers of that day exerted all their influence, through the newspapers at their disposal, to represent those meetings as seditious, and the petitions they produced, as dangerous—Mr. Fox particularly dwelt upon their constitu-



tionality, and their beneficial tendency. 'It is affirmed (said he) that petitions lead to anarchy and confusion. They do not. Their consequence is the very reverse. They tend to prevent every sort of public mischief; to avert the downfall of the empire; to restore us to harmony and unanimity; and to recover our national consequence and tranquillity, by vigour, exertion, and success. "But this is not a time to embarrass government." Is that then the object of these petitions? No! Their aim is œconomy, and œconomy is giving new supplies to government. All that can be saved from the sink of corruption will thus contribute to public service, give additional strength to our arms, and enable us to maintain, with spirit and effect, the dreadful and unequal struggle in which we are engaged. We are told this is not a time for these complaints, or this reformation. What! is not the moment of necessity the moment of relief? When is œconomy most seasonable, but when pressed for supplies? We now feel our wants. We are in need of every aid that ingenuity can invent. We have occasion for all the money that can be raised. The measure would be criminal indeed, were we contriving how to burthen the people with more taxes; but we wish to answer the demands of the state, not by additional impositions, but by a frugal application of what we already possess.' Nothing but the determined and temperate resolution of the people, in the dangerous crisis we have been speaking of, saved the country.

The great object of biography is general utility; we do not, therefore, conceive it necessary to enter into a minute detail of all those deviations from prudence and rectitude which Mr. Fox may have fallen into. The sway of fashion, the etiquette of custom, not to say the

pressure of necessity, may have impelled him to have recourse to those expedients for obtaining money which a practically wise man would have avoided, and which at a more advanced period in life he would himself have shunned and disdained. We have never heard of a studied act of dishonour on his part. His sale of the clerkship of the pells in Ireland excited numerous aspersions on his character, and imputations both of ingratitude to the minister he had abandoned, and of personal indelicacy to the king. This transaction was entirely misconceived. He had neither been indebted to the minister nor the king for this place. It was a reversionary grant to his father, and he inherited it as a patrimony: all, therefore, that can be said on it is, that it had been better for him if he could have kept it. It is not denied that some of the tribe of Judah may have reproached him at times for not being so punctual in his payments; and, perhaps, if all the scenes were to be recited which have passed between him and these Isarelites in his back parlour (which he facetiously denominated his *Jerusalem Chamber*), his enemies might be gratified by the edge it could not fail to give to their malice. It is not true that no man ever made a good public steward who had been negligent of his own private affairs: there are numerous instances to the contrary on record.

The vivacity of Mr. Fox often exposed him to severe and unjust animadversions. Such, for instance, as that when his late brother's house was in flames, his offering to bet the noble owner which beam, which partition, or which chimney, would next give way. We do not, nor would any one not over credulous, believe the half of what has been said of this uncommon character. One thing is certain, because it is on record,



that, however, much or little he might feel for the misfortunes of others, his own never made him gloomy. Perhaps we could not better illustrate this affirmation, than by presenting to the reader a few fanciful but highly poetic verses, written above twenty years ago on this subject.

INVOCATION TO POVERTY.

‘O Poverty! of pale consumptive hue,  
If thou delight’st to haunt me still in view,  
If still thy presence must my steps attend,  
At least continue, as thou art, my friend.  
When Scotch example bids me be unjust,  
False to my word, or faithless to my trust,  
Bids me my baneful error quickly see,  
And shun the world to find repose with thee.  
When vice to wealth would turn my partial eye,  
Or int’rest shut my ears to sorrow’s cry,  
Or courtier’s custom would my reason bend  
My foe to flatter, or desert my friend,—  
Oppose, kind Poverty, thy temper’d shield,  
And bear me off unvanquish’d from the field.  
If giddy Fortune e’er return again,  
With all her idle, restless, wanton train;  
Her magic glass should false Ambition hold,  
Or Av’rice bid me put my trust in gold;  
To my relief, then, virtuous goddess, haste,  
And with thee bring thy daughters, ever chaste,  
Health! Liberty! and Wisdom! sisters bright,  
Whose charms can make the worst condition light,

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Beneath the hardest fate the mind  
can cheer,  
Can heal affliction, and disarm despair;  
In chains, in torments, pleasure can bequeath,  
And dress in smiles the tyrant hour of death!’

Now though adversity must always be a bar to a young gentleman’s career in politics, yet to have felt it, and be able to bend to the storm, allows a man to rise with more independence of mind than ever. At the time of the great, the virtuous lord Rockingham’s death, Mr. Fox, from principle alone, quitted the administration of which he had been a member only as long as that nobleman had taken the lead in it. He said, what is honourable to him in the remembrance, ‘In resigning my situation, as secretary of state, I am not insensible to the convenience, I might almost say, to the necessity of its emolument; but, in a case where honour or profit must be sacrificed, I could not be long in resolving what to do. I dictate to no gentleman how he is to act; but, as there are several in the same predicament with myself, if they feel as I do, they will act as I do.’ His example was followed by several friends; for, at this early period of his political life, no man thought his honour unsafe in such hands. He never broke his word with his friend. We have before observed that Mr. Fox’s life has been a life of opposition, with very short interruptions. After the American war was censured and put an end to, every one must remember that a coalition between two great parties took place, which brought him again, for a short time, into power. This measure of our admired patriot was pretty generally censured. Relative to the India bill,

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however, his adversaries were probably not in the right, for the matter was not generally understood; and as the India-Company were flattered by the bill of his opponent, and a certain cabal near the throne kept up a great outcry, he was by mere intrigue and ministerial jockeyship thrown from his seat. It was not in Mr. Fox's nature to descend to littleness, nor adopt subterfuges for the attainment of the most desirable acquisition in nature. Mr. Pitt entered triumphantly with his new India bill as a passport, not for *popular favour*, for the people at no time ever understood the merit or demerit of either bill.

When the late admiral Rodney was raised to a peerage for his successes over the French, Mr. Fox was censured for not preferring lord Hood as his colleague to represent the city of Westminster, rather than sir Cecil Wray. This was made a matter of querulous debate in the house of commons, by lord Fielding and others, who scouted the idea of a minister appearing familiar and undisguised at an election. Mr. Fox met this as he did every argument in which he was personally concerned, without the least reluctance. He said the professional merits of lord Hood were above his praise. His lordship, who possessed the grateful acknowledgements of his country, could not be very ambitious, or at least stand in need of his individual tribute. It was, however, what he owed in common with all men, and what he was always ready to pay, a distinction founded on the most eminent personal desert. But surely it was not shewing this gallant officer any disrespect in not giving him the preference to his old but honourable friend, for whom he had determined to vote. The politics of sir Cecil Wray were known and established; his parliamentary conduct had been

decided on by the public; his principles and attachments were tried. The city of Westminster was electing not an admiral, but a representative; not one who had served his country at sea, but one qualified to serve her in parliament. He should therefore give his vote to the best of his judgment, but meant not by that circumstance any disrespect to any man. Nor would any honourable gentleman, who understood the great doctrine of election in this free country, differ from him in asserting, that no man could act a pure and honourable part, who, on such an occasion, did not divest himself so much as possible of every kind and degree of partiality whatever. Apostrophising then to the person who occasioned the debate, he said, 'The noble lord seems offended at seeing my name in a newspaper, in connection with the resolutions of my fellow-electors, my constituents and friends. After what has passed in this house, about the franchises of revenue-officers, I hope no man will say, that a secretary of state necessarily relinquishes his right to vote as a member of the community at large. It has pleased his majesty to call me to the honour of serving the public, as one of his ministers. But does this office divest me of my birth-right as an Englishman? or is there no difference in exercising this right as a man, and acting officially as a minister? Whenever this house has any reason to call me to an account for such an improper interference, my conduct must be so pointedly censurable, that I shall not attempt to justify it. I am a minister to-day; to-morrow may reduce me to my former situation and circumstances. But while I am an Englishman, and within the protection of those laws that originate in liberty, and have liberty for their object, this privilege must continue unalienable.'



Of the war with France which began in 1793 Mr. Fox was an avowed and constant opposer; and it will now be confessed by all, that his predictions of the ill success of the allies, and the different coalitions formed against the new government, have been but too unhappily verified by the event. On this subject he published a letter to the electors of Westminster, which is his only avowed prose publication, and had a most wonderful and almost unprecedented sale, having run through nearly thirteen editions. We cannot forbear making a short extract from this manly and well-written work. Speaking of foreign alliances, and insisting on the necessity of acknowledging the French republic as an independent state, while alluding to the ridiculous idea of reducing that power by external force, he thus forcibly expresses himself:—‘The conquest of France!!! Oh, calumniated crusaders, how rational and moderate were your projects! Oh, much injured Lewis XIV., upon what slight ground have you been accused of restless and inordinate ambition! Oh, tame and feeble Cervantes, with what timid pencil and faint colours have you painted the portrait of a disordered imagination!’

He in like manner opposed the measures, which he esteemed too rigorous, adopted against those who were called republicans and levellers; as the suspensions of the habeas corpus, the bills for preventing popular assemblies, and restraining the press, &c. At length, when the contest between the two parties on this subject grew very violent, and Mr. Fox and his adherents found themselves continually in a small minority, he seceded from parliament altogether. He saw nothing was to be gained to the country by his attendance in the house, and something might be forever lost to himself if he continued

in a situation where he was liable to be provoked to say what might be misconstrued by three-fourths of his hearers. To those who did not approve such a step he gave the best reason possible. He never affected to be in possession of an antidote against the common imbecility of humanity. He acknowledged that he was as liable to error, and even to eccentricities of opinion, as any man; but the purity of his intentions, and the independence of his mind were rights which he had determined to preserve at all hazards, which he would not yield to the humour or solicitude of his best friends, of all the electors in Great Britain, of a majority of the whole world, and which he would not part with but with his life. These are the sentiments of a great, of an independent mind; they are the best security for any confidence which can be placed in their possessor. We believe some part of the leisure hours of Mr. Fox at this time were employed in composing a history of the house of Stuart.

Mr. Fox was always distinguished as a member of the Whig Club, and has on particular occasions made such a speech as has been considered his own opinion of public measures, and the conduct he thought the wisest to be pursued out of parliament for obtaining that reformation of abuses which he has never lost sight of.

The most invidious of Mr. Fox's opposers have endeavoured to cast a shade over his character, for having accepted of a gratuitous subscription from his friends; but of all the pensions that ever were granted to patriots for services rendered their country, this is surely the most honourable! Not a shilling was subscribed, but by men who were acknowledgedly attached to the liberties of their country; who did themselves more honour by this deed than they could



possibly confer by any sum, however large, they wrote their names against.

The death of his great political opponent, Mr. Pitt, in the beginning of 1806, prepared the way for the appointment of Mr. Fox to a share in the administration, in conjunction with the Grenville party; and his majesty included his name in the list of the privy council (from which he had been erased), and gave him the secretaryship of the foreign department.

The French government soon afterwards proposed a negotiation for peace, and lord Lauderdale was dispatched to Paris; but Mr. Fox did not live to witness the result of his embassy. His constitution, from free living in the earlier part of his life, was greatly impaired; and it is not impossible that the fatigues of business in his official situation contributed to hasten his decay. A dropsy came on; the remedy of tapping was several times had recourse to; the most able physicians were called in to consult on his disorder, and their care and attention could only be equalled by the anxious solicitude of his friends and the public.

He was removed to Chiswick, the seat of the duke of Devonshire; and hopes were indulged that his constitution would overcome the disorder. But on Tuesday the ninth of September a rumour was circulated that he was no more: this report, however, proved premature, and faint hopes were still entertained of his recovery. All these, however, vanished on Friday, September 12; and the next day the languor with which he was affected became every hour more deep, and proved at length resistless: the whole system was exhausted, and at six o'clock in the evening he expired. His dissolution was gentle, and, to the last moment, he appeared to suffer little pain.

Mr. Fox was somewhat above the

middling size, rather inclined to corpulency: his features were strongly marked, exhibiting an appearance of shrewdness and ability; and his eye, in the midst of debate, or the animation of an interesting conversation, flashed with fire.

Until very lately, he resided at St. Ann's hill, where he superintended the cultivation of his grounds, enjoyed the pleasure of gardening, and possessed a great taste for botany, and had been at infinite pains to render himself a master of the Linnean system.

He usually rose at seven o'clock, mounted his horse, and rode to the river Thames: from thence he returned to breakfast, which was over by ten. His forenoons were, for the most part, dedicated to his books, and spent in study. Before dinner he generally walked or rode round the neighbouring village; dined a little after three o'clock, without any appearance of luxury or ostentation. After indulging in a few glasses of port or sherry, he retired with his guests about six to the tea-room, which presented a most delightful prospect in the summer season; and, after a couple of dishes of coffee, a glass of *liqueur de Martinique* was handed round to the company.

The evenings were usually dedicated to domestic entertainments. Sometimes he read, and then generally aloud: at other times, he played at some manly game in the lawn, or listened to the music of his lady while fingering the piano forte, or the pedal harp.

Mr. Fox had been married some years to a lady whose name was Armstead; this marriage, for a considerable time, was kept a profound secret, nor was it known until the eve of his going to France, the motive of secrecy no longer then existing. The principal intention of his going to France was a desire to inspect some curious manuscripts re-



lative to the Stuart family, and the revolution in this country; for to bring to perfection his long projected work, for which, even while the state of the manuscript was unknown, an eminent bookseller in the metropolis, with that liberality so characteristic to the trade, offered Mr. Fox ten thousand pounds.

It was at first supposed that Mr. Fox had left no will; but one has since been found, a copy of which we subjoin. He has left very little property, and was even obliged shortly after his appointment to the office of secretary of state, to borrow five hundred pounds of an old political friend, in order to enable him to meet the necessary expences of his new situation.

[This is the last Will and Testament of the Hon. Charles James Fox, of St. Ann's Hill, in the Parish of Chertsey, in the County of Surrey.]

Whereas, the late Mr. Herdman, of Hatton-Garden, did, by his last will, give and bequeath unto me my legacy of five hundred guineas, which sum I shall be entitled, at some future time, to receive, together with the interest that will become due for the same: now, I do hereby give and bequeath one moiety or equal part of all such monies unto my nephew Henry Fox, son of general Fox; and the other moiety or equal half part thereof unto Robert Stephen, a youth, now living with lord viscount Bolingbroke, in America.

And whereas, I am entitled to one annuity or clear yearly sum of one hundred pounds, lately granted to me by his grace John duke of Bedford, for and during the term of the natural life of Harriet Willoughby, in the grant thereof named: now I do hereby give and bequeath the same annuity unto my wife, Elizabeth Bridget, for and during the term of her natural life, if she, the said

Harriet Willoughby, shall so long live; and from and after the decease of my said wife unto the said Harriet Willoughby, for her own use and benefit.

I give, devise, and bequeath all the rest and residue of my personal estate, of what nature or kind soever, not by me before disposed of, and also all and singular my real estates, whatsoever and wheresoever, unto my said wife, Elizabeth Bridget, her heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns for ever; only I wish her to make presents, in my name, of any books, pictures, or marble she thinks fit, as remembrances of me to the following friends:—Lord Holland, general Fox, general Fitzpatrick, lord Robert Spencer, lord Fitzwilliam, Mr. Hare, the bishop of Down, lord John Townshend, miss Fox, and Mr. Bouverie. There are many others whom I love and value to the greatest degree, but these are my oldest connections.

I nominate, constitute, and appoint my said wife Elizabeth Bridget sole executrix of this my will; and revoking all former wills by me made, do declare this only to be my last will and testament. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this twenty-first day of July, eighteen hundred and two years.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Charles James Fox, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, in his presence and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereof.

[Signed]

C. J. FOX.

Edward Kent.

Charles Pembroke.

Robert Giles.

Proved at London, 20th October, 1806, before the worshipful Samuel Pearce, doctor of laws, and surrogate, by the oath of the Hon. Elizabeth Bridget Fox, widow, the relict and sole executrix, to whom administration was granted, first sworn duly to administer.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## DECEMBER.

A SONNET.

DECEMBER's darken'd days, like black  
despair,

Seize on all nature's torpor-stricken powers;  
Who, like the human mind oppress'd by  
care,

Gives to sad grief her last and ling'ring  
hours:

For 'tis December's desolating sway  
That brings on Winter's universal gloom;  
Who, marking well the waning year's decay,  
Hurles it, unheeded, into Time's deep  
tomb!

Then Winter rules triumphant o'er the  
plain,

Chains up each stream, and spreads his  
snowy store,

Bids Horror share his terrifying reign,  
And drives the wand'ring wretch to Mer-  
cy's door!

Thus falls the year! it's glowing honours fled,  
And mingles with the unremember'd dead!

J. M. L.

## PROLOGUE

To the Comedy of 'MAIDS and BACHE-  
LORS; or, My Heart for Yours.'

Written by

LUMLEY ST. GEORGE SKEFFINGTON, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. BRUNTON.

LET truth's clear eye, to equity resign'd  
Mark every fear that agitates the mind,  
Search those conceal'd, examine those con-  
fess'd,

And meet the greatest in an author's breast.

This night is fated to an anxious bard,

Whose diffidence solicits your regard;

Though whispering hopes first urg'd his  
trembling lyre,

Those hopes, alas! now one by one retire;

For apprehensions, crowding on his view,  
Wake ev'ry doubt, and ev'ry wish pursue:  
Nor flattery, nor comfort will he hear:  
The terrors thicken as the doom draws near.

The Drama's Muse should, like a Painter,  
trace

Each mark'd expression of the human face;  
Group'd with effect, the imitated shew  
With force should strike, with animation  
glow;

Till, touch'd by energy, in ev'ry part,  
The finish'd figures from the canvas start!  
Few can excel; since few can well imprint  
The living lustre and the blushing tint,  
Which fairly seem, when drawn from Na-  
ture's bent,

That very Nature, which they represent.  
The tow'ring freedom of a bold design  
In warmth should breathe, in liberty refine;  
While lights and shades a mingling aid com-  
pose,

Soften'd by these, and spirited by those:  
Though bright not glaring, though subdu'd  
not cold,

Gay without glitter, without harshness bold.  
Rules still should guide, yet no restraint im-  
part:

Art follows genius, genius governs art.  
One little happiness, one careless touch  
Transcends all labours, when it serves as  
such:

Nature, and only Nature can inspire  
Strength, freedom, taste, the fancy, and the  
fire!

In her they live, in her their force declare,  
Arrest the heart, and fix an empire there!

Our trembling artist, who, enslav'd by  
fear,

This slight sketch sends for exhibition here,  
Attempts to mark (though conscious of de-  
fect)

Contrasted passions, and combined effect.

If he, too daring, want the skill to reach  
Those nobler lines which taste, which science  
teach,

Fail not to recollect, ye critic band,  
That style, when mingled, asks a master's  
hand.



Hard 'is the task with TENIER's mirth to share

CORREGGIO's elegance, and GUIDO's air!  
On you he rests.—If aggravated taste  
Condemn with rigour, or reject with haste,  
His brightest tints will darken to a shade,  
Like Crayons moulder, and like Fresco fade;  
But should applause a happier sentence give,  
Fix'd by your smiles, the colouring will live!

### LINES

*Addressed to S. Y.*

YOU late was pleas'd in friendly strain  
To praise my 'Noontide Rambles';  
Such praise will make my Muse too vain  
Of all her airy ambles.

But still, I think, poetic friend,  
My best of thanks are owing;  
'Thus then to you those thanks I send,  
My heart with friendship glowing.

Flatt'ry I hate, and some men's praise  
Would be to me disgusting;  
But when *you* deign'd her pride to raise,  
My Muse would fain be trusting;

For thus she whisper'd in my ear,  
And whisper'd rhyme most duly,  
'He that would now my spirits cheer,  
Appears to write quite truly;

'For he's no novice in the art,  
But writes in pensive measure;  
And whispers to the tender heart,  
A soft and soothing pleasure.

'With no deceit his lines are fraught,  
Still Virtue's merits singing;  
Each good and honourable thought  
To her fair altar bringing.

'Then scarcely I may trust each line,  
That speaks in my poor favour;  
For truth appears round him to shine,  
With ray that does not waver.'

Assenting to each word she spake,  
I penn'd them down on paper;—  
And as 'tis meant I hope you'll take  
This poor poetic vapour.

A kindred mind I fancy thine,  
Unsullied with deception;  
Then give these fault-finding lines of mine  
An unsevere reception.

*Dec. 2, 1806.*

J. M. L.

### THE CYPRIAN'S PETITION.

A PARODY ON THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

WITH aching heart your pity, Sir, I crave,  
My wants compel me *thus* to pray relief;  
Soon shall I, friendless, seek the silent grave—  
That grave where ends both misery and grief.

These clothes my state to passers-by pro-  
claim;  
These haggard looks in unison appear;

And oft the finger of reproach and blame  
Draws from my eye the unavailing tear.

Yon mansion, which o'erlooks this shaded  
vale,

Lured me to pray relief in accents mild;  
For lord the owner was of all the dale,  
And Fortune hail'd him as her favour'd  
child.

Scarcely my lips the piteous tale began,  
Scarce had I dar'd his bounty to implore,  
When lo! the minion of this cruel man  
With sternness bade me quit his master's  
door.

Oh! pray your charity to me impart,  
For the keen blast assails my weaken'd  
frame;

Console ere 'tis *too late* this breaking heart  
Which soon will leave of ANNA but the  
name.

Should I repeat the soft seductive tale  
That HENRY urg'd to mar my future rest;  
To help a poor forlorn you could not fail,  
If mercy boasts a seat within your breast.

'Twas HENRY made me prostitution's prey;  
He did in friendship's mask my heart  
subdue.

'Twas he—ungrateful man! who paved the  
way  
To future scenes, which *honour shrinks* to  
view.

How shall I paint those joys which now are  
past,

Or how my *murder'd* parents' love relate?  
Till HENRY came, my virtuous mind to  
blast—

Till HENRY made me *feel*—their direst  
hate!

My tender Mother, who with fond delight,  
View'd me in life's decline her pleasing  
care,

Soon closed her aged eyes in endless night,  
And breath'd for my reclaim the fervent  
pray'r.

My Father, too, *bereav'd* of Wife and Child,  
A prey to racking torment soon became:  
By madness seiz'd—by frenzy driven wild—  
In latest breath, *curs'd* his poor ANNA's  
name!

In humblest tones your pity then I crave;  
My wants compel me *thus* to pray relief:  
Soon shall I, friendless, seek the silent grave,  
And there forget my misery and grief.

### THE THORN.

BY WM. M. T.

*Written on the Banks of the Mersey: in imi-  
tation of Scutley's 'Holly Tree.'*

'I love to view these things with curious  
eyes,

And moralize!' SOUTHER.

BLACK, rugged, riven thorn!

That on this bank sea-worn,



Where often tempest-driven the salt wave  
 Thy root doth lave,  
 Rearest thy head amid the wint'ry wind  
 That blows upon thee; ev'n as man unkind!

I view thee, aged thorn!  
 When straying, all forlorn,  
 At close of eve, I think upon the days  
 When mankind's ways  
 To me were yet unknown; and mem'ry  
 sighs  
 For the lost sun-shine of youth's cloudless  
 skies.

Then think I, aged thorn!  
 When, by the whirlwind borne,  
 The foaming billows dash'd against this rock,  
 That still the shock  
 Thou bor'st unmov'd; that still unmov'd  
 thou seem'd  
 Whilst o'er thy rugged head the forky light-  
 ning gleam'd.

Ah, could I, aged thorn!  
 Who oft for mankind mourn,  
 Unmov'd as thee his miseries behold?—  
 To feeling cold  
 Could I view life's rude tempest round me  
 rise,  
 Nor give to sorrow's child ('tis all I have!)  
 my sighs?

No! *thou just emblem of the Stoic cold!*  
 I can't behold  
 Vice happy, worth oppress'd,  
 And in my breast  
 Check the warm glow of anger; or the tear  
 That weeps the many woes man feels whilst  
 ling'ring here.

### A FLOWER.

BY A LADY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,  
 With azure crest and golden eye,  
 Whose smiles illumine the vernal hour,  
 Whose tints reflect the sky—  
 Tell me its name!

The gayer beauties of the field,  
 With rainbow-colour'd glories bright,  
 Their charms to every sunbeam yield,  
 And on the admiring sight

Obtrusive glare.

But this small flower, to friendship dear,  
 Beneath the white-thorn's humble shade,  
 Amid the village haunts shall rear  
 Its unassuming head—

Uncultur'd grow,

To bless his steps who cheerless treads,  
 Unconsciously the woods among;  
 While busy memory fondly leads  
 To pleasures vanish'd long,  
 And absent love.

The feeling heart shall seek the bower  
 Its early bloom was wont to cheer;  
 Shall find the consecrated flower,  
 To recollection dear—  
 Affection's child.

The distant or the buried friend,  
 The soul congenial link'd to thine,  
 Again shall at thy side attend,  
 In sweet communion join  
 Thy pensive walk.

The joys that wing'd their rapid flight,  
 Ere tasted half their magic power,  
 Again return—again delight  
 The retrospective hour,  
 With softer sway.

The wreath poetic fancy twines,  
 Inspired by love, or lux'd by fame,  
 With richer, gayer colours shines,  
 And flowers of prouder name  
 Their odours give.

But thou, who own'st a kindred mind,  
 Whose constant heart can feel the power  
 Of friendship, sacred and refined,  
 Shalt hail the cherish'd flower,  
 FORGET-ME-NOT.  
*Antrim County, October, 1806.*

### TO MR. J. WEBB,

*On reading his Poetry in the Lady's Maga-  
 zine.*

OH, tuneful Webb! skill'd genius, blest  
 With such poetic fire!  
 Sure ev'ry page of thine's the best  
 That fancy can inspire!

Thy judgment ever does combine  
 With nature and with art,  
 And makes thy numbers e'er entwine  
 Around each reader's heart.

Oh, what could equal the reward  
 (Had I poetic skill)  
 Of having praise from such a bard?  
 The bard of Haverhill!

A CONSTANT READER.

### THE XLVth SONNET OF PE- TRARCH.

TO LAURA.

BLEST be the day, the month, the hour,  
 When first a lover's tender pain  
 Confess'd thine eyes' resistless power,  
 And captive fix'd me in thy train.

Blest be those sighs, those cherish'd tears,  
 That ardent, fond desire,  
 Which, kindling all the poet's fire,  
 Taught me in numbers to invoke thy name;  
 And glowing through fate's chequer'd  
 years,  
 Arous'd the generous voice of fame.

Blest be the wound which, rankling still,  
 Declares my heart no longer free;  
 And blest the thought, the mind, the will,  
 That ever faithful wait on thee. M. B.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Petersburg, Oct. 8.*

THE court gazette of yesterday contains the following ukase, dated the 18th of September (old style), addressed by his imperial majesty to the directing senate.

This day's gazette contains the following Ukase:

'By the manifesto of the 30th of August we have made known the present state of affairs in Europe, as well as our particular views. Guided by the principles which are there announced, we have judged it fit, in the midst of the new dangers that menace Europe, not only to complete our army, in order to ensure the general tranquillity, and our own in particular, but to reinforce it by regiments of new creation. We order, in consequence, a levy in all our empire of four recruits in every 500 souls; this levy to begin November the 1st of this year, and to conclude on the first of January next.' (The particular dispositions then follow.)

*Gottenburgh, Nov. 7.* The French, it is said, have made their appearance at Arrelara, in Swedish Pomerania, which is only about 48 English miles from Stralsund. Stralsund is, therefore, declared in a state of siege. The troops and militia, which will in the whole amount to about 11,000, have all been called in, and orders have been given for provisioning it immediately: some vessels have been taken up for that purpose.

It is reported here that the money, plate, and chief treasures of the king of Prussia, have arrived in a vessel at Copenhagen.

*Saxony, Nov. 7.* Our elector has acceded to the confederation of the Rhine, and will furnish a corps of troops

to the army. The report that the elector of Hesse has acceded to the confederation of the Rhine requires confirmation.

*Vienna, Nov. 8.* In the course of this week, the French resident here has presented a note to our government, to which he received an answer on the same day, and immediately after dispatched two couriers to his sovereign. The contents of this note is kept a profound secret; but it is conjectured that it relates to our cordon of 80,000 men in Bohemia. Within the course of twelve days three couriers have arrived from St. Petersburg.

The Russian minister having demanded a passage for the Russian troops through Moravia and Bohemia, received an immediate reply from our court, that they were determined to observe the strictest neutrality, and that our generals had orders to enforce such observance in every quarter.

*Berlin, Nov. 8.* Our gazette of this day contains the following:

John Henry Dombrowsky, general of division, grand cross of the legion of honour, commander of the royal order of the iron crown.

Joseph Wybicki, representative of the cities in the diet of 1791.

'Poles, Napoleon the great, the invincible, advances into Poland, at the head of three hundred thousand men; without attempting to penetrate into the secret of his views, let it be our only endeavour to render ourselves worthy of his greatness. I will see, he has said, I will see whether you deserve to be a nation. I am going to Posen: there shall the first plan for your benefit be concerted.

'Poles, it depends upon you to be



an independent people, to acquire a country. Your avenger, your creator, has appeared.'

*Breslau, Nov. 8.* The following article, dated the 5th instant, from South Prussia, appears in our gazette of this day:—'We can now state with certainty, that an army of 80,000 Russians is already in full march through this province, and will speedily approach the frontiers of Silesia.'

*Lubeck, Nov. 9.* The 6th of this month was the most dreadful day in the annals of Lubeck; the Prussian general Natzmer being in our town with 4000 men, the French under the orders of marshal Bernadotte attacked the Prussians at nine o'clock in the morning out of the town; both sides fought with the greatest bravery and obstinacy; towards noon the French appeared before the town with very superior forces: they were received at the gates with cannon charged with langrage (mitraille), but it did not stop them; they were repulsed at several of the gates, but they succeeded in forcing that of Dem Burgthor: then began in the town the most dreadful combat. The Prussians had a good deal of artillery, which did much injury to the French; but nothing could withstand the bravery or superiority of the French, whose infantry entered the town, followed the Prussians into all the houses, churches, and public buildings, where a terrible carnage was made: the slaughter lasted upwards of three hours; during which the number of killed and wounded accumulated, both in the houses, and particularly at the Burgthor, to a frightful height.

*Wesel, Nov. 9.* Marshal Mortier, who commands the reserve of the grand army, has taken possession of the whole of Hesse-Cassel and Fulda, and disarmed the troops belonging to both. This important enterprize has not cost a single drop of blood. When the elector was informed of the orders which marshal Mortier had received, he ordered his troops to submit, and caused quarters to be provided for the reception of the French. In the Fulda territory the military laid down their arms of their own accord.

*Leipsic, Nov. 10.* According to advices from Lusatia, the Austrian ad-

vanced posts are only a quarter of a league from Ebersbach. Other Austrian troops are drawing towards East and West Gallicia.

The Russian troops are falling back towards their own frontier. The whole Russian army, including the troops in the most distant quarters, are in motion.

The king of Prussia was at Graudenz on the 7th.

*Frankfort on the Oder, Nov. 11.* A remarkable change in the position of the French army has taken place within these few days. The French have advanced from Stettin towards Thorn and the Vistula; and to-day we have learned that the navigation of the river to that city is impeded. The centre of the French is at Posen, and the right wing two miles above Crossen, on the road to Kalitsch. By the 15th or 16th, the greatest part of the troops under marshals Soult and Bernadotte are expected back upon the Oder.

There are no Prussian troops in Silesia; the fortresses and garrisons are occupied by invalids.

We have heard rumours of the French being in possession of Thorn, and of their advanced posts being at Kalitsch. The Russians, who were at Blonie, near Warsaw, hearing of this circumstance, fell back. Large requisitions of grain have been made in Saxony; and the stock of corn throughout Prussia is not great.

*Brandenburgh, Nov. 11.* We are assured that a suspension of arms for an indefinite term was concluded on the 8th of this month, between marshal Duroc and general Lastrow.

*Banks of the Main, Nov. 12.* The public journals contain the following article:

'According to advices from Vienna, the French ambassador at that court has presented a note, demanding the evacuation of Bohemia by the Austrian army; and a second note in which he declares, that the departure of the archduke Charles for the army shall be regarded as a declaration of war; in which case he has received orders immediately to leave Vienna.'

*Vienna, Nov. 12.* General Clarke is just arrived very unexpectedly from Berlin. His embassy is said to be of



the last importance. The strictest secrecy is observed with regard to its object. Some disquietude has been caused in the public mind by the report that our Bohemian fortresses were to be provisioned with all possible expedition. We continue to trust, however, that the peace will not be interrupted.

*Berlin, Nov. 12.* The following is an extract from the thirty-first bulletin of the grand army :

‘On the 11th instant, at eleven in the morning, the garrison of Magdeburgh filed off, in the presence of the division of the army under the command of marshal Ney. We have captured 20 generals, 800 officers, and 22,000 soldiers, among whom are 2000 artillerymen, with 54 pair of colours, five standards, 800 pieces of artillery, one million pounds of powder, and a great quantity of materials belonging to the pontoon and artillery establishments.’

*Posen, Nov. 12.* On the 4th the French advanced posts entered Posen. On the 9th the third corps of the grand army arrived, and were received by the Poles with the liveliest tokens of joy.

The inhabitants of Kalitsch, in consequence of an agreement among themselves, have fallen upon and disarmed the Prussian garrison at that place. Several Prussian parties have met with similar treatment elsewhere.

*Hamburg, Nov. 13.* It is but too certain that the whole Prussian army is totally ruined and dispersed; one corps after another has been obliged to lay down its arms, and all the principal towns, viz. Stettin, Custrin, Spandau, and Magdeburgh have capitulated; in the latter the French found an immense treasure, as all the most valuable effects, from Cassel, Munster, and East Friesland had been deposited there as out of danger. It is really astonishing how ill-provided with even the most common necessities these places were, but for which they never would have fallen into the hands of the French, and particularly Magdeburgh, one of the strongest places in Europe; as to the king of Prussia nobody knows where he is at present. The army of marshal Davoust is already arrived at Posen, it consists of 30,000 men.

Nothing but accident prevented general Blucher from coming to Ham-

burgh, in which case we should have shared the same fate as Lubeck, which has suffered dreadfully. A deputation has been sent from that town to claim the protection of the French emperor, and one will also be sent from hence.

The duchy of Oldenburg has been taken possession of in the name of the king of Holland by 1400 Dutch troops. Hesse has been obliged to join the confederation of the Rhine, and must consequently act against Russia.

*Hamburg, Nov. 14.* The day before yesterday the body of his most serene highness the duke of Brunswick was opened and embalmed at Altona; on opening the skull, it was found that the wound which this lamented prince received was mortal. His highness bore the exquisite torture occasioned by the wound with the utmost fortitude and resignation, but when he learnt the loss of his dominions his heart began to break.

His son, the duke of Brunswick Oels, who capitulated with general Blucher, and who so heroically defended the gate of Lubeck, arrived at his father's house the day after his death. His highness's horses were yesterday sold by public auction: his jewels and other effects will be sold to-morrow. An estafette has been sent to Napoleon at Berlin, requesting that the duke's venerable remains may be deposited in the family vault of his ancestors.

*Brunswick, Nov. 14.* Marshal Mortier has sent a part of his army towards the Elbe, and with the rest he occupies Hanover. We know for a certainty that the French have applied to the Danish government to put a stop to the correspondence of the English with the continent by way of Tonningen. Considering the military position of the French in Holstein, it is scarcely expected that the Danes can refuse them.

*Hamburg, Nov. 15.* Magdeburgh capitulated on the 8th inst. The capitulation was concluded between marshal Ney and lieutenant general Kleist. The garrison is said to have consisted of 20,000 men.

On the 12th inst. the duchy of Oldenburg was taken possession of for the king of Holland by Batavian troops, who marched thither from East Friesland.



## HOME NEWS.

*Glasgow, Nov. 19.* THE Glasgow packet, Moses Johnston, master, sailed from Leith on Sunday, the 16th inst. at five o'clock in the evening, with twenty-one passengers on board. At two o'clock next morning she struck upon a sunk rock, outside the Fearn islands, and the water immediately rushed in. Seeing there was no possibility of saving the ship, the captain ordered the boat to be got out, and two men to get her to the lee bow, to save the women, if possible; but the wind and sea being so strong, they lost their hold, and immediately the boat was out of sight: the stern boat had been stove in pieces. The ship being now full of water, the sea made a fair passage over her;—guns were fired so long as the vessel was above water; there being no appearance of any assistance, all on board endeavoured to catch the rigging, or any place where they could hold themselves fast: they continued in this state till day-light, when five of the passengers were missing. At this time three Holy Island boats appeared, but could not come nearer the vessel than 20 yards, the sea running so high; they were called to, to heave their fishing lines on board, which the captain fastened round the passengers, who then threw themselves into the sea, and were drawn by the fishermen into their boats. Captain Johnston was the last that got off the wreck, except a man, his wife, and a child, who could not be got at; they, however, a little after, were got out. Other three passengers, one of the ship's servants, were lost after day-light, and before any person left the ship; the rest got safe on one of the islands. She went to pieces during the night. Only a very small part of the cargo is saved.

*London, Nov. 21.* A few days since a young lady of the name of Forbes, whose parents reside in Whitecross-street, St. Luke's, was burnt to death in the following manner. As she and a young man, in the habit of visiting the family, and an admirer of miss Forbes, were conversing together in the parlour, a spark from the fire flew, unperceived, on the muslin dress of the lady, which soon kindled into a blaze. The young man pulled off his coat to wrap round her, with a view to extinguish it; but, before he could accomplish his intention, she ran out of the room into the street; he followed her, and before effectual assistance could be procured, she was so dreadfully burnt as only to survive until the following morning. She was about 17 years of age, and on the eve of marriage to the gentleman.

*Brentford, Nov. 28.* Yesterday being the fifteenth day of the election for Middlesex, that contest terminated. On the close of the poll the numbers of the respective candidates were—

For Mr. Mellish	. . .	3213
Mr. Byng	. . .	2304
Sir F. Burdett	. . .	1197

Whereupon the sheriffs declared Mr. Mellish and Mr. Byng duly elected.

*London, Nov. 29.* The following bulletin has been sent to the lord mayor by lord Howick:

*'To the lord mayor.*

*'Foreign Office, Nov. 29.*

*'My lord,*

*'It is with the deepest concern that I inform your lordship that the city of Hamburgh was occupied by a French corps under general Mortier on the 19th instant.*

*'The property of English merchants*



was immediately confiscated: on the night of the 21st all the English merchants were arrested, but were afterwards released on their word not, at any moment, to absent themselves till the determination of Bonaparte respecting them should be received.

‘Mr. Thornton, his majesty’s minister at Hamburgh, was proceeding to Kiel. Mr. Nicholls, his majesty’s vice-consul, was gone to Gluckstadt, in order to provide for the English ships proceeding from that port in safety. He was to go to Cuxhaven and Husum, and proper precautions had been taken for the security of the merchants remaining in Hamburgh, and their property.

(Signed) ‘HOWICK.

‘To the right hon. the lord mayor.’

*Ballymena (in Ireland), Nov. 29.* Some unpleasant symptoms have again appeared in the neighbourhood. One mail guard has been detected carrying letters for the disaffected between Belfast and Newry; other two persons have been apprehended at the former place; and three people are just now sent off, taken up betwixt this and Antrim, and found, it is said, in possession of pikes, &c. This place is said to be the principal rendezvous, and many other reports are in circulation, which we do not think right to repeat. None but the very lowest rank in society appear to be concerned.

*Belfast, Nov. 29.* General Campbell and a party of the Derry militia have left this for Antrim and Ballymena, in consequence of the symptoms of disaffection which have spread into that neighbourhood from some of the western counties.

It is hoped that the whole plan will soon be developed, government having, with laudable alacrity, taken up the business on its very first appearance.

*Dec. 1.* On Thursday night last, by order from government, two men were taken up in this town by major Fox, and on Saturday three other men were brought in here on cars from Antrim, escorted by a military guard. They are charged with treasonable and seditious practices, and are lodged in the old artillery barracks. They appear to be

labourers, in the humblest stations of life.

*Brighton, Dec. 1.* During the heavy gale of wind on Wednesday morning last, a French privateer was observed off little Hampton, Sussex, in great distress, having lost her foremast and bowsprit, so that she became unmanageable. At eleven o’clock she was seen to drive fast from the Overs towards little Hampton; and at half-past eleven she struck on the sands, but not being very sharp bottomed, she did not upset. Part of the crew at last got into a fine long-boat, and rowed through a tremendous sea towards the French coast, when an English collier, which was running before the gale, observed them and hove to, with an intent to save them. The Frenchmen seeing this, ran the boat alongside, immediately boarded the brig, and took possession of her; but they had generosity enough to give up their long-boat to the master and crew, with every article that belonged to them, exclusive of the cargo. They instantly put the brig’s head about, and steered towards the French coast, and have not since been heard of. The privateer proves to be *La Papillon* lugger, of Cherburg, of six swivels and 30 men, 25 of whom went off in the long-boat; the remainder are properly secured. The privateer at low water was left dry; but her bottom is so much damaged, that all thoughts of saving her are given up. The crew had nothing but straw to lie on, and very little provisions on board. The wind chopping round to the west, the master and crew of the collier ran their boat towards Brighton.

*Stafford, Dec. 1.* A few days since an inquest was held at Sedgely in this county, on the body of a girl, 12 years old, who with a boy about the same age were at work in a nailor’s shop, and, in consequence of a quarrel, the boy in his passion stabbed the girl with a red hot iron he had in his hand in the breast, in consequence of which she expired the next day. Verdict—*Wilful Murder.*

*Plymouth, Dec. 1.* Letters received yesterday from a merchant at Lubeck to his friend here, state the horrible car-



nage by the French troops of the Prussian troops, and inhabitants of both sexes, and all ages, from old age to infancy. After the French troops had entered the city and glutted their savage ferocity with the blood of those who opposed them in arms, they entered the houses of the citizens in several parts, pursued the defenceless inhabitants, and bayoneted them to discover their property, plundered them, and drove them to the tops of the houses, and then forced them back to the cellars, the stair-cases and rooms streaming with human blood, and covered with the mangled carcasses of those who fell victims to the savage ferocity of those devils in human shape.—This gentleman describes the gallant conduct of the Prussian soldiers under Blucher and the prince of Brunswick as beyond all comparison; they disputed every inch of ground, and Blucher never offered to surrender until he found himself and his brave followers surrounded by six times their number.

*London, Dec. 2.* Yesterday morning about eight o'clock, a bear belonging to Mr. Bradbury, clown at the Circus, which, it will be remembered, made its appearance in a pantomime at the above place for the benefit of his keeper, in September last, got loose from his den, in the yard adjoining the theatre, and immediately seized a fine boy, son of a Mr. Wilson, who keeps the billiard-rooms close by, whom he tore in a most shocking manner. The boy was barely extricated alive; he was immediately taken to the hospital. The animal, which had been generally considered as altogether harmless, had become ferocious from hunger, which impelled him to tear up the stake to which he was fastened, and to rush forth in search of food. His first object was an ostler, who was cleaning a horse in the adjoining yard, but he fortunately escaped through a window, when the boy already mentioned was seized by the ravenous animal, who was prevented by his muzzle from tearing him instantly to pieces. The cries of the boy soon brought assistance; but he was not extricated from the horrid situation till the throat of the animal was cut,

and then the mischief had been done which has been succeeded by such a fatal termination.

*Edinburgh, Dec. 3.* The *Ranger*, captain Henderson, has arrived from the Elbe this morning, and brings accounts that the *Eliza*, with the other vessels belonging to the convoy she went out with, had not been allowed to land their cargoes at Tonnigen, but were returning with the ships from Hamburg, and may be expected to-morrow or next day, the *Ranger* having separated from them three days ago in a gale of wind, and is now gone up the Frith to perform quarantine. She left the Elbe (as near as we can learn) eight days ago, when the French were in possession of Cuxhaven, but the merchant vessels being protected by a frigate and five armed vessels, prevented any attempt being made on them.

*London, Dec. 4.* John Antonio Nardi and Sebastian Grandi were tried at the Old Bailey for the wilful murder of William Broad, in a riotous scuffle in Long Acre. The trial lasted from ten o'clock in the morning till past six in the evening; when the jury acquitted Grandi, and found Nardi insane.

*Plymouth, Dec. 4.*—Sailed the *Cockatrice*, 16, on a cruise to the westward. Several of the prisoners who broke out of Mill Prison on Tuesday night were this day retaken and conducted again to prison by a party of the Lancashire sharp shooters: nearly 50 had like to have escaped through the opening they had made in the drain, but an alarm being given, several shots were fired after the seven that escaped; and the rest surrendered at discretion.

Letters received from the *Psyche*, 44 guns, dated in May last, off the coast of Bombay, state, that she and ship's company were all well at that period, and had taken several prizes. The *Psyche* had been cruising for three months, and was to cruize on the same station for three months longer. These letters were put on board a neutral vessel bound for Europe, which was taken by the enemy; but it is supposed she was again retaken as the letters came safe to hand.



*Extract of a letter from Yarmouth, dated  
Dec. 5, 1806.—*

‘I have just time to inform you of our arrival here from *Hamburgh*, which we were obliged to leave, at a few moments notice, after a decree making all the English there prisoners of war.

‘Bonaparte’s last proclamation is to this effect:—‘That British property of every description is to be confiscated—England is declared to be in a state of blockade—and all British subjects, who may be found in the countries occupied by the French, are declared to be prisoners of war.

‘We left *Altona* at half past three o’clock on the 26th ult. Four or five thousand French left *Hamburgh* the day before: they went through the *Stein gate* (the road to *Lubeck*); their destination was not known.

‘The British factory had been arrested, but was afterwards liberated on parole; and, it was to be hoped, would effect a compromise with the French.’

It is reported that the merchants and others made prisoners at *Hamburgh* have been arrested, and marched prisoners to *Verdun*.

## BIRTHS.

*Nov. 19.* At *Clifton*, *Bristol*, the lady of *Anthony Chearnley*, of *Salter-bridge*, county of *Waterford*, esq. of a son and heir.

At *Coembe-cottage*, *Surry*, the lady of *Robert William Tait*, esq. of a daughter.

*21.* In *Baker-street*, the lady of *John Brathwaite Skeete*, esq. of a son.

The marchioness of *Winchester*, of a daughter, at her house in *Portman-square*.

*24.* At her house in *Upper Seymour-street*, lady *S. M. Stanley*, wife of sir *Thomas Stanley*, bart. of *Hootton*, *Cheshire*, of a son and heir.

*25.* In *Weymouth-street*, the lady of *T. Davenport Latham*, esq. of a daughter.

*28.* At *Walthamstow-house*, *Essex*, the lady of sir *Robert Wigram*, bart. M. P. for *Wexford*, of a son.

At *Clapham*, Mrs. *Boyd*, of *Merton-hall*, of a daughter.

*Dec. 2.* At *Farnborough*, *Warwickshire*, the lady of major *Holbeck*, of the *Warwickshire militia*, of a daughter.

*8.* At his house in *Russel-square*, the lady of *Claude Geo. Thornton*, esq. of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

*Nov. 18.* At *Ruabon*, *Shropshire*, lieutenant-colonel *Shipley*, eldest son of the dean of *St. Asaph*, to miss *Charlotte Williams Wynne*, sister to sir *W. W. Wynne*, bart.

At *St. Martin’s in the Fields*, *George Lewen*, esq. of the 38th regiment of foot, to miss *White*, only daughter of the late *John White*, esq. attorney-general of *Upper Canada*.

*21.* At *Bolton*, *Lancashire*, the rev. *John Romney*, of *Whitestock-hall*, and fellow of *St. John’s-college*, *Cambridge*, to miss *Kendal*, of *Kendal*, *Westmoreland*.

*Captain Frederick Hill*, of the 18th, or royal Irish, to miss *Haynes*, daughter of the late *W. R. Haynes*, esq. of *Lonesome-lodge*.

*25.* At *Kyneton*, *Herefordshire*, Mr. *Robert Wilberfoss*, to miss *Mary Taylor*, of that place.

*27.* At *Elland*, in *Yorkshire*, Mr. *John Ward*, of *Basinghall-street*, *London*, to miss *Lambert*, of *Elland-hall*, near *Halifax*.

*28.* At *St. George’s*, *Hanover-square*, *Samuel Taylor*, esq. of *Craven-street*, to *Sarah*, second daughter of *Wm. Curling*, esq. of *Hyde-park-corner*.

*29.* At *St. Mary-la-bonne*, by the rev. *J. Kenward Shaw Brooke*, *Henry Hawley*, esq. eldest son of sir *Henry Hawley*, bart. of *Leyburne Grange*, in the county of *Kent*, to miss *Catherine Elizabeth Shaw*, eldest daughter of sir *John Shaw*, bart. of *Kinward*, in the same county.

*William Forsteen*, esq. of *Lime-street-square*, to Mrs. *E. Cotton*, relict of *T. J. Cotton*, esq. late of *Sloane-street*.

At *St. Clement Danes*, Mr. *John Chase*, surgeon, to miss *Denton*, daughter of *Robert Denton*, esq. of *Waltham-abbey*, *Essex*.



At Sandhill-park, Somerset, captain Rich, eldest son of sir Charles Rich, bart. to miss Lethbridge, youngest daughter of sir John Lethbridge, bart.

At Langley, near Chippenham, Wilts, William Gilbert Hawkins, esq. of the royal marines, to miss Sarah Ashe, daughter of the rev. Samuel Ashe, rector of that place.

Dec. 1. At Dalkeith house, the right hon. Wm. earl of Ancram, to Harriet Montagu, youngest daughter of the duke of Buccleugh.

2. At Great Ness, in Salop, by the rev. Crew Davis, John Edwards, of Great Ness, esq. to miss Martin, only daughter of the rev. George Martin, grand-daughter of the late and niece of the present duke of Athol.

9. At Balcomb, in the county of Sussex, James Cranbourne Strode, esq. to miss Ann Chatfield, second daughter of the rev. Henry Chatfield, of the above place.

Capt. Maxwell, eldest son of sir David Maxwell, bart. to miss Martin, daughter of Samuel Martin, esq. of the island of Antigua.

## DEATHS.

Nov. 14. At Galloway-house, in the 71st year of his age, John earl of Galloway, baron Garlies in Scotland, and baron Stewart of Garlies, in Great Britain, lord lieutenant of the county of Wigtown, and of the Stewartry of Kildubright, a lord of the king's bedchamber, and a knight of the most ancient order of the thistle. His lordship was attacked on the first of the month with the gout in his stomach, which it was impossible to remove.

19. In the 25th year of his age, at the house of his father, colonel Aubrey, in Suffolk-street, Cavendish-square, after a very severe illness of near three years, Thomas Aubrey, esq. a captain in the first regiment of guards.

At his house, at Hadley, near Barnet, in the 51st year of his age, James Munro, esq. formerly commander of the Houghton, East Indiaman.

21. In Charlotte-street, Mrs. Boucher, aged 77, widow of the late John Boucher, esq. of Edmonton.

At Southampton, Mrs. Fitzhugh, relict of Valentine Fitzhugh, esq. formerly envoy at Constantinople.

At Cranbourn-lodge, Windsor-forest, Frederick Adolphus Villiers, fourth son of the hon. George Villiers.

Miss Robinson, eldest daughter of Ralph Robinson, esq. of Middle Hendon, near Sunderland, in the county of Durham.

23. William Holmes, esq. of Whitefriars, aged 70.

At Brompton, Mrs. Bigge, widow of the late T. C. Bigge, esq. of Benton-house, Northumberland.

At his house in Highbury-terrace, Francis Ronalds, esq. aged 46.

While upon a visit at Mr. Griffin's, in New Bond-street, miss E. A. Quarterman, in the 25th year of her age, the only surviving grandchild of the late John Jennings, esq.

25. Sir Roger Newdigate, bart. at his seat at Arbury, Warwickshire, aged 87.

In Caroline-street, Bedford-square, Mrs. Gulston, relict of Joseph Gulston, esq.

Joseph Williams, esq. of South-street, Finsbury-square, in the 40th year of his age.

The rev. Thomas Wakefield, B. A. minister of Richmond, Surry.

At his lodgings in Bath, Arthur Blake, esq.

At his house in Devonshire-place, after a few days illness, admiral sir Richard King, bart. Sir Richard is succeeded in his title by his only son, captain King, of the L'Achille, of 74 guns, in the memorable battle of Trafalgar.

26. At Cheltenham, the rev. sir Richard Cope, of Bramshill, in the county of Southampton, bart.

27. At Brixham, Devonshire, Robert Robson, esq. late of the Glatton East Indiaman.

At his seat at Pyrland, near Taunton, sir Wm. Yed, bart. aged 79.

At her house, at Lambeth, Mrs. Susanna Gawler, aged 81.

At Greenwich, John Ash, esq. formerly in the West-India trade.



# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR  
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT, FOR 1806.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :*

- 1 VIEW of LONDON BRIDGE, as it appeared after the Conflagration of the temporary Bridge, April 11th, 1758: A
- 2 VIEW on a RIVER in HOLLAND.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



*On Monday, February 2, will be published,*

PRICE ONE SHILLING,

[Embellished with—1. An elegant Frontispiece, designed and engraved by eminent Artists.—2. An engraved Title-page.—3. A highly-finished Portrait of the late Right Honourable WILLIAM PITT, elegantly engraved by HEATH.—4. The newest fashionable LONDON DRESSES, elegantly coloured.—And, 5. an entirely new Pattern in the most approved Taste]

## THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

*For JANUARY, 1807.*

Containing the usual variety of interesting, entertaining, and instructive Articles.

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\* \* \* The favourable reception, and liberal patronage, with which the LADY'S MAGAZINE has been honoured for so long a series of years, by a candid and generous public, and especially the late rapid and great increase of its already numerous subscribers, demand the most grateful acknowledgment from the Proprietor. He has the happiness to perceive that the exertions he has made to preserve to this Miscellany the character it has so long maintained, have been approved; and he begs leave to assure his FAIR PATRONESES that he will unremittingly continue the same exertions to merit and obtain the same highly flattering approbation.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT, FOR 1806.

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HISTORICAL ACCOUNT of LONDON-BRIDGE.

*(With a View of London-Bridge, as it appeared after the Conflagration of the temporary Bridge, April 11, 1758.)*

WHEN London-bridge was founded is not known with any accuracy, but it appears to have been built between the years 993 and 1016; for in the former of these years, Unlaf the Dane, according to the Saxon chronicle, sailed up the river as far as Staines, and in the latter, Canute, king of Denmark, when he besieged London, caused a channel to be formed on the south side of the Thames, about Rotherhithe, for conveying his ships above the bridge. According to traditional accounts, London was indebted for the ancient wooden bridge to the last prior of St. Mary Overy's convent; though it seems more probable that the monks only gave their consent to the erection of the bridge, in receiving a recompence for the loss of the ferry, by which they had been supported: and that this conjecture is not without foundation, appears from the appropriation of lands for the support of London-bridge at so early a period as the reign of Henry I. In the year 1136 it was consumed by fire, and in 1163 it was in such a ruinous state as to be rebuilt under the inspection of Peter, curate of St. Mary Colechurch, in London, who was cele-

brated for his knowledge in architecture. At length, the continued and heavy expence which was necessary to maintain a wooden bridge becoming burdensome to the people, who, when the lands appropriated for its maintenance proved inadequate to their object, were taxed to supply the deficiencies, it was resolved, in the year 1176, to build one of stone, a little to the west of the other; and this structure was completed in the year 1209. The same architect was employed, who died four years before it was finished, and was buried in a beautiful chapel, probably of his own construction, dedicated to St. Thomas, which stood on the ninth pier from the north end, and had an entrance from the river, as well as the street, by a winding staircase. In the middle of it was a tomb, supposed to contain the remains of its architect. But though so much art and expence were employed in building the bridge with stone, it suffered very much from a fire in the streets at each end; so that from this accident, and other circumstances, it was in such a ruinous condition, that king Edward I. granted a brief to the bridge-keeper to ask and receive the benevolence



of his subjects towards repairing it.

The Thames in this part of it is 915 feet broad, which is the length of the bridge. The street that covered it consisted, before the houses fell to decay, of lofty edifices, built with some attention to exterior regularity; it was twenty feet wide, and the buildings on either side about twenty-six feet in depth. Across the middle of the street ran several lofty arches, extending from side to side; the bottom part of each arch terminating at the first story, and the upper part reaching near the tops of the houses; the work over the arches extending in a right line from side to side. They were designed to prevent the buildings from giving way, and were therefore formed of strong timbers, bolted in the corresponding wood-work of the houses that flanked them. Thus the street on the bridge had nothing to distinguish it from any narrow street in the city but the high arches just described, and three openings guarded with iron rails, which afforded a view of the river. But the appearance from the water baffled all description, and displayed a strange example of curious deformity. Nineteen unequilateral arches, of different heights and breadths, with sterlings increased to a monstrous size by frequent repairs, served to support a range of houses as irregular as themselves; the back part of which, broken by hanging closets and irregular projections, offered a very disgusting object; while many of the buildings overhung the arches, so as to hide the upper part of them; and seemed to lean in such a manner as to fill the beholder with equal amazement and horror. In one part of this extraordinary structure there had formerly been a draw-bridge, which was useful by way of defence, as well

as to admit ships to the upper part of the river, and it was guarded by a tower. It prevented Fauconbridge, the bastard, from entering the city in 1471, with his armed followers, on the pretence of liberating the unfortunate Henry from his imprisonment in the Tower. It also checked, and indeed seemed to annihilate, the ill-conducted insurrection of sir Thomas Wiatt, in the reign of queen Mary. In the times of civil dissension, which rendered this kingdom a continual scene of turbulence and bloodshed; this tower was employed to expose the heads of traitors; and an old map of the city, in 1597, represents this building as decorated with a sad and numerous exhibition of them.

In the year 1746 the corporation of London came to the resolution of taking down all the houses on the bridge, and enlarging one or more of its arches to improve the navigation beneath it: but it was ten years before this resolution was carried into effect. In the course of the repair and enlargement, when it was begun it was found necessary to construct a temporary passage over the river, to preserve the communication between London and Southwark uninterrupted during the alteration and repair of London-bridge. For this purpose, a wooden bridge had been erected alongside of it, bending at each end, and opening into the entrances of the stone bridge. Great was the astonishment of the citizens, when, on April 11th, 1758, about 11 o'clock at night, this timber bridge appeared in flames. It continued burning till noon the next day, when the ruins fell into the river; and thus a total stop was put to all trade that depended upon the intercourse between London and the opposite shore, excepting what could be carried on by boats. The inha-



bitants of Southwark were much distressed by the destruction of the troughs that conveyed water to them over the bridge during its repair.

As unexpected calamities befalling public undertakings immediately set conjecture at work, so this affair was attributed to design: the government offered a pardon, with a reward of two hundred pounds, for the discovery of the persons who set the bridge on fire; and a woman deposed before the lord mayor, that she saw three lanthorns among the woodwork, on the sterlings, just before the flames broke out. But, however this might be, there were not wanting natural causes capable of producing the effect; and it is not very probable that any persons who could be interested in obstructing the works, or in creating new jobs, would expose themselves to detection in so scandalous an attempt. In such a mixture of stone and wood, a heap of quick lime on the sterlings, accidentally wetted by the tide, might kindle any adjoining timbers; or, as it is usual for servants behind coaches with flambeaux in their hands to clear them, by striking them on the hinder wheels, it is no forced supposition, that some thoughtless fellow might have struck his flambeaux on the pallisade of the bridge for the same purpose; the flaming wax of which dropping into some joint on the outside would have been sufficient for such a disaster. Either of these accidents in the dark would produce a fire, without leaving any trace of the cause; and how this fire happened remains still unknown.

The lord mayor licensed forty boats extraordinary to work on the three succeeding Sundays as ferry-boats, whose stations were advertised in the public papers; and great numbers of workmen were employed to make a present passage over the remains of

the old bridge. The common council immediately ordered another temporary bridge to be erected with the utmost dispatch; and so diligently was this order executed, that it was completed and opened for carriages in less than a month. Before it was finished, another rumour spread of an intention to fire it: the woman before mentioned, and a watchman, gave fresh depositions of lights having been seen among the timbers; and upon examination the wood was found scorched in three different places. The latter circumstance was, however, not very unlikely, for we are not told that none of the old damaged beams were made use of in the new erection; and the suspicion produced one good effect—for the temporary bridge was carefully watched every night, to guard against future accidents.

It was upon this occasion that an act was passed to amend the former act for the repair of London-bridge, which granted 15,000*l.* for that purpose, repealed the late tolls imposed for passage over and under the bridge, and declared that persons wilfully attempting to destroy any part of the bridge, or of the works belonging to it, should suffer death without the benefit of clergy.

The repair and enlargement of the bridge was at length completed, at the expence of nearly 100,000*l.*, but without answering its principal object; which was, to lessen the fall at the ebbing of the tide, and, consequently, to lessen the danger of a passage which has proved a watery grave to so many people. Instead of making reparation, it is the opinion of good judges that the whole ought to have been removed, as a very magnificent structure might have been erected at a much less expence.



ACCOUNT OF MADAME CATALANI, the celebrated Opera Singer, lately arrived in England.

MADAME CATALANI is now in the 26th year of her age. She was born in Sinigaglia, in the ecclesiastical state. In her infancy, cardinal Onorati, having been struck with her promising powers, had her brought up in a convent at Gubio, and expressly directed her teachers carefully to improve the endowments which nature had lavished upon her. She did not leave Gubio till she was fifteen years old, when she went to Venice, and performed the first characters with the celebrated Marchesi:—the recollection of the astonishing impression which her voice made there is not yet forgotten. She remained above three years in Italy, and acted successively at Milan, Florence, and Rome.

Madame Catalani was afterwards engaged at Lisbon, where she performed for five years at a very large salary. She visited the first families, not less esteemed for her proper conduct and genteel behaviour than admired for her wonderful talents. The prince regent of Portugal and the princess his wife loaded her with presents; and when she resolved to visit Madrid, the princess was kind enough to write a letter to her mother, the queen of Spain, in which she recommended madame Catalani to her majesty in the most flattering terms.

Their catholic majesties were so prepossessed in her favour, that they were pleased to relax from the strictness of the court etiquette, and treated her in a manner far above her most sanguine expectations. They ordered the opera-house to be at her disposal to give a concert. Such was the great opinion of her talents entertained by the grandees of Spain, that they would, themselves, fix the price of the boxes at six ounces of

gold (worth 21 guineas), and the other places in the same proportion. In spite of a price so unusual, the house was filled; and in this single concert she cleared 2500 guineas.

From Spain madame Catalani went to Paris, where she gave four concerts. The admission, which is usually five shillings, was raised to 25 shillings; and the crowd was so great, that, in none of these concerts the receipt was under 1200*l*.

The inscription upon her tomb, when death shall have removed her from the stage of life, may be borrowed from the inscription upon Purcell's.—‘She is gone to that place where only her harmony can be exceeded.’

After madame Catalani had made an agreement with the manager of our Italian opera, many offers were made to her to induce her to remain in Paris. But nothing could prevail upon her and her husband to break an engagement (though less profitable to them) into which they had entered.

We have not heard what are the terms on which madame Catalani came to London: but we hope they are not such as so prevent her from giving a few concerts, if not in London, at least in some of our principal towns.

The following is the encomiastic critique of a journalist on her extraordinary powers, immediately after her first appearance at the Opera-house, which was on Saturday, December 13.

‘This celebrated singer was preceded in England by the great reputation she had acquired in Italy, Portugal, and France. But the praises lavished upon her seemed to be attributed, at least in some measure, to that enthusiasm to which a warmer sky renders the inhabitants more liable, and to their passionate love of music. Born under a less ardent climate, we are generally less suscep-



tible; we are, therefore, more cool spectators, and more severe judges. But we are also more just; and madame Catalani has lost nothing by appealing to a British audience. No praises are above the talent which she owes to art; no comparison can give an adequate idea of the organ with which nature has exclusively endowed her.—In vain do we retain the remembrance of the deep impressions produced by the fine voice of Todi, Mara, Banti, and Billington; madame Catalani is heard, and that recollection is lost in astonishment and admiration. Those soft and melodious accents which Todi displayed, especially in the *cantabile*; that true and pure tone which we admired in Mara, whenever her voice ascended to its highest pitch; that vigour with which Banti sustained the lower notes, and seemed to emulate the French horn or the bassoon; that firm and rapid execution, that great knowledge of the art, which a long study can alone give, and by which the great talents of Billington are so eminently characterised; such are the qualities which are combined and concentrated in Catalani: but nature, in those which she has bestowed on her, has been more liberal. Her voice, besides being of prodigious extent and compass, has a peculiar character: in the three octaves which she runs over, it is always equally true, full, and brilliant; it is like that silvery tone drawn from the musical glasses, which seizes the ear, and vibrates long after the sound has ceased. Madame Catalani passes, without labour, over the most distant intervals; and, in her boldest attempts, she pleases no less than she astonishes. The greatest difficulties are only so many opportunities of displaying still more her wonderful talents. In *Semiramide*, she appears only in the third scene: such was the eagerness to see her, that the first female who appeared on the stage was received with

great applause; but as soon as she opened her mouth, the public saw their mistake, and recognized Griglietti, who was somewhat embarrassed by this unexpected greeting. When, at last, madame Catalani entered, the applause was loud and incessant. This first tribute, which seemed due to her reputation, was paid also to the charms of her person; and especially to that softness, candour, and simplicity, portrayed on her expressive countenance. Some part of the recitative and airs of the nine first scenes of the first act were rapturously applauded; but it was above all in the tenth scene that she united the suffrages of all, and struck every one with amazement and admiration. The air beginning with *Iconsigliata che fo!* in which are these words, *Son Regina e Son Guerriera*, where the composer has so happily expressed the pride and courage of *Semiramide*, is one of the best calculated for the display of a fine voice. Madame Catalani sung it with such an imperious accent, with so much emotion, force, and impetuosity, that the effect upon the audience was electric. By her manner of execution, those great traits, those exertions of voice, those contrasts which the composer considered merely as ornaments, really improve the effect of the music.

‘ In the air *L’Ira Terrible*, in the second act, we were struck with the effect of the opposite expressions of terror and love, when she softly complains to the daughters of *Babylone*, expresses the torments of an unfortunate passion, and calls death to put an end to her miseries.

‘ Her merits as an actress are of the first order. The character fortunately afforded her some fine opportunities for attitude and expression. In her interview with the Ghost of *Ninus*, and her manner of following it, she reached all the dignity and passion of the tragic muse. Her



exclamations when the tomb opens. will not easily be forgotten. Her person is finely formed, and calculated to display all the graces of dress with the best possible effect. Her features are extremely expressive, yet softened with all the delicate loveliness of female beauty.'

#### ANECDOTE of ANDREW MARVELL.

The following Narrative is taken from a biographical work of great celebrity.

ANDREW MARVELL, M. A. was vicar of Kingston-upon-Hull, in Yorkshire, in the seventeenth century. Sometime before the beginning of the civil wars, he was unfortunately drowned in crossing the Humber. On that shore of the Humber opposite to Kingston lived a lady, whose virtue and good sense recommended her to the esteem of Mr. Marvell, and his piety and understanding obliged her to take particular notice of him. This lady had an only daughter, whose duty, ingenuity, devotion, and general exemplary behaviour, had endeared her to all who knew her, and rendered her the darling of her mother; so that she could scarce bear to let her child be ever out of her sight.

Mr. Marvell, desirous to increase the amity between the two families, asked her to let her beloved daughter come over to Kingston, to stand god-mother to one of his children; which she consented to. The young lady came over to Kingston, and the ceremony was performed. The next day, when she came down to the water side, in order to return home, she found the wind very high, and the water so rough as to render the passage dangerous, so that the watermen earnestly dissuaded her from all thoughts of crossing: but she, who from her birth had never wilfully given her mother a moment's uneasiness, and who knew how miserable she would be until she saw her daugh-

ter again, insisted on going, notwithstanding all that could be urged by the watermen or Mr. Marvell, who earnestly intreated her to return to his house, and to wait for better weather.

Mr. Marvell, finding her resolutely bent to venture her life rather than run the risk of disobliging a fond parent, thought himself obliged, in honour and conscience, to share the danger with her; and, accordingly, having persuaded some watermen to attempt the passage, they both got into the boat. Just as they put off, Mr. Marvell threw his gold-headed cane on shore to some friends who attended at the water-side, telling them, that as he could not suffer the young lady to go alone, and, as he apprehended, the consequence might be fatal; if he perished, he desired them to give that cane to his son, and bid him remember his father. Thus, he armed with innocence, and his fair charge with filial duty and affection, they both cheerfully set forward to meet their inevitable fate: the boat was upset, and they were lost.

The lady, whose excessive fondness had plunged her daughter and friend into this terrible condition, went the same afternoon into her garden, and seated herself in an arbour, from whence she could view the water; and while with no small anxiety she beheld the tempestuous state it was in, she saw (or rather thought she saw) a most lovely boy with flaxen hair come into the garden; who, making up directly to her, said, 'Madam, your daughter is safe now.' The lady, greatly surprised, said, 'My pretty dear! how didst thou know any thing of my daughter, or that she was in danger?'—Then bidding him stay, she arose, and went into the house for a pretty piece of new money to reward him for his care: but returning into the garden, the child was gone, and no tidings of him could be heard.



THE  
ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.*(Concluded from p. 640).*

## CHAP. LXXX.

ALTHOUGH the crimes of Francisco had been enormous, his virtues had also been great. He had been a faithful affectionate guardian to Orlando and Matilda, and reared them in the path of virtue—he had ever been kind and attentive to the supposed Sebastian, and had preserved Victoria from destruction. The families of Manfredonia and Ariosto were therefore bound to him by affection and gratitude; and although they condemned his offences, they strained every nerve to save him from the dangers that encompassed him.

The connexion of Francisco with the predaceous society had long been no secret to the Inquisition (whom he had dexterously bribed to forbearance), and had been some time suspected by the Observantine monks; but upon the annihilation of the predaceous brotherhood, and the rasure of the castle, its communication with the cave of the holy hermit could no longer be concealed from the multitude of Catalonia; and it required every exertion of the duca di Manfredonia and conte Ariosto to save Francisco from the fury of the people, from the cognisance of the church and law. But, though with difficulty, they did secure his safety, and placed him in a convent of Franciscan monks near to the castle of Manfredonia, where he was frequently indulged by the society of those he had been kind to in their misfortunes, and who in return had rescued him from destruction—and where, awed and affected by the

confessions and penitence of his friend Elfridii, by the perils he had himself escaped, and the long uncertain fate of his beloved son—he lived a life of contrition, and died a sincere penitent.

For many years after the restoration of Lorenzo to the world, a melancholy friar, of the already-mentioned Franciscan monastery (and, though lately professed, one of the most exemplary amongst the brothers), had often been observed by the family of the castle to wander pensively round the grounds, apparently anxious to escape notice; though never omitting to gaze with solemn marked attention upon Lorenzo, his children, and grandchildren, when he could do it unseen by them. Often was he known to stray into the castle chapel, and pass whole hours amongst the monuments erected to the family of Manfredonia. Still the melancholy father Julio shunned all conversation with every individual out of his convent, unless when without their parents he met the children of Orlando, whom he then would stop to caress, and to give them his solemn benediction.

At length, one morning the children met the melancholy father Julio. He seemed even unusually depressed; and his steps were faltering and uneven: yet, on sight of the children, a flush of energy seemed to renovate his drooping frame. He rushed forward to meet them: he blessed them all, but embraced the little Viola; and, as he pressed her with fervor to his heart, he threw a chain and cross of the most precious brilliants round her neck; bade her wear them as the gift of a man who loved her family; and, giving her his solemn benediction, hastily retreated through a by-path in an adjoining wood.

The nurses hastened home with the children to give the jewels to the



marchesa, and recount to her all that had occurred. Victoria, amazed and affected, summoned Orlando; who, participating in her feelings, hastened to the Franciscan monastery to demand an interview with father Julio; but that melancholy man was no where to be found. Orlando, in the impetuosity of his feelings, related the anecdote and showed the gems to Francisco, who instantly knew them; and his anticipating heart now conjectured what he had not before suspected. Julio was diligently searched for; but not until the succeeding morning was he discovered, when he was traced to the castle chapel, and, on the base of Viola's monument, was found by Diego extended a breathless corse! His body was removed to his convent, where beneath the cowl and sacerdotal habit appeared all that now remained of the once beautiful, brave—sometimes virtuous, but too often vicious—Ambrosio de Montalvan; and in the convent church was he interred with every possible respect, attended by all the monks of his order, by the deeply-affected duca di Manfredonia and marchese di Palermo; the weeping Diego, and sorrowful Thomas: and he was mourned in death, as a man who had for the last few years of his existence evinced a conduct so exemplary, that all around admired and wished to imitate it.

When Don Manuel fled from his castle, he took refuge in a neighbouring bay, where the confessions of Elfridi, and real fate of Viola, reached his knowledge. He attended the solemn ceremony in the castle church; and he it was who, in the disguise of a monk, evinced such sorrow, and had fled subdued from the pathos of Victoria's voice. From that moment all thoughts of Matilda, with every vice that had disgraced

his heart, fled at once; and Viola, with every virtue, from that moment took possession of his bosom. The dreadful fate of that immaculate being, immolated by the dæmons of revenge beneath his own roof, with the heart-rending scene of her death, now fastened upon his peace; and, as he strove to be what might lead him to where her pure spirit dwelt, undermined his health, and signed at length his final doom. From his own castle church he hastened to Naples, where he attended the procession that received the manes of Viola; and at Manfredonia he was present at her last sad interment.

Don Manuel now speedily entered the Franciscan monastery, and soon took the vows: he there saw his father, and was happy to find him so properly employed—but still concealed himself from his knowledge, wishing now to have no interruption to the solemn and sad subject of his thoughts. Soon he felt convinced of the rapid decline of his health; but he never complained, resolving not to indulge himself with that mitigation to suffering which medicine might afford. And the only comfort he would allow himself was the pleasure of sometimes viewing at a distance, the adults of the now dear to him Manfredonia family; and to look on, caress, and bless the children of Orlando and Victoria.

At length, he felt conviction that the moment of his dissolution was at hand; and at the hour he knew the children of the castle walked out with their attendants, he strayed from his convent with a hope of meeting them. His hope was gratified: and round the neck of the young Viola (in whom he traced a strong resemblance to that lovely being whose name she bore) he threw the only gems he possessed, which honour had bestowed upon



him. They had been the gift of his sovereign upon one of the most glorious achievements of Don Ambrosio di Montalvan. Then, rushing from the children, he bent his way to the mausoleum, and breathed his last sigh, according to his wishes, upon the cold marble which covered the manes of her he never ceased to adore when living, and to lament in death.

This event gave the keenest affliction to the bosom of Francisco; but still he derived consolation from the soothing thought of his son's repentance, and having finished his days in a manner likely to effect his eternal salvation.

When Polydore and Garcias fled from the castle of the Pyrenees, they steered their boat to the coast of France, and landed at Narbonne, from whence they immediately embarked for America. In that country, without money or friends, and making enemies by their still incorrigible turpitude, they experienced the most terrible vicissitudes and misfortunes, and at length fell in with a tribe of Indians, with whom they contrived to live on terms of amity. At last, a war broke out with a neighbouring nation. Garcias and Polydore were compelled to join the tribe with which they dwelt, and attack the enemy. Their tribe was conquered, and these diabolical wretches became prisoners to the conquerors; when they met with that dreadful punishment so long due to their monstrous crimes. Garcias and Polydore were sentenced to die, and death was inflicted, according to the custom of the barbarous tribe that conquered them, by tortures from which dismayed nature recoils—which we shrink from describing.

Alonzo, and the rest of the predaceous brotherhood who fled at the

approach of the Inquisition, were scattered round the world, whither their fears precipitated them; and, taking up various modes to earn or seize subsistence, sooner or later met their rewards or punishments.

Hero, at the desire of her amiable indignant brother, was confined for life in a convent, 'as the most effectual punishment,' he said, 'that could be inflicted upon her for so basely disgracing the honest family from which she sprung.'

The body of Elfridii was interred in the church of the Observantine monastery at Cadaques, where the mild forgiving friend whose happiness he had destroyed caused the most solemn masses to be said for the repose of this sincere penitent's soul, and appropriated a sum of money to defray the expenses of the same awful ceremony being annually repeated.

Before Victoria finally quitted the Pyrenean castle, Francisco had caused the Inquisition to trace out the wretched Sanguinario, who was humanely removed to a place at Barcelona appropriated for the reception of those afflicted by the most direful of human calamities.

The unfortunate artificer of Geneva was liberated; and, with the other captives found in the prisons of the castle, received from the Inquisition a sum of money sufficient to convey them to their native homes.

We trust that we have now performed our part as faithful historians, and have left no circumstance untold that our readers can wish to be informed of. We fondly hope that our feeble efforts have contributed, in some degree, to the amusement of our readers, and that no heart has become less pure for having perused our pages.

THE END.

4 T 2



## SERAPHINA; A FRAGMENT.

IT was at the decline of day, in the summer season, when the excessive heat began to decline, and a delightful coolness refreshed the languid senses, that a gentleman of a very romantic turn bent his steps through a charming valley in L——. The red rays of the setting sun gleamed on the distant prospect; the hum of men gradually died away, and the stillness of nature was alone interrupted by the distant murmur of a cascade, and the tinkling of a sheep-bell. Alonzo's thoughts were raised to the highest pitch of sublimity, his whole soul was in his eyes, as, with enthusiastic rapture, he softly exclaimed, 'Yes, these are the scenes most suited to my taste: here I can view Nature in her genuine beauty, and see the works of my glorious Creator without the artificial aid of man!'

As he ceased speaking, he was astonished to hear a voice very near him pronounce, 'How congenial are our sentiments!' and turning round, he beheld a venerable divine by his side. The old man courteously saluted him, and conversed with him in very animated terms as they walked along the green carpet of Nature, until they arrived within sight of the parsonage-house, when Alonzo would have quitted him; but the clergyman, seeing his intention, said, 'Surely, sir, you will enter my abode, and allow me the honour of offering you refreshments.' Alonzo accepted the invitation, and in a few minutes found himself under the hospitable roof. Mr. Harrison (the divine) appeared to Alonzo to be a man of very extensive knowledge: his manners were mild and affable; his carriage dignified and elegant; his education had been refined; and, though he was upwards of fifty years of age, he had no asperities derived from his

years, but was the polished gentleman in every sense of the word.

If Alonzo was charmed with Mr. Harrison, that gentleman no less admired his young friend, and, to convince him of his esteem, he invited him to dinner the next day, when he promised to introduce to him his darling and only daughter; which invitation Alonzo accepted.

At the appointed time, Alonzo, or, more properly naming him, Mr. Embleton, arrived at the parsonage-house, and was greeted by Mr. Harrison with great cordiality. After the compliments of the day were past, the good clergyman left him, to seek his daughter; and, in his absence, Alonzo surveyed from the window the beautiful prospect the house commanded. His attention was roused by the opening of the door, and hastily turning, he found himself in the presence of Mr. Harrison and his daughter: the father of the young lady led her blushing forward, and, in an animated tone, introduced his beautiful Camira. Mr. Embleton tried to speak, but the words he would have uttered died away before they passed his lips, and he stood, unconscious that his steady gaze discomposed Miss Harrison, and raised her blushes. Camira was about seventeen; her figure was remarkably small and delicate, but quite graceful and engaging; her face was fair, and possessed of a rosy bloom; her hair was flaxen; her eyes a bewitching blue; and the most heavenly smile lighted up the intelligence of her fine features. She was not a beauty, but she possessed more than beauty; a person which charmed the more one gazed, and fascinated the senses without their perceiving it.

If Mr. Embleton looked with delight on the sweet Camira, she was no less pleased with his personal appearance. He was tall, and grace-



fully made; his eyes were blue, and serenely mild; his smile was heavenly, and his address easy and engaging.

After the first few minutes of confusion were over, Mr. Embleton ventured to converse with miss Harrison; and he was delighted at perceiving that she possessed an elevated soul, and a fund of good sense. From this day Mr. Embleton was a constant visitor at the parsonage: he found himself unaccountably attached to its peaceful shades, and forcibly drawn to Mr. Harrison; but oh! how can I describe the partiality he felt for Camira? His heart was filled with her image; he could scarcely live a moment away from her, and in her company the hours glided away like minutes. With his bright blue eyes fixed on her interesting face would he gaze till tears flowed down his cheeks; then would he start, and, wiping off the trembling drops, walk away, leaving her confounded at his behaviour. One evening as he was sitting by her side, he suddenly, unconscious of her presence, exclaimed, 'O Heavens! why will you still torment me? Why must her image be so forcibly recalled, to open the wounds of my aching heart? O why did you snatch her from me?' Then, recollecting himself, he turned to Camira, and snatching her hand he exclaimed, 'Go leave me, miss Harrison, or kill me by a single glance!' The gentle Camira started with affright: she tried to rise, but could not, and sinking back on her seat, she burst into tears. The wildness which had taken possession of Alonzo's countenance instantly vanished, and a look of compassionate tenderness succeeded. He flung one arm around her, and gently wiped away her falling tears; saying, in the softest tone imaginable, 'Oh, my Camira! have I grieved you? How can

I remedy the evil?' With a sweet smile she replied, she wept for his sorrows alone, and not for herself. 'Do you then grieve for me?' cried Alonzo, his countenance all animation; 'do you, indeed, grieve for me? Ah, how have I deserved this kindness! Dearest Camira! I am unworthy the precious drops you have shed, for I have repined at the will of the Almighty; but you know not the extent of my sorrows: hear the cause of my bewailings, and let me have your gentle consolings.' Alonzo then began, in the following terms, to recite his story.—

'I was married at the age of twenty to the beautiful Seraphina Bloomfield, the ward of my father. Our fortunes were equal, we therefore had the consent of my sire: but he died three months after our union, and the happiness we experienced from our mutual bliss was of short duration. Ah, Camira! you, who are the counterpart of my Seraphina, are alone equal to that charming woman! How fondly I loved her none can conceive; my whole happiness was centered in her, and our hearts were linked together with more than mortal tenderness. Alas! in less than a twelvemonth after our marriage I lost her. Ah God! with what agony I saw her for the last time!—even now I shudder to recal the frantic exertions I made to retain her. For some months I was insensible to all around me. Why did I ever awake to the consciousness of my misery! why endure the painful conviction of my loss! Oh! Camira, do not term the tears I now shed degrading manhood. I cannot forbear weeping at the recollection of my Seraphina, although in the presence of her exact image.'

Alonzo stopped; his head sunk on the shoulder of Camira, and warm drops fell on her bosom. At this moment Mr. Harrison, stern and



dismaying, appeared before them: he snatched the arm of Camira, and pulled her from the grasp of Alonzo, while he thus spoke to that wretched young man.—‘Mr. Embleton, I hitherto supposed you a man of honour: as I find you otherwise, I must beg leave to say, your friendship is no longer coveted.’ He then disappeared with the weeping Camira.

For a considerable time Alonzo appeared stupified with grief: he shed no tears, he heaved no sighs; but his heart seemed as if bursting with its inward workings. At length he lifted up his drooping head—he flung his eyes wildly around—and clasping his hands, frantically exclaimed, ‘Oh, Camira! are you then torn from me? Has your cruel father deprived me of my only consolation, that of seeing and conversing with you? Since it is so, let me die; for now I feel no wish for life indeed.’

In the mean time Mr. Harrison had questioned Camira respecting the situation in which he had found them, and the amiable girl instantly related the whole of the affair. With compunction for the past, her good father resolved instantly to seek Alonzo, and ask his pardon for his rude behaviour. But, alas! he found that Mr. Embleton had left the country, and whither he had gone was not known.

The grief of Camira cannot be described. For the first time she felt that she loved; and her bosom throbbed with all the agony of that passion when alarmed for its object. For some months they heard nothing of Mr. Embleton; and the sorrowing maid, no longer able to conceal her grief, gave herself up to despair. Mr. Harrison, half distracted, beheld the alteration in her manners with little short of horror. He himself could scarce endure the loss of Alonzo’s presence, and he felt for and pitied

the situation of his daughter’s mind, deprived of his endearing company.

Winter now fast approached in its very worst form, and Camira was closely confined to the house: her music was now her only consolation; for *books* had lost their charms, since Alonzo could not select passages for her, or point out one in particular for her perusal. At length, one evening, when the snow laid thick upon the ground and the hail pattered against the casement, the door suddenly opened as she was singing an affecting song on disappointed love, and Alonzo himself stood before her. At sight of him, she uttered a piercing shriek, and had nearly fainted at the unexpected sight of him. ‘Oh, Alonzo!’ she faintly exclaimed, ‘is it you?’ ‘It is me, your devoted Embleton!’ replied the charming young man, and pressed her gently to him. At this moment Mr. Harrison entered, and his surprise and joy nearly equalled that of his daughter. A thousand times he asked Alonzo’s pardon, and as many times pressed his hand, with tears of delight swimming in his eyes. Being somewhat composed, Alonzo said, ‘Mr. Harrison, can you pardon my abrupt departure from this village without attempting to exculpate myself? I know not what to say was the cause;—offended pride, perhaps, or something like it. When I left this place I fled happiness, and, from that moment, experienced nothing but misery; suffice it to say, I found my whole soul was centered here, and I am now come to ask of you your Camira.’—Here Alonzo seized her hand, and, sinking at her feet, urged his suit. The heart of Camira throbbed with transport unutterable. A lambent fire sparkled in her eye; a blush like the rosy morn covered her beauteous face; and her head sank on her bosom.—‘What



says my Camira?' cried the enraptured lover. She cast a timid look on her father: he understood its import, and, coming forward, he joined their hands. 'You have my blessing,' said he, pressing them between his own, 'and may you be happy as you deserve to be! May Aionzo be to you, my daughter, all that the fondest of fathers can desire; and may you, Camira, in return, be to him a second Seraphina!'

ELIZ. YEAMES.

Harwich.

## ON THE HUMAN RACE AND ITS VARIETIES.

THE celebrated naturalist Lacepede lately published, in Paris, the first part of a course of Zoology. Of this work a French journal has given the following analysis:

'If the examination of the wing of a butterfly be sufficient to excite our attention, and to occupy us agreeably, with what a degree of interest must we follow, in their deep contemplations, such naturalists as Buffon and Lacepede; whether their eloquent pen retraces the grand scenes of nature, or whether, treading back the steps of time, they lead us as it were by the hand to trace the successive changes which every thing has undergone. This is what the former writer has done in his 'Epochas of Nature,' and the second in this discourse, in which he examines the different races of which the human species now consists.

'It is not the superficial difference of the skin, or the brain, in the colour of the one, or the length of the other, that mark the different races of man. The changes which make the distinction are such as deeply and fundamentally affect the human body, and modify its parts

and dimensions. The powerful causes which, in remote times, have operated on the structure of the body of man, have produced *four* distinct impressions. These are more or less easy to be distinguished according to the several modifications which the human race has undergone. These four races our author names thus:—'The European Arab, the Mongole, the African, and the Hyperborean.' The characters of the first are an oval visage, a long nose, and a projecting skull. This race inhabits the regions of the Arabian Sea, of Northern Africa, of the Persian and Caspian Seas, of the great European Peninsula, of Western Europe, and a great part of the region of the North.

'The Mongole race is characterised by a flat forehead, a skull less projecting, a small nose, eyes placed obliquely, high cheek bones, and thick lips. It is spread over a great portion of the North of Asia, and forms the population of China, India, and the Asiatic Archipelago.

'The distinctive traits of the African race are a flat forehead, a skull which projects but in a very small degree, a flattened nose, full cheeks, and thick lips. The shades of colour are, by our author, considered as of no account. This race inhabits the Eastern and Western parts of Africa.

'The fourth, or Hyperborean race, placed in the north of the two continents, enchained in its movements, repressed in its efforts, and contracted in its dimensions, seems nearly to expire (if the expression may be used) under the deleterious power of rigorous cold. This race, but little favoured by Nature, struggles against the intemperance of climate in the most northerly regions of Europe, Asia, and America. It comprises the Laplanders, the Samoides, the Ostiacks, the Green-



landers, the Esquimaux, &c. It is distinguished from the other races by its flat visage, its thick body, and diminished size. All these races have, by their intermixture, undergone great changes, and formed numberless varieties. These have also been augmented by the influence of climate, by their distance from or approach to the torrid zone, by the lowness or elevation of country, by its dryness or moisture, by the prevalence of certain winds, &c. Where the changes resulting from those causes become permanent, they form another order of varieties; such are those of the length of the hair and colour of the skin.

‘The race of European Arabs is that which offers the greatest number of these superficial degradations, as it is spread over a great number of latitudes. On the contrary, the African race, concentrated as it were within those burning regions, and the Hyperborean race, inclosed within a frozen circle, offer a much smaller number of varieties.

‘He who writes the natural history of living and sensible beings, after describing the physical characters which mark their exterior, has but half fulfilled his task, if he does not also point out their internal qualities and intellectual faculties, which are the result of those physical dispositions. Our author has, therefore, with his distinguished talent, given a picture of the industry and labour of each respective race.

‘The philosophic and observing spirit of the ancients, he observes, is conspicuous in their remarks on the influence of climate upon the mind. These have been attacked by some moderns only from the use which Montesquieu has made of them in his ‘*Spirit of Laws*.’ Hippocrates has given the physical reasons of the superiority of the Europeans over the Asiatics. The facts respecting the countries which were unknown

to the Greeks, but discovered by the moderns, may be explained in the same manner. The active faculties of man are visibly dependant on his organisation; and as this latter is modified by a great number of causes, it must follow that there are some climates more favourable than others to the exercise of thought. The preference is due, of course, to those climates where the action of those causes is sufficiently moderate to give a free developement to all the organs, from which results a greater degree of intelligence, a stronger sense of right, and more of courage to defend it. The race of European Arabs is in this predicament.

‘Every thing, on the contrary, in the extreme races, is either violent or constrained. The African sun seems as if intended to kindle all the violent passions. The African race has, in consequence, all the impetuosity of childhood, with its timidity and ignorance. It is deficient in the regulated movement of thought. The exterior appearance of the Hyperborean race, on the other hand, is sufficient to shew that the vital principle is maintained with difficulty; their organisation is stunted and imperfect, and their intellects are deficient in the same degree.

‘The Mongole race shews but little intelligence whilst it is circumscribed within the colder latitudes of Asia, but it is not deficient in physical force; its instinct leads it continually to the southern regions of Asia, and particularly to India, which it, time after time, has peopled. There its intellectual faculties ripen and disclose themselves under a happier climate; but it loses that physical strength which is necessary to defend its liberties. The Mongole tribes are those which most frequently have conquered India. They have repaired thither in succession to mature their faculties, to degrade their



strength, to submit to conquest, and to be compelled to servitude.'

ACCOUNT of the MANNERS, HABITS, and CHARACTER of the NATIVES of TURON, in COCHINCHINA.

(From *Barrow's Voyage to Cochinchina.*)

THERE was little prepossessing in the general appearance and manners of the Cochinchinese. The women had but slender pretensions to beauty; yet the want of personal charms was in some degree compensated by a lively and cheerful temper, totally unlike the dull, the morose, and secluded Chinese. An expressive countenance, being as much the result of education and sentiment as a delicate set of features are of health, ease, exemption from drudgery, and exposure to the vicissitudes of the weather, could hardly be expected in Cochinchina. In point of fact, both sexes are course-featured, and their colour nearly as deep as that of the Malay; and, like these people, the universal custom of chewing areca and betel gives them an appearance still more unseemly than Nature intended. The dress of the women was by no means fascinating. A loose cotton frock, of a brown or blue colour, reaching down to the middle of the thigh, and a pair of black nankin trowsers made very wide, constitute in general their common clothing. With the use of stockings and shoes they are wholly unacquainted: but the upper ranks wear a kind of sandals, or loose slippers. As a holiday dress, on particular occasions, a lady puts on three or four frocks at once, of different colours and lengths; the shortest being uppermost. A woman thus dressed appears in the an-

nexed print, which represents a groupe of Cochinchinese, and may be considered as a fair specimen of their general appearance. Their long black hair is sometimes twisted into a knot, and fixed on the crown of the head; and sometimes hangs loose in flowing tresses down the back, reaching frequently to the very ground. Short hair is not only considered as a mark of vulgarity, but an indication of degeneracy. The dress of the man has little if any thing to distinguish it from that of the other sex, being chiefly confined to a jacket and a pair of trowsers. Some wear handkerchiefs tied round the head in the shape of a turban; others have hats or caps of various forms and materials, but most of them calculated for protecting the face against the rays of the sun; for which purpose they also make use of umbrellas of strong China paper, or skreens of the leaves of the borassus or fanpalm, and other kinds of the palm tribe, or fans made of feathers. Consonant with the appearance of their mean and scanty clothing, as frequently thrown loosely over their shoulders as fitted to the body, were their lowly cabins of bamboo. In short, nothing met the eye that could impress the mind with high notions of the happy condition of this people.

There is, however, such a vast difference in the circumstances under which an European and the inhabitant of a tropical climate are situated, that the former, who for the first time finds himself among the latter, will be very apt to fall into error in attempting to form a comparative estimate of their respective conditions. To the one, fuel, and clothing, and close and compact lodging, are essential, not only to his comfort, but to his existence; to the other, fire is of no further use than a few embers to boil his rice, or to



prepare an offering to his god. For splendid and massy fabrics neither his taste nor necessity incline him; and close thick clothing, so far from being a comfort, would be to him the most inconvenient of all incumbrances. Even the little which he occasionally finds it expedient to use he frequently throws aside; for where nakedness is no disgrace, he can at all times, and in all places, accommodate his dress to his feelings and his circumstances, without offence to others or embarrassment to himself—an advantage which is denied to the European.

Although we had neither expected to meet with an extensive city nor magnificent palaces in the vicinity of Turon bay, yet, as this spot was known to have been anciently the chief mart for the trade of this country with China and Japan, we felt rather disappointed on finding a few villages only, in the largest of which the number of houses did not exceed one hundred, and these chiefly thatched cottages. That it had suffered considerably from the late revolutions was evident from the ruins of larger and better buildings than any which now appeared, and from the inequalities of surface indicating a former existence of walls and forts, and which, by our officer's account who was taken prisoner, were still more visible and extensive at *Fai-foo*; from the remains, also, of gardens, and plantations of fruit-trees and flowering shrubs, that were now run into wildernesses: but no traces appeared to indicate former opulence, or convey the impression of fallen magnificence. It is true, the vestiges of oriental cities, when suffered to fall into decay, soon disappear. Their best houses, limited to a single story, constructed generally of wood, or of bricks that have been dried only in the sun, require an unremitting attention to preserve them from

mouldering into dust. Their city walls, constructed of light and imperfect materials, soon crumble into heaps of ruins, and are buried under a rapid and vigorous vegetation. The system on which their city walls are built is but ill calculated for duration. The mass of loose earth heaped in the middle has a constant tendency to push out the brick or stone casing, which, tumbling into the ditch, is lost in a few years in the general surface. If the great and populous city of Pekin, the greatest and most populous, perhaps, on the whole globe, should by any accident be deserted, many centuries would not be required to blot every vestige of its situation. It is, therefore, the less surprising, that, in the days of Alexander, all traces of the supposed magnificent palaces of Troy had disappeared; and that the proud city of Babylon, once the mistress of the world, should, for so many ages past, have been laid prostrate in the dust.

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CHARACTER OF CAUNG-SHUNG, the reigning Sovereign of COCHIN-CHINA.

(*From the Same.*)

CAUNG-SHUNG is represented to be, in the strictest sense of the word, a complete soldier. He is said to hold the name of general far more dear and estimable than that of sovereign. He is described as being brave without rashness, and fertile in expedients when difficulties are to be surmounted. His conceptions are generally just; his conduct firm; he is neither discouraged by difficulties nor turned aside by obstacles. Cautious in deciding, when once resolved, he is prompt and vigorous to execute. In



battle he is always eminently distinguishable. At the head of his army he is cheerful and good-humoured: polite and attentive to all the officers under his command, he studiously avoids to mark out any individual as a favourite beyond the rest. His memory is so correct, that he is said to know by name the greater part of his army. He takes uncommon pleasure in conversing with his soldiers, and talking over their adventures and exploits. He makes particular inquiries after their wives and children; if the latter go regularly to school; how they mean to dispose of them when grown up; and, in short, enters with a degree of interest into a minute detail of their domestic concerns.

His conduct to foreigners is affable and condescending. To the French officers in his service he pays the most marked attention, and treats them with the greatest politeness, familiarity, and good humour. On all his hunting excursions, and other parties of pleasure, one of these officers is openly invited to attend. He openly declares his great veneration for the doctrines of Christianity, and tolerates this religion, and indeed all others, in his dominions. He observes a most scrupulous regard to the maxims of filial piety, as laid down in the works of Confucius, and humbles himself in the presence of his mother (who is still living) as a child before its master. With the works of the most eminent Chinese authors he is well acquainted; and through the translations into the Chinese character of the *Encyclopedie* by the bishop Adran, he has acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of European arts and sciences, among which he is most attached to such as relate to navigation and ship-building. It is stated, on what appears to be good authority, that in order to obtain a thorough knowledge of the

practice as well as theory of European naval architecture, he purchased a Portuguese vessel for the sole purpose of taking in pieces, plank by plank, with his hands, fitting in a new piece of similar shape and dimensions as the old one he removed, till every beam, timber, knee, and plank, had been replaced by new ones of his own construction, and the ship thus completely renovated.

The energy of his mind is not less vigorous than the activity of his corporeal faculties. He is represented, in fact, as the main-spring of every movement that takes place in his extensive and flourishing kingdom. Intendant of the ports and arsenals, master shipwright of the dock-yard, and chief engineer of all the works; nothing is attempted to be undertaken without his advice and instructions. In the former, not a nail is driven without first consulting him; nor a gun mounted on the latter but by his orders. He not only enters into the most minute detail in drawing up instructions, but actually sees them executed himself.

To enable him the better to attend to the concerns of his government, his mode of life is regulated by a fixed plan. At six in the morning he rises from his couch, and goes into the cold bath. At seven he has his levee of Mandarins: all the letters are read which have been received in the course of the preceding day, on which his orders are minuted by the respective secretaries. He then proceeds to the naval arsenal, examines the works that have been performed in his absence, rows in his barge round the harbour, inspecting his ships of war. He pays particular attention to the ordnance department; and in the foundry, which is erected within the arsenal, cannon are cast of all dimensions.



About twelve or one he takes his breakfast in the dock-yard, which consists of a little boiled rice and dried fish. At two, he retires to his apartment, and sleeps till five, when he again rises; gives audience to the naval and military officers, the heads of tribunals, or public departments; and approves, rejects, or amends whatever they may have to propose. These affairs of state generally employ his attention till midnight, after which he retires to his private apartments, to make such notes and memorandums as the occurrences of the day may have suggested. He then takes a light supper, passes an hour with his family, and between two and three in the morning retires to his bed; taking, in this manner, at two intervals, about six hours of rest in the four-and-twenty.

He neither makes use of Chinese wine nor any kind of spirituous liquors, and contents himself with a very small portion of animal food. A little fish, rice, vegetables, and fruit, constitute the chief articles of his diet. Like a true Chinese, descended, as he boasts to be, from the imperial family of *Ming*, he always eats alone, not permitting either his wife or any part of his family to sit down to the same table with him. On the same principle of pride, he would not allow some English gentlemen to pay their respects to him at his palace, in the year 1799, because, as he observed, the unsettled state of the country did not permit him to make such preparations as were due to himself and to strangers of respectability. The meaning of such an excuse, coming from a Chinese, could not be well mistaken; but on the part of this monarch there did not appear to be any thing like jealousy, or a wish to deprive the strangers of the means of gratifying their curiosity: on the contrary, they had full liberty to visit the naval arsenal, and to

inspect the town and its fortifications. He had no objection to receive them as a general, but refused to see them in his character of sovereign.

His stature is represented to be somewhat above the middle size; his features, regular and agreeable; his complexion, very much sunburnt by a constant exposure to the weather. He is at this time (1806) just on the verge of fifty years of age.

Of the English he has little knowledge but by name; yet he is said to profess, on all occasions, a great veneration for their character. When Frenchmen declare this, they may be believed. He has given, however, frequent proofs of his good inclinations towards the English. He published an edict declaring that all our ships should at all times be admitted into any of his ports and harbours, free of all duties and port charges. An instance occurred wherein his generous conduct shews his character in the fairest point of view. An English merchant-vessel, from Canton, arrived at *Sai-gong*, where the master and first officer died. To prevent the frauds and pillage which might be committed, and the losses which would inevitably ensue to the owners, from the death of those who had been entrusted with the management of their concerns, he directed captain Barissy, with a party of soldiers, to take possession of her, and carry her under his charge to Canton, with orders to deliver her safe to her owners or their agents, who might be found there, or at Macao.

Though no apparent alteration took place in his conduct with regard to the French officers in his service, yet the French character is said to have suffered greatly in his estimation from the moment he was made acquainted with the outrageous



and inhuman treatment which the unfortunate family on the throne experienced from a licentious and savage rabble. The feelings of a mind like that of *Caung-Shung* could not be otherwise than tremblingly alive on such an occasion. Driven by usurpers from his dominions, and doomed to wander for many years as an outcast and an exile, it is no wonder that in comparing a nation which had expelled the family of its lawful sovereign with another nation which received it with open arms, he should be more desirous to cultivate the friendship of the latter than of the former. We have not, however, managed affairs in such a manner as to promote that kind of friendly intercourse which could not fail to be highly advantageous to our commercial concerns. The East India company, convinced, at length, of the importance of standing on friendly terms with the king of CochinChina, sent, it is true, one of their servants from Canton on a secret mission to *Sai-gong*, in the year 1804, which, however, completely failed.

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## JOSEPHINE. A TALE.

*By Miss Eliza Yeames.*

AH! why is censure and derision thrown on the bright character of Mrs. St. John? Is it because she is less modern in her manners, less gay, less amiable, than other women?—No; it is because she is too noble in sentiment, too sincere, too upright, and, above all, too lively and handsome for an old maid. This reflection leads to others of a similar nature. I blush at the errors of my fellow creatures, and would willingly veil them from my judgement; but feel I cannot in this point, although

in many others, I am, as well as the rest of mankind, a faulty being; but as youth is on my side, I may possibly, before old age approaches, learn to correct my failings, and lay the foundation of never-ending bliss in a future and a better world.

The wise and discreet Josephine St. John, seeing me pay more attention to her goodness and advice than most other young people, honoured me by her confidence.—‘I am, my dear miss Yeames!’ said she, ‘what is called an old maid, of course supposed to possess whims and failings innumerable; but as my heart acquits me of intentional guilt, and my thoughts are more engrossed by the next than the present world, this gives me no concern. You wish to hear, you tell me, the reason why one whom your partial judgment conceives both handsome and agreeable should be thus singly situated. I will inform you, and flatter myself the relation will excite no wonder.

‘My father, Eliza, resided, as physician, in the large town of——. He was a man of skill, his patients were numerous, and he had the delight of seeing his numerous offspring well provided for by his gains. I was their youngest child: four out of the seven he had, a son and three daughters, were married before I reached my tenth year: two only remained besides myself; Charles, who followed my father’s profession; and the lovely Lavinia, the beloved playmate of my infant years.

‘Lavinia was so bewitchingly charming, that before she attained her sixteenth year she received an offer of marriage from a gentleman who was reckoned a very desirable person by her friends; but my father did not so entirely approve the match, as Mr. Wordsworth was of a volatile disposition, and rather unequal in his temper. However, seeing my sister’s happiness depended



on her lover, he gave his consent, and she became a bride.

‘Lavinia’s happiness shed a sunshine on my prospects; I loved her to excess, and hung with pleasure on the expression of delight that now shone in her sweet countenance: marriage seemed to me a never-ceasing state of bliss. As I grew up, I sighed to give my heart, and receive one in return. I looked around me, but could fix on no one for some time. At length Mr. Aubrey appeared: he was extremely personable, and had great vivacity; his attentions therefore were flattering to me, and I yielded to the pleasure his company gave me. Mr. Aubrey did not exactly give me to understand he intended marriage; but as his behaviour shewed no small degree of esteem, I never once doubted his honour. One evening, when we were alone together, he shewed towards me a freedom of behaviour not to be tolerated: this I resented; and Mr. Aubrey, taking up his hat, made his parting bow with a chilling coldness. Who can imagine my resentment, when, at the end of a few days, I received the intelligence of his marriage with another woman? Indignation filled me; but contempt took its place, when I was informed that he had paid his addresses to her some months, and was supposed to feel less love for her than her fortune, which was almost princely.

‘At this time I had the misfortune to lose my father, and the grief his loss occasioned threw me into a slight fever; but my youth soon dissipated the symptoms, and I forgot my sorrow while exerting myself to sooth my mother. Alas! one misfortune quickly followed the other: my amiable and only surviving parent drooped daily. In vain I urged her to dissipate her gloom, and try to live for me; she secretly indulged her grief, so that in a very little time

she was consigned to the grave. Mournful, and constantly in tears, I seemed as if alone in the world, without one friend to cheer and sooth me. But the sweet Lavinia here flew to me, and, with unchanged affection, took me with her home. The fortune of my parents had been equally divided between their children, and I found two thousand pounds came to my share. This was a trifling sum, but it was enough for my desires; and I laughingly told Mr. Wordsworth I should not be in haste to change my condition, since fate had thus made me mistress of my actions. “Ah! miss St. John,” said he, “I will try your veracity: my aunt, Mrs. Rebecca Miller, will be here this evening: she is a maiden lady, and her appearance—but I will say no more—you shall judge yourself what she is.”

‘Accordingly the tea-table was honoured, as he promised, by the presence of Mr. Wordsworth’s aunt, and I indeed found her the most disgusting of women. Being introduced to her, he addressed her with—“Aunt, this young woman is inclined for a life of celibacy. Do you commend her resolution? Pray speak your sentiments.”

“I am of opinion, Mr. Wordsworth, she will alter her mind. It was thus with me a few years back: I was determined, as you must know, never to marry; and accordingly rejected many overtures of marriage: but I am otherwise inclined of late. I think it is best to have a companion; besides, I want children to inherit my fortune.”

‘A smothered titter burst from her auditors, and Mr. Wordsworth cried, “Ah aunty, I fear that wish is vain with you; for if you were married to-morrow, you cannot expect at your age”—“Sir,” retorted the lady, setting down the teacup she held in her hand, and looking at him most



furiously, "my age little exceeds your own; and I defy your jests, knowing it will one day be in my power to put a stop to them entirely."

"I stand corrected, madam," replied Wordsworth: "I now recollect my mother was indeed your elder; and"—

"None, none of your sneers, sir," exclaimed the enraged lady; and Lavinia was obliged to interfere, to obtain her peace.

"My sister, shortly after this, laid in; the child was a boy, and of a promising appearance: but Lavinia had an uncommon bad time, and a thousand alarms came across me on her account. They were not ill-founded; she was shortly seized with fever, and at the expiration of a week expired. A few moments before her death she regained her senses, and, seeing me by her bed-side and alone, thus addressed me: "Dear Josephine! why do you look so sad; is it for me you grieve? Ah! you know not how much I am to be envied for the near approach of death!—Ah! welcome to me it is, were it not dreadful to leave my dearest children."

"O Lavinia," cried I, "do not talk so strangely: are not you about to leave your adoring husband, and poor sister Josephine, as well as your other relatives?"

"How deceiving are appearances!" said Lavinia: "you fancy Mr. Wordsworth tenderly attached to me. Ah Josephine! how abused was my fond heart when wedding him! He never loved me, soothed my distress, lulled my suspicions, or made me worth a serious thought. My youthful hopes, thus wrecked, quickly sunk; horror took possession of me, and I was a wretch.—Josephine, this is the moment in which I promised to tell you; O mark my words well: till now I have concealed my sentiments, but now, now I warn you to beware

of MEN, their soft appearances, and oily tongues. Never wed in haste: of that enough. I am dying, Josephine. A few hours hence I shall be no more. My three little girls, the prattling Frederick, and this sleeping babe, are alone in the world, except their father prove kinder to them than he has done to me. Oh sister, be their guide: love them, cherish them, for my sake; and so may the Almighty reward you!"

"Scarcely was this said, when her mild spirit fled its fragile tenement to a more kindly region. I was absorbed in grief at her loss. No one but her babes had the power to awaken me from the lethargy of sorrow. Mr. Wordsworth was odious to me; and I mentally wondered how one of so open an appearance, and such an enlightened understanding, could conceal such treachery in his breast. I resolved to quit his house; and for that purpose wrote to my elder sister, who resided a few miles in the country, thinking that air and a change of scene might prove beneficial to my health. I found the farm neat and comfortable. Susan's husband was rather rough in his appearance and manners, but as he suited her taste, he pleased me: therefore, though its inmates were nothing resembling the graceful placid Lavinia, nor the smooth-tongued, courteous Wordsworth, yet I thought I might be very happy with them. I was mistaken: Susan possessed a quarrelsome temper, her husband a stubborn one. He was almost constantly intoxicated with liquor, and this was insupportably vexing to her. She would remonstrate, threaten him, and at length, unmindful of my presence, even blows would sometimes follow on both sides. Alas! how shocking was the scene! I wept, entreated, at last finally resolved to leave the house. I had received many press-



ing invitations from my elder brother; but knowing his temper resembled Susan's, I rejected the offer, and accepted in its stead one made me from my third sister, Louisa. The other two were widows: they were in easy circumstances, but, having a numerous family, found it but sufficed their wants. I had the happiness of thus seeing each party well situated, and residents in their native place, except Susan and my elder brother, and they were not wanting to complete their harmony. Louisa was handsome, lively, and greatly attached to me; she had seen the last moments of Lavinia, and sincerely mourned her loss. The little Wordsworths were always welcome to her house with the greatest cordiality, and the children loved and revered their aunt. My sister having no offspring of her own, Lavinia's were esteemed by her as such; and as they were very frequently at her house, I found my time pass most agreeably in their society. Mr. Blanchard, Louisa's husband, was an affable, honest-hearted man: he treated me with a brotherly affection, and gained a very great share of my esteem in return. Frances, Mrs. Everley, and Rosa, Mrs. Willoughby, my other two sisters, were very amiable women: the former was a pretty, sparkling brunette; the latter a pensive, interesting character, of a mind mild as the spring, and features cast in an angelic mould. My heart was equally divided among Louisa, Frances, and Rosa: my cares to their children, the little Wordsworth's claiming my consideration in a double degree, for the sake of their unfortunate mother. So that when, at the end of three years from Lavinia's death, I was informed that their father was about to marry again, I was in agonies.

'In the mean time, Rosa had lost, one by one, her loved offspring,

and now seemed hastening herself into a rapid decline. I, who had penetrated the disorder for some time before, was not surprised at the doctor's information; but Louisa was inconsolable.

'Mrs. Willoughby was ordered to France, and thither she proposed going: she gave me plainly to understand she should be happy if I would accompany her. I could not refuse her entreating looks, but, taking an affectionate leave of the young Wordsworths and Louisa, quitted England. France was, at the time we went, in a state of tranquillity: its grandeur and beautiful scenery delighted me. Mrs. Willoughby smiled on my enthusiastic remarks, patted my cheek, and called me romantic. I smiled in return, and continued to gaze with increased regard on the varied landscape we had to pass through, or the hanging wood we were leaving behind. We procured a cottage situated in a beautiful valley: the mild breezes from the sea blew directly towards us, and promised to revive Mrs. Willoughby. A small garden, before the front door, bloomed with a variety of lovely plants: the dwelling so surrounded by charms looked more like a fairy than earthly tenement. The abbess of an adjoining convent honoured us by her friendship: many of the nuns and boarders were amiable and courteous. I found my time pass agreeably away, and England and my connections thus gradually faded from my mind.

'The brother of one of my friends in the monastery chanced to see me: he gazed and loved. His ardent eyes drew mine upon him, and in a little time my heart was not my own. Arville was handsome, amiable, ardent, frank, and noble, possessed of every thing save riches; that want now stood betwixt him and me: he could not bring beggary on one he



loved: he sighed, sickened, and at length, brought by an hopeless passion to the grave, breathed his last. I was shocked at the intelligence. My blood ran cold; my head turned dizzy; and I fell into a melancholy state. Now, unsupported by my tenderness as a nurse, Rosa's spirits fled: she wrote to her sisters; implored Louisa to fly to her, and resigned herself to death. The presence of Mrs. Blanchard seemed to revive me; I looked in her face, shrieked, and wept with joy. Poor Louisa was divided between my sister and me; she kissed me, hung over me, and at times uttered the name of Rosa. I caught the name, for a time forgot the cause of my illness, and at length recovered. Not so Mrs. Willoughby: she daily declined; and on the day in which I arose from my bed she died. I had not been told to what a height her disorder had risen, but supposed her only slightly indisposed. Judge, then, my astonishment when, carelessly going into her room, I found her in her last moments. The tender Louisa supported her faint head: one cheek rested on her bosom; the other exhibited the appearance of death in its gentlest colours, for a faint and lovely bloom had stolen on it, and gave her the look of an angel. Her eyes were closed when I entered; but my movements caused her to open them. I attracted her gaze—it was only for a moment: a voice more powerful than mine called to her, and she appeared to fall into a sleep. Alas! it was her eternal rest! I perceived it, and sunk senseless on the ground.

‘From this time I enjoyed only at intervals the knowledge of existence, Louisa, terrified and desponding, sent for Mr. Blanchard; and immediately on his arrival we prepared for our return to England. We embarked, with a prosperous gale; but the wind shortly shifting, and considera-

bly rising, we were driven from our anchor, and left to the mercy of the waves. I knew not of my situation, but laughed and played with a large Newfoundland dog on board with the greatest unconcern, calling him Rolla, and naming him my brother. Louisa, transported with grief, hung on her husband, with one arm round my waist, pressing me convulsively to her, and mourning her destiny and mine. ‘Sweet sufferer!’ she exclaimed, as I have since been told by an honest tar, ‘happily, you know not your danger; you will die void of the preceding pangs that rend my bosom. Oh, may you, Josephine, never be torn from my arms, not even in death!’ I know very little more. In a short time the vessel made a desperate motion. I heard a universal shriek, and looked around with a frightful stare. The next moment we were all at the mercy of the waves—the sailors, Mr. Blanchard, Louisa, Rolla, and myself: when, awaking from the apparent sleep in which I had fell, I found myself with my sister, Mrs. Everley, and Rolla. I eagerly enquired concerning Louisa and her husband: they had both perished, as did all belonging to the unfortunate vessel except myself and a sailor, who was Rolla's master, from whom she had obtained the dog. ‘Who had saved me?’ I eagerly asked. Fanny pointed to the Newfoundland dog. I was astonished: I kissed and caressed the faithful, fond creature, but reproached him for not saving my brother-in-law and Louisa. He seemed to understand me, for he looked piteously on me, and licked my hands, as if to be forgiven.

‘Some time was taken for my recovery. I had every possible attention paid to me, but my health returned very slowly; and for a length of time after the surgeon's attendance had ceased I remained in a de-



licate state. To enjoy the benefit of the air, I took a little cottage about one mile from ———, where I passed my time as well as I possibly could; and as the months rolled over my head, I gradually overcame the sorrow that had hitherto oppressed me. Good fortune led me to try my luck in the lottery. I won the sum of ten thousand pounds, placed it in the funds, and took the future care of Lavinia's children on myself. Mr. Wordsworth was rather embarrassed in circumstances. I made his affairs easy; created the comfort of a few poor families, and existed in ease and happiness myself. As the mistress of a genteel income, I received many offers of marriage from respectable characters; but choose to refuse them all, finally resolving to think only of the little Wordsworths, and consider their advantage. Their father has retrieved his errors; he is married again, but often mourns, with me, the loss of Lavinia. He is now prosperously established in trade; and for his comfort, and that of his children, I removed from D——, my native place, where Mrs. Everley resides, to this town.

‘Having once mentioned Mrs. Rebecca Miller, I shall add, that she is since wedded to a gay young rake, who is fast dissipating her fortune, and who renders her perfectly miserable; though, as she is now above seventy years old, it is not to be expected that she can much longer be subjected to his tyranny. When I compare her to myself, I can never but applaud the resolution I possess, nor enough pity Mrs. Rebecca's weakness, although I experience the sneers of mankind. But that is of little consequence, as I possess endearing friends in the Wordsworths, a faithful companion in my maid Judith (who is likewise a laughing-stock for the world), and the ever constant, fond Rolla's valued services. I am at present in that state of mind

to be envied: cheerful, happy, and in peace with all around. Not so miss——. She is nearly of my age, but would not acknowledge above half her years; she is in constant dread of being called an old maid, sets her cap at every man, finds she pleases no one, and is distracted with apprehensions and doubts. She is to be pitied. Perhaps I am to be blamed.’

Mrs. St. John ended with a smile, and I thought it proper to say something. ‘You are, madam,’ said I, ‘so very amiable in my eyes, and your whole conduct is so dictated by sense and goodness, that I must ever applaud and admire you.’

I then fell into a musing disposition; and after revolving in my mind of Josephine's conduct and the behaviour of the world to her, I finally agreed that people were much to be blamed for having thus slightly skimmed her character, and placed to her account errors she did not possess; that she was a woman from whose conversation nothing could be lost to the hearer's advantage, and who ought to hold a high place in public esteem. Lastly, though derided and beheld with contempt, her modest unaffected manners, graceful carriage, and superior understanding, outvied those of every other female I had ever seen, and claimed my unceasing friendship and admiration.

*Harwich, Oct. 14, 1806.*

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#### THE TRADITIONAL HISTORY OF MACBETH.

THE author of the ‘Statistical Account of Scotland’ happened, as he tells us, in the year 1772, to make an excursion to Perthshire; and being accidentally led to visit the remains of Dunsinnan castle, took a sketch of them, as they appeared at that time, and collected all the traditions respecting the history of



Macbeth that were current in the neighbourhood. The story purported, that Macbeth, after his elevation to the throne, had resided for ten years in Carnbeddie, in the neighbouring parish of St. Martin's, which the country people call *Carnbeth*, or Macbeth's castle, and where the vestiges of his castle are still to be seen. During those times witchcraft was very prevalent in Scotland; and two of the most famous witches in the kingdom lived on each hand of Macbeth, one at Collace, the other not far from Dunsinnan house, at a place called the *Cape\**. Macbeth, taking a superstitious turn, applied to them for advice; and, by their counsel, he built a lofty castle upon the top of an adjoining hill, since called Dunsinnan, which, in the Gaelic language, signifies *the hill of ants*; implying the great labour and industry so essentially requisite for collecting the materials for so vast a building. It was by nature strong, as well as fortified by art; being partly defended by high outer rocks, and partly surrounded by an outer wall, which enclosed a considerable space of ground, for exercising the men, &c. There was also a fossé, which joined the wall and outer rocks, and a high rampart, which environed the whole, and defended the castle, itself large and well fortified. From the top of the hill there is an extensive view of above fifty miles every way, comprehending Fifeshire, the hills in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh,

Glen-Almond, Crieff, the hills in the neighbourhood of Blair-Athol, and Braemar: Strathmore, also, and a great part of Angus, are immediately under view. In short, there could not be a more commanding situation.

When Malcolm Canmore came into Scotland, supported by English auxiliaries, to recover his dominions from Macbeth *the giant*, as the country people call him, he marched first towards Dunkeld, in order to meet with those friends who had promised to join him from the north. This led him to Birnam wood, where accidentally they were induced, either by way of distinction or from some other motive, to ornament their bonnets, or to carry about with them in their hands the branches of trees. The people in the neighbourhood stated, as the tradition of the country, that they were distinguished in this situation by the spy whom Macbeth had stationed to watch their motions. He then began to despair, in consequence of the witches' prediction, who had warned him to beware, 'when Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane:' and when Malcolm prepared to attack the castle where it was principally defended by the outer rocks, he immediately deserted it, and flying, ran up the opposite hill, pursued by Macduff; but finding it impossible to escape, he threw himself from the top of the hill, was killed upon the rocks, and buried at the *Lang Man's Grave\**, as it is called, which is still extant.

Such were the traditions in the neighbourhood of Dunsinane castle,

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\* The moor where the witches met, which is in the parish of St. Martin's, is yet pointed out by the country people, and there is a stone still preserved, which is called the *Witches stone*. The moor is now planted by William Macdonald, esq. of St. Martin's, the proprietor, and to whom also Carnbeth, or Carnbeddie, belongs, whose active zeal in promoting the improvement of the Highlands will long be remembered in that part of the kingdom with much respect.

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\* It would be worth while to examine this grave, as some curious facts might be ascertained from it. It is proper to add, that not far from it is the road where, according to the tradition of the country people, Banquo was murdered.



in 1772; and the reader will naturally be struck with the resemblance between them and the celebrated play which Shakspeare founded on the history of Macbeth. There is every reason, indeed, to believe that our great dramatist was upon the spot himself, and was inspired with such uncommon poetical powers from having viewed the places where the scenes he drew were supposed to have been transacted. In Gathrie's History of Scotland (vol. viii. p. 358), it is stated, that in the year 1599 king James desired Elizabeth to send him a company of English comedians; with which request she complied, and James gave them a licence to act in his capital, and before his court. 'I have great reason,' he adds, 'to think that the immortal Shakspeare was of the number.' And in the 'Statistical Account of Perth' (vol. xviii. p. 522), we are told, that plays were actually exhibited in Perth, only a few miles from Dunsinane, in 1589. It is extremely improbable that the occurrences as narrated by Shakspeare, and the traditions of the country, could have borne so strong a resemblance, unless he had gathered them upon the spot himself, or employed some other person for that purpose. The only material difference is, that, according to tradition, Macbeth threw himself from the top of a rock. But it was much more poetical, as narrated by Shakspeare, that he should fall by the hands of Macduff, whom he had so greatly injured.

'About the period alluded to, anno 1772, I took much pleasure in tracing the antiquities of Scotland on the spot where the different occurrences happened; but was too young, being then only about eighteen years of age, to do justice to such interesting enquiries. I have been tempted, however, from the peculiar historical importance of the

castle of Dunsinane, to state the substance of the traditions I had collected respecting it; and, perhaps, it may not be improper to add, that I found the traditions respecting the battle of Luncarty, and other ancient events, much more distinct and accurate than is commonly imagined, and, in general, authenticated by the remains of encampments, the ruins of castles, the vestiges of tombs, the appearances of mote-hills, or seats of justice, and the names of places, all affording concurrent evidence of their authenticity.

'The circumstances regarding the battle of Luncarty, in particular, were uncommonly minute and circumstantial. The encampments of the Scottish and Danish armies, the place where Hay and his gallant sons resided, called Gullan, a farm opposite to Luncarty, the field they were plowing at the time, the ford where they crossed the Tay, and the very spot where they stopped and animated their flying countrymen, &c. &c. were all pointed out by old men in the neighbourhood, when examined by the author in 1772.'

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#### SOME ACCOUNT OF JOSEPH I. KING OF PORTUGAL.

IF fortune often puts private persons to great trials, she sometimes afflicts sovereigns in a still more grievous manner.

There never was, I believe, a more unfortunate king than Joseph I. of Portugal. He was scarcely seated on his throne, when a malign influence seemed to blast his crown. The slaves of the Brazils revolted; soon after, unforeseen fires consumed to ashes the edifices that had been built for the public utility. A few years after, the earth opened, and upwards of forty thousand of his subjects were buried in its bowels. Himself a fugitive, without a throne, and



without a crown, was for some days without a state. The fire of the earth, or, perhaps, that of heaven, consumed his palace, and with it the greatest part of his riches.

His capital was overwhelmed with flames. Whatever escaped the general conflagration served only to give him a dismal image of the worst of disasters.

This monarch saw the rest of his subjects wandering about without any habitation, exposed, as himself, to the last degree of indigence, and not having it in his power to help them. A misfortune still greater than death itself to a king that loves his people!

To these scourges succeeded the conspiracy of the *grande*s of his state against him, with a design to assassinate him at the gates of his capital.

The punishment of this crime was a new misfortune, which aggravated all others to a very high degree. This unhappy prince saw in one day all the principal nobles of his kingdom die on a scaffold, which, leaving him solitary on his throne, deprived him of the splendor of ranks. His distresses, from the war with Spain, and some other calamities, increased his misfortunes. Yet this monarch was good, humane, mild, and affable. However, it seems there is a certain degree of goodness in sovereigns more dangerous than the cruelty of tyrants; at least, the experience of all ages proves, that the greatest excesses were committed under good-natured kings. There is a certain severity in monarchs that keeps ministers and subjects within the bounds of their duty, and is the measure of the public order. The happiness of a people is circumscribed by certain limits: whatever transgresses on one side is tyranny, on the other, weakness.

A. D.

## FAMILY ANECDOTES.

By SOPHIA T——.

(Continued from p. 651.)

### CHAP. XII.

‘Observe the fragrant blushing rose,  
Tho’ in the humble vale it spring,  
It smells as sweet, as fair it blows,  
As in the garden of a king:  
So calm content as oft is found complete  
In the low cot, as in the lofty seat.’

DODSLEY.

GORDON feared to acquaint Rebecca with the fatal catastrophe, yet knew the longer she was kept in expectation of once more seeing her husband, the more intolerable would be the disappointment. Many years she had been ignorant of his fate; and now the almost closed wounds were to be torn open—the nerve where agonies are born was to be rudely awakened by the man who hoped to call her mother, and who would gladly have given half his fortune to have been able to carry her a different account. But death is cold and unfeeling, alike deaf to the prayer of friendship, and blind to the tears of the orphan; neither will the ocean be bribed to render back its dead. He therefore was obliged to inform the expecting Rebecca, that his longer stay in France was useless, and that he should soon present himself at Crediton. This letter was accompanied by several elegant French trinkets for Mary, and a curious gold watch for her sister. Eight days after writing, he bade adieu to the Gallic shores, and arrived without accident at the white cottage, whose humble inhabitants he found in much grief for the loss of the worthy Westwood, who had been dead a month.

With all the caution of prudence, all the soothing of friendship, did Gordon acquaint the unconscious wi-



dow of her husband's fate. To say she was surprised, she was grieved, would be faintly to pourtray her emotions: it was agony—terror possessed her faculties. The man to whom she had given her virgin heart, whom she had selected from all men, in the fond expectation of finding a faithful friend, a companion in life, and her solace in death, had disappointed those hopes; and the disappointment she had found dreadful. But that after a seclusion for years in a dungeon, to which his vices had brought him; where there was time for reflection, and when the hey-day of the blood might be supposed to have abated; that on his liberation he should fall from bad to worse, and that a life of error should be closed by a death so awful, so sudden—his sins unrepented of, and sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head, was the keenest of daggers to the feeling heart of the wretched widow. The fond hope she had long cherished of his sincere repentance was ended, and nothing was left her but sharp sorrow and deep regret, which ultimately sunk her into her grave: from that day death insidiously was undermining her pure life. This was obvious to her few, but attentive, friends.

Gordon, though the late melancholy event had delayed his declaration to Mary, lived almost entirely at the cottage. He would fain have persuaded Mrs. Gayton to relinquish her drawing and embroidery, at least so close an attention, which he feared would injure her delicate health. But her independent mind revolted at the idea of obligation. She assured him that her work amused her, and that constant occupation was necessary to her peace of mind.

Poor Martha, whose age and infirmities were increased by her grief for the loss of her brother, was almost past labour; and the humble

and affectionate Sabina under her directions became the cook, the housemaid, in short, the every thing to this little family; for Mary was entirely taken up in walking with Gordon, or endeavouring to give variety to her very scanty wardrobe; while he, pleased with her cheerful compliance to his wishes and easy good-humour in his company, thought not of the additional toil Sabina underwent by those frequent absences of her sister; and as Sabina never complained, Mary never apologised. Thus time passed till the year of mourning was elapsed, when Gordon again requested Mrs. Gayton's permission to address her daughter; and as he had given a sufficient proof of the constancy of his disposition, and she was conscious he had seen Mary in all her humours, she no longer withheld her consent to what she still termed a very disproportionate match, and still wished to dissuade him from: but he was in rapture even with this extorted consent, and flew to Mary, who could not conceal her joy at the flattering proposals. Rank and riches at length presented themselves to her acceptance, nor was she displeased with the form they appeared in. Gordon had long been, in her eyes, the most desirable of men; and it must be confessed he was very superior to any she had ever conversed with.

Mrs. Gayton saw this affair in a different point of view: she would have been much more pleased had an industrious humble neighbour won the heart of her unsophisticated Mary, who, she was persuaded, would be safer, would be happier, with such a man, in the calm bosom of retirement, than exalted to the high pinnacle of honour, where the beauty of her person, the simplicity of her manners, and the extreme vivacity of her spirits, would expose her as a mark for passion, envy, and calumny,



to empty their quiver of envenomed darts at; where one false step was never to be retrieved; but where, if she fell, she must fall like the bright exhalation of the evening, never to rise again. Had Sabina been the object of Gordon's affection, her mother would have had less to fear; for Sabina, naturally diffident and unassuming, would have considered herself an everlasting debtor to the man whose love had raised her from poverty and oblivion. But she feared that Mary would soon forget her simple cottage life amidst the blaze of fashion; and within the magic circle of *bon ton* give ear to the soft nothings, the airy blandishments, of the insidious votary of folly. Perhaps till now Mrs. Gayton had never discovered that her heart owned a preference in her children. But still the idea of parting with her lively Mary, though so much for her advantage, was intolerable to bear; and, with anguish, she found she could better have spared a better child. Her daughters were equally the children of misery, brought forth in agony, nursed with sorrow, and reared in solitude; yet how different their dispositions! Never had Sabina beheld her mother's eye fill with tears of anguish but the sympathising drop sprung to her own; never had the sigh of bitter recollection agitated the bosom of her parent but hers had heaved a response. From infancy she had ever spoken with tenderness, ever approached with caution, almost suspended her breath when in the presence of her adored mother; and, indeed, not unfrequently, by the woe her expressive countenance evinced, had she added to the wretchedness of her whose sorrows she would have died to alleviate: while the sportive Mary, though conceived in sorrow and baptized in tears, was the child of mirth, at whose approach grief fled. A thou-

sand times, by a thousand different frolics, had she beguiled her mother of her cares. Possessed of a natural wit, an enchanting vivacity, a lively fancy, joined to a fund of good-nature, it was seldom observed that she was indolent, or that vanity often led her to consider her sister and their young companions as beings inferior to herself. Mrs. Gayton was not quite blind to these imperfections in the temper of her darling child; yet whenever she would have chided her for those foibles, a something in the air, the face, the manners of Mary, so forcibly recalled the image of her lost, her irrecoverably lost husband, that her gentle remonstrances often ended in caresses of this true counterpart of Charles Gayton.

The undisguised joy which Mary evinced hurt her mother's feelings. Though Gordon was about to lift her from obscurity to splendour, from dependence to affluence, and she was willing to allow much for a youthful imagination dazzled with a transition, so sudden, so unexpected; yet surely, said she mentally, some little regret is due to the remembrance of a mother who adores her; some little sorrow might be expected to be expressed at the thoughts of quitting scenes endeared by being scenes of childhood, and at leaving companions who are no longer to be companions to her: but

—weak the barrier of mere nature proves,  
Oppos'd against the pleasures nature loves.

(To be continued.)

## ON THE USE OF WIGS.

THE Greeks and Romans used false hair, and had likewise a kind of hair-powder. Hannibal wore false hair.—Lampridius gives a descrip-



tion of the emperor Commodus's wig, which was powdered with gold dust, and anointed with ointments of an agreeable odour, that the dust might adhere to it. It appears not improbable that, even then, not merely a vain affectation of pomp, but the effects of too active a gallantry (through trifling when compared with those of more modern times) may have given occasion to this invention. For farther information on this subject, I refer the reader to the learned commentators on the satirical exclamation of Cæsar's soldiers, during his triumphal entry into Rome: '*Urbani, servate uxorem, maxchum calvum adducimus!*' Henry III. king of France lost his hair through the then yet new-fashioned venereal disease (although, indeed, his grandfather had already been infected with it); he had therefore one of the caps, then usually worn, covered with false hair; but yet he ventured not to take off his hat in the presence of his queen, or of the foreign ambassadors, for fear they should observe his loss. In 1518, John, duke of Tuscany, ordered his head-bailiff at Cobourg to procure for him from Nurnbergh a handsome false head of hair; 'but secretly,' wrote he, 'that it may not be known that it is for us; and let it be curled, and so contrived that it may be put on the head without being observed.' But in the reign of Louis XIV., when polite manners and gallantry had become more general, men more sensibly affected with cold, &c. and the number of bald heads greater, they were no longer ashamed of the caps covered with false hair; many people, even, who had not lost their hair, wore them from an affectation of fashionable gallantry, from the effects of which they were really exempt. This gave rise to the idea of weaving hair into a linen cloth, and likewise

into fringes, which were used for some time under the name *Milan points*. These fringes or laces were sown in rows to the plain caps, which were now made of a thinner sheep-skin; and this head-dress was called by the French *peruque*, by the Germans *parucke*, by the English *periwig*, contracted into *wig*.—At last they invented a kind of three-thread tresses, which were sewed to ribbons, or other stuffs; these they then stretched out, and joined together on blocks cut into the shape of the head. This is the origin of our present wigs, the making, repairing, and dressing of which, furnish employment to so vast a number of people. The first who wore a *peruque* was an abbe, named La Riviere. At one time this ornament of the head was so thick, so loaded with hair, and so long, that it hung down as low as the waist. A person who happened to have a lean visage was quite hid in this cloud of hair. The forepart of the wig was likewise worn very high: in France this was called *devant à la Fontagne*, from the marquis of that name, who had brought it into vogue in the time of Louis XIV. A certain *Ervais* at last found out the art of frizzing the wigs; by which means, with a small quantity of hair, they appear fuller than they could be with even a much greater. The bag-wigs first came into fashion during the regency of the duke of Orleans, and thence obtained the name of *peruques à la Regence*. The emperor Charles VI. would allow no one to be admitted into his presence without a wig with two tails. Of a more modern date than wigs is our present hair-powder. In the reign of Louis XIV. it was not yet in general use; and that king at first disliked the fashion of wearing it. The players are said to have first powdered their hair; but for a long time after the introduction of









*View on a River in Holland.*



that practice, always combed the powder out again, as soon as they returned from the theatre.

# ACCOUNT of the CITY of DORT, in HOLLAND.

(With a View on a River in Holland, in the vicinity of Dort, elegantly engraved.)

THE city of Dort, or Dordrecht, in Holland, before the late revolution in that country, held the first rank in the assembly of the states. It was the capital of a small territory, called the *Bailiwick of Dort*, and is situate on a small island formed by the waters of the Meuse, the Merwe, the Rhine, and the Linge; separated from the isle of Isselmonde by the Meuse, and from the isle of Beyerlandt by a canal. It was first detached from the main land on the 17th of November, 1421, by an irruption of the rivers, which broke down the dykes, drowned one hundred thousand persons, and destroyed seventy-two villages. This dreadful calamity, it is said, was owing to a peasant, who, out of hatred, wishing to drown his neighbour, opened the dyke between Getrydenberg and Dort, not doubting but he should be able to stop it again when he had effected his purpose. But the tide being assisted by the wind, the waters poured in with such fury, that the inundation carried all before it, men, cattle, and even houses. It is recorded that a child was preserved in a wonderful manner, being borne in a cradle by the waters safe to Dort. Since that time the inhabitants have been careful to preserve their dykes and keep them in repair, and most of the villages have been rebuilt.

In the year 1457, Dort was nearly

destroyed by fire, above two thousand houses being consumed, together with the halls, the church of Notre Dame, and the town-house.

The counts of Holland held their court and were inaugurated at Dort, and granted many privileges to the inhabitants.

The town is large and populous; not regularly fortified, but defended by several towers. The church of Notre Dame is a good building; the tower is lofty, and furnished with musical chimes. There is also another church dedicated to St. Nicholas, built in the year 1568: it had, likewise, before the revolution, several religious houses for monks and nuns, but they are now all suppressed, and applied to other uses. Here are two canals, by means of which vessels loaded may enter the city; the situation of which is extremely convenient for trade, especially in wine, corn, wood, and other productions of Germany, and the countries connected with the Rhine and the Meuse.

In 1618 and 1619 was held here a famous assembly of the clergy from all the protestant states in Europe, called the Synod of Dort, to enquire into and settle the disputes between the Arminians and Calvinists, called Gomarists, otherwise called Remonstrants and Anti-Remonstrants. The doctrines of Arminius were condemned; and Vorstius, professor at Leyden, the principal defender of those tenets, with above a hundred ministers and professors, were banished from the United States, because they refused to subscribe to the decree of the Synod. John Olden Barnevelt was beheaded; the celebrated Hugo Grotius was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment; and punishments of different kinds were inflicted on other learned men who were favourers of that opinion.



THE UNION OF CONTEMPLATION  
and ACTION necessary to PER-  
FECTION.

*An Eastern Story.*

ON the death of Abduran, his wealth and affairs descended to Ziram his son. The decease of his parent pierced with affliction the heart of Ziram. After paying the last funeral honours to his memory, he shut himself up in his chamber, and, refusing all consolation, resigned himself to his grief. He was, however, at length induced to apply to the concerns which had devolved to his care. His traffic was extended into many countries of the east; his affairs prospered in his hands, and his riches multiplied. But Ziram was ever melancholy; the exercise of commerce grew more and more irksome. His only pleasure was to bury himself in solitude; to disburden his intellects of worldly concerns; to ponder on the weakness of the frame and the infirmity of the virtue of man, the vanity of his pursuits, and the awful importance of eternity. These reflections so wrought on his mind in its depressed state, that he resolved to forsake the toil of his avocations, and direct his faculties to a preparation for the approach of mortality. He exclaimed—'What is the uncertain existence of man, that it should be devoted to the world, to gain, and vanity! Ought it not more reasonably to be consecrated to the duties which shall fit it for interminable futurity? Our utmost efforts are insufficient. All terrestrial concerns are folly and insignificance. Henceforth my life shall be spent in meditation, self-denial, and prayer.'

Accordingly, Ziram terminated his affairs abruptly; and, sequestering himself from mankind, inhabited a retired cave, in an unfrequented part

of the country. He dedicated himself to religious services: he practised the most severe austerities. The herbs and fruits were his only food, and the running stream his drink. The goodness, the majesty, and every great attribute of his Creator, occupied his contemplations. Ziram studied the divine law with increasing ardour. In his devotions he acknowledged his weakness with the deepest humility, implored with anxious earnestness the protection, and magnified in the loftiest praises the bounty, of the Almighty. His moments even of relaxation were filled with open ejaculations or secret breathings of piety, in repeated acknowledgements of absolute dependence and of inward resignation. His days were a succession of repentant fasts and grateful festivals. Morning and evening he sat contemplating the heavens, and carrying his thoughts above this resplendent visible canopy, rapt his imagination in conceptions of the glory of the throne of the Supreme, and the unspeakable refulgence of his reign. He thus qualified and raised his mind to the relish of supernal bliss. Undeviating abstemiousness and self-denial mortified his body to complete subjection; and unceasing religious exercise rendered holiness and sanctity the natural impulses, the uncompelled sensations, of his soul, the sources and movers of all his inclinations.

One day, after extraordinary humiliation, he sat in the evening at the opening of his cell. His eyes were fixed upon the heavens; his attention was abstracted from surrounding scenes; and he attended long the illuminations and ecstasies which accompany the contemplations of the holy. Transported beyond himself by the sublimity of his thoughts, the night passed unperceived away; and the glimmerings



of twilight, from the faint rays of morning, began to colour the east, ere he was sensible of the lapse of time. Suddenly he beheld a being of ineffable majesty descending the opposite mountain. The soul of Ziram at once sunk within him, and he fell involuntarily with his face to the ground. Quickly he felt the gradually strengthening light which emanated from the heavenly messenger; and, when the angel reached him, he raised him from the ground, and said—‘Ziram, thy prayers have ascended the throne above, and thy meditations have been observed. Follow me.’

He conducted Ziram to the summit of the mountain; and, directing his face toward the east, bade him consider with attention the scenes which lay before him. Ziram perceived afar off various tracts of inexpressible beauty, inhabited by glorious beings, and covered with verdure, flowers, and foliage. The survey inspired him with the most delightful sensations, and suggested a thousand ideas of unexhausted satisfaction and enjoyment. The rest of those remote quarters was veiled in mists and clouds of darkness. As he gazed on their gloom he felt the most uncomfortable apprehensions, and his soul shuddered with horror. A vast body of water extended from the foot of the mountain, and, rolling through the spacious valley, washed the adjacent coasts. Many rocks were scattered over the stream, and especially where it descended from its source; some of which were concealed, and others exposed to view. There were, likewise, shoals and whirlpools on every side. A slow but strong current ran directly through the midst of the river.

When he had attentively surveyed these objects, the angel said to Ziram: ‘The distant parts are the inheritances of futurity, and the tide

which thou seest is the passage to them. The vessel of life is now launching on the stream of time, Observe and meditate it well.’ Ziram turned his eyes towards the waves, and beheld a small bark just committed to the waters. A being of a celestial form sat at the head. His mind, wholly engaged in some momentous contemplation, appeared abstracted in inward reverence and intellectual adoration. His overhanging brow seemed to indicate reflection, and a saint-like glory encircled his head. One hand held the rudder, and the other was placed upon his breast. Another being of more terrestrial semblance grasped the oar. He seemed of a robust and strong frame, ever inclined to exertion. His eyes were fixed upon the vessel, which was impelled by his efforts. He scarcely devoted a minute to solicitude, but occupied all his time in toil and industry.

The vessel was carried along for some time by the impulse which it received in launching it forth; but when it reached the clusters of rocks, and its speed began to slacken, the rower laboured with great violence. It was, however, most by fits, and seldom with regularity or perseverance. Often, when he perceived the pilot a little remiss, he deviated into smoother parts of the stream, attracted by the appearance of a pleasanter gale; or for the purpose of basking in, and enjoying more fully, the warmth of the sun. Here he was, however, often overtaken; and by a sudden squall drawn into a frightful eddy, or driven upon an unseen sandbank. It cost him much labour to escape these dangers, which were uniformly attended with damage and loss. The vessel always entered upon these deviations with facility, but regained the proper current through many obstacles and hazards. At the beginning of the course the dangers



were numerous and alarming, and it was difficult to keep the middle of the stream, but the way grew afterwards clearer and easier; and having kept the direct path to the centre stream, the vessel generally moved along in a pleasing and regular progressive manner, with much less exertion; and the conductors themselves, from habit, joined with more ease and steadiness in their task. Their security was, however, sometimes too great, or their vigilance so remitted, that they fell unawares into snares. Ziram perceived that the rower was often subject to drowsiness, which crept upon him from fatigue or listlessness; at which times the vessel would constantly turn from the true course, or remain stationary. The pilot, too, seemed occasionally lost in a trance, or absence of mind; when, whatever might be the exertions of the rower, the vessel would uniformly run in an oblique direction among the shallows and rocks. But when both the pilot and rower unitedly applied to their office, they proceeded prosperously forwards: and if, in extraordinary difficulties, they appeared likely to fail or faint in their sedulous endeavours, or after a deviation, when struggling to regain their course, they were constantly assisted by a light breeze, which arose and conveyed them out of their embarrassment.

As Ziram was intently examining these objects, the angel said to him — 'The being whom thou seest at the head is Contemplation; the director of man through the intricacies of the world; and the one at the helm is Labour, the executor of his wishes, and his forwarder on the way. Observe, that when the first alone exerts himself, the vessel, which represents human life, makes no progress, and advances not to that happiness which is indicated in the regions of light. Likewise, when Contemplation is

dormant, and Labour alone employed, the bark of life deviates from the direct current into dangers and destruction. The shoals and the rocks are the vices and woes which are the effects and catastrophe of such deviations. It is the union, alone, of Contemplation and Action that can carry on the vessel of life steadily and successfully in the course of wisdom to the port of happiness. Let these considerations be imprinted on thy heart, and follow the instructions which they contain.'

Ziram heard with attentive reverence the words of the angel: he was struck with his error, and fell down in adoration. The celestial messenger departed from his view. Ziram returned to the abodes of mankind, exerted himself sedulously in his former occupation, devoting stated periods to meditation and religion; possessing the purity of a hermit with the diligence of a worldling, without the uselessness of the one, or the sordidness of the other; directing his contemplations to the rectitude and utility of his actions; serving the Supreme; blessing his fellow-creatures with the fruits of his industry; and shining as an example of the union of purity and usefulness, of piety and diligence.

Y.

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## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES  
IN THE YEAR 1806.

### JANUARY.

1. THE elector of Bavaria assumed the regal title and dignity; on which occasion a grand festival was celebrated at the court of Munich.



5. 6, 7. The remains of the gallant admiral Lord Viscount NELSON lay in state at Greenwich.

8. The procession by water, conveying the remains of Lord NELSON from Greenwich to the Admiralty, took place.

9. The funeral procession in which the remains of Lord NELSON were conveyed from the Admiralty, and solemnly interred in St. Paul's cathedral. For a full account of these processions, and the ceremonies at the funeral, see page 36 of this volume.

13. The Cape of Good Hope taken by the English ships and troops under the command of Sir Home Popham and general Baird.

16. The Emperor of Germany having concluded the treaty of Presburg (signed Dec. 26, 1805), returned to his capital, which had been occupied by the French army.

23. The Right Hon. WM. PITT, Chancellor of the Exchequer, died at his seat at Putney, at half past four o'clock in the morning.

29. Intelligence received of the death of Marquis Cornwallis, at Ghazepore, in the province of Benares, on the 5th of October, 1805.

#### FEBRUARY.

4. The new ministry arranged; Mr. Fox, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Grey, and Lord Henry Petty, sworn in. See page 113.

20, 21. The remains of the Right Hon. WM. PITT lay in state in the Painted Chamber, Westminster.

22. His funeral took place. See page 105.

26. A general fast observed.

#### MARCH.

19. A French flag of truce arrived at Dover, supposed to bring pacific overtures to our government.

23. Intelligence received of the capture and destruction of five French sail of the line, by Sir John Duckworth, in the West Indies.

30. The Duchess of Devonshire died at Devonshire House.

#### APRIL.

5. Richard Patch tried for the murder of Mr. Blight at Rotherhithe, and found guilty.—He was executed April 8.

6. An embargo laid on Prussian ships, in consequence of the occupation of Hanover by the king of Prussia.

20. A declaration published against Prussia.

29. The trial of Lord Viscount Melville before the lords in Westminster Hall, on an impeachment by the commons of England, began.

#### MAY.

4. Intelligence received at the admiralty of the capture of the French commander Linois, in the Marengo of 80 guns, and the Belle Poule of 40 guns, by the London and Amazon, on the 13th of March.

6. Advice received of the seizure of the British ships at Embden by the Prussians.

13. Dispatches received at the India House, with intelligence that a peace was concluded between the British government and Scindia.

19. The trial of Lord Melville closed.

24. The treaty signed at Paris, appointing Prince Louis constitutional king of Holland.

#### JUNE.

5. The hotel called the *Key*, in Chandos-street, Covent Garden, burned down; and a gentleman, intoxicated, and who could not be awaked, perished in the flames.

12. The lords gave judgment on the impeachment of Lord Melville, when the majority acquitted him of all the charges.

#### JULY.

1. A remarkable whirlwind observed near Andover.

3. Intelligence received that Jerome Bonaparte had arrived in the bay of All Saints, on the coast of Brazil, on the 4th of April.

20. A treaty of peace, negotiated by M. D'Oubril, between France and Russia, signed at Paris.

#### AUGUST.

2. The new East-India docks at Blackwall opened.—The earl of Lauderdale set out for Paris, provided with full powers to treat for peace.

6. The emperor of Austria published a declaration, by which he abdicated the high office of Emperor of Germany.

11. The Prussian minister, Baron Jacobi, left London.

26. Jerome Bonaparte arrived safely in France.



## SEPTEMBER.

1. A great fire which did very considerable damage, broke out in North-fleet dock-yard.

12. Intelligence received from Malta, that on the 20th of July a magazine had blown up there, containing three hundred and seventy barrels of gun-powder, and fifteen hundred shells and grenades; by which nearly a thousand persons were killed or wounded.

— Edward Lord Thurlow, some years since lord high chancellor of Great Britain, died at Dulwich.

13. The Right Hon. Charles James Fox died at Chiswick.

— Dispatches received, announcing the conquest, on the 28th of June, of the city of Buenos Ayres, in Paraguay, by the forces under the command of general Beresford and Sir Home Popham; on which occasion the Park and Tower guns were fired.

## OCTOBER.

1. A dreadful accident happened to the Princess of Wales, Miss Cholmondeley, and Lady Sheffield, who were overturned in the Princesses barouche at Leatherhead, in Surry; when Miss Cholmondeley was killed on the spot, and the Princess much bruised. Lady Sheffield received no injury.

8. Advice received by the telegraph from Deal that Lord Lauderdale would leave Paris the next day (the 9th). The intelligence was immediately communicated in a letter from lord Howick to the lord mayor.

10. The funeral of Mr. Fox.

12. Accounts received at Dover of an

attack having been made on Boulogne by forty boats with the new-invented rockets.

14. The decisive battle of Auerstadt fought, when the Prussians suffered a total defeat by the French.

24. The proclamation for the dissolution of parliament signed.

26. Bonaparte entered Berlin.

## NOVEMBER.

6. The French entered the town of Lubeck in pursuit of the Prussians, and a terrible slaughter was the consequence, both of the Prussians and a number of the inhabitants.—General Blucher's corps surrendered to the French.

11. The strong fortress of Magdeburgh surrendered to the French.

12. The duke of Brunswick died at Altona, of the wounds he had received at the battle of Auerstadt.

19. The French entered the city of Hamburg, and seized all English property, and arrested the British merchants.

## DECEMBER.

13. Madame Catalini, the celebrated opera-singer, made her first appearance.

15. The new parliament met for the first time.

17. Intelligence received of the loss of the *Athenienne* frigate of 64 guns, Captain Raynsford, off Malta: the captain and 347 men were drowned.

22. The papers relative to the late negotiation presented to both houses of Parliament.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

SIR,

OF all the subjects which can come before the eye, none, in my opinion, seem so calculated to excite disgust, as those false and out-of-the-way encomiums which are bestowed by some of our modern, may I venture to call them, *poets*, on the objects of their frequent invocations. I was particularly struck the other day after reading some lines written by an acquaintance of mine, in which he had introduced several of those *palavering* compliments; and which, I am well convinced, must render him not only an object of *ridicule*, but of the utmost *contempt* in the eyes of any woman of sense. Though the writer had in all his former dedications praised the lady *up to the very skies*; though he had solemnly sworn and declared that *every* action of his life, of *however trivial a nature*, was regulated solely by a desire to please her; though he had consulted her *taste* and *judgment* on the most *foolish* and *trifling* circumstances; yet, not finding himself likely to succeed in the accomplishment of his wishes, he suddenly launched out into the most opposite style, and after mentioning

— 'what drugs, what charms,  
What conjuration and what mighty magic'  
he had in vain made use of to win his *Dulcinea*, concluded his poem with the *bitterest* *invectives* against her. I, as a friend, was of course *honoured* with a sight of his production, the perusal of which gave rise to the following stanzas, as a sort of parody on his; and if you think they will not disgrace the page of your Magazine, I will thank you, as he is a constant reader, to insert them; flattering myself, that this public ridicule will deter him from ever again disgracing pen, ink, or paper, by the scrawl of such *extravagant absurdities*.

Your humble servant, and old  
correspondent in disguise,

Dec: 5, 1806.

A QUIZ.

## BLOWZELINDA'S TREACHERY;

*or, Colin's last Wish.*

IS Blowzelinda then unkind?

Can nought that flinty bosom move?

Can I no place of refuge find,

To lay me down and die for love?

Yet one kind glance, angelic fair!

Ere I on pale consumption stumble;

For soon, bewilder'd by despair,

This bosom will forget to grumble.

Oh, why did I such ways and means

To win thee to my arms employ!

Why did I dress in blues or greens,

To give my Blowzelinda joy!

For thee alone I cut a dash,

And laugh'd at giddy fashion's railers;

For thee alone I spent my cash,

And kept a 'score or two of tailors.'

For none in clothes, or very few,

Like Blowzelinda could decide;

She chose my coat, and waistcoat too,

And inexpressibles beside:

And when in all my trammels gay,

Thy little taper fingers dress'd me;

I top'd the fashion of the day,

And ev'ry Bond-street blade caress'd  
me.

*Mirabile!* what sums I spent

To gratify my fair-one's taste!

I ransack'd every shop for scent,

And wash'd my skin with almond paste!

To welcome thee, with hands alert,

I deck'd my button-holes with posies;

Pour'd lavender upon my shirt,

And drench'd my head with milk of roses.

What though a thousand cooing swains

Sung, swore, and flatter'd, sigh'd and  
drest;

To please I took the greatest pains,

And flatter'd, sigh'd, and swore the best.



With ev'ry gallant I could cope,  
My wish to charm in no way slacking;  
I purchas'd pounds of violet soap,  
And pints on pints of Brunswick black-  
ing.

And if to rakings, routs, or reels,  
The neighbours ask'd the lovely fair,  
I always follow'd at her heels,  
And met my Blowzelinda there;

For oft she prais'd her Colin's moan,  
And Colin never dar'd to doubt her;  
He tasted bliss with her alone,  
And nought but misery without her.

For her I strain'd my flippant tongue,  
And rattled till my lungs were sore:  
And when I spouted, play'd, or sung,  
She never fail'd to cry *encore*.

She said, like me no wooing swain  
Could scrawl a rhyme, or solve a riddle;  
Like me could paint the lover's pain,  
Or scrape his sorrows on the fiddle.

For always with the rising day  
I tumbled out of bed betimes,  
To frame a something like a lay,  
And never heeded truth in rhymes:

Or if at morning, noon, or night,  
She sported turban, cap, or bonnet,  
I mounted Pegasus outright,  
And rode full chevy with a sonnet.

Each passing moment thee to please  
How would my bounding heart rejoice!  
I study'd catches, songs, and glees,  
And swallow'd eggs to clear my voice!

And when aloud that voice I rais'd,  
Which shook each table, chair, and win-  
dow,

The only maid I ever prais'd  
Was blooming, blushing Blowzelinda.

For hours, days, minutes, months, and  
years,

I fretted, courted, pin'd, and strove;  
I shed at least a butt of tears,  
And all for nothing but for love.

Then Blowzelinda's circling arms  
Would oft in twining folds caress me:  
But now she's fled with all her charms,  
And I am dish'd at last—Lord bless me!

Alas! how fruitless were my sighs!  
How rashly too I spent my pelf!  
The cheating hussey love denies,  
And, cruel, leaves me to myself!

But though of almost all bereft,  
Though even hunger bids me falter,  
I'd spend that little all I've left,  
And starve to purchase thee—a *halter*.

#### PROLOGUE

To the Farce of 'MR. H.'

IF we have sinn'd in paring down a name,  
All civil, well-bred authors do the same.  
Survey the columns of our daily writers,  
You'll find that some initials are great fight-  
ers.

How fierce the shock, how fatal is the jar,  
When ensign W meets lieutenant R.  
With two stout seconds just of their own  
gizzard,  
Cross captain X and rough old general  
Izzard!

Letter to letter spreads the dire alarms,  
Till half the alphabet is up in arms.  
Nor with less lustre have initials shone,  
To grace the gentler annals of Crim. Con.  
Where the dispensers of the public lash  
Soft penance give, a letter and a dash—  
Where vice, reduc'd in size, shrinks to a fail-  
ing,

And loses half its lustre by curtailings.  
*Faux pas* are told in such a modest way,  
The *affair* of colonel B. with *mistress* A.  
You must excuse them, for what is there—  
say,

Which such a pliant vowel must not grant  
To such a very pressing consonant?  
Or who poetic justice dares dispute,  
When mildly melting at a lover's suit,  
The wife's a *liquid*—her good man a *mute*!  
Even in the homelier scenes of honest life,  
The course-spun intercourse of man and  
wife,

Initials, I am told, have taken place  
Of deary, spouse, and that old fashion'd race:  
And Cabbage, ask'd by brother Snip to tea,  
Replies, 'I'll come—but it don't rest with  
me—

'I always leaves them things to Mrs. C.'  
O should this mincing fashion ever spread  
From names of living heroes to the dead,  
How would Ambition sigh and hang her head,  
As each lov'd syllable should melt away,  
Her Alexander turn'd into great A!  
A single C. her Cæsar to express—  
Her Scipio shorten'd to a Roman S.  
And nick'd and dock'd to these new modes of  
speech,

Great Hannibal himself a Mr. H.

From the *singularity* of the *title*, much  
whim was expected in this piece; but the  
disapprobation of the audience was so loudly  
expressed, that it is probable there will be no  
repetition. The whole interest depends  
upon Mr. *Hogs-flesh*, who, by reason of his  
*name*, has been *matrimonially* refused by 19  
virgins, 22 widows, and 2 old maids. He  
therefore calls himself '*Mr. H.*' and, at  
the *finale*, produces a patent, changing his  
*name* to '*Bacon.*' The piece was completely  
condemned, though the valuable talents of  
Elliston, Wewitzer, and miss Mellon, were  
most strenuously exerted. The above pro-  
logue, however, has considerable humour, and  
is very appropriate to the title.

#### LINES

On the Death of Miss Martha Hall, an In-  
fant, aged eleven Months.—Written by  
her Mother.

DEAR little Martha! thou art gone to rest;  
'Thy mother's left behind, thy loss to mourn:



Yet are you number'd with the silent blest;  
Then why regret thou'rt thus untimely  
gone?

Ere yet the ills of life thou didst sustain,  
As thy sweet beauties just began to bloom,  
Thou wast torn from a world so full of pain,  
To take thy dwelling in the dreary tomb.

A mother's only hope! oh, cruel Death!  
Why thus thy killing dart didst thou direct  
To stop the gentle heavings of her breath?  
Some care-worn victim could'st thou not  
select?

Yet for her loss why am I thus oppress'd,  
When calm her exit, soft were her last  
sighs;

She was but lent me: as an earthly guest;  
A mother gave her angel to the skies.

Though now in the cold grave, alone forlorn,  
Her parents once survey'd her with de-  
light;

The idol of a mother's heart alone,  
Or the lov'd darling of a father's sight.

Ere reason shed her dawning ray benign,  
Or her sweet powers of speech began to  
flow,

She in the kingdom of her God does shine  
Far more than all a mother could bestow.

'Tis the sure fate of all mankind to die.  
That day must come when I shall gain  
that shore;

Tir'd with vain life, shall close the willing  
eye

Where death-divided friends shall part no  
more.

My grief I'll check, and humbly kiss the rod,  
Conscious I'm not the first that's thus  
distrest;

I to no pow'r have giv'n her but my God,  
To dwell for ever in his mansions blest.

And *Nel* a shocking knock had got—  
I mean in sipping—tea!

A *brown cake* always grac'd their board,  
*Nel* grew a cunning elf;  
A *new white loaf* she had in hoard,  
But that was for—herself!

To bless their matrimonial state  
A little son they had;  
He was, the neighbours did relate,  
The picture of his dad.

*Young Sam* by mother oft was sent  
His father for to find;  
Alas!—'just as the twig was bent,  
So was the tree inclin'd.—'

And he the trick of *old Sam* caught,  
Of num'rous ills the source;  
He oft would fly as swift as thought  
Where beer was to be bought.

Those two most strange vagaries had,  
As drinking people have,  
For sometimes they were drunken mad,  
And sometimes they were grave.

At last it popp'd in *young Sam's* head  
That he would go to sea,  
In spite of all poor *Nelly* said  
He would a sailor be.

So then, without the least delay,  
He ventur'd on the main,  
But soon arriv'd the wish'd-for day,  
That he return'd again.

Equipp'd in seaman's jacket blue,  
He bellow'd down the town;  
And straight into his home he flew,  
Where he poor *Nelly* found.

*Young Sam* was welcom'd in with glee,  
He sung in merry strain,  
'A-hoy!—I am come home to see  
My *Nelly* once again!'  
Nov. 10. 1806.

S. Y.

### SAM AND NEL.

AN honest pair demands my theme,  
As e'er broke crust of bread;  
They kiss'd, they coo'd a little while,  
Then lovingly were wed.

*Young Nel* was of a comely mould,  
And *Sam* a jolly blade:  
She learnt the sacking-bags to make,  
And he the spinning trade.

*Sam* in his heart ador'd his *Nel*,  
Sincerely as his life;  
Though now and then to blows they fell,  
And fought like man and wife.

*Sam* then would to the alehouse go,  
And tipples o'er a quart  
To kill dull wrinkled care and woe;  
And cherish well his heart.

*Sam* at last he prov'd a sot,  
With tippling made too free:

VOL. XXXVII.

### ENIGMA.

THE noblest object in the works of Art,  
The brightest scene that Nature can impart;  
The well-known signal in the time of peace,  
The point essential in the tenant's lease;  
The farmer's comfort when he holds the  
plough,  
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow;  
The planet seen between the earth and sun,  
The prize which merit never yet has won;  
The miser's idol, and the badge of Jews,  
The wife's ambition, and the parson's dues.

If now your noble spirit can divine  
A correspondent word to ev'ry line;  
By the first letters will be plainly shewn  
An ancient city of no small renown.

A solution to the above is requested in the  
*Lady's Magazine*.

17th October, 1806. MATILDA D. T.

4 Z



## THE LAST FAREWEL.

To Miss J. B.

' Farewel, thou busy crowding sighs!  
' Farewel, thou tears, that dim'd mine  
eyes !'

AH! cruel maid, take this my last farewell!  
Avaunt!—thy *faithless vows* no more I'll  
hear;

Though once for thee my bosom sad did  
swell,

And my sad eye did drop the useless tear.

Ah, once, alas! I'd every danger share  
'To gain thy pity, and obtain thy love;  
But thy *false heart* retain'd no pity there:  
Lo! thou art *false*—your broken vows will  
prove.

But now, *false* maid, that time's for ever gone,  
And dire misfortune's cruel blast is o'er:  
Your *faithless love* to me will ne'er return;  
Your *treacherous* wanton smiles I crave no  
more.

A worthier fair has heal'd the wound you  
gave,

Dispell'd the grief that o'er my bosom  
lower'd;

Has giv'n that peace which I in vain did  
crave,

And o'er my *injur'd truth* a soothing balm  
has pour'd.

Thee from my mind I will for ever blot,  
And bless the maid more worthy of my  
care:

Still may you live, and be't thy wretched lot  
To meet *inconstancy*; and so thy peace en-  
snare.

My *faithful love* at last does mutual prove;  
My peaceful bosom now with rapture  
swells:

For soon we'll tie the silken knot of love,  
And gladly hear the merry village bells.

*Napping-Palace*, 1806. S. Y.

## THE TRAVELLERS.

ALAS! what changes do appear  
Within the circle of a year!  
There's nothing now but prospects drear,  
While frosts abound.

See, see the awful sweeping blast,  
The scene terrific seems to last;  
The trembling shepherd stands aghast,  
And wraps him round.

The distant hills are clad with snow;  
And Boreas bitterly doth blow;  
The travellers to their inns do draw,  
Benumb'd with cold.

Each snug within an elbow-chair,  
And free from sorrow and from care,  
The pipe and bottle they will share,  
And converse hold.

But when the rustling blasts are by,  
Low the wind, and clear the sky,  
And flakes of snow no longer fly,  
They part ~~fall~~ dearly.

Then, then the travellers, blythe and gay,  
With pleasure hail the winter's day,  
Along the road pursue their way

Right cheerly.  
S. Y.

Dec. 1806.

## THE MAN TO MY MIND.

THEY tell me 'tis quite in the fashion to  
marry,

And wonder I'm single—I'm not in a hurry;  
I will never be wed until I can find,  
In ev'ry respect, the man to my mind.

Believe me, of offers I've had not a few  
From the witty, rich, handsome, and affable  
too;

But even with all these attractions combin'd,  
It appears I've not found the man to my  
mind.

From such it may seem I am rather unfair,  
And because I am young, that I need not  
despair;—

But answer me this, with a friendship that's  
kind,

Is it right I should wed—but the man to my  
mind?

The miser I hate, for he worships his gold;  
And profligates too, their affections are cold;  
Yet a fondness that's foolish—as the man  
that's unkind,

I never could call him the man to my mind.

The man I could wed, should we happen to  
meet,

Must not be a fribble, a fop—but discreet:  
The coxcomb I hate, for he ne'er can be kind;  
His ways are not suited at all to my mind.

R. H.



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